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MARCO POLO AND HIS BOOK.*



PORTRAIT OF KUBLAI-KHAN—FROM A CHINESE ENGRAVING.

WHEN, six centuries ago, Marco Polo, the medieval Herodotus, recited the wonderful history of his travels at Venice, as his great prototype had done before him at Athens, his countrymen, regarding his extravagant stories as so many romantic fables or Munchausen-like marvels, conferred upon him the *sobriquet* of "Messer Marco Millioni;" and long after his death it is related that at the Venetian masks one of the characters personated was Mark Million, who amused and delighted the crowd with his singular adventures and marvelous stories. When, however, on his death-bed, his friends besought him to retract and revise his book in accordance with the facts, the dying traveler replied that he had not told the half of what he had really and truly seen.

In the light of modern research and exploration, illustrated and explained by Oriental literature and travel, what at one time was regarded as simply the effervescence of a fertile fancy has gradually crystallized, for the most part, into the sober facts of geogra-

* The Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian. Newly translated and edited, with notes, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. 2 volumes, London: John Murray, 1871.

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MARCO POLO.

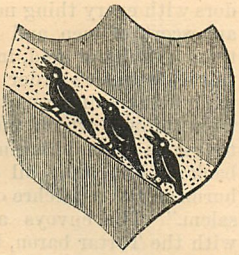
phy and history, marred, no doubt, by some chronological errors and distorted geographical names—attributable in the main to oral dictation and subsequent transcription—with here and there an intermixture of fable when he describes from hearsay, and of hyperbole when he narrates the results of his own observation. Still there is a vast interval on the score of veracity between the Venetian traveler and Sir John Mandeville, his English contemporary.

Though we are not indebted to Polo for our earliest information respecting China and Central Asia, since, to say nothing of the ancients, during the Middle Ages Carpini and Rubruquis, the Minorite friars, had both preceded him, still he stands deservedly at the head of medieval travelers, and doubtless contributed more than any other to the advancement of geographical science and our knowledge of Central and Eastern Asia. Nearly six centuries have elapsed with their imposing array of celebrated travelers, but none have arisen to dispute with the illustrious Venetian the palm of being the greatest explorer of the continent of Asia.

The Book of Marco Polo, with the flavor of so many centuries upon its pages, loses little of its interest or popularity. With chapters that read like a passage out of the "Thousand and One Nights," it proposes perplexing puzzles of nomenclature that might satisfy the most ambitious commentator, and suggests problems which are

alike interesting to the antiquarian and scholar, the merchant, politician, and moral reformer. Fifty-seven editions have not sufficed to satisfy the popular demand, and now Colonel Yule presents us with a work of two portly volumes, running through nearly a thousand pages, which, with its rich variety of curious and recondite lore—geographical, historical, linguistic, and literary—its fullness of criticism, its profusion of pictorial illustration, and prodigality of learned annotation, enriching if not encumbering the text, constitutes a perfect thesaurus of profound erudition and laborious research. To the completion of his Herculean task Colonel Yule has brought a fine classical taste, a ripe scholarship, a critical acumen, besides a thorough acquaintance with Eastern manners and customs, as well as medieval geography, which, illustrated and interpreted from his rich stores of knowledge, with untiring assiduity and an exhaustive labor, have constituted the publication of his work an epoch in Oriental research and geographical science. With this passing tribute to the scholarly editor, who most of all deserves the thanks of all lovers of the quaint and fanciful in medieval literature, we proceed to give such an account as we may, within the narrow limits of a magazine article, of Marco Polo and his Book.

Without attempting, with some antiquarians, to trace the origin of the Polo family to the legendary Lucius Polus, one of the companions of Prince Antenor of Troy, we will simply state that the ascertained genealogy of Marco Polo begins with his grandfather, Andrea Polo, a noble of the parish of San Felice, in Venice, whose family consisted of three sons—Marco, Nicolo, and Maffeo. Of these, Nicolo was the father of Marco, the great traveler. The three brothers were engaged in commerce, and constituted a partnership, transacting business and residing for the most part in Constantinople and the Crimea. In 1260 we find Nicolo and Maffeo Polo on a business tour, which for various reasons was ultimately extended as far as Bokhara, and thence to the court of the Great Khan Kublai, at Shangtu, fifty miles to the north of the Great Wall of China, and best known to the English reader as the Tanadu of Coleridge's brilliant little "opium-inspired" poem,

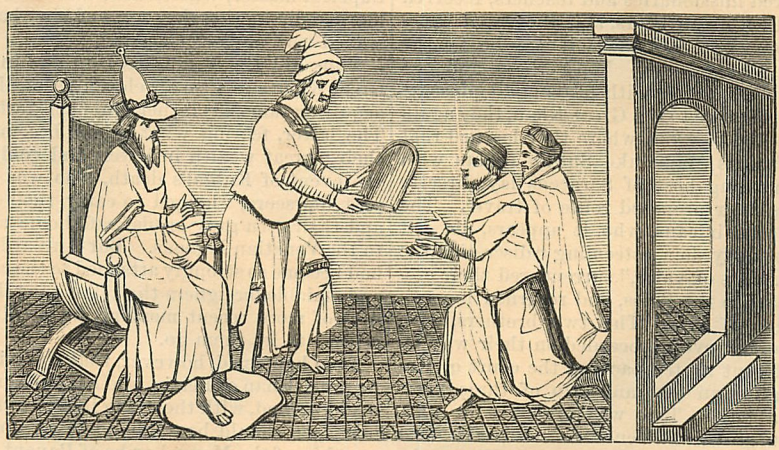


ARMS OF THE POLO FAMILY.

> "Where twice five miles of fertile ground
> With walls and towers were girdled round."

This powerful prince received the itinerant merchants not only with favor, but distinction, and lent an eager ear to their description of the Western or Latin world, of its kings and emperors, and most of all of his holiness the pope. He subsequently dispatched them with one of his barons on an embassy to the latter, with a request that he would send him a hundred missionaries and teachers, "intelligent men, acquainted with the seven arts," conceiving, though a Buddhist, that the Christian religion was just what was needed to soften and civilize his rude, barbarian subjects of the steppes. In truth, at the time when the Polos first visited the court of the Great Khan, though throughout all Asia, as Colonel Yule observes, scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, the Tartar hordes were already becoming an object of hope rather than fear, as a possible breakwater against the inroads of Mohammedanism.

The emperor, after providing his embassa-



THE GREAT KHAN DELIVERING A GOLDEN TABLET TO THE ELDER POLO BROTHERS—FROM A MINIATURE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

dors with every thing needful in the way of an escort of men and horses, delivered to them a tablet of gold, inscribed upon which was the prince's order to furnish for their use "every thing required in all the countries through which they should pass," at the same time charging them "to bring back to him some oil of the lamp which burns on the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The envoys accordingly set out with the Tartar baron, but before they had proceeded far the latter fell sick, and was reluctantly left behind. When in 1269 they had arrived as far as Acre they received intelligence of the death of Pope Clement IV., and that his successor had not yet been elected. Acting upon the advice of Theobald of Piacenza, the pope's legate residing at Acre, they resolved, "while the pope was a-making," on visiting their native town of Venice, and there await a new election. Here Nicolo learns the death of his wife, but finds instead his son Marco, now grown to be a fine lad of fifteen, "and this Marco is he of whom the book tells."

The papal interregnum was the longest on record, at least since the Dark Ages. Two years had elapsed, and yet was the throne of St. Peter vacant. The brothers Polo, when they saw that "never a pope was made," unwilling to be suspected of bad faith by Kublai-Khan, resolved to return to his court. They accordingly set out, accompanied by young Marco, and passing through Acre, where they obtained some of the oil of the Holy Sepulchre, had already reached the port of Ayas on the Gulf of Scanderoon, when the news of the final election of a pope overtook them, and that the choice of the sacred college had fallen upon their old friend the Archdeacon Theobald, who had now become Gregory X. They returned at once to Acre, and made their humble obeisance to the new pontiff; but instead of the hundred missionaries and teachers, received two Dominican friars, and the papal benediction, as an equivalent, it may be, for the other ninety-eight. With these and the holy oil, together with letters and presents from the pope to the Great Khan, they again proceeded to Ayas, where they learned that the famous Mameluke Sultan Bibars with an invading host of Saracens lay directly across their proposed route of travel. The good Dominicans, who, it appears, did not covet martyrdom, esteeming "discretion the better part of valor," surrendered their credentials to the Polos, and returned incontinently to Acre. The two brothers, with Marco, however, proceeded on their way by a different route, reaching the court of Kublai after an overland trip of three years and a half. This was probably in 1275. The adventurous Venetians received a most cordial welcome from the Great Khan, who at once took kindly to young Marco, by this time a *joenne bacheler*, as the text calls him, of about one-and-twenty.

The "young bachelor" grew rapidly in favor at court, addressing himself meanwhile to the study of the native languages, and acquiring no less than four "sundry written characters," probably Mongolian, Uighur, Persian, and Thibetan. The emperor, seeing his discretion and ability, soon began to employ him in the public service, not only in domestic administration, probably as commissioner or agent attached to the Privy Council, but also on distant embassies. His first mission, as he himself relates, was to the province of Yunnan, a wild and remote district to the east of Thibet, and now as then a vast ethnological *terra incognita*. While at court Polo had not failed to observe the keen relish with which Kublai listened to accounts of foreign travel, especially the strange customs, manners, and peculiarities of foreign countries, and his undisguised contempt for the stupidity of his envoys, who, on returning from abroad, could tell him nothing "except the business on which they had gone." Profiting by these observations, he took care to store his memory with curious facts and amusing incidents, and on his return to court he did not fail to give an account of all the "novelties and strange things which he had seen and heard," to the great amusement and delight of the emperor. He subsequently held for three years the government of the great city of Yangchau, or, according to some authorities, the viceroyalty of one of the imperial provinces. At one time we hear of him at Tangut, and then at Karakorum, the old Mongolian capital of the khans; now on a mission in Cochin China, and soon after on an expedition to the Indian seas. On these and all other occasions Polo, it appears, acquitted himself with great credit, recommending himself more and more to the favor of his imperial master, who treated him with such marked distinction that some of his "barons waxed very envious thereat."

Thus did the Venetians continue in the Great Khan's service for eleven years, Marco acquiring fame, his father and uncle fortune. The latter, fearing what might become of their "great wealth in jewels and gold," in the event of Kublai's death, who was now past fourscore, "longed to carry their gear and their own gray heads" safe home again to the Venetian lagoons. But Kublai-Khan had become so strongly attached to the clever and amiable foreigners that, like King Theodore of more recent memory, he absolutely refused to let them go.

It so happened, however, that the wife of Arghun, Khan of Persia, and Kublai's grandnephew, died, with the dying injunction that her place should be supplied by one of her own kin of the Mongol tribe of Bayaut. An embassy, consisting of three barons, was ac-

cordingly dispatched by Arghun to that distant country to procure such a bride, to be selected by Kublai. The emperor received the embassadors with distinguished consideration, and elected the Lady Kukachin, a maiden of seventeen, "*moult bele dame et avenant*," of the family of the deceased Queen Bolgona. The overland route being imperiled by war, in addition to its wearisome length, the barons decided to proceed home with their tender and beautiful charge by sea, and begged as a favor from Kublai that the three Venetians, on account of their great knowledge and experience of the Indian Sea and the countries through which they must pass, might accompany them. This request the emperor granted with great reluctance, but having done so, fitted them out right royally for the voyage, at the same time charging the Polos with friendly greetings to the various potentates of Christendom. Their departure took place, with thirteen four-masted ships, in the early part of 1292. After a long and wearisome voyage, involving protracted detentions, to which, however, we are indebted for some of the most interesting chapters in the book, they at length arrived at their destination. The three Venetians with their fair charge, who seems to have entertained for them a filial regard, survived the hardships of the voyage, but two of the three envoys and the larger part of their numerous suit, "in number some six hundred persons, without counting the mariners," had perished by the way. Meanwhile Arghun, Kukachin's intended husband, had died also, so that his son Ghazan succeeded to the lady's hand. The Venetians, as soon as their mission was accomplished, took leave of their royal host, who provided them with a princely escort, while the beautiful Kukachin, "who looked on each of those three as a father, wept for sorrow at the parting." After a lengthy sojourn at Tabriz they proceeded homeward, reaching Venice, according to Polo's statement, "in the year 1295 of Christ's Incarnation."



MARCO POLO—FROM A VENETIAN MOSAIC.

Ramusio relates that on the return of the Polos to their native city the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who, on his return to his native Ithaca, after his twenty years' wanderings, was recognized by nobody. Decidedly changed in aspect, with a "certain indescribable smack of the Tartar both in air and accent," their own vernacular well-nigh forgotten, their clothes of a Tartar cut, travel-stained, shabby, and coarse, they with difficulty gained admittance into their own house, now occupied by their relatives, who had long since given them up as dead. To dispel all doubts respecting their personal identity they invited their kinsfolk to a splendid entertainment, and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table, they all three appeared dressed in robes of crimson satin, and afterward at intervals during the entertainment these were exchanged first for suits of crimson damask, then for robes of crimson velvet, and then for costumes similar to those of the rest of the company. Each of these costly suits, as it was exchanged for another, was by their orders first cut to pieces and afterward divided among the servants. The wonder and amazement of the guests, however, reached its climax when, after the removal of the cloth, Marco rising from the table and bringing out from an adjoining chamber the three

coarse and shabby dresses they had worn upon their first arrival, the three Polos set to work with sharp knives ripping up the welts and seams, when vast numbers of the finest and largest diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and carbuncles fell like a shower upon the table.

With such golden premises the conclusion was irresistible. There could no longer be any possible doubt as to their personal identity. All Venice, "gentle and simple," flocked to see and embrace them. An office of great dignity was conferred upon Messer Maffeo, the eldest, while the young men, who came daily to visit the "polite and gracious" Messer Marco, never tired in listening to his recital of the wonders of Cathay and the splendors of the court of the Great Khan. As Polo in his relation frequently made use of the term millions, they nicknamed him "Messer Marco Millioni," and the court in which he resided the "Corte del Millioni."

Another version of the same tradition relates "that the wife of one of them gave away to a beggar that came to the door one of those garments of his, all torn, patched, and dirty as it was. The next day he asked his wife for that mantle of his, in order to put away the jewels that were sewn up in it, but she told him she had given it away to a poor man whom she did not know. Now the stratagem he employed to recover it was this. He went to the bridge of Rialto, and stood there turning a wheel, to no apparent purpose, but as if he were a madman, and to all those who crowded around to see what prank was this, and asked him why he did it, he answered, 'He'll come, if God pleases.' So after two or three days he recognized his old coat on the back of one of those who came to stare at his mad proceeding, and got it back again."

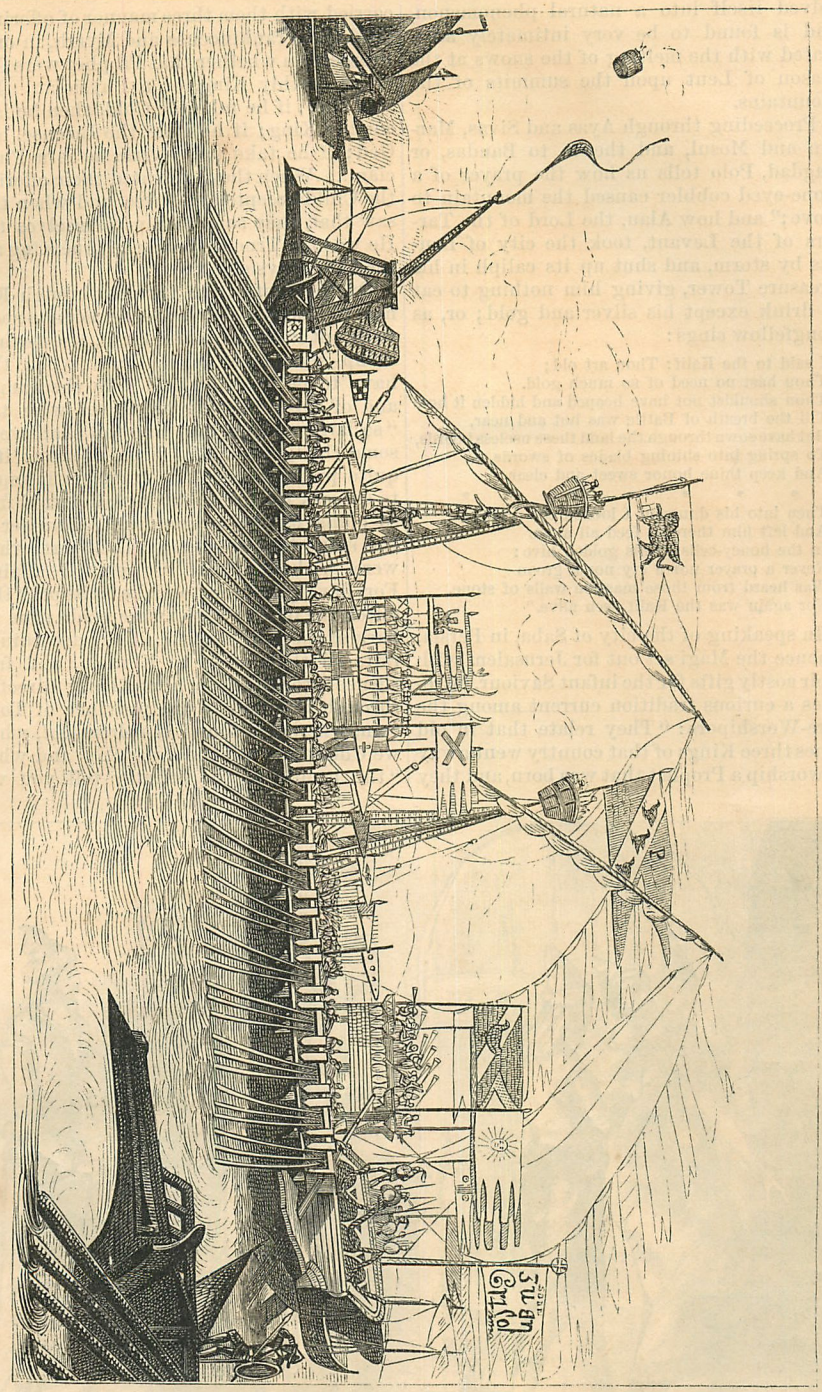
Shortly after his return to his native city the Venetians fitted out a naval expedition, commanded by Andrea Dandolo, against the Genoese under Lamba Doria, and Polo was placed in command of one of the Venetian galleys. The rival fleets encountered each other at Curzola (1298), not far from Lissa of more recent fame, when the Venetians were completely beaten, and Polo, with Dandolo and seven thousand others, made prisoner, and sent in irons to Genoa. Here in his dungeon he dictated the story of his travels and adventures to a fellow-prisoner, Rusticiano, or Rustichello, of Pisa, a name not unknown to literature as a compiler of French romances, who committed it to writing. And thus are we probably indebted to Polo's captivity for our account of the traveler's adventurous story.

Of the personal history of Polo during the quarter of a century he survived subsequent to his release from his Genoese prison in 1299 we know comparatively little. We gather from his last will and testament, which was executed in 1324, that he left a wife and three daughters, Fantina, Bellela, and Morela, whom he constituted his trustees. One of the provisions of the will runs thus: "I release Peter the Tartar, my servant, from all bondage as completely as I pray God to release my own soul from all sin and guilt." He furthermore enjoins that "if any one shall presume to violate this will, may he incur the malediction of God Almighty, and abide bound under the anathema of the three hundred and eighteen Fathers." He probably died within a year after the execution of his will, and was buried, according to his own request, in the Church of San Lorenzo, which having been rebuilt in 1592, all traces of the illustrious traveler's tomb have unfortunately disappeared.

Polo's "Travels" consists of a prologue and four books. In the former, after recommending its perusal to the "great princes, emperors and kings, dukes and marquises, counts, knights, and burgesses, and people of all degrees who desire to get knowledge of the various races of mankind, and of the diversities of the sundry regions of the world," he proceeds to give a brief and interesting account, as already substantially related, of the two journeys of the Polos to the court of the Great Khan, of their lengthy sojourn in Cathay, or China, and their subsequent return to their native city by the way of Persia and the Indian seas. The latter embraces a series of chapters descriptive of the curious manners, notable sights, and remarkable events, together with the commerce and staple agricultural products of the various provinces of Asia, relating more especially, however, to the court of the Great Khan Kublai, his wealth and power, wars and administration. The greater part of the fourth book, which in a verbose and monotonous manner describes the wars between the various branches of the house of Chinghiz, Colonel Yule has judiciously omitted from his edition on account of its endless repetitions, so that in his hands Polo's book, like the Yunnan horses of which he tells us, is presented to us "docked of some joints of the tail."

There has been no little controversy as to the language in which Polo's book was originally written. Some authorities have assumed that it was Latin; others, with more plausibility, have held that it was Venetian; but it would appear now to be definitely settled that the original was French, not, indeed, the "French of Paris," but just such French as we might expect in the thirteenth century from a Tuscan amanuensis following the oral dictation of an Orientalized Venetian.

Setting out from Acre in 1271, the route of the Polos lay through Armenia and Georgia, where "in old times the kings



MARCO POLO'S GALLEY GOING INTO ACTION AT CURZOLA.

were born with the figure of an eagle upon the right shoulder," and where, near the convent of nuns called St. Leonard's, "there is a great lake at the foot of a mountain, and in this lake are found no fish, great or small, throughout the year till Lent come, when the finest fish in the world are found in great abundance, and that until Easter-eve. 'Tis really a passing great miracle." This great miracle, however, has since re-

solved itself into a natural phenomenon, and is found to be very intimately associated with the melting of the snows at the season of Lent upon the summits of the mountains.

Proceeding through Ayas and Sivas, Mardin and Mosul, and thence to Baudas, or Bagdad, Polo tells us how the prayer of a "one-eyed cobbler caused the mountain to move;" and how Alau, the Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, took the city of Baudas by storm, and shut up its caliph in his Treasure Tower, giving him nothing to eat or drink except his silver and gold; or, as Longfellow sings:

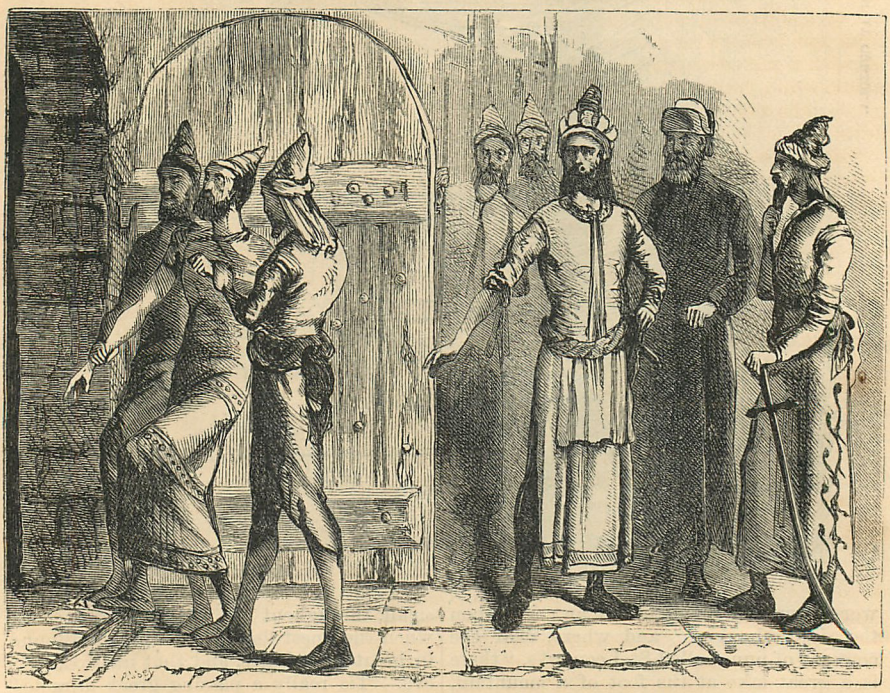
"I said to the Kalif: Thou art old;
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here
Till the breath of Battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards,
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.

* * * * * * *

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him there to feed all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive."

In speaking of the city of Saba, in Persia, whence the Magi set out for Jerusalem with their costly gifts for the infant Saviour, he relates a curious tradition current among the Fire-Worshipers: "They relate that in old times three Kings of that country went away to worship a Prophet that was born, and they carried with them three manner of offerings, Gold and Frankincense and Myrrh, in order to ascertain whether that Prophet were God, or an earthly King, or a Physician. For, said they, if he take the Gold, then he is an earthly King; if he take the Incense, he is God; if he take the Myrrh, he is a Physician.....When they presented their offerings the Child accepted all three, and when they saw that, they said within themselves that He was the True God and the True King and the True Physician."

On the route from Baudas through Kerman to Hormuz, Polo takes occasion to speak with enthusiasm of the large, snow-white, hump-shouldered oxen, that "when they have to be loaded kneel like the camel," and of sheep "as big as asses," with tails "so large and fat that one tail shall weigh some thirty pounds." From Hormuz it is quite probable that the travelers intended to embark for India, but were deterred from so doing by the unpromising character of the ships that frequented that port, which were, without doubt, "wretched affairs." For, having no iron to make nails of, "they stitch the planks with twine made from the bark of the Indian nut." They accordingly retraced their steps to Kerman, and from thence proceeded in a northerly direction through Cobinan to the province of Tonocain, where "is found the *Arbre Sol*, which we Christians call the *Arbre Sec*," and where "the people of the country tell you was



ALAU SHUTS UP THE CALIPH OF BAUDAS IN HIS TREASURE TOWER.

fought the battle between Alexander and King Darius."

Polo has here, without doubt, confounded the *Arbre Sol* of Alexandrian romance with the *Arbre Sec* of Christian legend. The former plays an important part in the legendary cyclus of Alexandrian fable, as the oracular Tree of the Sun that foretold Alexander's death. The latter corresponds most probably with the legendary oak of Abraham at Hebron, of which Sir John Mandeville quaintly says: "Theye seye that it hathe ben there sithe the beginnynge of the World; and was sumtyme grene and bare Leves, unto the Tyme that Oure Lord dyede on the Cros; and thanne it dryede." Colonel Yule is of the opinion that the *Arbre Sec* of Polo was some venerable specimen of the chinar or Oriental plane in the vicinity of Bostam or Damghan, and relates a number of instances in which such trees, either from age, position, or accident, were invested with a sacred character, and hung with amulets and votive offerings by devout pilgrims, who held them in superstitious veneration.

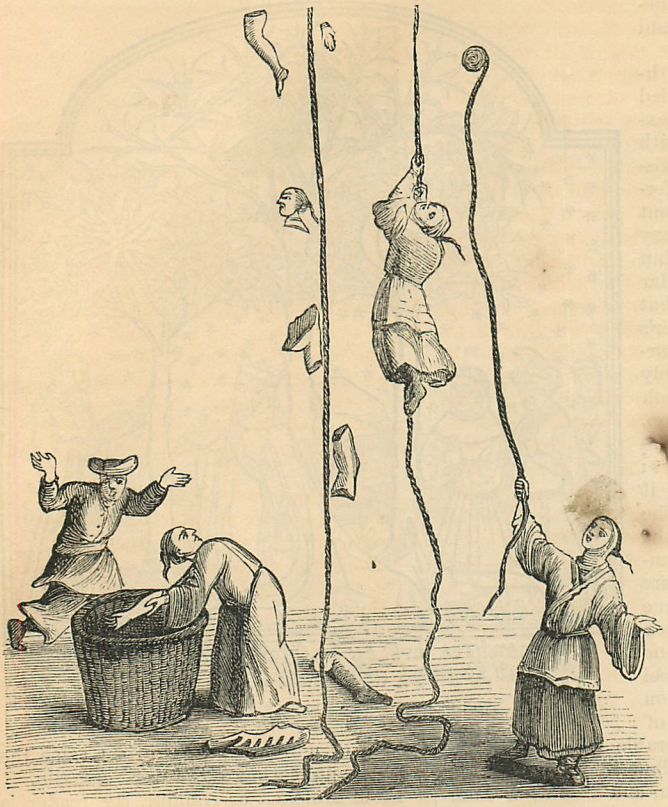


THE ORACULAR TREES OF THE SUN AND MOON.

Several chapters are devoted by Polo to the Old Man of the Mountain, Aloadin of Mulehet, who transformed a certain valley into an earthly paradise of the Mohammedan type, into which he introduced youths of from twelve to twenty years of age, after administering to them a sleeping potion of wondrous potency, so that when they awoke "they deemed it was Paradise in very truth." These youths were called Ashishin; "for when the Old Man would have any prince slain or enemy murdered, he would cause that potion to be given to one of their number in the garden, and then had him carried into his castle. And when the young man awoke he would say, 'Go thou and slay so and so, and when thou returnest my angels shall bear thee into Paradise;' and so it was that there was no order of his that they would not affront any peril to execute, for the great desire they had to get back into that Paradise of his." According to De Sacy, these youths were called *Hashishin*, from their use of the preparation of hemp called *hashish*, and thence through their system of murder and terrorism came the modern application of the word assassin.

From Mulehet, or Alamut, the reader is transported to Sepourgan, and thence to (Balc) Balkh, a "noble city and a great," whose inhabitants "tell that it was here that Alexander took to wife the daughter of Darius." Thence by Talikan, Casem or Kishm, through the province of Badakshan, "where the Balas rubies and azure are found," to the celebrated plateau of Pamier, "said to be the highest place in the world," and midway between heaven and earth; or, to use a native expression, the Bám-i-Duniah, or "Roof of the World," and possibly the site of the primeval Arian paradise. Polo here takes occasion to speak of the fine pasturage, "where a lean beast will fatten to your heart's content in ten days," and of "wild sheep of great size, whose horns are good six palms in length." A pair of horns from one of these sheep, which have received the name of *Ovis poli* in honor of the great traveler, sent by Wood to the Royal Asiatic Society, measured four feet eight inches on the curve, and one foot two and a quarter inches at the base.

Descending the Pamier steppe the Polos proceeded to Kashgar, thence to Yarkand, Khotan, Lake Lop, and the Great Desert, where the traveler who chances to lag behind his party "will hear spirits talking, and will suppose them to be his comrades. Sometimes the spirits will call him by



CHINESE CONJURING EXTRAORDINARY.

name; and thus shall a traveler ofttimes be led astray, so that he never finds his party. And in this way many have perished..... And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums." Hwen Thsang, in his passage of the same desert, speaks of "visions of troops marching and halting, with gleaming arms and waving banners, constantly shifting, vanishing, and reappearing."

Marco Polo and Colonel Yule furnish us here and elsewhere with phenomena that would appear to embrace, if not transcend, the whole encyclopedia of modern spiritualism. When, for example, the Great Khan, "seated upon a platform some eight cubits above the pavement, desires to drink, cups filled with wine are moved from a buffet in the centre of the hall, a distance of ten paces, and present themselves to the emperor without being touched by any body." The feats ascribed in ancient legends to Simon Magus, such as the moving of cups and other vessels, making statues to walk, causing closed doors to fly open spontaneously, were by no means unusual among the Bacsi, or Thibetan priests, whose performances, if we are to believe our traveler, might well excite the envy of modern spiritual mediums. Producing figures of their divinities in empty space; making a pencil to write answers to questions without any body touching it; sitting upon nothing; flying through the air, penetrating every where as if immaterial; conjuring up mist, fog, snow, and rain, by which battles were lost or won; preventing clouds and storms from passing over the emperor's palace; reading the most secret human thoughts, foretelling future events, and even raising the dead — these and many other wonderful feats could be performed by means of the *Dhárani*, or mystical Indian charms.

In this connection Colonel Yule furnishes us with some examples of Chinese jugglery really so extraordinary that we can not forbear quoting a single extract.

Ibn Batuta, the Arabian, whose marvelous account has been more recently corroborated by Edward Melton, the Anglo-Dutch traveler, relates that when present at a great entertainment at the court of the Viceroy of Khansa (Kinsay of Polo, or Hangchaufu), "a juggler, who was one of the khan's slaves, made his appearance, and the amír said to him, 'Come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and, laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also! By-and-by he threw

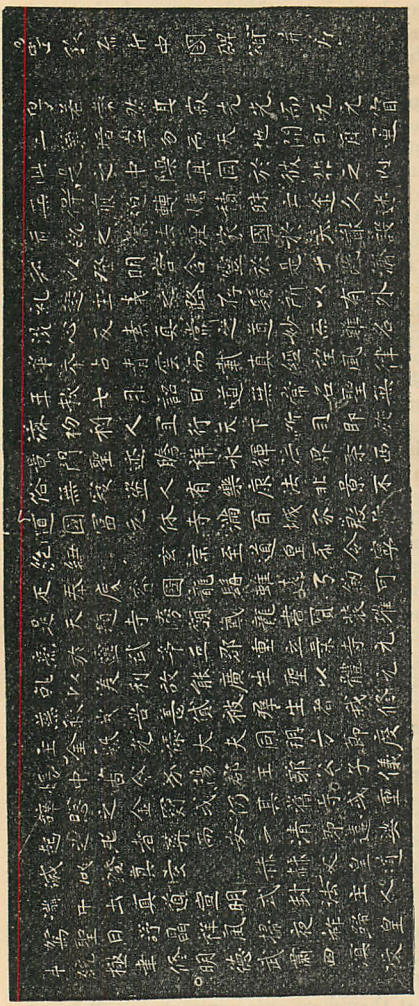
down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and then the other foot, then the trunk, and, last of all, the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the amír, and said something to him in Chinese. The amír gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next to me, and quoth he, '*Wallah!* 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus-pocus!'"

After thirty days of wearisome travel through the great desert of Gobi the Polos traverse the province of Tangut until they reach Karakorum, and thence proceed to Tenduc, the capital of the famous Prester John—he, "in fact, about whose great dominion all the world talks," but about whom the world really knows little or nothing at all. That such a prince existed in the far East, and that he was a great Christian conqueror, of enormous wealth and power, was universally believed in Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Subsequently the local habitation of the "Royal Presbyter" was transferred from the East to Abyssinia. In fact, more than one Asiatic potentate has played the shadowy rôle of this quasi-mythical personage. The original Prester John, first introduced to the Latin world by the Syrian Bishop of Gabala, was probably Gurkhan, the founder of a great empire in Asia during the twelfth century, known as Karâ-khitai, of whose profession of Christianity, however, there is no trustworthy evidence. Another was Kushluk, the Naiman Prince—the Prester John of Rubruquis—while the Prester John of Marco Polo was Unc-Khan, the chief of the Keraits, both contemporaries with Chinghiz (Jenghis) Khan, who, "in the greatest battle that ever was seen," overwhelmed the host of Prester John, conquered his kingdom, and became the founder of a new dynasty.

Many, no doubt, will be surprised, in reading Polo's book, to observe the frequent indications it affords of the widespread diffusion of Christianity in his day throughout Central and Eastern Asia. Without laying too much stress upon the reputed preaching of the Gospel and planting of churches by the apostles in Persia, India, and China, though there is good reason to believe that St. Thomas, whose body, according to Polo, lies buried near Madras, preached the Gospel in the far East, still it is quite certain that Christianity at an early day was disseminated quite generally throughout Asia and the islands of the Indian Ocean. At a very early period there were Christian bishops at Susa and Persepolis, at Herat, Samarcand, and in Seistan, while the Catalan map bears witness to the existence of an Armenian monastery near Lake Issi-kul, to the north of Kashgar. Christianity was introduced into China in the early part of the seventh century, about the same time as Mohammedanism, or immediately after the era of the Hegira. In fact, during this and the succeeding centuries there were flourishing Christian churches in every considerable city of Central Asia as far east as Yarkand and Kashgar, with a "chain of bishops and metropolitans from Jerusalem to Pekin."

In Polo's time we find Christians not only all along his route of travel to the court of the Great Khan, but also on his return voyage along the Coromandel Coast, in Abyssinia, and especially in Socotra, an island of the Indian Sea. Nor were these simply missionary outposts. Kashgar was the seat of a metropolitan see, and so was Socotra, traces of which remained as late as the seventeenth century. At Mosul we find Nestorian and Jacobite Christians, with a patriarch at their head. According to Polo, this "patriarch, whom they call the jatolic, creates archbishops and abbots and prelates of all other degrees, and sends them into every quarter, as to India, to Baudas, or to Cathay, just as the Pope of Rome does in the Latin countries."

Though Polo preserves a most remarkable silence with regard to the Christians he must have met with at the court of the Great Khan, yet we learn from collateral testimony that they were quite numerous in Pekin, at that time the Mongol capital. The Alans, who were reckoned the best soldiers in the khan's army, some of whom held the highest rank at the Cambaluc court, were at least nominal Christians, and we find them in 1336 dispatching an urgent request to Pope Benedict XII. to nominate a successor to the deceased Archbishop of Pekin, John of Monte Corvino. Rubruquis, the French friar, who was sent in 1253 by St. Louis on a mission to Mangu-Khan, Kublai's elder brother, with a view of inducing him to espouse the declining fortunes of the Crusaders by attacking their common foe, the Saracen, from the eastward, found Nestorians and Jacobites, Greeks and Armenians, all congregated at the Great Khan's court. It does not appear, however, that the Mongol emperors, with possibly one or two exceptions, ever made an open profession of Christianity, though a number of them married Christian wives, and employed native Christians as



FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE CELEBRATED INSCRIPTION OF SINGANFU.

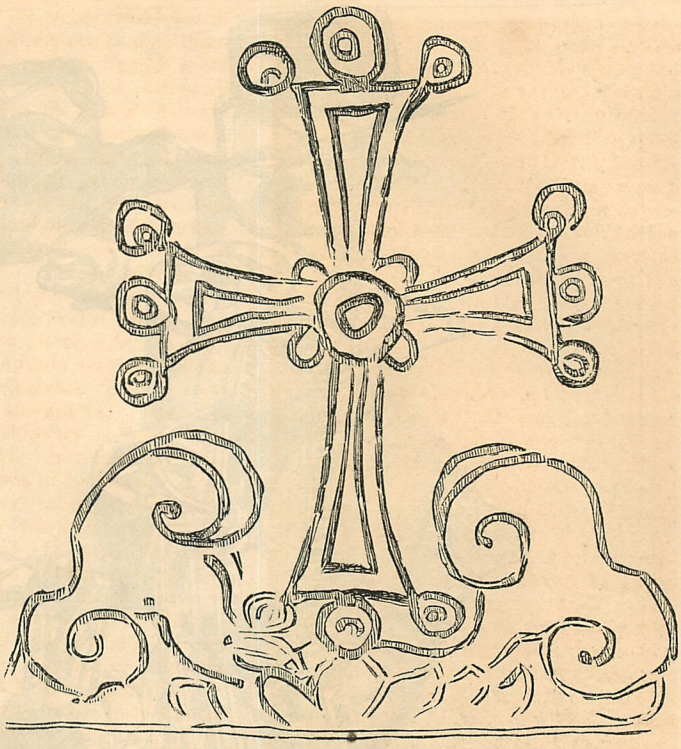
their ministers of state. Sigatai, an uncle of Kublai, appears to have embraced the Christian faith; while Nazan, Kublai's cousin and vassal, and ruler of a vast extent of territory, was a Christian prince who, like Charlemagne, emblazoned the cross upon his banner. Kublai, though nominally a Buddhist, was tolerant, if not indifferent to all creeds, whether Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan, patronizing all and believing none, regarding religion as simply a civilizing agent, and hence an important factor in any well-adjusted system of civil polity. His creed, according to Ramusio, appears to have been as follows: "There are four prophets worshiped and revered by all the world. The Christians say their God is Jesus Christ; the Saracens, Mohammed; the Jews, Moses; the Idolaters, Sogomon Borcan, who was the first god among the idols; and I worship and pay respect to all four, and pray that he among them who is greatest in heaven in very truth may aid me." Had Kublai's requisition, however, for a hundred missionaries, though dictated from motives of public policy, been responded to by Pope Gregory—in view of the superiority at that time of the Latin monks to the degenerate Nestorian clergy in ability and culture, if not practical piety—it might have given a new and powerful impulse to Christian evangelization, which would have made Christianity at this day the dominant religion throughout the Orient.

It is a melancholy fact, and one that suggests grave reflections to the Christian reformer, that scarcely a vestige now remains of the Christian church that once flourished so extensively throughout Central and Eastern Asia. The famous Singanfu inscription is the most remarkable, if not the only, remaining memorial. This celebrated monument, discovered in a suburb of Singanfu in 1625, and still to be seen amidst the ruins of a temple outside the city walls, created no small stir among the *savants* of that day, and has by no means lost its melancholy interest in ours. The slab upon which it is engraved in Chinese and Syriac characters bears the date of A.D. 781, and appears to have been intended to commemorate the introduction of Christianity into China in 635. It contains a brief record of the rise and spread of the new religion for the next one hundred years, with a synopsis of Christian doctrine, in which, strange to say, there is no allusion whatever to the Crucifixion. Though its genuineness has been called in question by able critics, it would seem as if Pauthier, Rémusat, and Colonel Yule had vindicated its authenticity beyond all reasonable doubt.

As to the causes which led to the decadence and final disappearance of Christianity in the East, it may be observed that the purity of Christian doctrine and practice appears to have become gradually corrupted by its constant contact with idolatry; and finally, by ingrafting upon its ceremonial, from time to time, pagan rites and ceremonies, it at length became merged into paganism itself. Polo relates that in his time Christian priests practiced astrology with a "kind of astrolabe," together with divination by rods, the same as the priests of Buddha; while in Abyssinia, he tells us, they observed the double baptism of fire and water—the former by branding a mark upon the forehead and either cheek with a hot iron. Abulfeda, in speaking of the inhabitants of Socotra, says they were "Nestorian Christians and pirates." As late as the seventeenth century, while they entertained a blind idolatry for the cross, they practiced circumcision and sacrificed to the moon—a singular medley of Judaism, idolatry, and a pseudo-Christianity.

Some of the most interesting chapters of

Polo's book are devoted to a description of the various customs, manner of life, etc., of the Tartars. "Their houses," he says, "are circular, and are made of wands covered with felts. These are carried along with them whithersoever they go. They also have wagons covered with black felt so efficaciously that no rain can get in. These are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them. They eat all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs and Pharaoh's rats. Their drink is mare's milk." The account of Herodotus, in speaking of the Scyths, agrees perfectly with that of Polo; while Æschylus, in "Prometheus Bound," alludes to the



CROSS ON THE MONUMENT AT SINGANFU (ACTUAL SIZE.)

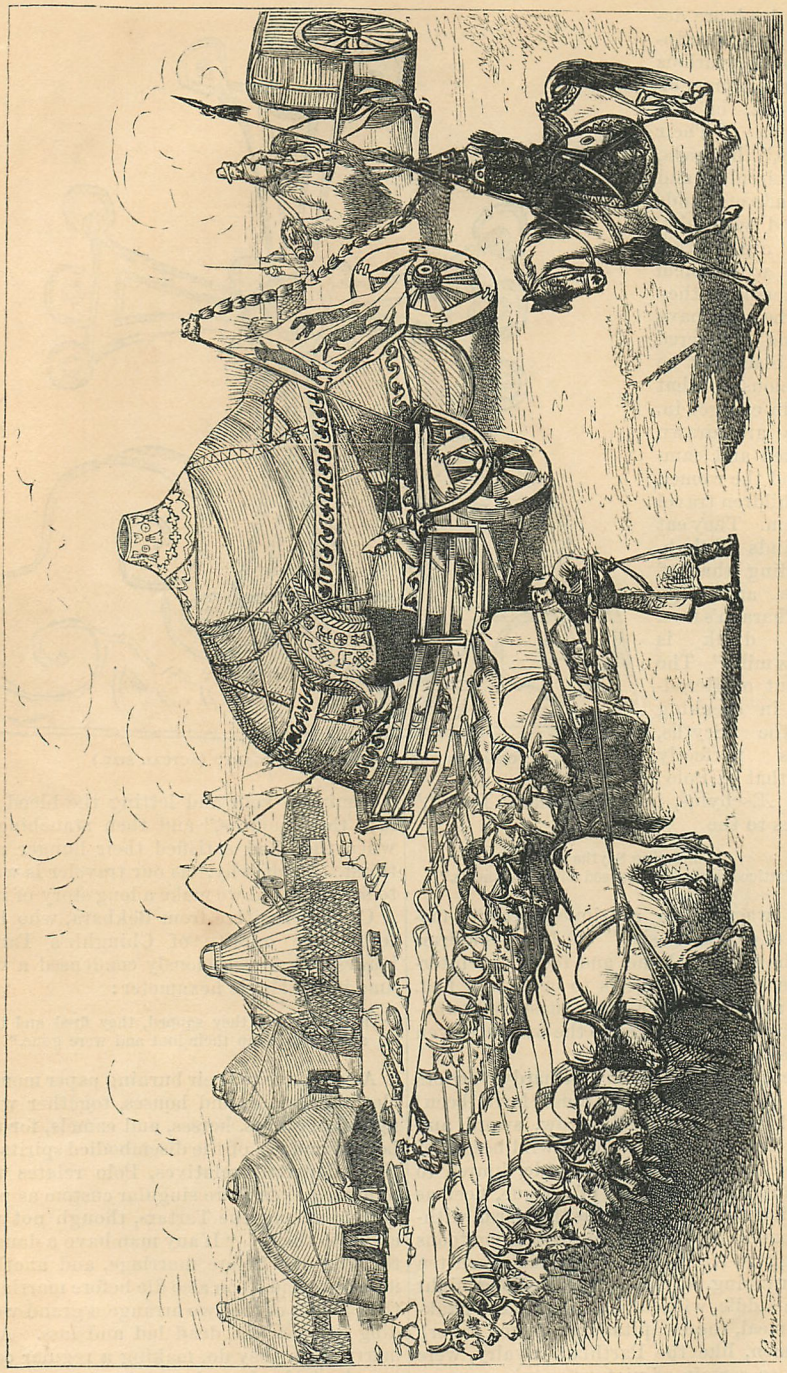
"wandering Scyths who dwell
In latticed huts high poised on easy wheels."

Their wagons, he continues, are "sometimes of enormous size." Rubruquis affirms that he measured one, and found the interval between the wheels to be twenty feet. "The axle was like a ship's mast, and twenty-two oxen were yoked to the wagon, eleven abreast."

Then, too, what fierce and hardy warriors these Tartar horsemen must have been! Armed with bow and arrow, sword and mace, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, or incased in mail of buffalo hide, inured to hardship and incapable of fatigue, fleet as the wind and irresistible as the storm, without commissary or quartermaster, pontoons or baggage-trains, if need be riding on ten days running, spending the livelong night in the saddle, without lighting a fire or taking a meal, these capital archers and superb horsemen, like the Parthian cavalry, were never so certain of victory as when apparently in full retreat. If in their advance a broad, deep river was to be crossed, they tied their equipments to their horses' tails, seized them by the mane, and so swam over. If put upon short rations, they sustained themselves upon the blood of their horses, "opening a vein and letting the blood jet into their mouths," and then stanching it when they had satisfied their hunger and thirst. "But why," as our traveler is wont to say, "should we make a long story of it?" A Chinese fugitive from Bokhara, who had tested the quality of Chinghiz's Tartar hordes, has unconsciously condensed a volume into a single hexameter:

"They came and they sapped, they fired and they slew, trussed up their loot and were gone."

As germane to their burning paper money, clothing, armor, and houses, together with figures of slaves, horses, and camels, for the benefit and use of the disembodied spirits of their departed relatives, Polo relates the following even more singular custom as prevailing among the Tartars, though not peculiar to them. "If any man have a daughter who dies before marriage, and another man have had a son also die before marriage, the parents of the two arrange a grand wedding between the dead lad and lass. And marry them they do, making a regular contract! And when the contract papers are made out, they put them in the fire, in order (as they will have it) that the parties in the other world may know the fact, and so look on each other as man and wife. Whatever may be agreed on between the parties as dowry, those who have to pay it cause it to



MEDIEVAL TARTAR HUTS AND WAGONS.

be painted on pieces of paper, and then put these in the fire, saying that in that way the dead person will get all the real articles in the other world." When an emperor dies they kill all his best horses, and put to the sword every person whom the funeral cortége may chance to meet on its way to the burial, believing "that all such as they slay in this manner do go to serve their lord in the other world. And I tell you as a certain truth that when Mongou-Kaan died, more than twenty thousand persons, who chanced

to meet the body on its way, were slain in the manner I have told."

Leaving Tenduc, and skirting along the Great Wall of China—though, singularly enough, Polo makes no mention of it, unless inferentially when speaking of the country of "Gog and Magog"—the travelers, after three years and a half of wearisome travel, at length reach Kaiping-fu, the summer court of the Great Khan.

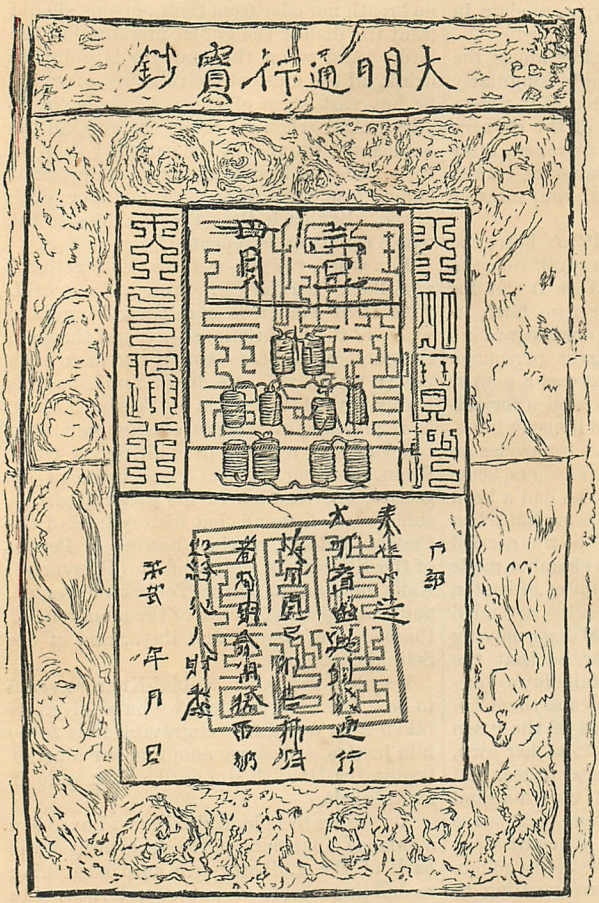
And what shall we say of Polo's hero, the Great Khan, which is by interpretation the "Great Lord of Lords?" Were it not for collateral testimony and our firm faith in the traveler's veracity, we should regard his Kublai as a more extravagant personage than Haroun-al-Raschid, who was a pauper prince in comparison. With eagles for falcons, and lynxes, leopards, and lions for hunting-dogs, he could at any time improvise an army of 360,000 men from his falconers, beaters, and whippers-in. Polo, who had a keen relish for the "noble art," tells us that when the emperor went "a-fowling" he was carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, attended by 20,000 huntsmen and 10,000 dogs, moving along abreast of one another, so that the whole line extended over a full day's journey, and "no animal could escape them."

Each of the four empresses of the "Son of Heaven" had a special court of her own, which, with damsels, eunuchs, pages, and other attendants, numbered ten thousand persons. Thirteen times a year the twelve thousand barons attached to his court were furnished out of his privy purse with a golden girdle, and a costly robe corresponding in color to the emperor's own, and "garnished with gems and pearls and other precious things in a very rich and costly manner." His stud of milk-white horses, to which were added by way of New-Year's presents a hundred thousand annually, would have eclipsed those of all the princes and potentates of Europe taken together. On the occasion of the festival of the White Feast his five thousand elephants, "all covered with rich and gay housings of inlaid cloth," together with a great number of camels, each carrying two splendid coffers containing the emperor's gold and silver plate and other costly furniture, were exhibited to the wondering populace. Then Kublai's charities were conducted upon a scale commensurate with his boundless wealth. Besides the five thousand astrologers whom he provided with "annual maintenance and clothing," thirty thousand loaves of bread, "hot from the baking," were by his orders distributed daily to the poor. Six thousand guests had their seats in the dining-hall of his palace, "the greatest that ever was," while those who served him at his meals had mouth and nose "muffled with fine napkins of silk and gold, so that no breath nor odor from their persons should taint the dish or the goblet presented to the lord. And when the emperor is going to drink, all the musical instruments, of which he has vast store of every kind, begin to play. And when he takes the cup, all the barons and the rest of the company drop on their knees and make the deepest obeisance before him, and then the emperor doth drink. But each time that he does so the whole ceremony is repeated."

In a word, "if you were to put together," says Polo, "all the Christians in the world, with their emperors and their kings, the whole of these Christians—ay, and throw in the Saracens to boot—would not have such power or be able to do so much as this Kublai;" while Wassáf, in his Persian history, is, if possible, even more extravagant than the Venetian traveler in exalting the Great Khan, assuring us that "one beam of his glories, one fraction of his great qualities, suffices to eclipse all that history tells of the Cæsars of Rome, of the Chosroes of Persia, of the Khagans of China, of the (Himyarite) Kails of Arabia, of the Tobbas of Yemen, and the Rajahs of India, of the monarchs of the houses of Sassan and Buya, and of the Seljukian Sultans."

Very handsome, too, Kublai-Khan was said to be. If so, his portrait we have given as taken from a Chinese engraving fails to do him justice, unless we adopt as our ideal of beauty the Moorish standard, or the scale of avoirdupois.

According to Polo, Kublai must have been a famous financier. "He transformed the bark of the mulberry-tree into something resembling sheets of paper, and these into money, which cost him nothing at all, so that you might say he had the secret of alchemy in perfection. And these pieces of paper he made to pass current universally, over all his kingdoms and provinces and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extended. And nobody, however important he thought himself, dared to refuse them on pain of death." One might be led to suppose, from Polo's glowing account, that the process of creating value by legal enactment or imperial decree had become one of the "lost arts," did it not subsequently transpire that the Great Khan's legal tender was only worth half its nominal value in silver, and that he was compelled to resort to partial repudiation when, on a subsequent reissue, one note was exchanged against *five* of the previous series of equal nominal value. A similar depreciation of the currency occurred in 1309, notwithstanding a legal provision that the notes should be on a par with specie—a provision which, of course, it was beyond the power of any government to enforce, and only another illustration of the absurdity of attempting to regulate monetary as well as other



BANK-NOTE OF THE MING DYNASTY (ONE-FOURTH SIZE).

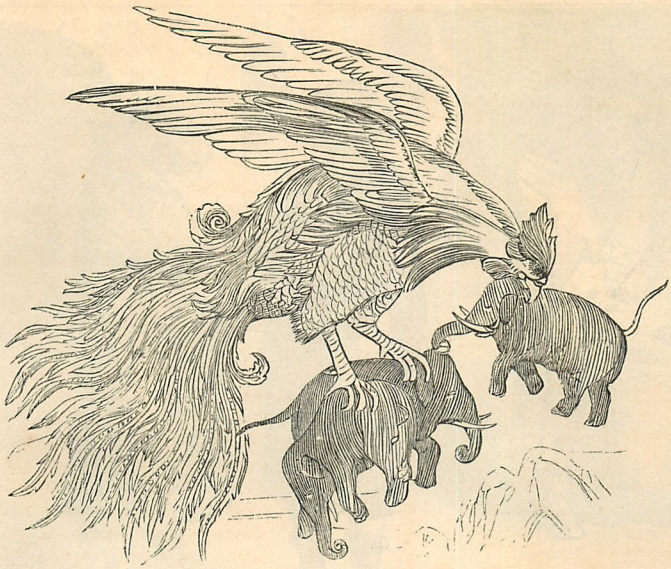
values by legislative enactment. Kublai, however, is not entitled to the credit of inventing paper money, which dates back at least to the beginning of the ninth century, though it is not altogether improbable that Marco Polo may have had something to do with its introduction into Persia, if not into Europe.

It is remarkable that Polo, in speaking of Chinese bank-notes, which were stamped with movable blocks, should have failed to say any thing in regard to the art of printing, though his name has been associated, on doubtful authority, with its introduction into Europe. There appears to be a local tradition in Venice that Panfilo Castaldi, of Feltre, having seen several Chinese books, which Polo had brought from China, printed by means of wooden blocks, constructed movable wooden types, each type containing a single letter, and with these printed a number of sheets, some of which are said to be preserved among the archives at Feltre to this day. It relates furthermore that John Fust (Faust) having passed some time with Castaldi in Italy, acquired his invention, and returning to Germany, developed it into the art of printing. Though there is a strong probability that the art of printing was originally derived from the Chinese, still the Castaldian legend, notwithstanding the statue erected to the memory of Castaldi as the inventor of that noble art, is to be accepted with no small degree of mental reservation.

If, according to the teaching of the disciples of John Noyes, the millennium is simply the extension and complete realization of their practices and principles throughout the earth, then Kublai-Khan and his contemporaries were much nearer the millennium than we. Besides those "four ladies called empresses," he had also a great number of concubines. "You must know," says Polo, "that there is a tribe of Tartars called Ungrat, who are noted for their beauty. Now every year a hundred of the most beautiful maidens of this tribe are sent to the Great Khan, who commits them to the charge of certain elderly ladies dwelling in his palace. And these old ladies make the girls sleep with them, in order to ascertain if they have sweet breath (and do not snore), and are sound in all their limbs. Then such of them as are of approved beauty, and are good and sound in all respects, are appointed to attend on the emperor by turns." In Tartary "any man may take a hundred wives an he so please, if he be able to keep them," while in Malabar "the man who has most wives is most thought of."

In Turkestan, our traveler relates, "if the husband of any woman go away upon a journey and remain away for more than twenty days, as soon as that time is past the woman may marry another man, and the husband also may then marry whom he pleases."

But time would fail us to follow Polo in his journeyings and descriptions—so far to the north that he leaves the North Star behind him, and thence so far to the south that the North Star is never to be seen—to discourse of the siege of Saianfu, with its trebuchets or mangonels, shotted with stones



THE RUKH—AFTER A PERSIAN DRAWING.

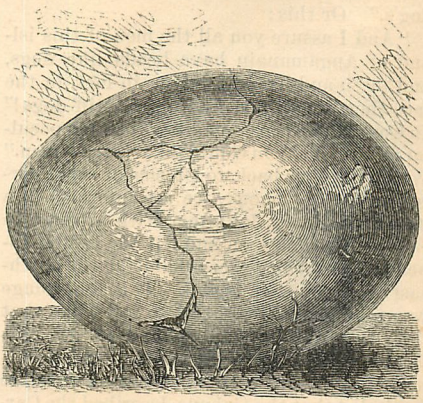
of 300 pounds, or of the "most noble city of Kinsay,"

> "Stretching like paradise through the breadth of heaven;"

to speak of salamanders resolving themselves into asbestos, and pigmies into monkeys, and turning out to be no pigmies or salamanders after all; of trees producing flour and wine, or "toddy and sugar," and of cattle and horses that live upon fish, and "naught besides;" of kumiz, or fermented mare's milk, that "pearl of all beverages;" of ships with water-tight compartments; of pearl fisheries and shark charmers; of the white eagles of Telingana, and how they are induced to seek diamonds in inaccessible valleys; of the fabulous Gryphon, or Rukh, "so strong that it will seize an elephant in its talons and carry him high into the air," and whose flight is like the loud thunder; of the Male and Female Islands, the former inhabited exclusively by men and the latter by women; of Maabar, or the Coromandel Coast, where there "is never a tailor," seeing that every body adopts the most primitive if not paradisiacal of costumes, and whose inhabitants paint their gods black and their devils white, and rub their black children with oil of sesame to make them still blacker; or of the elixir of longevity, compounded of sulphur and quicksilver, the father and mother respectively of metals; nor yet of the Pâtra of green porphyry, the "Holy Grail" of Buddhism, out of which Adam used to eat, and of such miraculous virtue "that if food for one man be put therein it shall become enough for five men." All this, and a great deal besides, most reluctantly we omit.

We may be excused, however, for allowing our author to relate a ridiculous custom of the Zar-dandân, or Golden Teeth, known under the name of the *couvade*, which he does with the most imperturbable gravity. "And when one of their wives has been delivered of a child, the infant is washed and swathed, and then the woman gets up and goes about her household affairs, while the husband takes to bed with the child by his side, and so keeps his bed for forty days, and all the kith and kin come to visit him, and keep up a great festivity. They do this because, say they, the woman has had a hard bout of it, and 'tis but fair the man should have his share of suffering." This custom, notwithstanding its oddity, is by no means unique, but is said to have prevailed among the aborigines of California and the West Indies; among the ancient Corsicans and Iberians of Northern Spain; among some of the tribes of South America, West Africa, and the Indian Archipelago, and in a modified form in Borneo, Kamtchatka, and Greenland. Butler plainly alludes to the custom in "Hudibras," while Apollonius Rhodius, in speaking of the Tibareni of Pontus, tells us,

> "In the Tibarenian land,
> When some good woman bears her lord a babe,
> 'Tis he is swathed and groaning put to bed;
> While she arises, tends his baths, and serves
> Nice possets for her husband in the straw."



RUKH'S EGG.



DOG-HEADED MEN OF ANGAMANAIN.

"This strange custom," observes Colonel Yule, "if it were unique, would look like a coarse practical joke; but appearing as it does among so many different races and in every quarter of the world, it must have its root somewhere deep in the psychology of the uncivilized man."

Nor are we quite reconciled to omit the following, on account of a certain spicy flavor of Darwinism there is in it:

"Now you must know that in this kingdom of Lambri there are men with tails. These tails are of a palm in length, and have no hair on them. These people live in the mountains, and are a kind of wild men. Their tails are about the thickness of a dog's." Or this:

"And I assure you all the men of this island of Angamanain have heads like dogs, and teeth and eyes likewise; in fact, in the face they are all just like big mastiff dogs!" In Comari there are "monkeys of such peculiar fashion that you would take them for men." Without going back to Ctesias or other corroborative testimony, we are informed in a note that Mr. St. John met with a trader in Borneo who had seen and felt the caudal appendages of such a race inhabiting the northeast coast of that island. This appendage was four inches long, and so inflexible that their proprietors were obliged to use perforated seats. As to the canine-headed feature, without citing other examples, we are reminded that the Cubans described the Caribs to Columbus as man-eaters with dogs' muzzles, while the old Danes had traditions of *Cyno-cephali* in Finland.

Of the man Marco Polo we know comparatively little. We catch fugitive glimpses of him here and there in his "Travels," enough to excite without satisfying our curiosity. There is, in truth, no authentic portrait of the illustrious Venetian, though there are traditional ones that resemble each other, and doubtless approximate more or less to a likeness of the original. In the faint, shadowy semblance of the traveler as reflected from his book there are dimly visible the lineaments of a plain, practical man, unlettered, but of more than ordinary natural ability, and well up in Alexandrian romance; a shrewd observer, a clever politician, a keen sportsman, and a brave soldier; by no means superior to the credulity and superstition of his age, "with a deep wondering respect for saints of the ascetic pattern, even if pagans, but for his own part a keen appreciation of this world's pomps and vanities."

But though he is strangely reticent respecting himself, he becomes even garrulous when discoursing of what he has seen and heard, and notwithstanding our faith in the narrator's veracity, we can not at times quite repress a latent suspicion that he is describing *ore rotundo*, or indulging in a little lively fanfaronade, with an occasional dash of Sindbad the Sailor or the mendacious Munchausen.

He tells us, for example, of oxen as tall as elephants; of pheasants and mastiffs as large respectively as peacocks and donkeys; of bats and boars as big as goshawks and buffaloes; of serpents with eyes "bigger than a loaf of bread;" of palaces with floors of solid gold two fingers in thickness; of rubies a palm in length, and thick as a man's arm; of rivers hot enough to boil eggs, and of bamboos that explode with a report that might be heard a distance of ten miles! In more than one description of a battle he romances in the following or a similar strain: "Now you might behold the arrows fly from this side and from that, so that the sky was canopied with them, and they fell like rain! Now might you see knights and men-at-arms on this side and on that fall in numbers from their horses, so that the soil was covered with their bodies! From this side and from that rose such a cry from the wounded and the dying that God might have thundered and you would not have heard!"

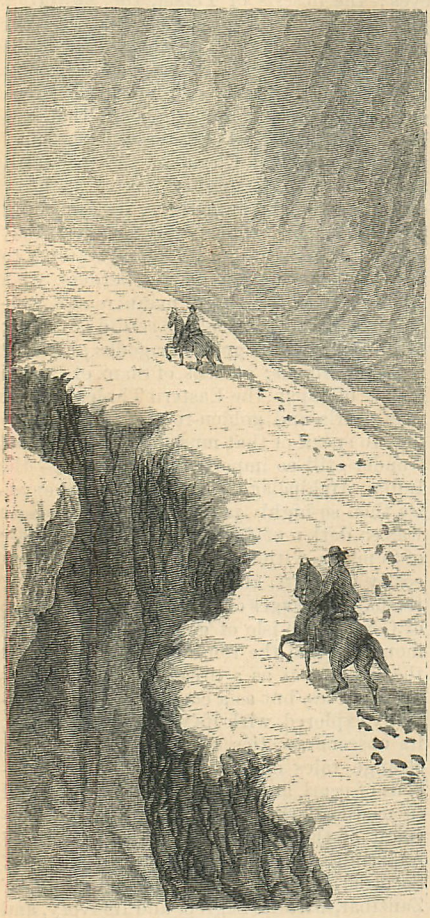
Some biographers, in instituting a comparison between Polo and Columbus, have not hesitated to give the preference to the former. Ramusio, comparing the land journey of the one with the sea-voyage of the other, not without some degree of plausibility, observes: "Consider only what a height of courage was needed to undertake and carry through so difficult an enterprise over a route of such desperate length and hardship (requiring three years and a half for its completion), whereon it was sometimes necessary to carry food for the supply of man and beast not for days only, but for months together. Columbus, on the other hand, going by sea, readily carried with him all necessary provision, and after a voyage of some thirty or forty days was conveyed by the wind whither he desired to go." He then concludes with the statement that while "no one from Europe has dared to repeat the former, ships in countless numbers continue to retrace the voyage of the latter." Polo, no doubt, was the worthy precursor of Columbus, whose imagination he fired with visions of the boundless wealth of the Orient, and who subsequently, in seeking a western passage to Asia, discovered America, though he died in the firm belief that he had reached the coast of Cathay. Still, we fail to find in the Venetian traveler the pronounced convictions and noble purpose, the firm resolve and lofty genius, that have challenged for the Genoese admiral so conspicuous a place upon "Fame's eternal bead-roll."

Nevertheless Marco Polo must be regarded as the "prince of medieval travelers," a proud position, which Colonel Yule has so ably vindicated for his hero in his eloquent peroration that we can not forbear, in closing this inadequate sketch, from quoting it at length. "He was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom which he had seen with his own eyes; the deserts of Persia, the flowering plateaux and wild gorges of Badakhshan, the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the Mongolian steppes—cradle of the power that had so lately threatened to swallow up Christendom—the new and brilliant court that had been established at Cambaluc; the first traveler to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness, its mighty rivers, its huge cities, its rich manufactures, its swarming population, the inconceivably vast fleets that quickened its seas and its inland waters; to tell us of the nations on its borders, with all their eccentricities of manners and worship; of Thibet, with all its sordid devotees; of Burma, with its golden pagodas and their tinkling crowns; of Laos, of Siam, of Cochin China, of Japan, the Eastern Thule, with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces; the first to speak of that museum of beauty and wonder still so imperfectly ransacked—the Indian Archipelago, source of those aromatics then so highly prized, and whose origin was so dark; of Java, the pearl of islands; of Sumatra, with its many kings, its strange, costly products, and its cannibal races; of the naked savages of Nicobar and Andaman; of Ceylon, the isle of gems, with its sacred mountain and the tomb of Adam; of India the Great, not as a dream-land of Alexandrian fables, but as a country seen and partially explored, with its virtuous Brahmans, its obscene ascetics, its diamonds and the strange tales of their acquisition, its sea-beds of pearl, and its powerful sun; the first in medieval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia, and the semi-Christian island of Socotra; to speak, though indeed dimly, of Zanzibar, with its negroes and its ivory, and of the vast and distant Madagascar, bordering on the dark ocean of the south, with its Rukh and other monstrosities; and, in a remotely opposite region, of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean, of dog sledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding Tunguses."

CONTRAST.

THE exquisite charm of spring's first ringing laughter
We measure only by the winter's gloom;
The wailing winds, the whirling snows, make room
In our half-frozen hearts for sunshine after!
If every morn were fair and all days golden,
And only emerald turf our footsteps trod,
Our sated souls would tire of velvet sod,
Our eyes in spells of snow-capped peaks beholden!
We gauge the flow'ret's beauty by the mould
That lies so long and dark its sweetness over;
As absence makes his rapture for the lover,
Who sees no light till he fond eyes behold.
So God be praised for wintry blasts and snows,
That end their lessons when the violet blows!

THE DOME OF THE CONTINENT.



THE LIFE-LIMIT, GRAY'S PEAKS.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

IN these days, when every one may travel, and the great plains, the Sierra Nevadas, and even the beauteous Yosemite Valley are becoming trite and common, it will please the tourist to learn of new routes of travel, fresh sights and places to be seen. Some who have rushed across the continent to see the wonders on its western shore will yet gaze with amazement upon equal or greater wonders which they have hurried past without even imagining their existence; for men may journey and see nothing, may travel and have little for their pains. Thousands boast their overland passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and return, who never saw the Rocky Mountains! Not that they traversed them in the night, nor that some of the mountain ridges were not seen; but that the sea of towering snow-clad summits which mark the eminent majesty of this great range were to them distant or invisible, hidden by the foot-hills through which they passed.

Of the whole Rocky chain Colorado Territory possesses the chief mountains—certainly the most famous; for here, amidst a multitude of others, each one a monarch in itself, rise Pike's and Long's Peaks—names linked with the earliest history of the West—the landmarks of prairie voyageurs in days gone by. Further west, Gray's Peaks, Mount Lincoln, and a host besides tower, with summits crested with eternal snow, and, circling, surround those beautiful and wondrous valleys, which Rasselas might envy—the North, Middle, and South Parks. Here is the snowy range, the icy mountain wall which parts Orient from Occident—the "divide," as it is popularly called, where melting snows discharge their waters east and west to the world's greatest and most widely separated oceans.

The days of danger are past in Colorado. Upon most of the stage routes the traveler is as comfortably kept and cared for as at many Eastern summer resorts, and already Saratoga trunks are seen where but a dozen years since the bear and deer only were met. Many tourists come to see the gold mines, perhaps longing to pan out some "dust" for themselves; mineralogists and geologists here find the earth's wealth thickly spread before them; the botanist meets a new and splendid flora, and cactus growing thriftily beside the snow; the eyes of the ornithologist are dazzled with the dark blue-green iridescent plumage of the bold and fearless Rocky Mountain blue jay, and he starts at the sudden cry of the large, garrulous, black and white jackdaw. The sportsman looks to his rifle as he sees the monstrous tracks of the cinnamon grizzly, and by the camp-fire listens with surprise to stories of adventures with "mountain lions," of hand-to-hand encounters with huge elk, or of thrilling climbs amidst the cliffs in pursuit of the big-horn or mountain sheep; regrets the absence of his fly-rod as he hears of cold crystal brooks swarming with speckled trout of the same old habits and as vigorous in their play as those that haunt the Adirondack lakelets or the streams of Maine. The Alpine tourist feels anew the longing for adventure as he hears of untrodden summits vying in altitude with the loftiest of the Swiss Jura; and the artist longs to stand in the presence of those scenes which have inspired the pencil of Bierstadt.

It is a great pleasure-ground, and soon to be the resort of those that leave the stale and hackneyed routes of European travel to see and appreciate the fresh glories of their native land; the summer home of those who, loving mountains, prefer to find

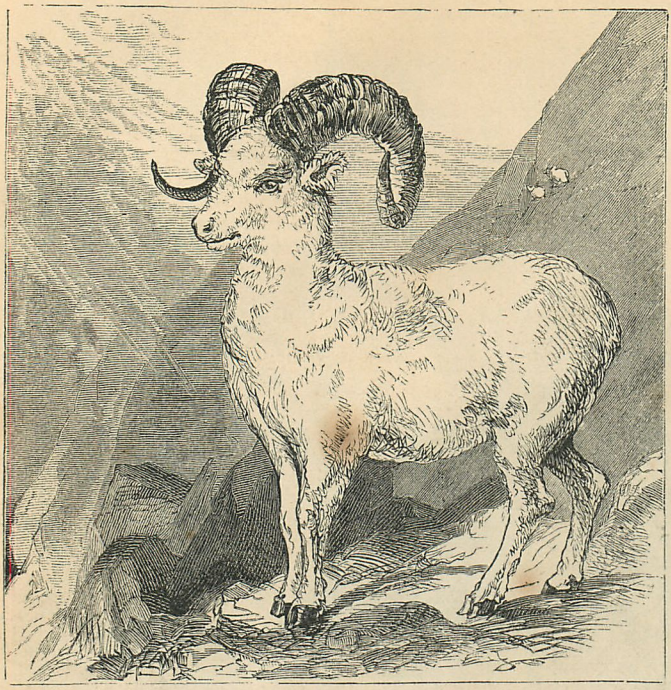


THE SNOWY RANGE.

their Alps this side the stomach-troubling ocean.

The visitor to Denver has at least a distant view of the mighty mountain chain, some of the peaks and ridges of the snowy range showing slightly above the darker foot-hills. Numerous interesting routes into the mountains diverge here; but passing most of them, we will go westward on the unfinished Colorado Central Railroad seventeen miles, over the last piece of prairie land, and entering the foot-hills, rest at Golden City.

Golden City is not as auriferous as its name implies. Its mineral wealth is principally coal, and its mills and well-utilized water-power make it the manufacturing town of Colorado. It is just within the foot-hills, which, edged with vertical sandstone precipices—from which one prominent summit gains the name of Table Mountain—almost surround the valley where it lies. From here a stage can be taken for Central City or Georgetown; and while Georgetown should be the objective point, those desirous of visiting the gold mines will proceed by way of Black Hawk and Central City, re-



THE BIG-HORN.

gaining the other stage at Idaho, the celebrated soda springs. This is the route for the Middle Park *via* the lofty, snow-bound Berthoud Pass. On this line also lies Guy Hill, famous with all stage-travelers and stage-drivers in the region for the steep, almost dangerous piece of road descending it westward—a zigzag way carved in the face of the mountain—down which the six-horse coach is driven at full speed.

The scenery of a mining region is proverbially barren and desolate; yet here, though the axe has swept the timber from the mountains and left them a wilderness of stumps, the grand surroundings, the wonderful views of crests and chasms, compensate for the vandalism. Dinner is taken at a way-side inn, a small white frame building; then, after a few hours of up and down hill journeying, the gold mines are reached.

Suddenly debouching from a valley, we turn into a road running at right angles with our previous course. The mountains rise steeply up on either side, and along the road a stream, the north branch of Clear Creek—here any thing but *clear*—runs pent in a wooden trough, leaving dry and bare a rugged bed of cobble-stones, once its home. Among this drift men are shoveling and delving, wheeling barrow-loads of gravel to the trough or sluice-way—for this is "sluicing," a variety of placer gold digging or gulch mining. In one spot two men, apparently engaged in undermining the road, step back and look up, as though to stand from under, as we drive above; near by another stands beside the sluice with a sort of steel-pronged stable-fork in hand, and working the ringing tines through the swift-running muddy water, throws out the larger stones and gravel. All the peculiar features of a gold-mining region were here: little water-courses in board troughs ran upon stilts in various directions; skeleton undershot and overshot water-wheels abounded; and in the hills on either side were dark, cavernous openings, the mouths of tunnels or deserted claims.

Now the bottom of the narrow ravine or cañon is choked with mills, furnaces, and buildings, which often stand among the rocks and perch in almost impossible places. Through all this the road and the creek with difficulty find a passage, and while the one is frequently blockaded by teams, the other is forced through many a mill and compelled to do a deal of dirty work in the "washing way." Beyond are stores and shops and a Chinese laundry; and this is Black Hawk, the first of the string of village "cities," which are indeed but one, crammed into this red, gilded gulch, in three miles ascending 1500 feet, one town beginning where the other ends — Black Hawk, Mountain, Central, and Nevada Cities, each one greater in altitude than the other—having together a population of 4000 or 5000 souls.

Central City is well named: on all sides of it are mines, which are often as profitable as their names are singular. The Groundhog lode, on Bobtail Hill, is a veritable and wealthy mine, and, together with a host of others, is well worth visiting.

The Illinois may be taken as a type of what is here called a "quartz mine"—it being first understood that very little quartz mining is done in Colorado, the "pay rock," or ore, being principally iron and some copper pyrites, together with what is here commonly called brittle copper, with black-jack, or zinc-blende, and galena, all forming ores of the class called *sulphurets*. It is not often

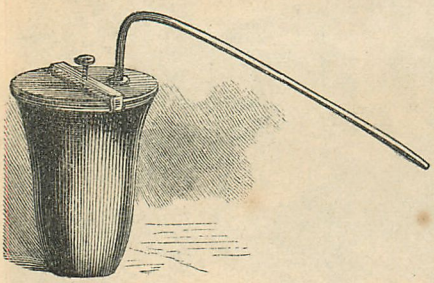


GULCH MINING.

that all of these minerals are found together. Though quartz always accompanies them in some form, the gold is here chiefly associated with the pyrites, and such is the unreliable nature of popular names that a lump of the glittering yellow "fool's-gold" is often called quartz by unlearned miners, while the same name is commonly applied to the pay rock, heavy with the cubic pyrites, by those who should know better. Native gold does occur in pure quartz rock, but it is seldom that very fine specimens are seen.

Gold mining here becomes systematized, and the history of a mine may thus be traced: The formation, or "country rock," is a common gneiss, apparently of Laurentian age; a vein or lode is found in it exhibiting "blossom rock," a yellow, spongy mass, charged with iron rust formed by the oxidation of the pyrites. The discoverer stakes out his claim, and if the "dirt pans well" the rest of the lode is soon taken up. At length the "top quartz," or "blossom rock," is worked out, and even iron mortar and pestle fail to pulverize sufficient of the now hard and refractory ore to pay the prospecter for his trouble; water, too, invades the mine and drives him out. Now comes another phase:

either the claim owners effect a consolidation—a mining company being formed—or the capitalist steps in and purchases the whole. Lumber and machinery are then brought over the mountains, and presently buildings appear, and steam hoisting and mill machinery, and true mining has commenced. Shafts are sunk, levels and tunnels made, the mine is drained, the ore brought out, and, if available, put through the stamp-mill. The product of the mill would not readily amalgamate with pure mercury. It issues from beneath the heavy stamps a grayish, sparkling, thin mud, and flowing over gently inclined sheets of amalgamated copper, bright with quicksilver, passes off under the name of "tailings," leaving the gold-dust amalgamated, fixed to the surface of the wide copper trough plates. From the surface of these plates the amalgam, thick with gold, is wiped at regular intervals, and when sufficient is collected it is placed in a cloth, the ends of which are gathered together and twisted. Upon squeezing the bag thus formed much of the mercury passes out through the pores of the cloth, while a heavy, pasty mass of gold, still silvered by the mercury, remains within. This last, with the cloth holding it, is now placed



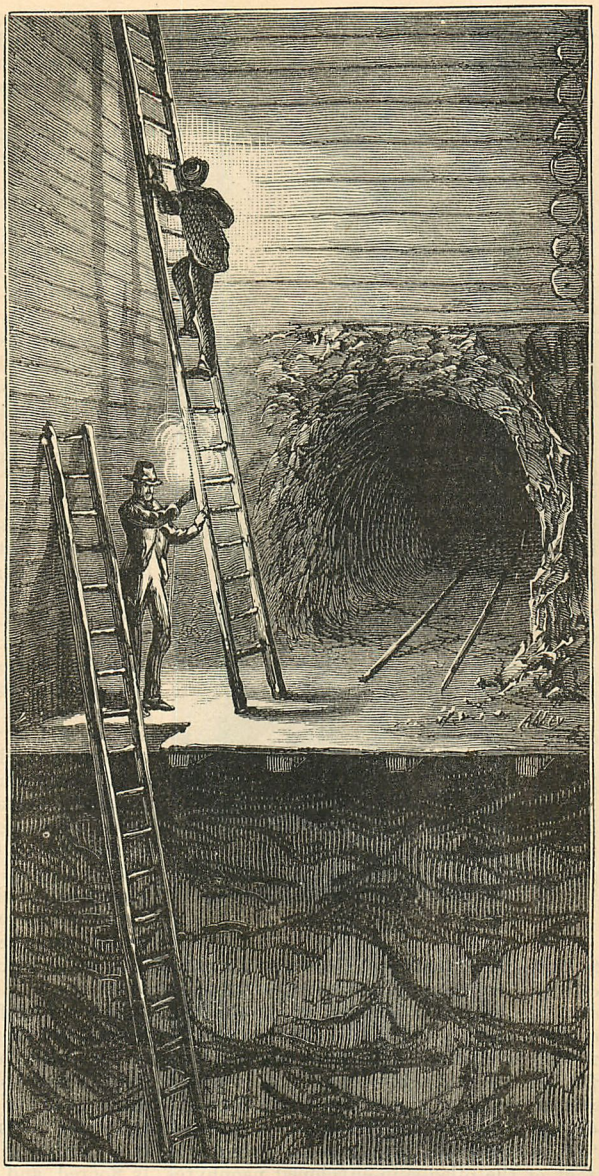
IRON RETORT FOR GOLD AMALGAM.

in a cast-iron crucible-like cup, to which a flat iron top is fastened, a bent pipe of the size of small gas tubing passing out at the centre, forming the neck of the retort. Upon the application of heat the mercury is expelled, and collected under water at the end of the tube for future use; the cloth is consumed, and the gold in its pores thus saved, while, if the heat be not raised to a height sufficient to melt the gold, its exterior still shows the shape and impression of the folds, seams, and texture of the rag or cloth which held it. In this condition is most of the raw gold in the possession of the banks of these mountain cities, though the tin pail or box in which they obligingly exhibit it will often contain at the bottom a gleaming yellow metallic sand and gravel, which have an intrinsic beauty, and are the "dust" from many a placer miner's pan.

The gold of Colorado is thus obtained; but wealth and fortune are gathered by many gold miners and companies who never see the metal that they dig. Capital has introduced a division of labor, and much of the poorer ores, in which the metal is altogether invisible—locked up and hidden in the sulphurets—never enters the amalgamator, but, after having its value ascertained by assay, is sold at fifty dollars and upward per ton at the smelting furnace. Black Hawk has the fame of possessing both the first stamp-mill and the first reduction-furnace of Colorado. The smelting-works, erected in 1867, and in charge of Professor Hill, their projector, are famous throughout this region, and are to the miner the equivalent of the grist-mill and the factory of the agriculturist. In each case the master of machinery and of skilled labor buys the crude material from the producer. At the smelting-works the poorer ores, and especially those of auriferous copper or argentiferous galena, with the tailings of the stamp-mills, are purchased. The process is the reduction of the unmanageable sulphurets by fire to a condition suitable for the rapid extraction of their precious contents. This disintegration and destruction of the pyrites is but a shortening of that natural process which has made the outcrop of every vein of the sulphurets a porous mass of blossom rock. Even at the smelting-works the pyrites are compelled to aid in their own destruction, and in the open yard of the works, broken in small lumps, they are heaped in dome-shaped piles, perhaps eight or ten feet high, in form not unlike charcoal kilns. A layer of wood underneath the pile serves as kindling, and before it is entirely consumed the pyrites themselves take fire, and, burning slowly, give off dense, stifling vapors of sulphurous acid gas, sufficient, one would think, to bleach even the dirty hats of the bull-whackers passing on the road. As this slow combustion proceeds, especially in cold weather, the tops of the heaps become incrusted with a bright yellow coating of brimstone; but at length the action ceases, about half the sulphur having disappeared. The once hard, brilliant, and sparkling pyrites—bisulphide of iron—have become black, clinker-like masses—protosulphide of iron, like that used in the laboratory for evolving sulphureted hydrogen. This particular protosulphide is too valuable for laboratory purposes; and after calcination in a long range of brick ovens, where, under intense flame-heat, it is kept stirred with iron rods, an additional portion of sulphur is expelled. It now assumes the form of a black or brown powder, and is finally thrust into the smelting furnace, which is of the reverberatory kind, strongly built of fire-brick, supported and held by a system of broad iron bars passing around and over it, and bolted and clamped together. The work of this furnace is con-

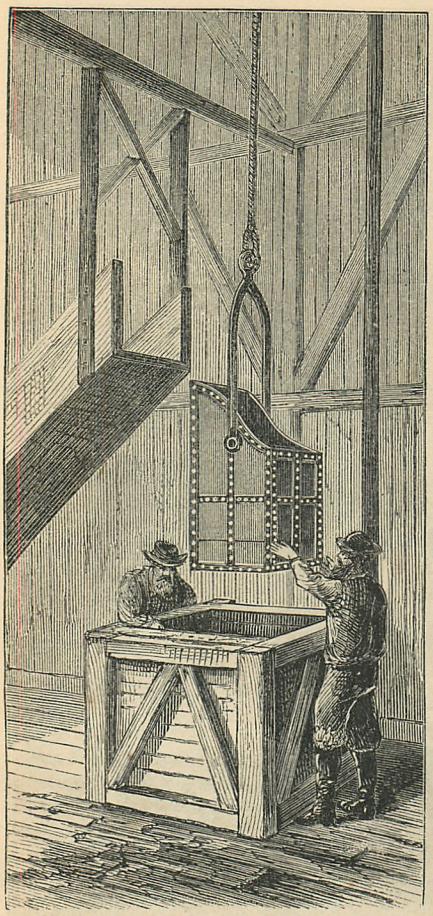
stant, the temperature maintained terrible to contemplate, and gazing in at the small door by which the process may be observed, nothing is seen, when the heat is greatest, but a white glare as dazzling as the sun. Into this furnace the roasted ore is put, an average similarity in its composition being secured by the mixture of auriferous, argentiferous, and cupriferous ores, as may be necessary, the design being to form a compound which, when melted, will react and separate into an upper and lower liquid, the one rich and heavy, the other light and containing almost all the dross.

The charge being introduced, the intense heat, *which acts upon its surface*, soon reduces it to a molten condition; but the process does not stop here, for the heat continues and grows *more* intense, till it seems to threaten the destruction of the furnace and of the great tower-like chimney, up which the white-hot blast rushes furiously. After some hours the watch-door is opened, and when a peculiar brightening of the surface of the lake of molten metal is observed the fire is withdrawn, and presently an opening on one side of the furnace, till now stopped with fire-clay, is tapped, and the lighter surface metal allowed to pour out into rough moulds of dry sand. This is worthless slag, being a mixture of silicate and protosulphide of iron, and it is moulded merely that it may be more easily handled when cool, and carted away to form roads or fill gullies. It is remarkable for its hardness and brittleness; for, while glass may be scratched with it, a mass of a hundred pounds' weight or more will fall to pieces under the boot. After the slag has been drawn off an opening is made at the other side of the furnace, and the lower liquid, the brilliant fluid metal, is led into open sand moulds similar to those that held the slag. This product is called *matt*, and though of the same dark iron-color of the slag, is a mass of gold, silver, copper, and iron, with a small amount of sulphur, which seems to remain in combination with the iron. The Colorado treatment is over, and the precious black *matt* is forthwith started upon a journey across the world by rail and sea to England—or rather to Swansea, Wales—where the gold and silver are extracted, and the copper remaining is sufficient to pay not only the expense of transportation, but the cost of the various processes through which it has passed.



THE SHAFT.

But let us turn from the consideration of gold extraction to gold mines. One bright October afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Bela

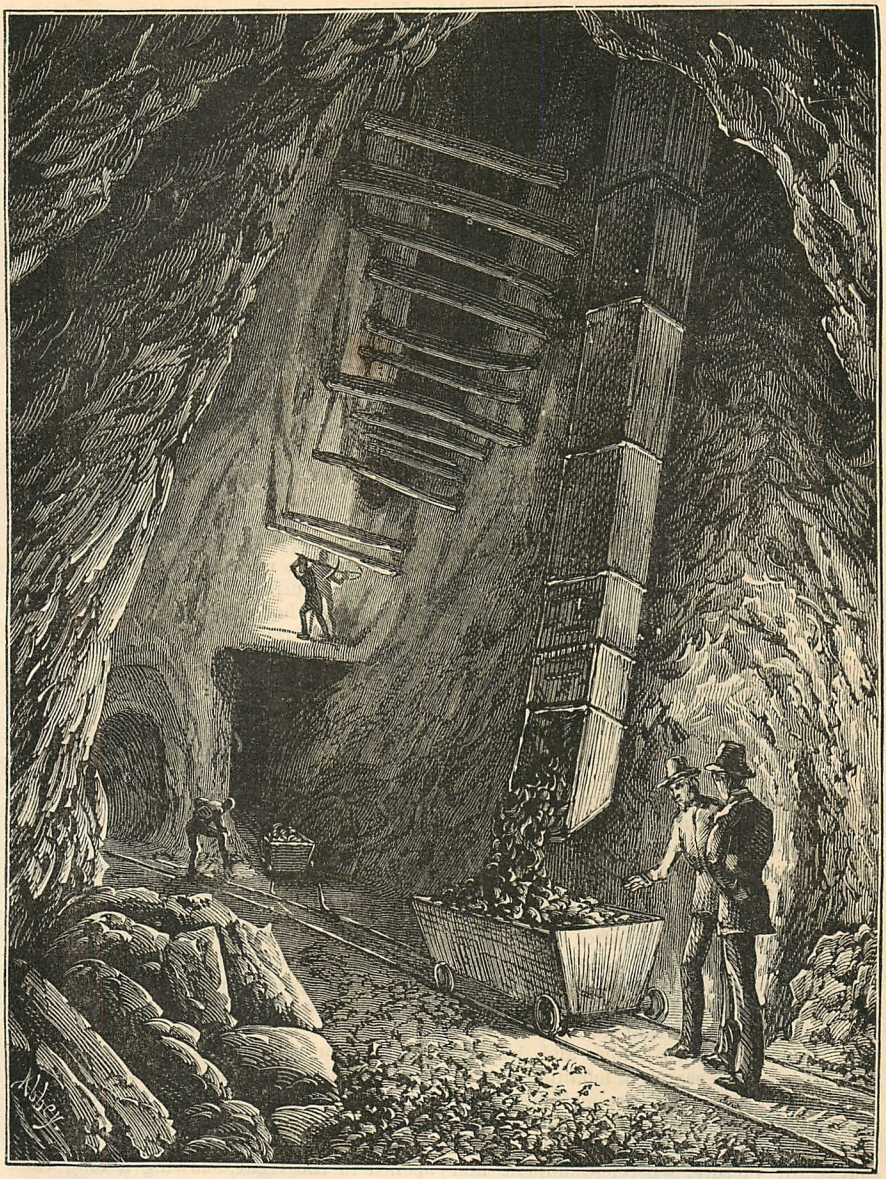


CORNISH SKIP.

S. Buel, of Central City, I examined a mine of which my companion was principal owner. The mine was situated on Quartz Hill, south of and above Nevada. In the superintendent's office we exchanged coats and hats for less worldly habiliments, and, provided with overalls of a color uncertain from the dry mud upon them, prepared to descend. The costume was nearly as picturesque as that of the oiled-skin-enveloped neophytes who haunt the rocks beneath Niagara. Having lighted our candles, a small trap-door in the platform covering the mouth of the shaft was opened, and disclosed a dark pit, perhaps eight or ten feet square at the mouth, dropping apparently fathomless into the depths of the earth. A steep ladder fastened to one of the walls showed the means of descent, and we went down into the pit; the trap-door closing left us in inky darkness, which the light of the feeble tapers we carried but partially dispelled. The steep, muddy ladders led on down till to the imagination the depth below was awful. Not a ray of light could penetrate it, not a sound or echo came up from it to indicate the existence of life below: the water dropping from the oozy walls, the scrap of rock detached, were lost and gave no sound. O gold! beloved of men, bright, glittering gold, gloomy and desolate are the pathways to thy home!

At last some slippery boards received our feet, and we paused to rest; then down again by shorter and more inclined ladders, with platforms at intervals of twenty-five or thirty feet. Occasionally dark, horizontal tunnels led off into the rock, which now formed the only walls of the deep shaft. These *levels* were passages to upper *headings*, and were not provided with rails or cars, the ore being cast below to another level, where conveniences for carrying and hoisting existed. Passing along one of these levels, we came to what was known as the skip shaft; for here, boxed off in one half of a shaft the huge *Cornish skip* carried the ore to the surface. This vessel, which has a carrying capacity of twenty cubic feet, here replaced the less spacious and heavier kibble buckets of old-time mines, and was of boiler iron, strongly bolted or riveted together, forming an oblong box, open at one of the smaller ends, which was also uppermost. A prolongation of the metal at one of the upper edges gave it a lip like that of a rectangular coal-scuttle, and served a similar purpose, preventing the spilling of the ore when the top of the shaft is reached, and the skip, by an automatic arrangement, discharges its contents. One engineer above, by levers ready to his hand, controlled both engine and skip, and, at a signal from below—the ringing of a gong-bell at the shaft mouth, by means of a cord or bell-rope passing down the shaft—would bring the skip with a rush to the surface, see it discharged, and send it swiftly down again.

Descending further, we reached another tunnel, and then a short ladder brought us to the lower level and the bottom of the shaft, a well hole, called the *sumph*, all the drainage of the mine being led this way, and the water here raised by the skip to the surface. Entering the level, which was partially floored, and had a narrow wooden railway, we went toward the heading, encountering a subterranean breeze which threatened the extinction of our lights. It was a singular avenue we traversed. Much of the ore above had been removed or worked out, and as only the ore had been taken, the bent, overhanging, and recurved walls rose above us till lost to sight in the gloom, making plain to the eye the form of a true fissure vein. The hanging wall, propped every where with short but heavy timbers, threatened us as we passed beneath, and ever and anon trembled responsive to the distant thunder of blasting. Now we passed an upward-leading shaft, arranged for ventilation,



THE HEADING.

and called a *winze;* then a board boxing was seen at one side, descending from some upper level, and crammed with ore, held back by a sort of slide-gate at the lower end. This was a *mill,* but more resembled a strange sort of hopper; it held the ore cast down by miners from above, and kept it from the rail track till a car was ready to receive it; when by simply raising the gate the ore poured forth into the car.

The heading was an interesting sight: numbers of miners were here engaged, some "pushing the level," and some on slight platforms of poles picking the gold rock from overhead; while the numerous lights, reflected with a thousand minute scintillations from the glittering walls, bright with mirror-like crystals of golden-colored pyrites, made the place appear a very cave of Monte Christo, and the walls rather of royal metal than of gleaming ore. Gold was every where; the very rock seemed to have taken a bright color, to make it a fit dwelling for the metal king. Gold under foot, gold on the walls, gold in the roof, *but really very little visible,* the brilliancy of the tawdry, tinsel associates

hiding its less brazen beauty. Seldom is it here seen until the stamp-mill and the furnace have done their work. The appearance of a sulphuret vein is worth description: the *vein-stone* does not entirely fill the fissure, and on either wall are lateral cavities containing drusy quartz, the slender crystals thickly bristling on the rock. Far more beautiful, however, are the large cubes of iron pyrites, which for perfection of shape and polish are unrivaled, while their size is a surprise to the Eastern mineralogist. No glass or metal mirror can equal the polish of their faces; but often I noticed them superficially inclosed or boxed in sheets of quartz as thin as writing-paper, which at a touch from the finger slipped aside and showed the gleaming facets of a virgin crystal, on which light never shone before.

It was late evening almost before we knew it. The miners had all left, and we hastened upward. Slowly climbing, laden with specimens, we found the ascent more toilsome than the descent; and pausing now and then to rest, noticed where the white sperm of the miners' candles had dripped upon the wet rocks of the shaft, and, changed in color by the copper salt in solution to a verdigris-green as vivid as the spring foliage of the forest, showed the mineral richness of even the water of this region.

Above-ground once more, we bade the superintendent good-night, and went quickly out into the frosty darkness on our return to Central City, and a comfortable though late supper at the Connor House.

Much may be seen at Central City even in a day or two. If the inquisitive traveler escape falling into some one of the numerous disused pits which make the mountain-sides a dangerous region after dark—if he have seen the famous silver mines at Caraboo, some twenty miles away, and the wild and beautiful Boulder Creek Cañon — he may take the stage that every afternoon goes rumbling off to Idaho, and, leaving mines, proceed in search of mountains.

Up, slowly up, we go, leaving behind Central and Nevada, till, gaining a lofty ridge, we see before us the whole bright, sun-lit southward picture, where, prominent and picturesque among other scarcely less romantic summits, rise softly and dreamily the Indian Chieftain, with Squaw and Papoose mountains at his side. Who would think that in that neighborhood lies the scenery of Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains," the Chicago Lakes and Chicago Mountain? Who would dream that that cloudless sky could ever be convulsed in such dark magnificence? Away to the westward are loftier, haughtier summits, dazzling in their spotless robes of white. But we have crossed the ridge, and to the crack of the whip go hurrying and jolting down to Idaho and the hot soda springs.

Idaho, named from the "purple flower" of the Utes—a rich, wild columbine here growing in profusion—is a quiet little village, and though 7800 feet above the sea, is at the bottom of the valley of Clear Creek, whose shallow, sparkling waters sever it, and give occasion for a rude, picturesque wooden bridge, over which the main road up from Golden and Denver has its way.

The springs, three in number, are on the south side of the creek, and the steaming alkaline water, issuing from the rock at a temperature of about 109° Fahrenheit, trickles down and forms a little brook of soda-water, better suited for washing than for drinking. This is genuine *soda*-water—cooking soda with nearly an equal amount of sulphate of soda (Glauber's-salt), and a considerable percentage of Epsom salt and salts of iron and lime, besides common chloride of sodium, forming together a mixture *probably* of great medicinal value, but certainly not agreeable when taken internally.

Idaho, being a quiet and cozy place, has become quite a resort, and few of the tired and dusty tourists from the East pass it without enjoying a hot bath. The waters have also the reputation of being curative in rheumatic and paralytic diseases, and for cutaneous affections no one can doubt their efficacy, for it is a most cleansing solution.

But now away for Georgetown and the end of civilization on the Atlantic slope, the place where silver bricks are used as paper-weights upon the public desk of the bank counter: fearlessly used, not because the spirit of absolute honesty has settled dove-like on the heads of teamsters and miners, but because the bricks of precious metal are much too large to pocket, and rather heavy for any one man to carry off.

Away, then, fast as six horses can whirl the lumbering coach, up a deep cañon valley sunk between almost precipitous mountains, along beside the flashing, hurrying creek. Spanish Bar, and Fall River with its wonderful Profile Rock, the semblance of a fierce human head, sharply projecting from the opposite mountain crest, were passed, and, as the sun's shadows lengthened, a cañon opened to the right, showing a long vista through the dark mountains up to where two white slopes bent grandly down to form the Berthoud Pass over the snowy range, its lowest point more than eleven thousand feet above the sea.

It was evening when the deep valley widened, and the mountains, parting to right and left, made space for a small plateau or upland prairie—a *bar*, in mountain parlance —then, circling and closing in darkly and gloomily, seemed to forbid further progress. Picturesquely spread and scattered on the plain which forms the pit of this great natural amphitheatre was Georgetown. Beautiful little city, nestled in this last romantic



GEORGETOWN.

nook of the mountains, with its broad streets and neat white houses, and Clear Creek winding through it like a ribbon of flowing metal from the mountain's silver veins! Beautiful valley, land-locked with granite ridges, up which the scanty evergreen forest creeps to meet the frosts of a perennial winter, and draw back, dwarfed and withered, down the steeps! It hardly seems to be a mining town, so little crowded and so quiet. How the thin air startles one! Strange spot to build a city! Europe has no place like it, for it is more than five thousand feet higher than the glacier-walled vale of Chamounix, and it is even higher than the far-famed snow-girt hospice of the St. Bernard. Yet it is *not* altogether a mining town, for already it has become a centre of resort for tourists, and in the Barton House it possesses one of the best hotels between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River.

Just above the town is the famous Devil's Gate, a deep chasm, cliff-walled, through which this branch of Clear Creek — Vasquies Fork—foams and leaps.

Twelve or fifteen miles from Georgetown

are Gray's Peaks, perhaps the loftiest of the true Rocky Mountains, rising, it is said, to an elevation of 15,000 feet above the sea. Securing the services of Mr. Bailey, of Georgetown, and two of his gallant black steeds, early morning found us on our way to make the ascent, cantering along the well-kept and firm though narrow road which followed the valley or cañon of the stream westward and upward. It must not be supposed that the road is maintained for the accommodation of tourists visiting the snowy summits. It leads to many a rich silver mine, and teams toil along it daily, dragging wagons heavily laden with gray, glistening ore.

A zigzag path ascending the mountain-side from the road attracts attention. It is a trail from some silver mine among the cliffs, where wagon teams can not be brought. A dangerous path even for human foot: but see, here come *its* travelers, a sober-looking set of silver-gray donkeys! In single file, without bit or bridle, they come leisurely on, bearing upon their backs bags of silver ore slung across the pack-saddles. The sure-footed beasts neither slip nor stumble, and day after day toil on, receiving many kicks and no caresses; on Sundays only, gathering in squads, standing idly side by side with crossed necks, fondling one another; on week-days at their work, laden with precious ore, the very pictures of humility with wealth.

And here we notice a "tunnel claim," a slight excavation made into the rock, with a few timbers put up before it—two sides and a top piece—representing the commencement of the timbering of a tunnel, or adit level, to the lower portion of some vein opened on the surface further up the mountain. Such a tunnel claim, under slight rules, entitles its owner to a plot of land one or two hundred feet square around its mouth, and to property in any lodes, or metallic veins, he may discover.

The valley now opened beyond, and suddenly gave us a near view of the snowy range, which we had imperceptibly approached. How strange and solitary the aspect of the white slopes and ridges of that mountain desert! Yonder a peak of bold, sharp outline stands high above the rest; long, narrow ridges, ice-edged, leading upward to the summit, and dread crevasses and chasms forming defenses on its flanks. Is that our goal? "No; it is only the Little Professor," a much less summit than the one we have to climb. Now we turn sharply to the left, up into the mountains, following a narrow, steep, winding road, through the evergreen forest. Strange, though at Georgetown there was no snow, here the road is deep and heavy with it, and the whole scene is one of midwinter in the Eastern Middle States. The road, winding and turning, constantly ascends; and the dull trampling of the horses in the snow is the only sound heard in the silent and shadowy forest. This is October; at home the brilliant joyous season of ripe fruits and gleaming, gaudy foliage; *here* already chill and joyless winter. We had left far below the groves of aspen—trees of the fluttering leaf—and had now around us only the tall, majestic pines, the slender and graceful *Menzies* and *Douglass* spruces, and the gleaming silver-firs, that answer to the balsams of Canadian forests. Beneath the trees the snow was marked with rabbit tracks, and now and then the animal itself was seen—the great Northern hare, in fact—here already changed in color, and at times so white as to be hardly distinguishable upon the snow, while some but partially changed, mottled white and brown, were the more readily seen. To one acquainted with the habits of the animal this apparently premature change of color is remarkable. At this season of the year and in this latitude only here amidst the lofty mountains does the change occur thus early, those inhabiting less elevated regions much further north still retaining their brown summer pelage; and in the lowlands it is only when we reach the arctic circle, and the lowland zone of perpetual snow or ice, that we find the "varying hare" assuming at this season his white winter coat.

I was surprised to learn that wolves were not found in the mountains, and, from description, became satisfied that the mountain lion—which is here sometimes met with—is the panther or cougar of the Eastern States. Here, however, was the home of the monarch brute, the cinnamon bear, or cinnamon grizzly, as it is more properly termed.

It is a little remarkable that even the great savage of our continent grows less and dwindles in our estimation as we near his home. We learn not only that he does not always seek the encounter, but nowadays often has the discretion to scamper off upon the sight of man. We are not so much surprised to learn that he is not absolutely carnivorous, and that he is even capable of sustaining life upon a diet altogether vegetable; but what have we to say when we learn that this mighty beast, at certain seasons of the year, devotes the whole of his majestic mind and body to the capturing and eating of grasshoppers? It is but another example of the great law of nature, the preying of the strong upon the weak; but the strangest thing is the way in which he gets the *gryllidæ*. In the summer season these pests of plain and valley swarm up among the mountains, as though inspired with the desire which every living, progressive being has to press westward. At length in some of their airy flights they are caught by the winds, and wafted swiftly upward to the snowy range, their own strong wings



HUMILITY WITH WEALTH.

assisting. Here, alas! fortune and strength fail them, and, chilled in that unaccustomed atmosphere, they fall upon the snow lifeless. The winds that previously aided and beguiled them here now gather and drift them into funereal piles in hollows and crevices amidst the snow. Thus wonderful masses of them accumulate, and at this season Master Grizzly wanders over the snow fields, peering into crannies and crevices, and finding a hoard, deftly conveys pawfuls to his capacious mouth.

We saw nothing of these monsters, however; and now the strange and wondrous scenery withdrew my mind from them. We had reached a wide upland valley walled by naked precipitous mountains of dark gneissoid rock. The forest had grown thinner, the trees were smaller, and looking back over their tops, the depths from which we had ascended were seen, while other valleys, opening in various directions, diversified the solemn landscape. Before us the broad chasm valley came sloping down in a great curve, its terminus hidden by an intervening mountain at the right. At the left, sheer and rugged, rose M'Clellan Mountain, one long curved ridge of precipices; while on

the slopes below—the *talus* of the cliffs—were scattered the last stunted, twisted, and gnarled trees whose nature enabled them to stand the climate—the pitch-pine *(Pinus contorta)*, of shriveled and dwarfed growth.

A little further, and we crossed an ice-bound brook by a crumbling bridge of logs, which told that even here man had come in search of gain and profit. We were nearing our object, and the day was bright, clear, and so far favorable; yet the labor was still to come. Breaking a hole in the ice, beneath which the little stream went gurgling and murmuring, we gave our horses drink. A faint cry, almost lost even in that stillness, came softly quivering down as if from the sky or from the cliff-tops of M'Clellan Mountain. Glancing upward, a keen scrutiny at length discovered a small building (shed or shanty) clinging apparently upon the face of the precipice, more than five hundred feet above our heads! What could it be? What were those long ropes that sloped down at an angle of seventy degrees to a building which we now noticed in the valley?

It was the famous Stevens silver mine, located 12,000 feet above the level of the sea — nearly twice the height of Mount Washington, which, with the Baker mine upon the less precipitous mountain at the right, is probably the highest point in Colorado—perhaps in the United States—where mining is carried on. Those cables which seem but threads are endless wire ropes, moved over drums and pulleys by machinery in the lower building. The one descending carries buckets of ore; the empty buckets are returned by the ascending portion. Against the rocks hang other ropes, and there is some sort of pathway up which men, clinging and scrambling, may climb. Few care, even if permitted, to slowly pass up through the air in nothing but a kibble bucket, hung from a quivering, trembling wire cable. It was a giddy spot to look at, and I learned that it was considered the hardest place of labor in the Territory. The thin air saps the muscles and energy of the miner, and a single stroke of the pick tires his whole body. After three or four days' labor in the mine the haggard and nerveless workman is pulled up, and sent off down the mountains to Georgetown, to get breath and strength for another struggle; while if he have a trace of consumption, one effort is sufficient to send him back a corpse.

It was past, and out of sight; and we almost seemed to have reached the boundaries of the world, and the drear, barren, rocky wastes that lie between it and the blue ether of the heavens. We had reached the timber line. I turned my horse, and looked and wondered. The dark green forest had crept up into this high valley, and here ceased suddenly; in places it reached forward in short strips like courageous, undaunted squads of infantry pressing onward eagerly before their comrades upon the foe. How wonderful a war between natural forces—how obstinate the contest where they meet! The few daring trees that stood forth solitary before their fellows had been seized by some strong invisible power and twisted and contorted into shriveled, writhing agonies of dead, bleached limbs. Their tops resembled dry and weather-beaten roots, and all their life was near the ground, where some branches crept out horizontally, groveling to obtain the growth and breadth that were denied them above. Dread clime, where even the hardy evergreen is forced to yield!

We were above the timber line, here rising to 11,000 to 12,000 feet from the sea, above the limit of tree life, in the open valley where only the dwarfed forms of arctic or Alpine vegetation found existence. There was no road now, hardly a trail. At times our horses trod in snow, then their hoofs turned up the deep brown peaty soil of the Alpine bog, with its surface of microscopic plant growth, and now their iron shoes rang against fragments of stone. Suddenly we entered a forest—but what a forest! It hardly rose to our horses' knees, yet the trees were full grown. They were deciduous, their leaves all fallen, but their unmistakable growth and cottony catkins showed them to be willows. It was, in fact, a growth of the mountain willow *(Salix phylicifolia?)*, which, like the varying hare, is only abundant on the lowlands of the frozen North and the equivalent frosty regions of high mountains.

Hark! what are those strange ventriloquistic, chirping sounds, now near, now far, now like the cries of prairie-dogs, now like the piping of the partridge grouse?

"It's the conies—see!"

A little gray, mouse-colored animal, not larger than a Guinea-pig, thrust his head up out of the snow, and, motionless, as though he thought himself quite unobserved, glared at us with his wild-looking little eyes.

"Watch him; he's coming out."

With a slight awkward scramble, the tiny beast emerged, and took his place upon a fragment of stone projecting above the snow. Oddest of creatures, he had absolutely no tail!

It is peculiar to these lofty mountain deserts, and their little communities make them to the eye the equivalent of the prairie-dog of the plains. They are said to be a true cony, however, and no marmot, and consequently can not hibernate like the common woodchuck, but must remain amidst or under the deep winter snow, cutting galleries and tunnels through it to the herbs and stems on which they feed. Such channels or subniveous passages I found among the thick growth of mountain willows, but did not establish their object. The Rocky Mount-



THE CONY.

ain cony should not be confounded with the Scriptural animal, for, as already stated, it is a true cony, and is classed by naturalists with the rabbit kind *(Lepus)*, whereas that called *Shâphân* by the Hebrews owes its present name merely to a mistake of the English translators of the Bible.

"What was that?"

Something resembling a hand-breadth of snow fluttered up from among the willows, and flying a short distance, lit and was lost again upon the earth's white covering. Another and another followed, till presently the surface of the snow seemed animated.

"White partridges!" cried the guide. "How tame they are! See them, walking within stone's-throw!"

Truly it was an interesting sight. It was a flock of the rare willow-grouse, or ptarmigan *(Tetrao [lagopus] saliceti)*, another habitant of subarctic regions, here finding a congenial home. Like the Northern hare, it had already lost shade and color, and its spotless winter plumage made it all but invisible against the snow. We had roused them from their feeding ground, for they were living on the buds of the dwarf willow. After a vain attempt to shoot some with a revolver, for specimen for the taxidermist, we proceeded, satisfied that with a fowling-piece most of them could have been secured, for they are but little acquainted with man, and so tame that it is said that they have been taken by hand.

Here the valley was finally closed in and ended by the mountains, prominent among which were two lofty summits, towering and imposing still, and yet we stood more than twelve thousand feet above their deep foundations!

We saw the summits of Gray's Peaks. Grand, awe-inspiring spectacle! crests of a continent! The nearer, stern, dark, and precipitous; the other, still afar off, soft in outline, and sloping easily down to a great bed of snow and ice—the hidden, crouching, shadow-loving remnant of a glacier.

But how are we to reach that crest of snow? Midway, just beyond the great moraine, are steep precipices, dropping at the left to the very bottom of the valley, while their edges, glary with ice, slope at the right to the fathomless snow-drift which covers all that remains—if there be any remnant—of the old glacier.

"There is no difficulty," says my companion, calmly; "the trail winds along the edge of the cliff, from which the wind has blown most of the snow, and, except where the ground is slippery, it's perfectly safe."

Another half hour of constant ascent and I was upon the brink of that precipice; involuntarily drawing rein, awaiting the coming of my guide. The silence here was awful. The deep drifts at the right, on the margins of which our horses floundered fearfully, had forced us from the trail to the very edge of the cliffs. The soft, new snow, of unknown depth, looked treacherously calm and beautiful, and where it met the opposite mountain wall had a névé glacier appearance, upholding fallen boulders, and here and there scored with a long drift of rock and gravel, cast down from the over-



THE PTARMIGAN.



GRAY'S PEAKS.

hanging cliffs by frost, and which it was now its duty to slowly carry down, to form, perhaps, one last moraine. Beneath the other hand was the dark, dizzy chasm, the cliff descending sheerly six hundred feet and more.

We were above the region of plant or animal life, upon the margin of things inorganic; surely, it seemed to me, this might be termed "Life-limit."

But still far above arose the snowy crest which we designed to climb. The precipices passed, a long, steep slope of snow-clad rocks rose before us, and a narrow trail, winding in short precarious zigzags on its face, led upward toward the summit. The horses were now exceedingly distressed, and panted painfully after each exertion; their bodies were swollen from lack of atmospheric pressure. The narrow trail was hidden beneath drifts, and could hardly be followed; its turns were so abrupt, and the mountain's face so steep, that, when our horses plunged into deep snow, or stumbled over hidden rocks, it seemed as though horse and horseman must dash down headlong after the hurrying, scudding masses of snow, helplessly over the steep, glary, ledgeless crust, to be ingulfed in the deep snowy tomb below.



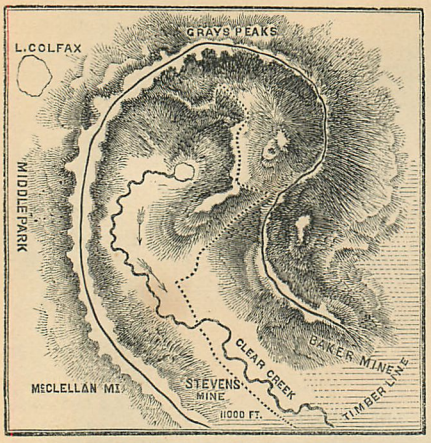
GRAY'S PEAKS, FROM GLACIER MOUNTAIN.

At length the fresh snow became so deep, and further progress in the saddle so hazardous, that, reaching a spot where there was standing ground, we left the horses loose, knee-deep in the downy drift, the guide sure of their remaining where we had placed them.

Making directly for the summit, in a few moments, chilled, breathless, and panting, we were compelled to rest. There was something startling about the thinness or rarefaction of the air. The lungs gasped, and yet, shuddering, almost repelled the cold, dry, strange atmosphere which offered itself to aid vitality. Too violent an exertion produced dizziness, and we were compelled to proceed with caution.

Suddenly, as we climbed, the western sky grew larger and more vast, increasing and growing as we clambered, till at once the whole westward view burst on us, and we were standing upon the very crest.

Before us, walled in by a vast mountain chain, whose average height exceeded 13,000 feet, whose passes (the Georgia, Snake River, and Berthoud) were from 8000 to 11,000 feet from the sea-level, far below, stretched like a vast topographical map, was the Middle Park, with all its subordinate mountain ranges, and numerous streams and rivers—the springs and sources of the Rio Colorado. Thousands of feet below, trees and vegetation gave color to the scenery, and marked the limits of plant growth. At the right, half-way down, in a huge basin hollowed in the gneissoid rock, was Lake Colfax, a dark green, glistening mirror. The park itself, with its valleys, plains, and prairies, stretch-



MAP OF GRAY'S PEAKS AND THEIR VICINITY.

ed away into the hazy distance westward, to where snow-crowned ridges, southward from the Rabbit-ear Mountains, were parted to give passage to the deep-flowing Colorado. Such was the view down the Pacific slope; eastward, fifty miles away across the mountain billow, like a calm ocean, lay the boundless prairies.

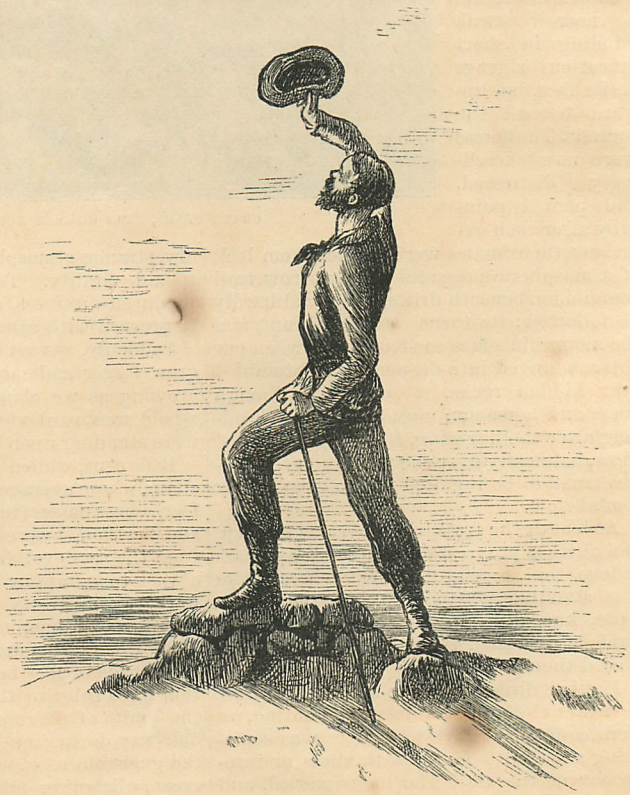
Spurned by our feet, heavy masses of snow sped eastward and westward down the mountain slopes, parting to the world's great seas. The one to thaw and glide through the dark cañons of the Colorado to the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean; the other to be hurried with the yellow spring floods of the Platte, Missouri, and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic.

Call not a mountain range the backbone of the earth; to man the world is not a being, but a dwelling; rather liken these great ridges to the dome, the strange, weird, fantastically ornamented pinnacle and ridge-roof of his vast treasure-house. This was *indeed* the divide—the great water-shed of the continent, whose gutters are mighty rivers, whose cisterns are the seas!

But oh! how wonderful this mountain architecture—the unmarred handiwork of our God! Gazing down upon these frosty peaks, they seemed a sea of monstrous icebergs, a frozen ocean—a spectacle whose only equivalent would be such a scene as an ocean's bed laid bare, its waters driven back and stilled, and its deepest and most secret chasms all revealed.

The day was beautifully clear, a few light cirrous clouds only floating above. Away at the southwest were Mount Lincoln, the Sopris, and other peaks without number—a white sea of shrouded mountains; and far in the north rose Long's Peak, another chieftain, lacking only a few hundred feet of the height of Gray's Peaks. Below, in the glacial valley through which we had made the ascent, the limit of the forest was seen, at that distance appearing merely to be a dense carpeting of green; while it was remarkable that on the northern exposures of the mountains, and in the deeper ravines, the trees seemed to be more thrifty, and the timber line to be higher, than on the more open, sun-lit plateaux, or the southern fronts.

After lunching upon the summit to windward of some stones—supposed to represent a wall—we started downward, and found our horses shivering under their blankets.



THE DOME OF THE CONTINENT.

Then, leading them, we slowly but safely descended to the valley. Conies and ptarmigans were seen again, and the Alpine bogs passed; but there was no time to tarry: the sun, so bright upon the mountain-top, had here already left every thing to shadow. However, once below the snow and ice of this October winter, and upon good roads, we sped along at a swift canter, and shortly after dark dismounted before the Barton House, in Georgetown, receiving congratulations on our successful ascent at so late and unpropitious a season, while Mr. Bailey emphatically declared it the last trip which he would make that year.

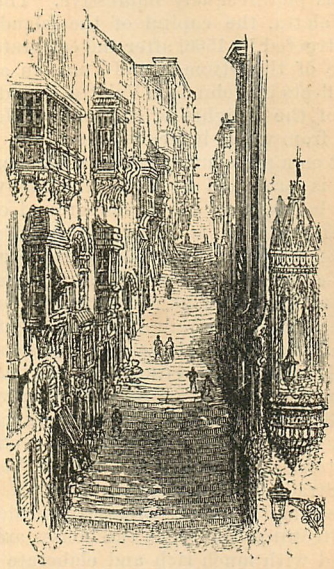
Withal it was a delightful ride, entertaining and instructive; and a ride of about thirty miles, the ascent and descent of a monarch mountain—chief of its range, and fourteen or fifteen thousand feet in altitude—is not made every day between sunrise and sunset. The Rocky Mountains are not seen till these peaks have been climbed; but in the summer season access to them is less difficult, even ladies making the ascent.

Geologically, there is hardly a more interesting ground than the region around Gray's Peaks. I have referred to the evidences of glacial action in their immediate neighborhood: the proofs of such action are conclusive. There are moraines and moraine dams and frozen lakelets, and I was informed by miners of the Stevens mine that frost is found two hundred feet deep in the gravel, and that it seems to be rather increasing in depth than decreasing. If this be so, it is a sufficient refutation of the theory recently advanced—that there is no line of perpetual congelation among the Colorado mountains; and it would prove that the present lack of ice-fields and great glaciers is owing to the deficient rain and snow fall, and the dryness of the atmosphere consequent upon the great distance of the oceans. The accompanying map of this mountain neighborhood will be sufficient proof to any geologist of the previous existence of glaciers there, and exhibits, also, the timber line, or height to which the forest rises.

The glacial evidences have, however, been obscured by subsequent dynamic action—frost force—the exposure to frost and heat having broken the cliff edges and shivered the rocks till moraines are covered and valleys filled with sharp angular fragments of stone. Nothing but glacial power could have grooved and cut the deep valleys through the mountains; nothing but frost could have made the crags as rugged and sharp as they now appear.

Again, Green Lake, three miles from Georgetown and some 10,000 feet above the sea, is said to have neither inlet nor outlet, and seems to be a veritable glacial pool. Singular to relate, it is called a "good place for trouting," though how the trout got there no one seems to know or care; and it is a favorite resort of the pleasure-seekers at Georgetown, who in sail or row boat pass merry hours on its crystal surface.

MALTA.



STRADA REALE.

"But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary yet a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep.
—*Childe Harold, Canto II.*

THE great commercial and strategic advantages derived from its central position, commanding all the chief avenues of traffic and communication between Europe and the Levantine ports, the excellence of its harbor (one of the most commodious and easily approached in the Mediterranean), the strength of its position, and the elaborate nature of its artificial defenses, all combine to give to the island of Malta an importance in the political and mercantile affairs of the nations inhabiting the south of Europe far in advance of that which would seem to be its due, were we to take into consideration solely its size and the number of its population. In all ages it has been considered as the key to the Mediterranean, and its possession was the surest guarantee for the sovereignty of the seas. Its walls stemmed successfully the hitherto irresistible tide of Ottoman invasion, to which even Rhodes, long deemed impregnable, and heroically defended, had to bow. In fact, in modern times it has never been taken save by famine or treason; and despite the advances the last few years have made in the art of human destruction, an unprejudiced observer, scanning the seemingly endless ditches, galleries, scarps and counter-

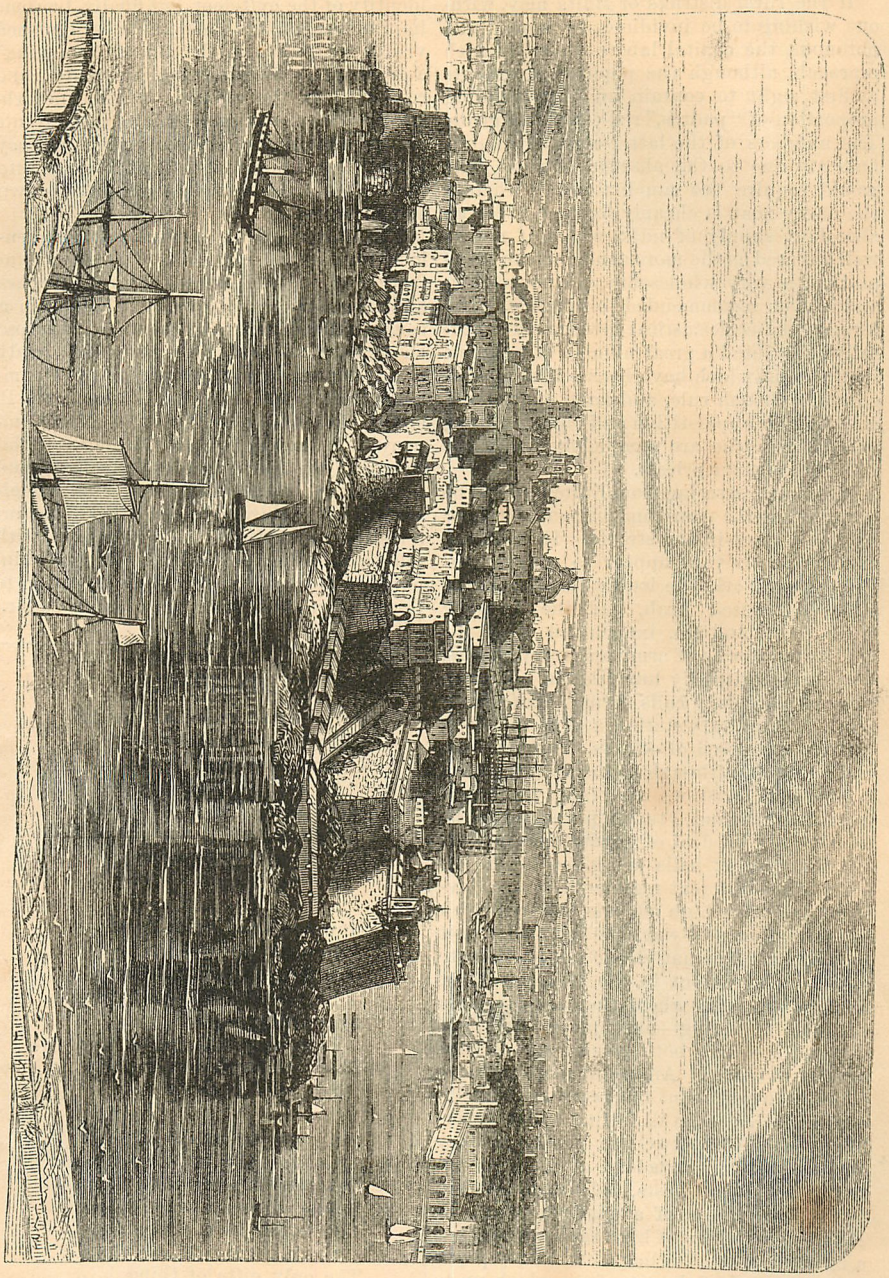
scarps, and the long rows of grim-looking guns peering out at him, might well determine to seek "the bubble reputation" elsewhere than at "the cannon's mouth."

The general aspect of the port of Malta, which is well rendered in the accompanying cut, is picturesquely impressive. The city of Valetta, the capital of the island, was constructed in 1566, after the celebrated repulse of the Ottoman and Tunisian armies and fleets by John de la Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, from whom it received its name. It is built on a promontory between two harbors, and is protected by Fort St. Elmo, which may be observed in the foreground of the engraving. It is decorated with many handsome buildings, which partake of the semi-ecclesiastical, semi-chivalric style natural to so anomalous a corporation as that of the Knights of Malta. The ancient Palace of the Grand Masters is now occupied by the British Governor, and most of the other "hostelries," as they were called, of the different tongues or provinces of the order have been converted into officers' quarters. The principal street of Valetta, the Strada Reale, in which most of these palaces are situated, possesses considerable architectural beauty, as the houses are decorated with much rich and elaborate carving, and generally display the armorial bearings and emblems of their former knightly proprietors. This street runs along a high ridge, and numerous narrow streets descend from it on either side to the harbors. This ridge being very steep, these streets are in reality nothing more than flights of steps, trying to the lungs and temper of the promenader, and commemorated by Byron, in his "Farewell to Malta," in the following lines:

> "Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs:
> How surely he who mounts you swears!"

On the opposite side of the Grand Harbor from Valetta lie the towns of Vittoriosa and Senglea, which, in point of fact, are merely detached quarters of the same city. They are protected by strong lines of batteries and detached forts. In the city of Florian, which joins Valetta, are large barracks for the troops, and great magazines of wheat and other stores to provide for the contingencies of a siege. The island of Malta is now administered by a Governor appointed by the crown of Great Britain, although the inhabitants retain the greater portion of their own laws and customs, and are permitted to choose their own municipal officers. The Governor, as has been already mentioned, resides in the Palace of the Grand Masters of the order, a stately building of great extent, and adorned with many trophies and reminiscences of the ancient warlike triumphs of the knights, but rather too sombre and ecclesiastical in its style for the requirements of its present occupant.

The cathedral is a building of large size, and profusely ornamented, but not displaying much taste either in its architecture or internal decorations. Among the latter are the armorial shields of four hundred of the knights who lie buried within its vaults, and likewise funereal effigies of De l'Isle Adam and La Valette, two of the most distinguished warriors of the order. The treasury, although it was partially confiscated by Napoleon I. during the French occupation of the island, yet contains some very valuable jewelry and goldsmiths' work, which the ingenuity of the priests enabled them to preserve from spoliation: among the rest, the altar rails of one of the chapels, which are of solid silver, and which they saved from French rapaciousness by painting them wood-color. The oldest portion of the city is that composed of Vittoriosa and Senglea, or "Valetta over the Water," as it is popularly called. It contains the dock-yards, biscuit bakery, marine stores, arsenal, and other establishments for the use of the army and navy, which are on a very extensive scale, as Malta is pre-eminently a garrison town. Outside of the town is situated the Governor's Summer Palace of Monte Verdala, and close to this is a species of park, composed of a tract of low woodlands, laid out in roads and walks, and much affected by the inhabitants. It is called the "Borchetto." The general appearance of the island is not inaptly described by the term, "an inhabited quarry," applied to it by some inappreciative tourist, as it is composed of bare limestone, with scarcely any water, and, in consequence, a very sparse natural vegetation. There are, however, many flourishing orchards and vegetable gardens, the soil to form which has been imported from Sicily; but as they are all inclosed in high limestone walls to keep off the prevalent sirocco winds, they do not present any enlivening feature to the landscape. From the light color and dusty nature of the soil, the want of shade and the glare of the summer sun, ophthalmia is by no means unfrequent, especially among the rural population, as the narrow streets and high houses in the cities afford their denizens comparative protection. Notwithstanding the uninviting appearance of the scenery, and the badness of the roads, which are paved with the *débris* of the hard limestone rock, rendering them both unsafe and injurious to horses, riding is one of the chief amusements, at least among the foreign residents, for whose use a considerable number of horses of the so-called "barb" breed are imported from Tunis, Tripoli, and the French possessions on the African coast. The most daring and reckless, although scarcely the most skillful, equestrians are to



CITY OF VALETTA, CAPITAL OF MALTA.

be found among the naval officers, whose cavalry manœuvres, usually executed at full speed, are not unfrequently dangerous not only to their own necks and limbs, but to those of the inoffensive and timid tourist, whose efforts to avoid them in their fell career are rendered ineffectual by the high walls which inclose every lane. The condition of the cultivators of the soil is prosperous, as they find a ready sale for their vegetables to the fleet and garrison, while the Maltese oranges command a good price, and are in much demand for exportation on account of their delicate flavor and thin skins. The agricultural portion of the community inhabits twenty-two villages of varying size, each of which boasts an immense, often disproportionate, church, for the appearance of that edifice seems to a Maltese the purest test of religion.

If the rural districts of Malta may, without wishing to be invidious, be termed monotonous, the capital labors under no such reproach, although the population appears at first sight to contain an overwhelming proportion of "padres," red-coats, and goats. The numbers of the latter class of inhabitants are due to the absence of cows, who would require too much forage; whereas the hardy goat is cheaply fed, and gives an abundant supply of milk, which, if not so well flavored as the more usual lactean preparation, is very wholesome and nourishing, and is even recommended to invalids. The former semi-ecclesiastical government naturally left behind a great number of religious institutions, which have been left unmolested under British rule, and have engendered considerable superstition and bigotry among the natives, who are completely under the influence of their priests.

A stranger arriving from Europe would be surprised at the many and various costumes he would meet in the streets. Here all nations of the Levant appear to congregate; the solemn Turk, the loquacious Greek, the white-burnoosed Arab, and the swarthy Moor come and go, intermixed with the brilliant uniforms of army and navy officers, who are continually hurrying in all directions as their duty calls them. Malta is essentially a military station, and its society is entirely composed of officers, their families, and adjuncts, although in the winter season a good many visitors, especially yachtsmen from English and French ports, are to be found. A good deal of gayety goes on during the winter: balls are given by the officers of the different regiments, by the Governor and other high officials, and by British and foreign men-of-war, who frequently visit the harbor. The natives do not participate to any great extent in the amusements of their rulers, with whom they are not on a very cordial footing—an unpleasant state of things, for which both parties are perhaps equally to blame. An unfortunate incident which occurred about ten years ago contributed to increase the ill feeling which is perhaps inevitable between a purely military and a purely civil society, of different nationalities and interests, and confined within the narrow limits of a garrison town. A Maltese gentleman of high rank was elected a member of the English Club, a very popular institution of the city, from which, up to that period, natives had been excluded. Being a man of prepossessing exterior and polished manners, he was well received, and acquired the esteem of all who came in contact with him. Soon after his admission many members of the club commenced to miss jewelry and other valuables which they had temporarily deposited there while attending to their several duties or pursuits. For a long time no clew was obtained as to the identity of the evil-doer, but finally, by some imprudence on his part, the distinguished visitor was taken in the act of "annexing" a gentleman's dressing-case, prosecuted, and convicted of the offense. Slight disturbances between the garrison and inhabitants are frequent, and produce irritation, as they bring the military and civil authorities into conflict, each espousing the cause of its own subordinates.

The Maltese are an industrious and ingenious race, noted especially for the manufacture of the well-known filigree brooches and other articles of jewelry, which form a considerable branch of exportation. Maltese lace has a world-wide reputation and a ready sale. Several very important lines of steamboats have dépôts at Malta, especially the P. and O. (Peninsular and Oriental) Mail Company to India, the French "Messageries Nationales," the Austrian Lloyd steamers, and several local and coasting lines. Bible scholars will not require to be reminded of the interesting associations Malta preserves with reference to the Apostle Paul, who was shipwrecked here on his way from Palestine to Rome when about to be tried before Cæsar.

DISARMED.

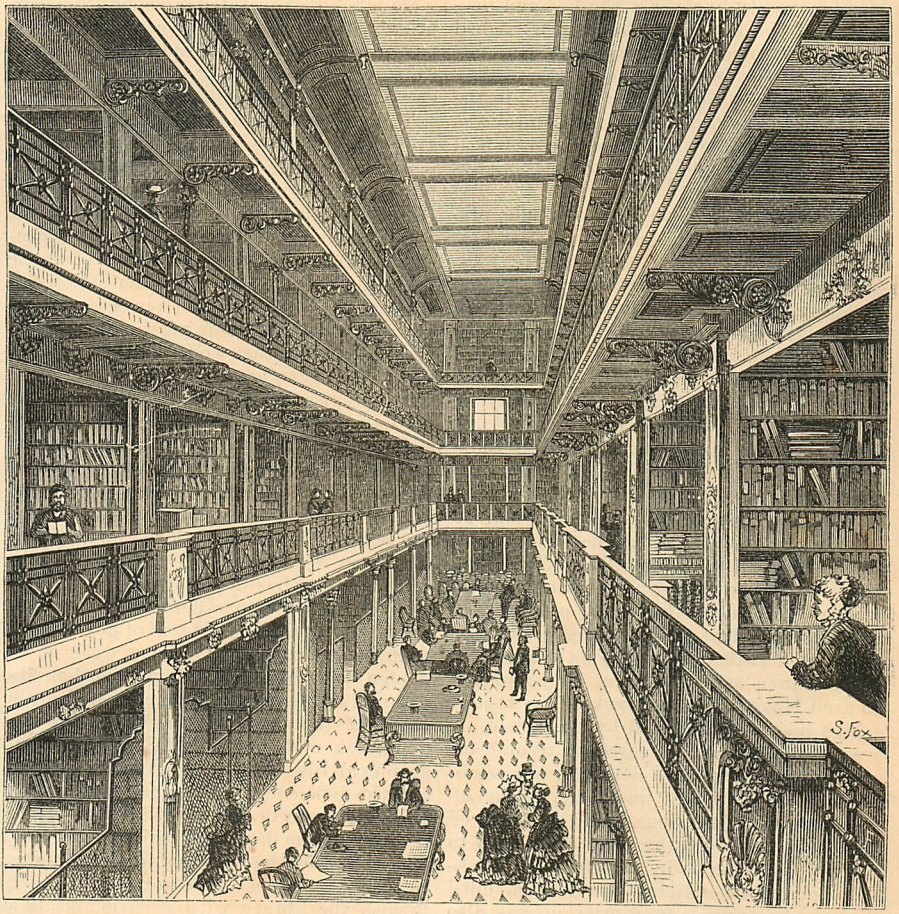
O Love! so sweet at first!
  So bitter in the end!
I name thee fiercest foe,
  As well as falsest friend.
What shall I do with these
  Poor withered flowers of May—
Thy tenderest promises—
  All worthless in a day?

How art thou swift to slay,
  Despite thy clinging clasp,
Thy long caressing look,
  Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!
Ay, swifter far to slay
  Than thou art strong to save;
Thou renderest but a blow
  For all I ever gave.

Oh, grasping as the grave!
  Go, go! and come no more—
But canst thou set my heart
  Just where it was before?
Too selfish in thy need!
  Go, leave me to my tears,
The only gifts of thine
  That shall outlast the years.

Yet shall outlast the years
  One other, cherished thing,
Slight as the vagrant plume
  Shed from some passing wing:
The memory of thy first
  Divine, half-timid kiss.
Go! I forgive thee all
  In weeping over this!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.



INTERIOR OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

"A GOOD library is a statesman's workshop," said John Randolph of Roanoke, and every civilized government which has existed since books were first written upon papyrus has had its national collection, illustrating its taste, its intelligence, and its liberality. In the infancy of our republic its Congressmen profited in turn by the New York Society Library, then located in the City Hall (where the Treasury building now stands), in which they held their sessions, and by the Philadelphia Library, which had been established at the instance of Benjamin Franklin. And in 1791 the Philadelphians, then anxious to have their city made the permanent metropolis of the Federal Union, formally tendered to the President and to Congress the free use of the books in their library, for which act of courtesy President Washington, through his secretary, Tobias Lear, returned thanks.

When, in 1800, Congress made final provision for the removal and accommodation of the government of the United States at Conococheague (as the site of the District of Columbia had been called by the Indians), or Roaring Brook, the more intelligent members took care to provide for the commencement of a library. On the motion of Samuel Livermore, a graduate of Princeton College, then a Senator from New Hampshire, $5000 were appropriated for the purchase of books and for fitting up a suitable apartment in the new Capitol as a library, by the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House, under the direction of a joint committee of both Houses. The chairman of this joint committee, and the only member thereof who has left behind him any trace of a fondness for or an acquaintance with books, was Senator Dexter, of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard College, and a lawyer

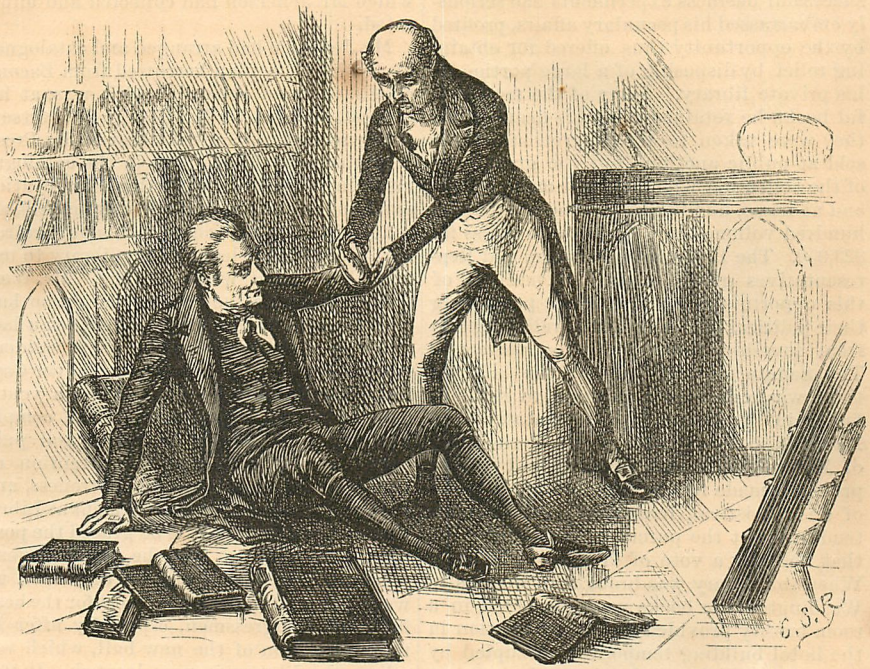
of some eminence. Under his direction the nucleus of the Library of Congress was ordered from London by Samuel A. Otis, who was for twenty-five years the honored Secretary of the Senate. The books reached this country packed in trunks, and were forwarded to the new metropolis, where they were assigned a room in the "Palace in the Wilderness," as the unfinished Capitol was then derisively styled by those who preferred New York or Philadelphia as the seat of government.

Mr. Otis, with his usual promptitude, presented a report of his action on the first day of the next session, December 7, 1801, showing that $2200 of the $5000 appropriated had been expended; and it was referred to a new joint committee. The chairman was Senator Nicolas, of Virginia, who had served honorably in the war of the Revolution; and associated with him were Senator Tracey, of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College; Representative James A. Bayard, of Delaware, who had graduated at Princeton College and studied law at Philadelphia; Representative Joseph Hopper Nicholson, of Maryland, a lawyer of some distinction; and Representative John Randolph, of Virginia, who was the erratic owner of a choice and well-used library at his estate on the Roanoke River. This well-qualified committee doubtless felt the want of books to aid them in their legislative duties, as they reported to each House the next week. The report, which had been prepared by Mr. Randolph, was accompanied by a series of resolutions providing somewhat in detail for the establishment of a library, under the charge of the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House of Representatives, who were to attend, in person or by deputy, each week-day during the session from 11 A.M. until 3 P.M. An annual appropriation was also recommended.

This report gave rise to considerable debate in both Houses of Congress, the Democrats opposing any considerable appropriation for what would evidently become a national library, while the Federalists were more generously disposed; and one of them, the Rev. John Bacon, a Representative from Massachusetts, actually advocated an annual appropriation of $10,000. So powerful was the opposition that it was found necessary to invoke the aid of President Jefferson, and through his influence the Democrats were induced to support a bill, drawn up by John Randolph, which placed the library under the charge of a joint committee of Congress, but provided that the librarian should be appointed by the President of the United States solely. This act of Congress was approved by President Jefferson on the 26th of January, 1802, and three days afterward he appointed as librarian his friend John Beckley, a Virginian, the Clerk of the House of Representatives. John M'Donald, a Philadelphian, was an unsuccessful applicant for the position; and the Federalists in Congress were much disappointed, although not surprised, that Mr. Otis had been ignored. The pay of the librarian, as fixed by the act, was "a sum not to exceed $2 per diem for every day of necessary attendance."

The first catalogue of the Library of Congress was promptly issued by the newly appointed librarian in April, 1802, from the press of William Duane. It embraced the titles of 212 folios, 164 quartos, 581 octavos, 7 duodecimos, and 9 maps, which then constituted the only library of reference at the national metropolis. This was slowly increased in size by annual purchases made with the small available portion of the contingent funds of the two Houses of Congress, until 1806, when an urgent appeal for a larger appropriation was made by Senator Samuel Latham Mitchell, an accomplished physician of New York city. "Every member," said he, in the conclusion of a report which he made to the Senate, "knows that the inquiries of standing and select committees can not here be aided by large public libraries, as in New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Nor has it hitherto appeared that so much benefit is to be derived from private collections at the present seat of government as in those large cities. Every week of the session causes additional regret that the volumes of literature and science within the reach of the national legislature are not more rich and ample. The want of geographical illustrations is truly distressing, and the deficiency of historical and political works is scarcely less severely felt. There is, however, no danger of realizing the story of a *parliamentum indoctum* in this country, especially if steps be seasonably taken to furnish the library with such materials as will enable statesmen to be correct in their investigations, and, by a becoming display of erudition and research, give a higher dignity and a brighter lustre to truth." The result of this appeal was the appropriation of $1000 annually for five years for the increase of the Library of Congress.

When Mr. Patrick Magruder, of Virginia, was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1807, as the successor of Mr. Beckley, President Jefferson commissioned him also as Librarian of Congress. The location of the library in the Capitol was changed several times—once because the books were damaged by a leaky roof; and but few new books could be purchased with the annual appropriation of $1000, which was continued in 1811 for five years more. In the absence of places of fashionable resort found in larger cities, the Library of Congress was a favorite place of rendezvous, where students, politicians, diplomats, claimants, and correspondents met on friendly terms; while



"I AM COMPLETELY FLOORED!"

the ladies, with their accustomed good taste, made it the head-quarters of fashionable society.

Chief Justice Marshall acknowledged in 1812, with many thanks, the privilege of taking out books from the library, which Congress had then granted to the justices of the Supreme Court, and which he prized very highly. He liked to wait upon himself, rather than to be served by the librarian; and one day, in taking a law-book from the upper shelf of an alcove, he pulled down a dozen ponderous tomes, one of which struck him on the forehead with such force that he fell prostrate. An assistant librarian, who hastened to the old gentleman's assistance, found him slightly stunned by the fall; but he soon recovered, and declined to be aided to his feet, saying, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I've laid down the law out of the books many a time in my long life, but this is the first time they have laid me down. I am completely floored!" And he remained seated upon the floor, surrounded by the books which he had pulled down, until he had found what he sought, and "made a note thereof."

When the British army entered the metropolis of the United States in triumph, after the skirmish known as the "Bladensburg Races," on the 24th of August, 1814, they first occupied the Capitol, the two wings of which only were finished, and connected by a wooden passage-way erected where the rotunda now stands. The leading officers entered the House of Representatives, where Admiral Cockburn of the Royal Navy (who was co-operating with General Ross), seating himself in the Speaker's chair, called the assemblage to order. "Gentlemen," shouted he, "the question is, Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All in favor of burning it will say Aye!" There was a general affirmative response. And when he added, "Those opposed will say Nay," silence reigned for a moment. "Light up!" cried the bold Briton; and the order was soon repeated in all parts of the building, while soldiers and sailors vied with each other in collecting combustible materials for their incendiary fires. The books on the shelves of the Library of Congress were used as kindling for the north wing; and the much-admired full-length portraits of Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, which had been presented by that unfortunate monarch to Congress, were torn from their frames and trampled under foot. Patrick Magruder, then Clerk of the House of Representatives and Librarian of Congress, subsequently endeavored to excuse himself for not having even attempted to save the books in his custody; but it was shown that the books and papers of the departments were saved, and that the library might have been removed to a place of safety before the arrival of the British Vandals.

Ex-President Jefferson, who was then living in retirement at Monticello, where theoretical agricultural operations and other un-

successful business experiments had seriously embarrassed his pecuniary affairs, profited by the opportunity thus offered for obtaining relief by disposing of a large portion of his private library. Many of the most useful books he retained until his death, when they were taken to Washington and there sold at public auction; but the great bulk of the collection which he had made abroad and at home, numbering six thousand seven hundred volumes, he offered to Congress for $23,950. The Democratic Senators and Representatives gladly availed themselves of this opportunity for indirectly pensioning their political leader, and thus relieving him from pressing pecuniary embarrassments. The Senate promptly passed the bill, but there was a decided opposition to it manifested in the House of Representatives by Daniel Webster and others. Mr. Cyrus King, of Massachusetts, vainly endeavored to have provision made for the rejection of all books of an atheistical, irreligious, and immoral tendency, but the purchase was ordered by that body by a vote of 81 ayes to 71 nays. When the library was brought in wagons to Washington the books were deposited in a room hastily provided for their reception in the hotel building temporarily occupied by Congress, which stood where the present Post-office Department was subsequently built. The collection was found to be especially rich in Bibles and theological and philosophical works, but the most valuable portion was a series of volumes of pamphlets which Mr. Jefferson had collected and annotated.

Mr. Jefferson had arranged and catalogued his books on a plan borrowed from Bacon's classification of science, which was, at his request, adopted by Mr. George Watterson, who was then appointed librarian by President Madison. There were in the catalogue made in accordance with this classification one hundred and seventy-five alphabets, arranged in arbitrary sequence, and it required an intimate knowledge of the library to use it without great waste of time. Mr. Watterson was a native of Scotland, who had been brought to the metropolis when a lad, and who remembered having seen President Washington lay the corner-stone of the Capitol with Masonic honors. When a young man he became a journalist, and a complimentary poem which he wrote and published having attracted the attention of Mrs. Madison, she became his patroness, and eventually secured his appointment as Librarian of Congress. While he graced the position, from 1815 to 1829, he wrote several pleasant local books, and he did much toward making the library a resort for the best-informed Congressmen, especially after he took possession of the new hall, which was where the library is now located. It was finished, in accordance with the Jeffersonian classification, with a row of alcoves on either side, over which two galleries were divided into corresponding sections, each alcove and section being devoted to books on a partic-



"LIGHT UP!"

ular subject. In these alcoves the belles of the capital used, on pleasant afternoons during the sessions of Congress, to hold their receptions and to receive the homage of their admirers. On one occasion, so it was said, a wealthy Southern Representative, who was gleaning materials for a speech in an upper section, heard through the opening for the window, which extended into the alcove beneath, the well-known voice of his daughter, who was being persuaded by a penniless adventurer to elope. The angry parent lost no time in going down stairs, calling the previous question, and postponing the proposed action *sine die*.



AN ACTION POSTPONED SINE DIE.

In December, 1825, soon after the Library of Congress had been removed into its new hall, it narrowly escaped destruction a second time by fire. A candle which had been left burning in one of the galleries by a gentleman who was reading there at a late hour the previous night was the probable origin of the fire, which ascended to the ceiling, consuming the books on several shelves. These, however, were duplicate copies of public documents, which had been used for filling up the vacant new shelves, and no works of any value were destroyed.

When General Jackson was elected President, in 1829, and there was a general "rotation in office," it was alleged that Mr. Watterson had given circulation to scandalous stories concerning the late Mrs. Jackson, and he was promptly removed. His successor, Mr. John S. Meehan, was also an editor by profession, and his services in bringing about the previous political revolution were thus rewarded. He was a good politician and a courteous gentleman, qualified for the position in those days, when the librarian neither asserted any prerogative nor exercised any judgment in the selection of books, which was made by the joint committee of the two Houses of Congress. Governor Dickenson, of New Jersey, Edward Everett, and John Quincy Adams distinguished themselves when members of the Library Committee by their careful attention to this duty; but they could not make many valuable acquisitions with the limited appropriations at their disposal, which varied from $500 to $1000 per annum, and out of which bills for book-binding had to be paid.

A Law Library was established by an act of Congress, approved on the 14th of July, 1832, by President Jackson, as a part of the Library of Congress. There were at that time 2011 law-books in the library, of which 639 had belonged to Mr. Jefferson. A special appropriation of $5000 was made, with a further annual sum of $1000, to be expended in the purchase of law-books, and a room adjoining the Library of Congress was fitted up for this new department, which was placed under the supervision of the justices of the Supreme Court.

The Library of Congress, at the expiration

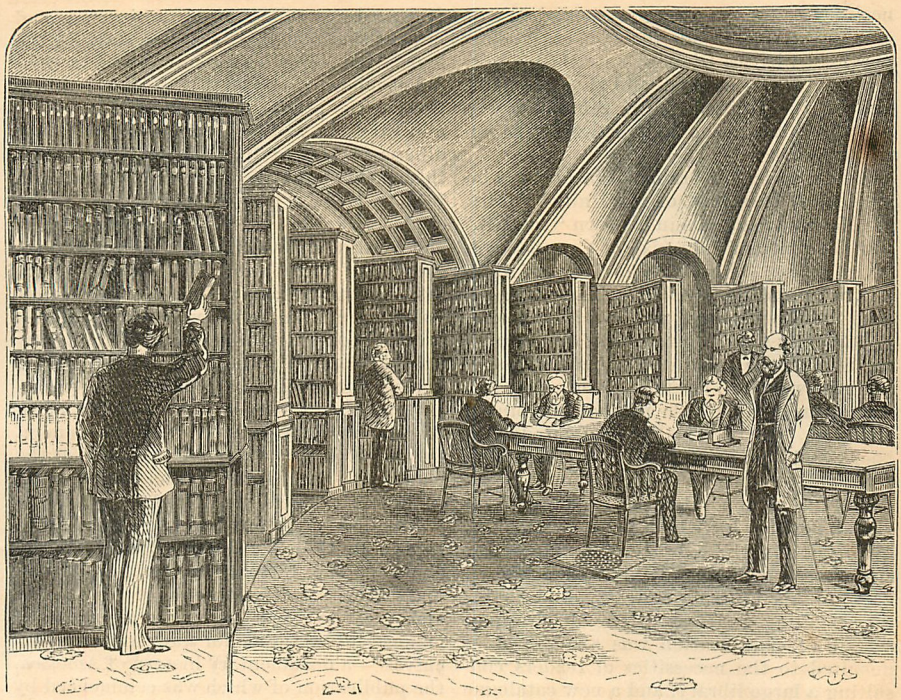
of fifty years from its original organization, contained only about 50,000 volumes, and it was a matter of regret, publicly expressed in Congress, that there was not one branch of liberal study, even among those of greatest interest to our legislators, in which it was not miserably deficient. In international and civil law, home politics, natural history, and a few other departments the collection was tolerably good; but there was a great lack of French and German literature, although these are the vernacular tongues of a large portion of our citizens. There were none of the numerous writers of the vast empire of Russia; nothing of the curious literatures of Poland, of Hungary, or of Bohemia; only the commonest books in Italian and in Spanish; and not a volume in the language of Portugal, rich as it is in various literature, and especially in the wild yet true romance of discovery and conquest that comes down to us through the pages of learned De Barros and quaint old Castanheda, ringing upon the ear and stirring the blood like the sound of a far-off trumpet. So, too, with our own literature, especially the history of the North American Continent. The studious traveler from abroad, who had hoped to inspect at the seat of government correct sources of information respecting the early history of this republic of yesterday, found to his disappointment that he must go to New York city, or to Providence, Rhode Island, and there knock at private doors.

Rufus Choate (then a Senator from Massachusetts), George P. Marsh (then a Representative from Vermont), and other prominent members of the Twenty-ninth Congress, aware of the barrenness of the Congressional Library, endeavored to secure the annual expenditure of not less than $20,000 of the income of the Smithsonian bequest for the formation of a library, which, for extent, completeness, and value, "should be worthy of the donor of the fund, and of the nation, and of this age." A law was enacted authorizing the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution to thus form a library, and Professor C. C. Jewett, who had paid great attention to the subject, was engaged as the librarian; but a majority of the regents subsequently decided to abandon the project, and to expend their entire income in scientific researches. This was a great disappointment to those who had advocated the creation of a national library, especially to Mr. Choate, who at once resigned his position as regent. The Smithsonian Institution, he said, "owes a great library to the capital of the New World; something to be seen, preserved, and to grow, into which shall be slowly, but surely and judiciously, gathered the best thoughts of all the civilizations."

The Library of Congress was forced upon the attention of the public by a third fire on the morning of December 25, 1851, which destroyed 35,000 volumes, about three-fifths of the entire collection. Nearly all the works of art which had graced the library were also destroyed, among them Stuart's portraits of the first five Presidents; original portraits of Columbus, Cortéz, Bolivar, Steuben, and Peyton Randolph; busts of Jefferson, Lafayette, and Taylor; and upward of eleven hundred bronze medals which had been received from Europe through Vattemare's system of international exchanges.

Congress, which was in session, at once made liberal appropriations for reconstructing the library, which was erected entirely of cast iron, and consequently fire-proof. This is now the main room of the library, and it is ninety-one feet long, thirty-four feet wide, and thirty-four feet high, with three stories of iron book-cases on either side. On the lower story are alcoves nine feet wide, nine feet six inches high, and eight feet six inches deep, with seven shelves on each side and at the back. On the second story are similar alcoves, excepting that their projection is but five feet, which leaves a gallery resting on the fronts of the alcoves beneath three feet six inches in width. A similar platform is constructed on the alcoves of the second story, forming a gallery to approach the upper book-cases, thus making three stories, receding as they ascend. These galleries, which are continued across the ends of the hall, are protected by pedestals and railings, and are approached by semicircular staircases, also of cast iron, recessed in the end walls. The ceiling is wholly composed of iron and glass, and is embellished with ornate panels and foliated pendants. The pilasters which divide the alcoves are tastefully ornamented, and the whole is painted a delicate cream-color, relieved by gilding. The main entrance is from a passage-way opening from the western door of the rotunda, on the same level.

Before this magnificent hall had been completed Congress appropriated $75,000, with the continuance of an annual sum of $5000, for the purchase of books, so that the library was superior to what it had been before the last fire, when it rose, phenix-like, from its ashes. But the purchases were made on the old plan, under the direction of the joint committee on the library, the chairman of which then, and for several previous and subsequent sessions, was Senator Pearce, of Maryland, a graduate of Princeton College. There was not in the Library of Congress a modern encyclopedia, or a file of a New York daily newspaper, or of any newspaper except the venerable daily *National Intelligencer;* while *De Bow's Review* was the only American magazine taken, although the London *Court Journal* was regularly received, and bound at the close of each successive year. All literature not in accordance with the conservative construc-



THE LAW LIBRARY.

tion of the Constitution was excluded, and the library was only useful to those eminently respectable Congressmen who sat in the stern of the ship of state complacently watching the track which it had left in the political waters as it passed along, and apparently never dreaming of the breakers ahead!

The new library hall was ready for occupation on the 1st of July, 1853, and the books were again arranged in accordance with the ponderous Jeffersonian classification. The Law Library had meanwhile been removed to a suit of rooms in the basement story of the north wing, and a liberal annual appropriation of $10,000 was rapidly making it the most complete collection of legal lore in the world. Its special custodian, Mr. C. H. W. Meehan, a son of the then librarian, had been in charge of the law department since 1835, and was intrusted with the choice of books purchased—a well-merited recognition of his ability and thorough acquaintance with this department of literature, indorsed by his retention in office.

In December, 1860, the Law Library was removed into the basement room formerly occupied by the Supreme Court, semicircular in form, with a massive groined arched ceiling, resting upon short Doric columns. A sculptured group on the wall, representing Fame crowned with the rising sun and pointing to the Constitution, while Justice holds her scales, recalls the previous occupancy of the room, where Webster, Clay, Wirt, and others "learned in the law" used to argue great constitutional questions before the highest tribunal in the land. The librarian's mahogany desk, of semicircular form, with faded green brocade hangings, formerly graced the Senate-chamber, and behind it presided the successive Vice-Presidents, and Presidents of the Senate *pro tem.*, from 1825 to 1860.

On the shelves of the book-cases which project from the semicircular wall, converging toward an opposite centre, and forming alcoves, is now the most complete law library in the world. Lincoln's Inn library contains a larger number of books, but two-thirds of them are works on miscellaneous subjects, and although the library of Halle, in Germany, and the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh are rich in ancient law, neither of them has been kept up: indeed, the latter was recently offered for sale. In the Law Library of Congress are every volume of English, Irish, and Scotch reports, as well as the American; a copious collection of case law; and a complete collection of the statutes of all civilized governments, including those of Russia since 1649, which fill about one hundred quarto volumes. There are also many curious law-books, including the first edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, and an original edition of the report of the trial of Cagliostro, Rohan, and La Motte for the theft of Marie Antoinette's diamond

necklace. All the books are bound in calf or sheep, of that "underdone pie-crust color" in which Charles Dickens described a lawyer's library as dressed, and they are much used by the eminent legal gentlemen who come to Washington to practice in the Supreme Court.

When, in 1861, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States, Mr. Meehan, Sen., was in his turn "rotated," and the place of Librarian of Congress was given to Dr. John G. Stephenson, of Indiana, who had no especial qualification except that he belonged to the winning side. Fortunately for the interests of the library, Dr. Stephenson appointed as his first assistant Ainsworth R. Spofford, Esq., who had been connected with the press of Cincinnati, and who was practically acquainted with books and the book trade. In December, 1864, Dr. Stephenson resigned, and President Lincoln appointed Mr. Spofford librarian, a position for which he was eminently qualified, and the Library of Congress has since borne testimony to his varied knowledge, to his untiring industry, and to his never-failing courtesy. The Jeffersonian system of classification was abandoned as unsuited to the necessities of readers consulting a large library, and a new catalogue of the books, arranged alphabetically under the head of authors, was issued, followed by another catalogue, arranged according to subjects. Congressmen now, finding that the library was of practical use to them, voted liberal appropriations for its enlargement, and the books which had been collected by the Smithsonian Institution—numbering some 40,000 volumes in all—found a resting-place on its shelves, relieving the regents of the expense of caring for them. The library of Peter Force, purchased of him for $100,000, was a more valuable acquisition, embracing some 45,000 separate titles, among which were many valuable works on early American history, with maps, newspapers, pamphlets, and manuscripts illustrating the colonial and revolutionary epochs.

To accommodate these large additions to the library two new halls were added, extending eastward from the north and south ends of the main hall (already described), and forming three sides of a square. These additional halls, which are also constructed entirely of iron, are each ninety-five feet in length, twenty-nine feet six inches in width, and thirty-eight feet high, which are so nearly the dimensions of the main hall that the difference is not noticed, although they have each an additional tier of galleries.

In the south wing are the treasures of the Force collection, now being catalogued and classified, and partly piled up in stacks. There are nearly 1000 volumes of American newspapers, including 245 printed prior to 1800; a large collection of the journals and laws of the colonial Assemblies, showing the legislative policy which culminated in their independence; the highly prized publications of the presses of the Bradfords, Benjamin Franklin, and Isaiah Thomas; forty-one different works of Increase and Cotton Mather, printed at Cambridge and Boston, from 1671 to 1735; a perfect copy of that rarest of American books, Eliot's Indian Bible; and a large and valuable collection of "incunabula," illustrating the progress of the art of printing from its infancy. The manuscripts are even more valuable than the printed books, including two autograph journals of George Washington—one dated 1775, during Braddock's expedition, and one in 1787, at Mount Vernon; two volumes of an original military journal of Major-General Greene, 1781–82; twelve folio volumes of the papers of Paul Jones while commanding American cruisers in 1776–78; a private journal left by Arthur Lee while minister to France in 1776–77; thirty or forty orderly books of the Revolution; forty-eight volumes of historical autographs of great rarity and interest; and an immense mass of manuscript materials for the "American Archives"—a documentary history of America, the publication of which was commenced by order of Congress. The only cause for regret connected with this wing of the library, where the literary treasures collected by Peter Force are enshrined, is that his life could not have been spared long enough to have seen his beloved collection so well cared for by the republic.

In the north wing are the illustrated works and collections of engravings, which always attract visitors, who can sit at the tables there provided for their accommodation and enjoy the reproductions of the choicest art treasures of the Old World. In the upper gallery of this wing are bound copies of the periodicals of all nations, embracing complete series of the leading magazines of Great Britain and of the United States. An adjacent attic hall is devoted to the collection of newspapers—those repositories of general information which had been ignored prior to the administration of Mr. Spofford, but to which he has paid especial attention. Among the unbroken files are those of the New York *Evening Post* from the issue of its first number in 1801, the London *Gazette* from 1665, the French *Moniteur* (royal, imperial, and republican) from 1789, the London *Times*, and the London *Illustrated News*. The prominent daily journals of New York are now regularly filed, and bound at the close of each year, and there is a complete set of all the newspapers which have been published in the District of Columbia, including over one hundred which no longer live.

A rigid enforcement of that provision of the

copyright law which makes it obligatory to deposit in the library a copy of every work "entered according to act of Congress," secures a complete collection of American publications, which could not be otherwise obtained. These copyright books are of increasing importance, extent, and value, and will constitute a curious record of the growth and style of our national literature. There is, of course, a complete collection of all the varied publications of the Federal government, and by law fifty additional copies of each work are printed for the Library of Congress, to be used in a well-regulated system of international exchanges, which brings in return the valuable public documents of other nations. Liberal appropriations are annually made by Congress for the purchase of books and newspapers, while the large amount of binding required is executed at the government printing-office without taxing the funds of the library. The annual appropriations—after provision has been made for the foreign and domestic serials, and for the most important issues of the press abroad in jurisprudence, political economy, history, and allied topics—are distributed in the purchase of books in all departments of literature and science, no general topic being neglected, although as yet none can be assumed as being complete. To that end auction lists and trade catalogues are assiduously read and profited by, and especial attention is paid to the collections of dealers in second-hand books—those purveyors for good libraries.

The Library of Congress is thus beginning to assume national proportions, and is rapidly gaining on the government libraries at Paris and at London, while it is made more practically useful than any other great library in the world by the annual issue of a printed catalogue of its accessions. With this catalogue—arranged alphabetically by authors and again by subjects—it is an easy task for the frequenters of the library to obtain books on any subject desired, especially when they can obtain the further aid of the accomplished librarian and his willing assistants. The practical result is shown by the register of books taken from the library by those enjoying that privilege. Fifteen years ago not more than three out of five Congressmen used the library; now nine out of ten take out books, some having over a hundred volumes during a session. Nor can any one visit the library at any time when its doors are open without finding from ten to fifty citizens seated at the reading-tables, where all can peruse such books as they may request to have brought to them from the shelves. The library is thus thrown open to any one and every one, without any formality of admission or any restriction, except that slight barriers exclude the visitors from the book-shelves, and prevent them from taking down the books without the knowledge of the attendants.

Bibliophilists find on the shelves of the Library of Congress much that they regard as precious, although the profane call it trash, in the shape of formidable folios exquisitely printed by the Elzevirs, or the small Aldus editions of classical authors, easily carried in the capacious pockets of students of the old school. Many of these antique books, like the dowagers and the spinsters who grace the wall-seats of a ball-room, will gratefully repay a little attention from the student, and will convince him that in literature, as in agriculture, "the new grain cometh up from the old fields." The ashes of Wycliffe were scattered to the winds, but despotic bigotry could not destroy Wycliffe's Bible. Homer's birth-place and his burial-place are unknown, but numerous editions of his Iliad delight and interest our heroes and our lovers. Our legislators ponder over the patriotic sentiments of Sidney, our poets read Tasso and Dante, our scholars revel in the writings of Molière and Cervantes, and our statesmen, in studying the noble diction of Bacon, draw "from the well of pure English undefiled." Indeed, the Library of Congress, with its two hundred thousand volumes, may well be compared to the island of Delos, where the ancient Greeks and their neighbors used to meet in peace, forget foreign and domestic strife, and harmoniously join in festivities—for it is the neutral ground of the national metropolis, where learning is domesticated, and where studious men and women can meet, undisturbed by the noisy clamor of mercenary politicians.

On the western side of the main library hall is a lofty colonnade, from the balcony of which the weary student or the curious visitor can enjoy a panorama which has all the elements of grandeur and loveliness. Below the spectator are the Capitol grounds, with their trees, parterres of flowers, and fountains; while beyond them, directly in front, stretches the public reservation, reaching a mile and a half to the placid Potomac, and adorned with the government conservatories, the picturesque Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Department with its terraced gardens, and the unfinished Washington Monument. Broad avenues radiate in different directions—Virginia Avenue going to the left until it joins the Long Bridge, leading into the Old Dominion, while inclining to the right at a similar angle is Pennsylvania Avenue, the main artery of the metropolis, leading to the Executive Mansion, with its surrounding departments. Shade trees mark the lines of streets, which cross each other at right angles, and through which the avenues pass at all sorts of angles, while the monotony of house-roofs is varied by imposing public buildings, churches, and

school-houses, with here and there a park. The broad Potomac, generally studded with sails, winds its way from antique Georgetown on the distant right, down past Washington, to sombre Alexandria, far off on the left; while on the distant Virginia bank rise the verdant slopes of Arlington Heights, with a background of wooded hills reaching to the horizon. After enjoying this scene, which possesses all the elements of picturesque beauty as well as of metropolitan grandeur, one can turn back into the library with a fresh zest for its treasures, and feel that in fostering so well-managed and so useful an institution, "beautiful for situation," our national legislators are obeying the constitutional injunction "to promote the general welfare."

A MADRIGAL.

To the Rev. Mr. FLEMYNG, M.A., *this* SOUTHEAST VIEW *of his* SCHOOL *in* ASHWOOD, *near* MILDON, *erected* A.D. 1770, in Gloriam Dei Opt. Max. in Usum Ecclesiæ & Reipublicæ, *is Respectfully Inscribed by his Dutiful Servant.* GEO. MARWOOD.

THIS is the inscription under a quaint old print which, keeping its dingy frame of black wood, hangs above the book-case in my bedroom. It is the ugliest picture possible: the house, drawn in careful perspective, stands grimly forward without a projection about roof or window, except a little attempt at a porch over the door on the east side; there are six windows on the ground-floor of the south front, six windows on the first floor, and above these twelve smaller ones in a row, evidently dormitories, cold, hot, staring, unbeautiful, unsuggestive. A large walled inclosure, half garden and half paddock, runs down the eastern side; the garden has a round bed in its centre and seven or eight square beds on either side, pointed at intervals with Irish yews, and set in gravel instead of turf. There is a man in a three-cornered hat vaguely walking in the garden, and a serving-man holding a horse in the paddock beyond; while on the south side is a kind of pleached alley with a double row of sycamore-trees, odd little groups of boys with long hair and long coats and long waistcoats, frilled collars and knee-breeches, strolling about beneath them, and two grave divines walking sedately toward you on the extreme left. That is my picture. And for all its grayness and its ugliness and its stiff lines, I sit and look at it sometimes until a change creeps over all. I hear happy summer sounds, chirping of birds, the hum of tiny insects, the sweep of the scythe, boys' voices. I see sweet flowers in the ugly stiff beds, tender shadows under the flickering sycamores, and, above all, I see Dorothy Flemyng, with her bright, flashing, sunny face, with her soft dress of dainty muslin, with her little delicious old-fashioned great-grandmotherly air, flying out of the garden door to meet her father.

Young Sir Jasper Harrington always would have it that she was like a robin, and perhaps he could not have found an apter similitude, there was something so pretty, so confiding, and yet so spirited about the little thing. Every one was fond of her. Every thing that was weak, or frightened, or hurt seemed to take refuge with her and expect her to do battle for them. It was not a little ridiculous to imagine her your champion, and yet you might have had a worse one. There was something in her daring which, from such a mite, was irresistible. Once when a great roistering fellow was ill-treating a horse, Dorothy ran up to him with her face all ablaze and fairly shamed him by her passionate indignation; he went away mumbling out something like an excuse, at all events in a different tone from the oaths and curses he had been letting fly. Dorothy remained triumphant, and then suddenly began to tremble, and went home looking pale and scared.

"How wicked those men are!" she said, with a sort of sob in her voice, laying her little brown head upon Mrs. Harriot's shoulder.

"What has happened, niece?" said the old lady, a wistful look of trouble creeping into her faded eyes. "Is it any thing more that they want to do to poor Austin? Because then we had better go away, he and I."

Dorothy put up her little hands and drew the tender, troubled old face down to her own, kissing it.

"Now you are fancying things," she said, half chidingly, half protectingly; "and, to be sure, I had no business to make you sad. Has Molly told you that the roses are ready for the pot-pourri? Come and see whether she has put cloves enough."

And so the two went up the narrow staircase together, a tall stooping elderly woman, and this little alert eager creature, with hair and eyes of bright warm russet-brown, who could defend dumb animals, and support poor Mrs. Harriot's failing age, and keep the house, and teach the little boys, and be altogether brave and dauntless, and yet would color crimson and look beseechingly if Sir Jasper Harrington did but stop them in the road, and jump off his horse to wish good-day. It was a strange little household this school of Mr. Flemyng's, which might rather have been called Dorothy's kingdom, since here, as in other instances one could name, they were not the nominal heads that ruled. Brother and sister were alike, tall, gentle, listless people—unready would perhaps be the best word to use—yet with a certain sweet dignity, a transparent simplicity, a trustfulness as beautiful as a child's, and the shadow of a great trouble which

they had shared together. It has nothing to do with this story, and we need not sadden ourselves with talking of it; but perhaps it was this which had brought a cloud half piteous but altogether merciful over Mrs. Harriot Foster's old age, like one of those soft autumnal mists which creep upward at the close of day, and soften but do not mar the landscape.

Why Mr. Flemyng ever thought of becoming a school-master it is impossible to say, for never was a man more absolutely unfitted for the task. The greatest dullard among the boys could have read off his lessons under his very eyes without fear of discovery; and as for punishments, at a time when birchen rods ruled young lives they were utterly abhorrent to his nature. It was not to be expected but that these little long-coated, big-collared grandfathers of ours should take advantage of such peculiarities, but yet this may be said for them, that on the whole there was a fine, high-spirited, honorable tone about the little fellows. It was considered sneaking and mean to trade upon Mr. Flemyng's gentle trustfulness; so that if they did not gain much else at the school, here was something not to be despised, and it was chiefly owing to Dorothy's influence. They worshiped her. They would fight battles in her honor, only the difficulty was to find an enemy; a black eye gained in such a cause was a distinction at which all the others gazed enviously. It was little Marwood, whose father drew that picture, and composed the flourishing inscription about the church and state, etc., altogether out of gratitude for Dorothy's care of his little motherless, timid lad. It was Master Stephen Harrington, who, being left one holiday time in her charge, was nursed by her through some childish disorder, and talked about her afterward until my lady sent for her to the Grange to thank her. Dorothy went to the Grange several times after that, and young Sir Jasper, who at first only looked at her brown eyes a little curiously, began to find a strange sort of pleasure in making those brown eyes flash or droop as he liked. What odd, similar, contradictory, like-minded creatures we are! How century after century, generation after generation, we go on crowned with bob-wigs, perukes, cropped curls, cavalier locks, horned caps, shock heads, Roman helmets, Greek fillets, Syrian turbans, as the case may be, all at the same game; one after another going through the same little throbs and jumps, the same experiences and hopes and fears and disappointments! Do you not know that when Socrates opened his heart to Xantippe he held her hand and looked into her eyes, and felt his great strong soul rejoice when she lifted them shyly to his, never seeing, poor foolish philosopher, the flash which lurked behind the soft veil? And here is young Sir Jasper Harrington, in sober, industrial England, beginning the same little play as then made the Athenian groves glow with a deeper beauty when the sun sent golden shafts into their cool shades; walking up his great lime avenues, switching his riding-whip, and wondering what the plague there was in Dorothy Flemyng's face which made it worth all the fine ladies that came to the Grange. The old, new story; always, and yet, after all, never the same.

Ah, and there are other things as new—as old. About Socrates's wooing we do not know much. Xantippe gave him trouble enough in after-days for one to suppose that every thing went smoothly at first, that there were no obdurate parents, no money-seeking guardians. But what of poor Hero and her Leander, separated from her by those devouring waves? What of Romeo and Juliet, Montagues and Capulets? and Tasso and Leonora? and sweet Duchess May, riding to death with her Sir Guy, while thin-lipped Lord Leigh battered at the gates? What of all these, and what of Lady Harrington at the Grange, with her old Bruce blood, and the Harrington supporters, and the grim men in armor, ranged round the hall? My poor little Dorothy, what of her? Why, all the world knew that there was no one so suitable for Sir Jasper to marry as Miss Montagu, the heiress, whose lands touched his own. Or if he were obstinate and would not have her, my lady had a host in reserve—Lady Mary Bentinck, daughter of the old Tory earl; Sir Charles Bassett's eldest girl, Charlotte; either one of the Misses Fitz-Aubyn; Lady Di Riverstone—oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, why were you walking back from the village that evening in May!

She saw him coming while he was yet at some distance. She was in a lane with bordering turf, and dewy hedge-rows fragrant with hawthorn, and delicate opening flowers, and yellow-green oak-trees growing bravely up on either side. Just in front of her stretched a picturesque bit of broken common, and there in the open—the low sun throwing long slanting shadows on the gorse, the blue distant hills for a background, the breeze stirring the grass—Jasper Harrington was riding slowly toward her. Of whom was he thinking? Lady Di? Philippa Fitz-Aubyn? Perhaps George Selwyn's latest jest, or the American war, or the last balloon excitement, or, more likely, his new young setter Juno. At all events, on he came, with his reins on his horse's neck, and the sun shining kindly upon him, and the breeze lifting his hair, and Dorothy, who, every now and then, was seized with a terrible fit of bashfulness, looked round longingly for a possibility of escape. There was not so much as a gap in the hedge, and

she could not turn and run when he might already have seen her as she had seen him; and besides all this, she could have beaten herself for the dread which was half painful and half delicious, but as yet altogether mysterious to the young girl. So they came on toward each other, he passing out of the sunshiny open into the quiet dewy shade of the young trees, still riding carelessly, with his three-cornered hat, and his riding-coat of claret-colored cloth, and his hair tied behind by a black ribbon, little Dorothy walking swiftly in her soft girlish dress, some sort of pearly tint relieved by the gleaming grass behind her, and by a kind of black scarf which crossed in front and tied at the back in a great bow. Her large hat shaded her face. "Perhaps, after all, he will not see me," she thought, with a thrill of hope and disappointment, for Sir Jasper was looking down, and her step upon the turf was noiseless. Not see her? There are other perceptions than seeing and hearing, which come into play on some occasions. Before Dorothy had time to think, Jasper was off his horse, standing, hat in hand, with his honest blue eyes looking into hers.

"This is good fortune, Miss Flemyng," he said, eagerly. "Were you going to the Grange? Will you allow me to escort you?"

Dorothy, who had made him a little demure courtesy, shook her head. "I am only going round by the farm, Sir. I hope my lady is quite well?" she said, with an effort, thinking that now surely he had shown all the necessary courtesy, and would let her go on her way. She was dismayed to see him pass the bridle round his arm, turn his horse's head, and, still holding his hat in his hand, prepare to walk by her side along the road he had just come; but when she glanced in his face to remonstrate, she withdrew her eyes, coloring brightly, and walked on as quickly as she could, without a word.

"I wanted to speak to you about Stephen," said Jasper.

Dorothy slackened her pace a little. If this was his object in joining her, there was a legitimate reason in it.

"Your father has done so much for him."

"He is improving vastly in his Latin," she said, with a grave air of business, which enchanted Jasper.

"So we find. Our cousin Parker has been staying at the Grange, and my mother asked him to examine Stephen: 'twas rather an ordeal, poor little lad, but he came out triumphantly—I never saw my mother so pleased—and he said 'twas all owing to Miss Flemyng."

"Oh no, no," she interrupted. "But I am so glad; it will give him confidence. Thank you for telling me of it, Sir."

"I—we—owe Miss Flemyng still more," he went on, quickly, with a good deal of feeling in his tone. "Poor little Stephen! I don't think my mother, in spite of her fondness, ever took the right line with him. 'Twas a chance whether he would not grow up a poor, puny little fellow without the spirit of a mouse. Every thing seemed to scare him until he was sent to you—to your father," said Jasper, correcting himself with great propriety.

"And now?" Dorothy asked, looking up with a smile on the rosiest lips in the world.

"Oh, now—now he is a hero. He shall ride after the hounds with me next winter. Only this morning he jumped the sunk fence on Rattler. How is it? Your father does not teach fox-hunting with declensions, does he? Nor yet fighting? Because yesterday Stephen came home with a black eye which it did one good to see. It seems 'twas a fight with young Bassett, whom he met on his way home, and quite vanquished. The cause of battle—"

"This is the road to the farm," interrupted Dorothy, desperately. She knew the cause of battle as well as Jasper, and the scarlet color flashed into her cheek at his mischievous words. "This is the road to the farm; I will wish you good-evening, Sir;" and she dropped another little courtesy, and was turning away when he stopped her. Oh, Jasper! There were Miss Montagu's woods lying in the distance before his very eyes, soft, rounded masses, purple with evening lights—a wild bit of moor, the envy of all the neighboring squires as the best woodcock cover in the county; there was Miss Montagu herself at this very moment at the Grange, taking a dish of tea with my lady, in her silk slip of tawny orange, just suiting her dark complexion, and her powdered hair drawn high over a cushion—the very dress in which the court painter pictured her—she and her woods and her covers for Jasper to put out his hand and take, and instead of this, he put out his hand and stopped poor little Dorothy Flemyng, the schoolmaster's daughter.

"Dorothy," he said, "Dorothy, I never loved Stephen so well as when he told me this."

"Let me go, Sir; let me go!" she cried, struggling with herself, for he was not holding her except by a hand laid very lightly on her arm; and when she said this he drew it back, and stood before her as if she had been a queen, his hat in his hand, looking a very gallant gentleman indeed, with the sun shining on his face, and his eyes shining more brightly than the sun on her.

"I can't go; 'tis impossible," he said. "I love you so dearly I must speak and say so. Won't you love me? Won't you be my wife? Why should it frighten you? My life, sure you are not afraid of me?"

Of him? No! But of herself, of the tenderness in his voice. Ah! and he knew it;

he read it in the one glance she dared venture. His eyes grew triumphant, his voice steadied.

"One little word—that is all. What, won't Miss Flemyng take so much pity upon a poor fellow as to tell me at least I do not displease her?" he said, troubled again; for she had turned her back and was wringing her hands with a kind of childish impatience. And then she flashed round upon him impetuously.

"How can you be so cruel?" she cried, passionately, her eyes full of burning tears.

"Cruel? I!"

"Yes, you! Do you suppose that my lady will take me for a daughter? that I, poor Dorothy Flemyng, Stephen's teacher, am a fit wife for Sir Jasper Harrington, the fine gentleman at the Grange?"

Sir Jasper interrupted her hotly, jerking his horse's bridle as he spoke. "Because you are poor, madam? Fie upon it! I have heard my mother say that Mr. Flemyng's family is as good as any round."

She shook her head sadly.

"What do I care for it all?" he said, eagerly, clasping her hand in his. "Only say you love me, and set my heart at rest."

The fire had gone out of her eyes; she let her hand remain, and looked at him with a certain sweet, sorrowful dignity new to her. "Will that content you?" she asked. "Well, then, I do not deny it. No, no; wait until you have heard me out. For see you here, Sir Jasper," she went on with a trembling voice, but standing erect and looking straight in his face, "to pleasure you I have let you know what I thought death itself should never draw from me—you are a true gentleman, Sir, and I do not repent—but here it ends. Do you not suppose but that I know as well as Lady Harrington at the Grange that I am no match for her son? And do you not suppose that we Flemyngs have our pride also, and that I could not bear even to hear her say this to me?"

Jasper interrupted her again, and as he spoke he bent low over her hand and kissed it with the beautiful courtly grace of the time. "She never shall," he said.

"You don't know," cried poor Dorothy, still fighting valiantly against her own heart. It was very hard to resist him when he looked like that, and when all her soul seemed to cry out on his side. Surely there had never been so hard a struggle for a poor girl as this. And just then a nightingale began her pathetic song in a little brake close by. "You don't know, you don't know," she repeated, imploringly.

"I know that I shall never change—nor you," said Jasper, softly. "My mother loves me too well to cross my happiness."

"Oh, 'tis impossible!"

"Only trust me."

But he could gain no more. She loved him, she confessed, but they must not meet, nor should he come to the school unless it was with Lady Harrington's consent to ask her of her father. She would not even let him turn down the little lane with her, although he chafed a little at the refusal. He stood watching the dainty little figure going down the lane through the shadowy evening lights, with a step not so firm as usual, a little hesitating, a little shaken, for all her brave words. "She wants me to take care of her, my darling," said the young man to himself, with a glad, triumphant gleam in his eyes, as he mounted his horse and rode away again home. Miss Montagu's woods grew dim and dusky in the twilight, and Miss Montagu herself rumbled by in her great chariot, and sighed a little as she caught a glimpse of Sir Jasper riding home as she came away, with a smile on his face which even the twilight could not hide from her.

As for him, he had forgotten her before she was out of sight. Just at present he held something in his heart which sent all possibilities, anxieties, every thing but the bright present, out of mind. Twenty-four, in love, and beloved! Is there any magic like this? A few years later a hundred wiser thoughts would have come to him, but no such perfection of ecstatic bliss. Dorothy, younger in years, was older in her womanhood, and in a sadder experience of life. She was going home troubled and happy at once, while Jasper's dreams were not clouded by any such contradictions. He had had his way from his boyhood, and do you think a barrier could spring up now? Oh, foolish prophets, when from the days of fairy tales was any thing impossible to princes in love?

Almost every one has seen the Grange, or some place like it. One of those beautiful, old, gray, tenderly tinted houses, lying a little low, with two magnificent lime avenues leading to it, and curved sweeps of turf stretching away from the front. It had been a long time in the family, and out of it, too, once or twice; for the Harringtons, like others, had their ups and downs. Nor could it be said to be very firmly fixed in the family now; for it had only been brought back by Sir Charles's marriage with Miss Bruce, the present Lady Harrington, and there had been a little soreness about her father's determination that it should be settled unreservedly upon her. Watched and waited for for a generation or two, this half possession was galling. Women are unstable creatures, whom a little pique, a little flattery, will influence. "Your madam may upset the coach again," said the old grandfather, in a fume. Nevertheless, Colonel Bruce would hear no other terms, and here was Lady Harrington reigning at the Grange, and all the world feeling comfortably assured that Sir Jasper

would reign after her, and a strict entail once more guard their old home for the Harringtons.

My lady was in the drawing-room expecting her son, when she heard his step in the hall. There was a table in the centre of the room, a nosegay in a beau-pot, one or two arm-chairs deserving of the name, worsted-work, pencil drawings and chalk heads round the walls, wax-lights standing about in silver branches, old cabinets, a spinet, and an abundance of Chelsea china figures. At the table sat a handsome woman of about fifty, with powdered hair, and ruffles of delicate lace hanging at her elbows, who looked up and shook her head with a reproachful smile at Jasper, as he came in, all eagerness.

"At last, Sir! Out on you for a laggard wooer!"

The young man flushed. He had forgotten all about Miss Montagu, and I am afraid the recollection did not affect him pleasantly. He said "Pish!" a little angrily, and then recovered himself, went up to his mother, and kissed her.

"I had to ride down and speak to Dacres this evening," he said, flinging himself into an arm-chair by her side.

"You look as if he had given good news of the pheasants," said Lady Harrington, knotting again. "But I wish you had come home earlier: Miss Montagu staid until dusk. She looked very well in her orange silk."

"I hate orange," muttered Jasper.

"So do I, in itself. But she is so dark, it becomes her admirably."

"Dark, yes. I don't like dark people. You're fair, you know, madam," said the young man, with a pretty little air of gallantry, to which she was not insensible. She laid her hand on his shoulder caressingly.

"See here, Sir, I won't have you setting up your old mother for a standard. I'm not a fool, and I know that when twenty and fifty are put side by side, fifty fares poorly in the comparison; and sure I am not a dragon, either, to grudge because 'tis so. I should like to welcome a young face here, Jasper, to brighten the old Grange."

"Not Miss Montagu's."

"Why not?" she asked, laying down her work, and turning her beautiful grave face toward him. "Believe me, my first thought is of your happiness. If I did not feel assured Miss Montagu could give you this, Heaven knows she might own the whole county, yet I would never seek her for my daughter. But she is young, amiable, handsome, rich—what more do you want?"

"Only one thing."

"What?"

"Madam, before I married a woman, I should like to love her. And I don't love Miss Montagu."

"But you might."

"Never."

She was silent for a moment, a vexed shade on her face. Then she said, quietly, "In that case you are right; we may consider 'tis settled. But there are others—Miss Fitz-Aubyn—Charlotte Bassett—"

"She is worth a thousand of them all!" burst out Jasper, rapturously, to his mother's amazement. "Mother," cried the young man, springing up, "there's no one half so good nor so pretty in the world! What does it matter about the money? We can do as we are. I shall die if I don't marry her, and she would be the dearest daughter in the world to you!"

He had her by the hands, looking into her face with his young, eager eyes, pouring out a torrent of incoherent words. The windows were open to let in the soft cool air, a great moth went blundering and whirring about the ceiling, and outside the nightingales were singing their chorus to Jasper's words. "I love her! I love her!" he said; "I shall never care for any but her!" Was ever so tender a tale so little varied in all these years?

"Who—what do you mean?" cried Lady Harrington, with a sickness at her heart.

"Who? Who but Dorothy—you know Dorothy Flemyng? There's no one like her! Oh, mother, you will care for her for my sake!"

"Jasper, let go my hands! Are you mad, Sir? The school-master's daughter!"

People were fond of saying that Lady Harrington looked like a queen. She might have been Catherine of Aragon now, standing up with that imperious splendor in her eyes. It tamed even the young lover's passion.

"The Flemyngs are gentlefolk," he said, in a changed voice, turning from her and walking a few steps toward the window. Then he came back and stood before her again. "I would have given worlds not to have vexed you in this matter."

"Vexed me!" she interrupted, coldly. "Impossibilities can scarcely vex me."

"But 'twas not possible to help it. She is the sweetest creature that breathes. No heart could resist her."

"So yours has fallen into the springe at once," said Lady Harrington, in the same cold, hard tone.

Jasper colored hotly. "Any thing but that, madam. Blame me as much as you will, but not her. The poor little heart is as innocent of design in the matter as yourself. Is it her fault to be so sweet?"

"Sweet, indeed! There are others as sweet."

"Not to me. When you married my father, did you think there was ever any like him in the world?"

"There never was."

"Nor ever was a girl like her!" he cried.

"She deserves to be a queen—there's not one of them can hold a candle to her. Mother, mother, you don't want to break my heart!"

He had her hands again and was kissing them, and Lady Harrington, although she stood erect and cold, did not repulse him. Were tender memories fighting within her? In Jasper, flushed and handsome, did she see his father again? Did she remember eager words that had leaped from lips now cold? And the nightingales, had they once sung a chorus such as they were singing this sweet May night? Jasper poured out his words in a passionate torrent — foolish words, perhaps, but who knows? There is, after all, something higher than wisdom, and this may have been its shadow.

"Ring for Marsham. This has taken me by surprise," she said, faintly. "We will talk more of it to-morrow, when we shall both be cooler." And then all of a sudden she bent down and kissed him passionately. "Jasper, Jasper, what midsummer madness has seized you?"

Oh, foolish prophets! The diamond may be hidden by enchantment when the prince rides forth on his quest, but do not the forests open and the dragons become harmless while he passes on triumphantly to win the lady-love who is waiting his return?

Or—is it only a fairy tale?

Lady Harrington, who was the dragon, lay awake all the night. She thought of the Grange, and the pictures in the long gallery, and of Dorothy Flemyng, the schoolmaster's daughter, venturing to sit where Lady Di or Miss Montagu might have sat; but think as she would, there always came another figure before her eyes—Jasper's father, with the same light in his eyes, the same curl in his wavy hair. There had been a little difficulty at one period of their wooing about the settlements. Old Sir Hugh had turned sulky, sworn a good deal, and said those words to his son, "Your madam will upset the coach again;" and Charles had knelt down and kissed her hand, saying, "As to the Grange, my dearest life, let them do what they will, so only it does not stand between you and me." The words which had finally won her heart forever now seemed to stretch themselves and draw Jasper into their tender clasp. "A school— No, I can never consent. And yet, does he love her so dearly, I wonder?" Poor dragons! They have their treasures to defend, and get wounds which no one cares to bind up. Lady Harrington tossed and turned, thinking more of Sir Charles than of Sir Jasper in spite of herself, until at last she got up, went to a cabinet, took out a miniature with a curl of wavy brown hair at the back, and fell a-kissing it, with hot tears running down her cheeks all the while. We cover up our sorrows, and the turf grows over them, and sometimes even beautiful flowers, but every now and then there comes an earthquake and the graves open.

In the morning Stephen ran into her room with a little puppet-show in his arms.

"I am to show it to Miss Flemyng. I may take it, mayn't I, mother? We are going to make the puppets dance for Mrs. Harriot to see."

"You are too old for puppets," answered Lady Harrington, sharply. "Sure a lad of your age might find better to do than to play with the women."

"And so I do," Stephen said, flushing. "I fought with young Bassett the other day."

"And what for, then?"

"He said his sister was as pretty as Dorothy, and I said that was a lie, and so we fought, and I licked him."

It was hard upon Lady Harrington, this double devotion, and her face was at its coldest when she called to Jasper a little later to come into the morning-room. As for him, he had no fears. It is those who have felt the jolts in the road who are on the look-out for them, and with him there had been very easy going. Dorothy was his absolutely; his mother would come round. He went after her, and stood waiting with a careless grace, one hand resting on the table, his face unclouded by any anxiety. It was she who was troubled.

"Jasper—" she began; and then, very abruptly, "Were you in your senses last night?"

"Why not, madam?"

"And you love this—this girl?"

"I adore her."

"Think, Jasper. Are you sure of yourself? Could you not learn to like Miss Montagu?"

"Not if she were a queen and my sweet Dorothy a beggar. You would swear it yourself, if you were I!" cried the young man, radiantly.

"Do not say so, Sir. I should think of the Harringtons before I made love to a poor school-master's daughter."

"Madam, she would grace a dukedom."

"For Heaven's sake, Jasper, spare me any fooling! I am in my dotage now, I believe, to think of such madness. And I make no promises, remember — I promise nothing; but I will see the girl—hush! no raptures; I can not bear them—I will see her. How the disgrace can be covered I do not know. 'Tis impossible, I believe, to hide it. She must give up her own family absolutely: that is a necessity. The father must leave the place; you and she must remain absent for a time—"

"Any thing, any thing—"

"And I do not promise this. I must see her. She may not agree to the conditions. Nay, 'tis folly to hope it. She will not let the 'ladyship' slip so easily," said Lady Harrington, bitterly.

"She will give up all for me," Jasper said, with easy confidence.

"As I am doing," thought Lady Harrington. But she did not speak—only glanced at him and rang the bell. "Let the chariot be got ready, and desire Marsham to go down in it to Mr. Flemyng, with my compliments to Miss Flemyng, and I should be glad if she can spare an hour to come to speak with me."

Poor Dorothy! She had thought of many things, but not of driving up to the Grange in this desolate grandeur, with my lady's own woman opposite, and an oppressive sense of guiltiness weighing her down. She thought she must die of shame if Lady Harrington reproached her with all the things Jasper had said, and she could neither deny them nor forget their sweetness. Her heart bounded when she saw him standing on the steps waiting her arrival, but then she felt as though she ought not to raise her eyes in answer to his eager whisper at the very door of my lady's room. There was a mist before her eyes as she went in and made a little courtesy, and stood trembling. Jasper had but opened the door for her, and whispered those words which added to her confusion, and then he closed it again, and left her, as it were, defenseless. The room was familiar to her, but now it all seemed strange. Lady Harrington had twice requested her to sit down before she gathered the sense of the words. There was a Chelsea china shepherdess close beside her, dancing, with pathetic, beseeching eyes. Why do these figures so often look at us with such sad reproachfulness out of their merriment? Dorothy found herself vaguely pitying the little woman condemned to dance, until, in the midst of a whirl and hum, she began to hear Lady Harrington's words resolving themselves.

"..... which I do not conceal from you has been a very unexpected blow. Sir Jasper has, unless I misunderstand, spoken to you with regard to the affection he professes to entertain for you."

Lady Harrington scarcely required an answer, but she accepted the girl's imploring look, and the color that rushed swiftly into her face.

"I am desirous not to blame you. You may have been imprudent, but I am aware there are excuses to be made for a young woman in your position, and I am willing to take these into consideration. At the same time, it is scarcely necessary for me to point out to you the difference between what he desires and the prospects which lie before him; they are self-evident."

She waited for an answer, and something like a murmured "Yes, madam," sounded. The little shepherdess looked at poor Dorothy with sympathizing eyes. "I dance—I must dance," she seemed to say, "but the world is full of sadness all the time." Lady Harrington little thought that what appeared most dreadful to Dorothy was that any one should talk openly of this beautiful new happiness, which was happiness in spite of all its thorns. It seemed profanity. She felt it never could be hers, but meanwhile the dream of it was a sacred possession, too dear to be thus discussed. And the girl, on her part, knew as little of the storm in the heart of the stern judge who sat opposite to her, and clutched in her hand a little miniature, with a brown curl set in its back, which pleaded silently for the boy whose father was dead. Pleaded, although she went on inexorably!

"I must request you to review your own position as well as his. Neither in birth nor position is there any thing to excuse such a marriage in the eyes of the world. Your father is a school-master, holding an obscure preferment; nor am I aware that he has patrons likely to assist him to one more honorable."

She paused again. Dorothy was silent, but she lifted her head, and began to recover her self-possession.

"I may conclude, then, that he has no such prospects? Pardon me for speaking openly: in such a case plain words are in every respect the best. My son has committed an act of egregious folly, and the most ordinary mode of proceeding would have been to send for your father, but circumstances made me prefer this direct interview—"

"Madam," interrupted Dorothy, in a low voice, which was not altogether steady when she began, "forgive me if I say that further words are unnecessary. When Sir Jasper Harrington spoke to me last evening about —what—what you know, I told him that it would be presumption on my part to accept the honor. He knows I never thought of it. There is no need for your ladyship to explain any thing more."

Her voice trembled, the bright color came and went in her cheek, but she stood up resolutely, and made another little courtesy, as if to take leave, with a quiet dignity which Lady Harrington noticed with approval. Dorothy's words had given her a sudden hope. If the girl's good feeling could be worked upon, the tangle might yet be smoothed, and Jasper would soon recover the little smart.

"Very well said, child," she returned, with more kindness than she had yet spoken. "You have shown a very proper feeling, and I shall not forget it. We will try to set this matter right before you go; so you shall sit down again until I return."

Dorothy would not sit down again. Her heart was full almost to bursting. Oh, what had she done to bring upon herself all this dreadful delight, this sorrow which she could not wish away! She might never speak to

Jasper again; but he had loved her, he had called her his life. Nothing can alter the past, for without it life would be too sad. And then in a moment there were voices outside—voices and quick steps; the door was flung open, and Jasper came hurrying in with his mother. Her hand was on his arm, but he threw it off and strode up to Dorothy.

"Sweetest Miss Flemyng"—without giving her a moment—"do you love me?"

"That is un—"

"Madam," he said, turning quickly on his mother, "pardon me, but this is a question solely between us two. Afterward others may arise, but I will ask for this assurance. Sure my dearest life will not refuse to give it me," he went on, with his voice full of tender persuasion.

"I have told my lady," faltered Dorothy.

"Tell me! I will not have you forsworn. Have you said you do not care for me, when you know you have all my heart?" he said, impetuously.

"Oh no, Sir, no! But—"

"There—that's enough. Madam, 'tis not as you said."

"Jasper, you are dreaming; I protest I never asked such a question."

"Nay, you said she was willing to give me up. Dorothy, you will not do so?"

"There never was any thing to give up," said she, trying to speak resolutely.

"You say it since you think you must. But I knew I might trust you, although my mother wishes to break my heart."

He was so full of contradictions, so loving, so petulant, so manly, and yet so boyish, that Lady Harrington, in spite of her vexation, could not help smiling. Then he was at her side in a moment with a hundred protestations, and all the time the miniature clasped in her hand brought back Sir Charles with the same eagerness in his eyes. "Any thing but that the Grange should come between us." A quarter of a century, and yet it seemed but one day.

"Jasper," she said, slowly, "you take advantage of my weakness."

"You will be the best and dearest of mothers; you will never repent. My Dorothy, tell her she will never repent."

"But there are the conditions."

"Any thing, every thing. She will give up all for my sake, as I would for hers.—Will you not, my life?"

"Hush, Jasper; hear me out, Sir," went on Lady Harrington, keeping her eyes fixed on him. "The connection would present an insuperable bar. Miss Flemyng must be content to break through it altogether; the school must be forgotten, and to that end Mr. Flemyng must leave the place at once."

This time it was not Jasper, but Dorothy, who flashed out impetuously. "Madam, my father, my dear father leave the place! Do you think I would give him up to win any man on earth? Out on me, that I have listened so long, and him so good, so gentle! What would he—what would my aunt Harriot do without me? Did you believe I could be so wicked as to desert them? Never, never, madam!"

Lady Harrington was looking at her by this time, and not without admiration. There was something in the girl's words which touched her, and yet, perhaps, it was only natural she should accept the escape they opened.

"Nothing more, then, need be said," she answered, coldly.

"Madam!" cried Jasper, reproachfully.—"Dorothy, you do not mean it—you did not hear all."

"I heard sufficient," she said, trembling with emotion. "I heard my father insulted, and there is no one but me to be on his side. Are the Flemyngs dirt under your feet, that they should be so scorned? Sir, I never sought your love."

"What, will you not bear somewhat for me?—Mother, you do not mean it?"

"I mean no insult; but for the rest, Jasper, I have gone to the utmost. You have your choice."

He bent over Dorothy, and said, softly, "I have chosen. Let the Grange go."

But a storm of feeling was tearing her. She looked up and answered as proudly as his mother: "It shall never be said that Dorothy Flemyng stood between you and your birthright. And to leave this place would be to leave my father."

"You do not care for him more than for me!"

"I care for him so much that I will never go from him."

He turned away, stung to the quick. "A fine love, indeed!" he muttered between his teeth. "Madam, I think you were right; I care not much for a heart in which I come second."

"I will go, if you please," Dorothy said, breathing quickly, and struggling to keep back tears which frightened her from their nearness. Lady Harrington, who saw it all going as she would have it, was able to look on with interest and a little reluctant admiration. Jasper, who thought Dorothy would have flown into his arms, was deeply hurt that any sacrifice should seem to her unreasonable. He felt that he was giving up much, and he expected a return. Perhaps he would have been more than mortal not to recognize the advantages of his position; he loved Dorothy; but was he not Sir Jasper Harrington, young, rich, handsome, flattered, and should she not at least be sensible of the honor done to her? Lady Harrington rang the bell; Jasper conducted Dorothy to the carriage; she dared not glance at him, nor did she see his low bow of farewell.

Farewell, farewell. The footman clambered up; the old chariot rolled away. Was this the ending of it all, love changed to anger, Dorothy crying among the cushions of the old coach? It is not the dragons nor the forests barring the way, but the prince himself who has turned aside. And so they go away from each other, and the shadows grow darker, and the clouds gather, and through the trees there floats a little sorrowful echo full of pain. "Farewell, farewell."

After the storm comes a lull, say the consolers; only they forget that the lull is at all times harder to endure than the storm. Every sharp keen sorrow has its excitement. The ship is foundering, but who and what will reach the port? The hurricane is sweeping down the mountain-side, but there is the struggle to protect our dwelling. It is afterward, when all is calm again, that the desolation is most desolate. It had been very terrible to Dorothy to go up and confront grand Lady Harrington, and to drive away feeling that a worse gulf than rank or riches had suddenly gaped between her and Jasper; but her brave little heart had never sunk then as it sank when she was in the quiet, ugly, sheltering old home again, with its little expressionless windows, and the sycamore-trees shading the green alley, and a heap of blotted exercise-books lying before her on the window-seat. This quiet was a hundred times more oppressive than a whirl could have been; it lay like a dead-weight on her heart, where no one could share it with her; it stretched out before her like a nightmare—so many days, so many nights. Nevertheless, she was spared many stings: she had a fine, just temper; she felt no bitterness against Lady Harrington, scarcely a tender reproach against Jasper; what they had said was from their own side, and what it should have been. The little reproach that smarted was that Jasper should have asked her to sacrifice her father. "How could he think I could be false to him, and yet trust me for true?" said the faithful little daughter, with a sharp pang that he she loved should have tempted her to such unworthiness. Do not think that Mr. Flemyng or poor Mrs. Harriot suffered for her suffering. Every act of hers toward them at this time was weighted with a double tenderness; she smiled bravely at them, although she fancied there could be no more smiles for herself through the long years.

One day, when work was over, her father called to her from the garden. Dorothy knew directly that there was some difficulty on which she was to be consulted, some entanglement which it would tax her ingenuity to set right. She laid aside the muslin neckerchief she was hemming, and ran down the stairs. He was pacing up and down under the sycamores in the dim twilight; and at first, beyond a kind smile, took no notice of her. "O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque Fortunam!" she heard him saying, under his breath. Dorothy was used to these fits of absence when his mind was in the old folios where he really lived; she waited a moment, and then touched his arm.

"You want me, Sir, do you not?"

"I, child? No," said Mr. Flemyng, mildly.

"Indeed, Sir, you called to me to come."

"Did I? There was something, I remember. Perhaps my sister Foster knows."

"Is it the boys?" suggested Dorothy.

"It was a letter, I believe. Ah, yes," said Mr. Flemyng, changing his tone into one of concern; "it is here. See, Dorothy; you will grieve to part with one of your pupils, a pleasant little lad, too, of good parts. It must have been that of which I desired to speak, for the letter has just been brought. And stay; there was something else which Evans told me at the time, something of Sir Jasper, I believe; but it does not concern us so nearly, and it has slipped my memory."

Dorothy held the great gilt-edged sheet in her hand, and looked at her father with a quivering lip.

"It has slipped my memory," he repeated, dreamily; and then went on, "Barbara" (he often called her Barbara—her mother's name), "Rolston has been here this evening about taking away little Dick. It would be a pity, for the boy has most amazingly progressed of late. But I forget something Rolston told me about the crops. He can not pay, and I thought it better to tell him the lad might remain."

"Without payment, Sir?"

"Nay, child, we can afford an act of kindness now and then. We have young Morton, and young Harrington—"

Dorothy held the letter to him silently. Mr. Flemyng took it, and glanced at it with a puzzled air.

"Ah, I had forgotten," he said, presently. "We shall have little Harrington no longer. I have been rash again, I fear; but yet, if they are so poor—child, if they are so poor, he may come. We shall never be the losers; or, if we are, it will be made right one day."

There was a tone of sincere gratitude about Lady Harrington's letter announcing Stephen's withdrawal. She thanked Mr. Flemyng cordially, almost warmly. Dorothy knew that she had only taken the step because she thought it well to break all the links between the Grange and the school; and it was a link, as the girl felt, for with Stephen by her side the separation from Jasper did not seem so entire. Nor was this all. Besides the great ache, a hundred little stings seemed to dart out at her, petty and hateful, but none the less real. For the payment they received from Stephen was of

no small consequence to the little household, and with this loss Dick Rolston suddenly fell upon their charity. Dorothy's patience fled when she thought of Rolston's false tongue, and of Dick's appetite and copy-books. And what tidings were those which Evans had brought of Sir Jasper? Would she ever see him again? Could she ever bear to see him? Ah, yes, she could bear any thing, so that every now and then her hungry heart might have its craving stilled by a sight, however distant. To-morrow was Sunday, and then he would be with his mother at church. Would the day ever come! It came at last, a sweet summer day, with a sky of tender, unfathomable blue, with larks whistling exultingly, with honeysuckle flinging itself over the hedges, and the country people strolling along the deep lanes to the little ivy-covered, picturesque, damp old church. Dorothy, Mrs. Foster, and Mr. Flemyng, with a train of half a dozen little boys, reached the lich-gate just as the Grange carriage drove up. Poor Dorothy! If only she could have sunk into the earth; if her father would but have hurried on. But no; his sister was on one arm, his daughter on the other, and he stood back a little to let my lady get out, and to lift his hat to her in his gentle, courteous fashion. Stephen, in a little red coat, was with her, and when he saw Dorothy he tried to break away, but my lady held his hand firmly. She never smiled more sweetly on the little group, wanting to show Dorothy that now it was all at an end, and she was conqueror, and bore no malice. Conqueror indeed, as the girl thought, with a sudden flush; it had been but an unequal combat between this great lady, with her riches and her rank and her jewels and her beauty, and herself. The tears rushed into her eyes as she courtesied, and knew that Lady Harrington was smiling down upon her, and that Jasper was not there. They went into the little church one after another. Could Dorothy ever forget that day? She had thought that perhaps Jasper would go, but now she was sure he had gone; and the shadow and the reality are different enough, as we have all found out by this time. For some time she understood nothing, heard nothing; the passionate throbbing of her heart stilled all sounds except a dull, monotonous hum of voices, and every now and then the shrill crow of a cock in the farm-yard close at hand. By-and-by fiddles and bass-viols and flutes began to quaver from the singing-loft, and they all stood up to sing the morning hymn. It was an odd perversion of music, with quaint profane little runs and twirls about it; but the summer sunshine stole lovingly into the church, and through the porch you could see cool green shadows, and the people sang out cheerily, and the straightforward simplicity of the old psalm seemed to arrest Dorothy's wandering fancies, and go direct to her heart. She had done right, and though it had cost her something, there was a sweet, serene consciousness which by-and-by would grow into peace. Dorothy had conquered more nobly than Lady Harrington, although just now she was feeling the jar and whirl of the conflict. Poor Mrs. Harriot clung to her and looked down on the little figure with wistful, tremulous looks, not even quite sure of the familiar tones, or whether it was right they should be standing there singing; and Dorothy caught Farmer Rolston's triumphant eye. They wanted her indeed to protect them. There had been Love, young, strong, beautiful, opening wide his arms, and calling; and another Love, sad, weak, unconsciously pathetic, appealing mutely to her. She had chosen the most divine, and do you think that by-and-by she would not also learn its greater loveliness? Nay, why do I say by-and-by? Though Jasper was gone, and Lady Harrington was conqueror, and the girl's heart felt crushed and bruised, it was with her now, pouring in oil and wine.

But there was something at hand which she little expected. When she had reached home, and had run up to her own room, a letter was lying on the table. How it got there Dorothy never knew; but she did not think about that at first; she caught it up and kissed it, and opened it greedily, longing for some line of reconciliation.

"For Heaven's sake, madam, send me word that 'tis a cruel mistake, for I am almost distracted when I think upon that day. Sure, I must have been a wretch, or you could not have cast me off so; but if you could only know a little how I love you, you would not be so hard. What, do you not love me well enough to give up your home for me, when I am willing to give up mine forever? My mother believes me to have gone to London, and so I was on the road, not caring much what came of me; but every step away from you costs me so dear that I have stopped at Mildon, at Will Carter's coffee-house, until I hear one word from you whether you be not a little relented to one whose whole heart is yours. Dacres will send his boy for an answer to this. I could write forever, but that each moment seems an hour before I know my fate. One word will bring me to your feet—only say that no one shall stand between us. Sure you will not refuse to give up something for me?"

By the time she had finished it Dorothy was kissing the letter again, and raining down tears upon it, it was so sweet to feel herself still loved, when she had been thinking Jasper had cast her out of his heart forever. She was no haughty beauty, arrogant of conquest, and secure in her own charms, but rather thought so little of herself that it only seemed strange he should once have loved, and not that his love had ended. Give up something? Ah! what would she not have given up that was her own, were it only out of gratitude for so sweet a pleading? It was not for herself; surely he would understand that now. I think it was the truest unselfishness of love which

gave her strength to write the brave little words with which she answered that letter; but perhaps there are not many men who would have read them so, and Jasper could not see the tears or the kisses.

"DEAR SIR,—The letter you have writ has given me a lively pleasure, for I feared I had not expressed myself in a proper manner, and that you had misunderstood my meaning. I am very grateful for the honor you have showed me; but, indeed, what you wish can never be, for my lady was quite right in what she said, and I could never give up my dear father nor my poor aunt, that need so much care. Pray, Sir, do not think any more about me, that am not worth it; but be sure that you have the prayers and heart-felt wishes of your most humble servant,

"DOROTHY FLEMYNG."

And so he had. Innocent prayers that shielded him, perhaps, many a time.

After that, although she heard no more from Jasper, Dorothy's heart was lighter. She had a simple faith in his understanding. She thought he would think of her no more, and yet hoped he would think kindly. It would have hurt her terribly to know that foolish Jasper was away in London, fighting with love and pride and anger, vowing he would dream of her no more, and then, with a despairing fit upon him, that he would go fight the Americans, since life was not worth keeping with no hope of Dorothy. He went into many a wild place, but still I think those prayers shielded him.

At home Lady Harrington ruled with a high hand, making no sign of missing her eldest son; and Miss Montagu would have nothing to say to her suitors, but drove over to the Grange periodically, and heard bits of Jasper's letters, and drove back again in her great chariot, as she had driven that May evening when Jasper was coming in triumph from his wooing, and thought of him, sighing, every time she passed the bit of heathery common along which she had seen him ride with a smile upon his face; and Dorothy struggled and fought for the two gentle, dependent old people who rested upon her, and tamed the boys, and did battle bravely with grim poverty, and never lost her brightness nor her lovable beauty in spite of all.

It was only One Strength which could have made her so strong, for those were hard times with them—a hard summer, a hard autumn, a hard winter. The merciful cloud lay heavily now on poor Mrs. Harriot's feeble faculties. She needed more care and soothing every month, and there was no one to give it but Dorothy. When Mr. Flemyng awoke to it, it distressed him so greatly that his daughter could only gently try to lead him from the thought. She had a hundred little tender wiles and craftinesses which would have made you smile—or perhaps cry, if their pathetic side had struck you. And as for him, she had always been forced to be his protector since her mother died. His gentleness, his simplicity, his trustfulness, his fits of absence—all required her to be on the watch for him. He would give his coat to a beggar—or his wig either, for that matter—suffer himself to be defrauded glaringly, and yet somehow he always shamed the people who cheated him. It was so impossible to his nature to believe in wrong, that wrong had at least a desire to deck itself in better clothing before him.

So the little household fared as best they might. The boys' appetites sometimes appalled Dorothy; but she was a rare little housewife, and then, as has been said, she was a queen among them, and liked them as they liked her. But there was one element of discord. Dick Rolston had always been a big, hulking, unmannerly fellow; but since Mr. Flemyng's charity had been extended to him, the boy had become almost intolerable, especially to Dorothy. There had been one or two gallant fights on her behalf; but Dick was too big to be vanquished, and the boys could do nothing except agree to hate and despise him—and avoid his great fist. Dorothy tried to conquer him with her most winning ways, but in vain. He grudged even receiving her help in his lessons, and once was so insolent that it would have been open rebellion if she had not flashed round upon him in her spirited manner. "To a woman! For shame, Sir!" she said, with her eyes full on him; and my gentleman's color rose, and he was mute. It may be imagined how the school crowed after this at their enemy's discomfiture; but still it was in the dark or in corners, for fear of his fist. Mr. Flemyng had ever a word of excuse, but Dorothy thought it hard they should do so much and get not even a grateful look for their pains. If she had possessed a wider experience of life, she might have found out that it was this very sense of obligation that goaded the boy. He knew that his father had taken in Mr. Flemyng, and he hated Mr. Flemyng for being a dupe, Dorothy for her kindness, himself, perhaps, more than all. There was a heathenish whirl in his little heart, but it was not altogether what they fancied.

Now and then would come a present of game from the Grange; otherwise all intercourse ceased. Once, when Dorothy went out through the great gates, which in my picture shut in the house and the playground, a pair of arms were flung round her neck, and there was Stephen, escaped from home and tutor, to bring her a little ship he had made out of a walnut-shell, and full of a letter from Jasper and a lottery-ticket, which he said he had had that day sennight, and would have fetched, if she had let him. She walked back with him as far as the lodge, over brown autumn leaves, between hedges in which scarlet berries burned. After that not much came

to recall that strange, dreamy time: Lady Harrington at church, Jasper's horses exercising, his dogs bounding on her—this was all she knew of the Grange through the long winter. She did not even hear the talk of the villagers that Miss Montagu was to be my lady's daughter-in-law, because she came so often to the Grange. Her step was as light, her coloring as bright as ever. No one noticed that she no longer sang about the house like a bird. She thought, whenever she permitted herself to think, that the ache was dying out of her heart, and then suddenly, when she least expected it, the oddest, most trifling thing in the world, would seem to wake it up.

So the days went by—as the days go by for us all—and the weeks and the months. In the spring Mrs. Harriot died, passing away very gently, until just at the last she cried out "Austin!" rapturously, and smiled at some one whom they did not see. Her death left a blank in the little household—a blank, in Mr. Flemyng's case, mixed with a little vague trouble, which Dorothy noticed with a pang, lest it might be the faint shadowing of the same cloud—but there was no other change. No news of Jasper—no break in the quiet monotony of the days.

Lady Harrington's winter was worse than Dorothy's, after all. She had lost Jasper, and a dreary foreboding of this came over her when she opened his letters, which were dry bones compared to his presence. "Mr. Garrick has appeared in a new character," "Mr. Burke's speech gave extraordinary dissatisfaction," "'Tis said there was a highway robbery last evening in Pall Mall," were like the maxims of an exercise, and distracted poor Lady Harrington, who wanted news of her boy himself, and cared nothing in comparison for Garrick or Burke. She believed she had acted for the best; but yet, whenever she looked at the miniature the father's eyes reproached her. "What would the Grange have been between us?" they said; "there are higher things than rank or fortune." Once she went so far as to write to Jasper that if he would come back she believed she could not be angry with him, whatever he did. In his answer, which was slow in reaching her, he replied that he would never marry a woman who did not care enough for him to give up all, that he hated the Grange, and thought of going to the wars.

But he did not go to the wars. One Saturday in April news came to the village that Sir Jasper was lying ill in London, and my lady had ordered post-horses to meet her at Mildon, and was gone as fast as they could carry her to nurse him. Evans, the under-gardener, brought down the tidings, which spread pretty quickly, but had not reached Dorothy when, in the afternoon, she started on a message she did not like to Dick Rolston's father at River Farm, a couple of miles from the school. Every now and then, on a half-holiday, she made these little unsatisfactory expeditions, which never produced any result. Rolston was as full of oily gratitude as Dick was surly, but times were always bad, and Mr. Flemyng had promised; and Dorothy walked away with a baffling sense of weakness.

She came home by the river. All the way from Belford to Mildon it was a deep, broad stream, up and down which rafts used to creep, bringing coal and carrying back wood to the port. On one side the shore shelved very gradually, flat gravelly reaches ran into the water, green with patches of the fleshy glasswort; on the other there were steep in-and-out banks, with sweet little calm hollows, and trees dipping into them. As Dorothy came along these banks the sun was setting, and flooded every thing with intense golden light. The water blazed with it; two or three coal-rafts, going up the river in slow procession, had hoisted old square sails, which caught the glory and gleamed like cloth of gold. There are commonplace things about us which now and then also wear a glory, I fancy—rugged, worn, battered lives, some of them. The softest, tenderest shadows lay in the little curves of the bank, tiny leaves daintily uncurled themselves, primroses peeped out of the grass, and beyond the rounded points the golden river, strong and steadfast, flowed downward to the great sea. The girl gathered primroses with crumply leaves, and lingered to watch the rafts out of sight, when suddenly a rustle close at hand and a scream startled her—

"Oh, I shall drown! I shall drown!"

It was Stephen's voice, and Dorothy flew. On the other side of the little hollow into which she had been looking the bank rose abruptly from the water. She heard crackling, rustling; above it all that shrill, piteous child's cry, "Oh, I shall drown, I shall!" Dorothy was on the spot in a moment, tearing aside the bushes, looking, scrambling, clutching. Down below her, in the swift, smooth water, the boy was hanging; the bough on which he was clambering had broken; he had caught at one weak branch after another—the last was even now cracking in his hold; his white, terrified face turned upward, the strong current sweeping round him, a little toy-ship entangled in the twigs. Dorothy was powerless. She had no time for more than one horror-struck look, one piercing scream for help, when the last feeble support broke; the poor little white face floated helplessly away. Oh, the anguish of that moment—the horror of seeing him borne from her! And then suddenly she heard a shout, flying steps crashing through the brush-wood, and Dick Rolston came leaping toward her. "He is in the

water!" she cried. "There, there!" Dick dragged off his coat, and was down the bank and in the river in a moment, striking out gallantly for the spot where he had caught a glimpse of little Stephen. Dorothy ran along the bank crying for help, half blinded by the brush-wood that beat in her face, now and then catching sight of the golden gleaming river and Dick's round head. She saw it disappear, and thought he was sinking, and screamed again more hoarsely; but he came up and shook himself, and went on like a young otter, and disappeared once more; and then she saw him making heavily for the shore, and knew that he had Stephen in his clutch.

It was a terrible struggle. The current ran strongly, and his helpless burden dragged him down; and when he had nearly reached the shore he was so spent that he and Stephen were sinking together, when two men ran down, attracted by the cries, and jumped into the river, and with some difficulty got them out, both unconscious. They lay on the bank side by side, fair, delicate, tender-looking Stephen, and Dick with the surly lines still about his mouth, set hard with the might of that great struggle. The men scratched their heads and looked with rueful perplexity, while Dorothy was on her knees beside them trying all the simple means she could remember.

"Better hold them up by their heels, and let the water run out."

"Noa, thee shouldn't. Thee should take a bit o' ash, and lay un crosswise, and then car' un—"

"Will you carry them to the school?" Dorothy said, getting up quickly. "That is the nearest house. I will go on and have things ready."

She was as good as her word. When the men carrying their dripping burdens came in through the green gates, Dorothy was waiting at the door; beds and hot blankets were ready, and little Molly sent as fast as she could run for the doctor. Before Mr. Jones arrived Stephen was sensible again, and clinging to Dorothy; and then one after another came terrified stragglers from the Grange—Mrs. Williams the housekeeper, Mr. Ardley the tutor, Evans, and Dacres the gamekeeper—all frightened out of their wits. Stephen had escaped from Mr. Ardley, it seemed, and made off to the river to sail his boat; and we know what followed. Mrs. Williams, panting out her gratitude, was ready to kiss Dorothy.

"I'm sure, miss, if my lady had lost both in one day!" she cried, with a gasp. That was the first news Dorothy had of Jasper's illness.

"An amazing valuable life, vastly valuable," said Mr. Jones, anxiously. "He must remain here for the present, and the most absolute quiet must be preserved. No sacrifice is too great for a young gentleman of his condition." When Mr. Jones said that, the girl's quick spirit revolted a little from Stephen, the culprit, about whom there was this ado, to poor surly Dick, the hero, over whom no one was fussing. But when she had carried off the reluctant Mr. Jones to his side, she found her father tenderly busied about him.

"I have sent Molly to the farm, my dear," he said, softly. "Poor little lad, poor little lad!"

"My good Sir," said Mr. Jones, pompously, "permit me to congratulate you upon the favorable opinion which I believe I may venture to express upon young Mr. Stephen Harrington's ultimate recovery. I had the honor of inoculating him for the small-pox. A most valuable life, Sir, vastly valuable."

"Sir," answered Mr. Flemyng, mildly, "perhaps not so valuable as this."

The next morning Stephen lay tossing about in a feverish attack brought on by the shock and wetting. Mr. Ardley had written to Lady Harrington in St. James's Square. Mrs. Williams established herself at the school to nurse Stephen; but Stephen would be nursed by no one but Dorothy, so that her being there was of no particular service, except when now and then there came a few minutes of unquiet sleep, and the girl would slip her hand from the clasp of the little hot fingers, and steal into the other quiet room, from which they had not shut out the sunshine, although Dick Rolston lay there—dead.

Yes, Dick. Poor, surly, gruff, brave Dick.

He had never revived. Somehow, when Stephen came round, they thought the stronger lad would soon recover, but the exhaustion of the struggle must have been too great. He could have saved himself, no doubt; and who knows the force of the instinct that he resisted? But he had done something far grander, for he had given himself to save another, and in that moment of heroism God had taken him. What would you have had better? Which of us would not ask for such an end, blotting out so much that was unworthy? Do you think it was nothing to have gained those pitiful tears that were shed over him, Mr. Flemyng's and Dorothy's and little simple Molly's, and the boys, coming in with hushed voices, one by one, to look reverently on the still young face wearing its new glory, and ever afterward to talk proudly of their school-fellow who had died like a hero? That one look at his face swept away all remembrances that were not of the noblest. "He was always brave," said one. "He fought the fellows who were stoning the dog," said another. Was it nothing to have gained such a memory? And he had no mother. Poor Dick! This was far better.

Dorothy wept bitter tears for him during the long nights when Stephen tossed and fretted if she was not close at hand. She was wearied out with all she had to do, and with an ever-present longing to hear how it fared with Jasper, fancying him ill, perhaps dying, and no word ever again to pass between them. Mrs. Williams every day went to the Grange to look after her staff there, and Mr. Ardley wandered sadly backward and forward, until he found a fellow-student in Mr. Flemyng, and then the two used to pace up and down under the sycamores talking of this edition and that. Dorothy, sitting one afternoon at Stephen's window, looked down with a little wonder at the long black figures with their wigs and three-cornered hats, and the boys playing solemnly, and the little stiff garden with daffodils flaunting in the sunshine, and the old sun-dial in the middle. Perhaps we never get over that feeling of wonder that all around us the world is so little changed when we are shaken to the centre. Stephen was ill, and Jasper perhaps dying, and Dick lying dead, and all went on as if they had never been. Life brings an answer to the riddle, and a comfort from it, but it is always wonderful, and for a time perplexing; and Dorothy leaned her head against the window and thought of it. She did not notice a little commotion at the gates, nor Molly's awe-stricken voice upon the stairs, but she heard the door open softly, and turned round to see Lady Harrington standing there, with a face as white as her powdered hair.

"May I come in?" she said, in an eager whisper.

"That is mamma!" cried out Stephen; and she was at his side with her arms round him in a moment. The room swam before Dorothy, for there was another figure in the doorway—Jasper, in his caped riding-coat—Jasper, pale, thin, changed, but with the old look in his eyes.

"Oh, he must not come in!" Lady Harrington said, quickly. "Dorothy, run out and stop him!"

Was she smiling? Was it a dream? What could she do? "Oh, Sir," she was beginning, falteringly, when she found herself in his hold.

"Only say you do not hate me—you forgive me, my dearest life! 'Tis almost impossible that you should, and yet if you knew what I have endured! 'Twas when I was ill that I saw my madness! What, won't you forgive me? Nay, I will be forgiven—I must! I see it in your eyes, that were ever the sweetest."

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen." It is the old love-song, eternally new. Look. In the little dingy passage there are two lovers, almost silent in the depth of their great joy; by Stephen's bedside is poured out the yearning of a mother's love; in a quiet room hard by, still and peaceful, lies Dick, who had given his life for another. Ay, look! For, thank Heaven, though we are sad and sinful, there come to us foreshadowings of what we may one day taste in its perfection and in its infinity.

The old school-house passed into other hands when Mr. Flemyng went to live, in his gentle, lingering way, at the Grange. Lady Harrington tended him kindly. Stephen was sent to Westminster. Jasper and Dorothy are together in their peaceful home when we turn our backs upon them. It is a farewell again which the trees whisper, but a farewell without the pain.

And Dick is not forgotten.

THE ASTRONOMICAL YEAR.

AMONG the places a stranger at Washington visits with eagerness there is no one capable of giving more satisfaction to a thoughtful mind than the National Observatory. It is not so much what one sees of arrangements, instruments, and achromatic glasses, as what these and kindred objects suggest, that makes the day one of red letters ever afterward in the memory. Take, for example, the series of observations, made in many countries, extending over centuries, which has at length determined with great precision that the astronomical or, as it is sometimes called, civil year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49.7 seconds. This length, as is generally known, is about six hours greater than it was according to the estimates relied upon at the beginning of the Christian era. Reckoning by the data these last give, one day is lost every four years. Such an error, standing uncorrected for any considerable length of time, would be certain to produce awkward results. The day might come when harvest-home would return before the seed had germinated, Michaelmas be postponed to the end of winter, and Christmas occur in the vernal equinox. In fact, winter and summer, spring and autumn, as the years went round, would be perpetually changing places. It became necessary, therefore, in all countries where the astronomical year was recognized, to correct the calendar at intervals to prevent the increase of an evil for which no provision was made.

Julius Cæsar was probably the first man in authority who attempted a permanent correction of the calendar, assisted by Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer. Their device was to add a day every fourth year to February, and the principle adopted was so excellent that it has been both retained and extended to the present time. This correction of time was ordered to be made in all countries where the Roman authority was acknowledged, and to secure a uniformity of

dates, the sixth day before the kalends of March was to be reckoned twice, for which reason the fourth year, now called leap-year, was by the Romans designated bissextile. But this ingenious contrivance did not make the calendar perfectly correct. The civil year was still at variance with the astronomical. There was a surplusage of eleven minutes in the former after the double day had been added to it—a trifling error for a man's lifetime, but, when multiplied by centuries, a marked quantity, threatening to interfere not only with social arrangements, but with the very existence of ecclesiastical law. The new Julian year was indeed a great gain over the old Roman year. It was a close approximation to correct measurement of time. But it contained an element of error, and could not remain permanently in use, unless a means of absorbing the miscalculation it perpetuated could be discovered.

The necessities of the Catholic Church ultimately led to the requisite improvement. The Council of Nice, which had assembled in the year 325 A.D., ordered, among other matters, that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon next following the vernal equinox. This was a guide to other church festivals. Advent-Sunday, Ascension-day, Whitsuntide, Trinity-Sunday, the forty days of Lent, the Ember-days, the Rogation-days, and others depended upon Easter. They had become, in the course of ages, fasts and festivals intermingled with daily concerns of life. Planting and harvesting, dairy-work and sheep-shearing, felling of timber and salving of kine, brewing ale, preparing conserves, curing meats, housing garden-stuffs, distilling domestic spirits, and drying medicinal herbs, grew during the Dark Ages into superstitious connection with certain holy days. But as every revolving year failed to bring the earth quite back to the same point in the ecliptic, the sun that warmed, the stars that were supposed to vivify, and the elements that nourished the sown seed grew slack in their work. The value of old traditions decreased. Calculations failed. Farmers believed the seasons to be changing. In the fifteenth century nine days of variation had taken place, and the gap was constantly widening.

Even during the previous century the difference between the two years—astronomical and civil—had become sufficiently important to force upon the attention of pope and conclave the necessity of correcting the calendar. At the Council of Nice the vernal equinox had fallen on the 21st of March: it now fell on the 12th of the same month. The celebration of Easter, and of all feasts and fasts depending upon it, was therefore put out of joint. This caused infinite confusion, and for at least two centuries before its accomplishment the enterprise of bringing the two years together again was meditated and discussed by scholars. But for the interruption of the preliminary calculations by the death of John Müller, the astronomer selected to advise the pontiff, it would probably have been effected by Sixtus IV. instead of Gregory XIII. Being thus deprived of the assistance of the man best able to accomplish his object—the well-known founder of the Nuremberg printing-house, and the most eminent astronomer of the fifteenth century—Sixtus lost the honor of effecting the useful design.

There is little cause of regret, however, on that score. Pope Gregory XIII. was not only a friend to, but a devotee of, science. The task of reform could not have fallen into better hands. He was distinguished for his learning, and although succeeding to the pontificate when past seventy years of age, made the thirteen years of his rule illustrious by the promotion of education at Rome and throughout his states. His change of the Julian calendar, in spite of bitter opposition, to that which has since been called the Gregorian, did much to redeem the Romish Church from its reputation of universal hostility to science.

To restore the civil year to a correspondence with the astronomical, he ordered that the 5th of October, 1582, should be called the 15th. To prevent the intrusion of the same errors in the measurement of time in future ages, and to secure the recurrence of the festivals of the church at the same period of the year, he further decreed that every year whose number is not divisible by four should consist of three hundred and sixty-five days; every year which is so divisible, but not divisible by one hundred, of three hundred and sixty-six days; every year divisible by one hundred, but not by four hundred, of three hundred and sixty-five; and every year divisible by four hundred, of three hundred and sixty-six. A more perfect correspondence of the civil and astronomical years will probably never be obtained. After the lapse of four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven years the error will be less than one day. In the preparation of this rule every source of disagreement is estimated, and as far as possible corrected. The allowance of an extra day every fourth year is indeed a small excess; but this is not allowed to accumulate, for at the commencement of every century the centennial year is not to consist of three hundred and sixty-six days, or, in other words, is not to be counted a leap-year, unless its number can be divided by four hundred. Thus the year 1600 was a leap-year, and the year 2000 will be the same; but the years 1700 and 1800 contained, and the year 1900 will contain, only 365 days.

And now comes in a note from history which ought never to be forgotten. This

decree of Gregory XIII., exacted by necessity, founded upon science, universal in benefit, recommended by common-sense, tainted with no superstition, and asking in its acceptance no concession of religious faith—a decree that commended its terms by their universal application, met a want that was every where felt, settled a question that had vexed the world for half a decade of centuries, and corrected, as it was allowed to do by men of science, an evil that was felt through every ramification of the social condition of Europe—was accepted in Italy and Spain only. France partially adopted it, which was no better than to have rejected it. As for England, she would none of it; nor Germany, nor the Northern States, nor Holland, nor Russia. The authoritative demand of the pope for immediate and universal adoption of the reformed calendar, no matter by what sufficient reasons recommended, or necessities required, or good rendered certain, was to be resisted. Conscience, stone-blind or enlightened, required opposition to whatever proceeded from Rome, and was to be obeyed. It reminds one of the couplet good, eccentric Rowland Hill—not he of the postage reform, but his godly ancestor of even higher renown—used to repeat at his table whenever sectarian prejudices had hindered his philanthropic labors:

> "Begone, old bigotry, abhorred
> By all who love our common Lord!"

The states which acknowledged the ecclesiastical sovereignty of the Bishop of Rome gave willing compliance to Pope Gregory's decree. The Protestant states delayed. All through the long reign of Elizabeth, the tyranny of James, the fickleness of Charles I., and the Commonwealth the old style obtained in England. It was not until the days of George the Second that England and her colonies adopted the Gregorian calendar. The decree was issued in 1582. Parliament established its purport as the law of the land in 1751. Other Protestant states followed—always with protest, however, against the authority of the pope.

Russia adheres, or did ten years ago, to the Julian calendar. The business inconvenience of this is great. Letters to foreign countries, orders for shipments, times of departure for steamers and sailing vessels, news from abroad, advertisements of the holding of international fairs, and one knows not what besides, must all bear two dates—old style and new. The mariner can not read the nautical almanac, nor the merchant accept a draft from abroad, nor the broker determine foreign exchanges, without having two dates at hand. Advices can not be understood, bills of lading can not be made effective, telegrams can not be comprehended, without an extra labor, small in each instance, but large in the aggregate, which the Julian calendar in Russia imposes. "Does he mean old style or new?" is a question asked in St. Petersburg and Moscow thousands of times in a day.

IN THE SEED.

You have chosen coldly to cast away
  The love they tell you is faithless found.
Pity or trust it is vain to pray—
  Your heart they have hardened, your senses bound.
  You have broken the wreaths that clasped you round,
The strength of the vine and the opening flower:
  Love, torn and trampled on stony ground,
Is left to die in its blossom hour.

Well, go your ways; but, wherever they lead,
  They can not leave me wholly behind.
From the flower, as it falls, there falls a seed
  Whose roots round the roots of life shall wind.
  So sure as the soul in the flesh is shrined,
So sure as the fire in the cloud is set,
  Be you ever so cold or ever so blind,
You shall find and fathom and feel me yet.

As the germ of a tree in the close dark earth
  Struggles for life in its breathless tomb,
Quickening painfully into birth,
  Writhing its way up to light and room;
  As it spreads its growth till the great boughs loom
A shade and a greenness wide and high,
  And the birds sing under the myriad bloom,
And the top looks into the infinite sky;

So shall it be with the love to-day
  Flung under your feet as a worthless thing.
The hour and the spot I can not say
  Where the seed, fate-sown, at last shall spring:
  Beyond, it may be, the narrow ring
Of our little world in swarming space,
  After weary length of journeying,
It shall drop from the wind to its destined place.

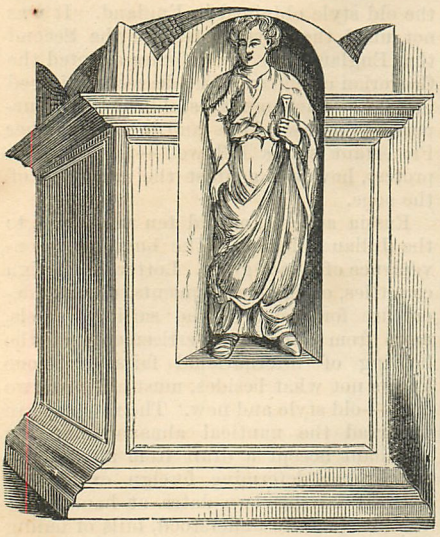
But somewhere, I know, it shall reach its height!
  Sometime it shall conquer this cruel wrong!
The sun by day, and the moon by night,
  Shower and season, shall bear it along.
  You will sleep and wake while it waxes strong
And green beside the appointed ways,
  Till, full of blossom and dew and song,
You shall find it there after many days.

Perchance it shall be amid long despair
  Of toiling over the desert sand;
When your eyes are burned by the level glare,
  And the staff is fire to your bleeding hand.
  Then the waving of boughs in a silent land,
And a wonder of green afar shall spread,
  And your feet as under a tent shall stand,
With shadow and sweetness about your head;

And my soul, like the unseen scent of the flower,
  Shall circle the heights and the depths of the tree:
Nothing of all in that consummate hour
  That shall not come as a part of me!
  This world or that may my triumph see—
But love and life can never be twain,
  And time as a breath of the wind shall be,
When we meet and grow together again!

THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME.

[Letter X.]



TOMB OF SECUNDUS.

CADALLAN IN ROME TO PENDA IN BRITAIN.

Xth day of Quinctilis,
Year of Rome DCCCXXXV.

BELOVED FRIEND,—See how I keep my promise to tell you, by letter, all about the home life of Romans, who are just now our masters. I write on triple-weft charta Augusta, as smooth as a lady's cheek, and which takes the color for my drawings more kindly than does any other sort of the paper of Egypt.

I have come, as you know, as a messenger from Agricola, now among the hills of Caledonia, bearing a laurel-decked letter to his late consular associate, Titus Flavius Domitian, for whom the soldiers shouted Imperator! and he now wears the purple. It is our best policy, dear Penda, to serve well when we can not reign; and it is for that reason that I joined the army and am now here. I am lodged in the house of the young patrician Caius Cornelius Tacitus, who, you know, married Julia, the sweet daughter of Agricola, in the very year when her father was made governor of Britain.

I will not now tell you of our perilous journey through Gaul. I will only write that I crossed the Channel from the chalk cliffs to Gessoriacum in a large galley on a calm day, with ten horsemen who composed my guard, and their spirited little beasts and mine from the pastures of Flavia Cæsariensis, as our masters call the country of our beloved Iceni. Across broad plains and dismal marshes, and over great wooded hills and lofty mountains, we made our way into Italy, and entered Rome by the Flavinian Way, which is lined with tombs or sepulchral urns. The laws of the Twelve Tables forbid all burials within the city, and so the graves of the poor and the stately urns holding the ashes of the rich (for they burn the bodies) are by the way-side. These tombs are sometimes made at the public expense. I send you a drawing of one of the plainer sort. It is that of Marcus Aurelius Secundus, one of Augustus Cæsar's veteran soldiers. It bears his effigy, by which you may see how honored men dress on public occasions. I also send you one of an elegant urn that stands upon a pedestal of porphyry, not far distant from the other. It is wrought of black marble, such as the statue of Seneca has just been made of. Upon the lid stands a sorrowing boy with a torch inverted so as to extinguish it. This is a favorite way here of symbolizing the end of life.

So soon as we had entered Rome my guards, before partaking of refreshments, hurried to the Temple of Concord, on the slope of the Capitoline, to pay their vows to their gods; while I, with better knowledge, learned from the venerated priests of the groves, breathed a silent hymn of gratitude to the Omnipotent One whose chief minister



MONUMENTAL URN.

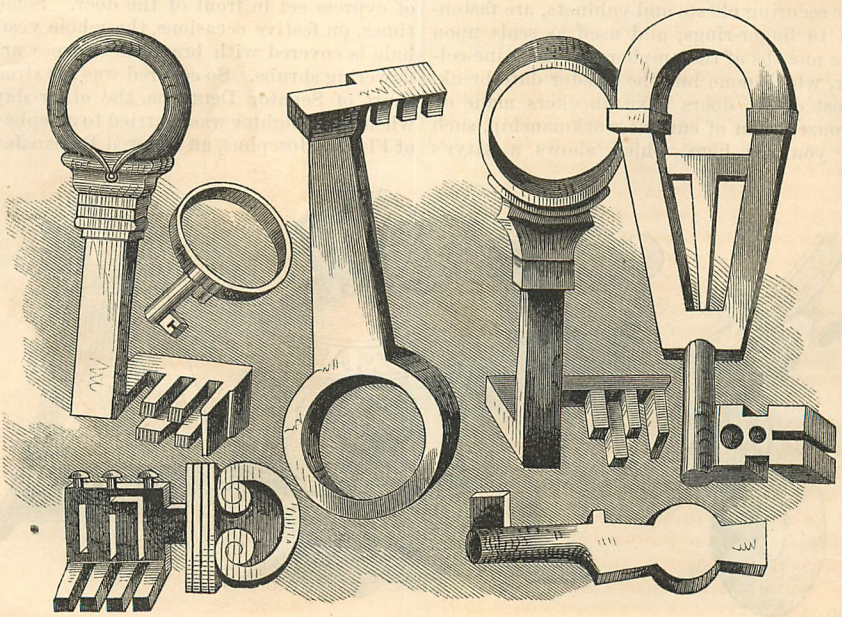
rules the day. After ablutions at the thermæ on the Via Lata, I passed slowly along the Via Sacra in meridian heat, resting a little in the shade of the Arch of Titus, and thence to the audience chamber of the imperial home on the Palatine. I put Agricola's dispatches into the hands of the emperor, and then sought the house of Tacitus in the Carinæ, at the corner of a little angiportus.

The emperor treats me kindly, for I bore him good news. He commended me to senators and nobles, who call me Cadallan the Pictor; and sometimes, in good nature, they fondle me as they would a girl, for I am fair and ruddy, and they look upon picture-making, in which I delight, as effeminate business, fitting for the occupation of the despised Greeks only. But it suits my fancy and serves us both, for by a few lines and a little color I can tell you more about the home life of this people than by writing over many leaves.

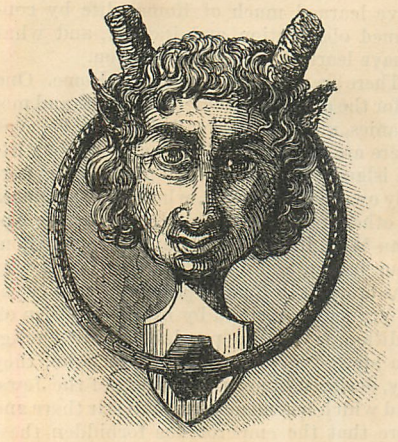
I have been a welcome guest in some of the best houses in Rome; and with the bright young Caius Plinius Cecilius Secundus, who pleads so eloquently before the courts of the centumviri and the senate, I have visited his country house at Laurentum, seventeen miles from the city, which belonged to his uncle and foster-father, the admiral who lost his life at Stabiæ when Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried in lava and ashes seven years ago. He is enlarging and adorning it. I have also been to Varro's villa at Casinum, which Antony plundered and greatly injured; but it is magnificent even now. I have learned much of Roman life by continued observation and inquiry, and what I have learned I will now tell you.

There are two sorts of houses in Rome. One is for the common people, merchants and mechanics, and they are called *insulæ*, because there are several of them in a group, like little islands. Those of each group are generally owned by one man, who hires the houses to others. In one of these, close by the Appian Way, lived that Paulus, a Jew (whom your father, as he told me, saw here), who was brought to Rome a prisoner about twenty years ago, accused by his countrymen of sedition, because he proclaimed a new religion started in Judæa by a man who, they say, declared himself to be King of the Jews, and which has made so great a stir there and here that the emperor has forbidden these *Christians*, as they are called, assembling together. These plainer houses are usually one story in height, with only three, and sometimes four, rooms.

The other sort of houses, belonging to people of quality, is called *domus*. Some of these are magnificent, and have as many as four floors, one above the other. The first floor is for the use of the servants, and the bath. The second floor contains the grand apartments for guests and the family, including the great eating-hall. The new city will be much more magnificent than the old one was when Nero, as many believe, set it on fire eighteen years ago. The streets are made wider, and are kept clean by great sewers, and rivers of water that flow through it from the distant hills



KEYS.

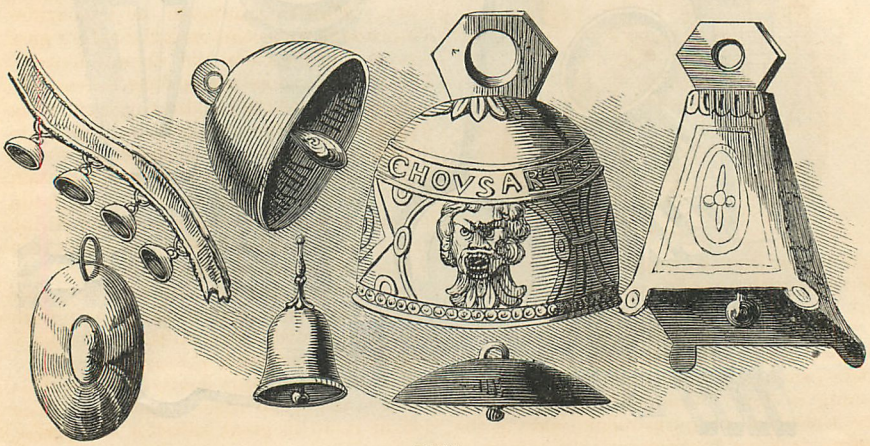


KNOCKER.

along magnificent aqueducts. The houses are larger than before, and many are built of Alban stone, and are so made fire-proof.

Before the better sort of houses are vestibules, or open courts, adjoining the street. Each house incloses a vestibule on three sides. In the middle portion is the front-door, two-leaved in form, furnished with a movable lock, and also bolts and bars. Some of these doors are very elegant. I have seen one made of polished marble, and two others were of bronze. Such is the janua of the son of Nero's wealthy freedman on the Vicus Tuscus. Rich ornaments cover many of them, and the locks also bear beautiful devices. The keys are multiform, as the drawings show. Some smaller keys, for securing chests and cabinets, are fastened to finger-rings, and used as seals upon the mouths of the amphoræ of the wine-cellar, which none but the master dare break. Most of the doors have knockers made of bronze, often of curious workmanship, such as you see here, which shows a satyr's head. Many have bells hanging outside. These knockers and bells summon the porter, who is chained within the ostium, or front hall, close to the door (with a fettered dog for his companion), and has a little room within reach of his tether. Some of these bells are beautifully wrought, as you see; and on one of them, used in this hospitable house, is a Greek inscription in Roman letters that signifies Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, which, Seneca taught, are the four elements of nature. The same bells are used for calling the family from bed and to their meals. They are also hung at the gates of the temples, and smaller ones are often fastened to the necks of horses, oxen, and sheep, attached to straps. The city watchmen carry them at night. I give you the forms of some of them, but I can not send you their sweet sounds, which often rival the melody of the nightingale in your own dear Canti. I am told that in Athens the doors of houses close upon the streets open outward, and that persons about to go out knock on the inside to notify the passer-by on the narrow pavement to get out of the way.

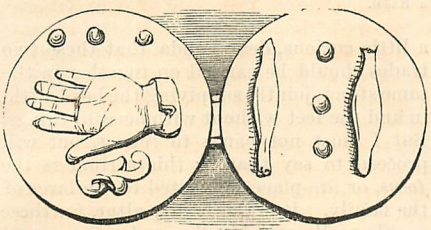
In the event of a marriage the doors here are adorned with pots and wreaths of bay and myrtle, and musicians play in the vestibule, while the people stand in crowds at the gate, and there receive each a little bride-cake, made of white flour from the corn of Dalmatia, mixed with anise and new wine. A birth is announced by suspending a chaplet of sweet flowers, such as the rose of Persia and the heliotrope of Sicily, upon the front-door. A death is indicated by pots of cypress set in front of the door. Sometimes, on festive occasions, the whole vestibule is covered with branches of trees and flowering shrubs. So covered was the street court of Senator Dentatus, the other day, when his daughter was married to a nephew of Flavius Josephus, an honored Roman Jew



BELLS.

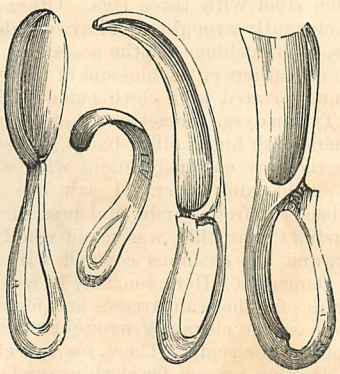
now living here, and a great favorite of the Empress Domitia. In the evening the whole space was lighted by many-colored lanterns, which made the falling waters of the fountain appear like a shower of precious stones.

I have spoken of the bath on the lower floor. There is one in every good house, for the Romans have learned from the Greeks the advantages of cleanliness. They never fail to bathe just before the evening meal, the principal one of the day, which is partaken of by the higher classes at about the ninth hour. There are magnificent public baths open every day from sunrise till sunset to all classes of people. Connected with these are ample places for exercise and amusement, schools, and halls for eating, where the bathers pay for what they consume. The price for a bath is only one quadrans, the smallest copper coin in use



A QUADRANS.

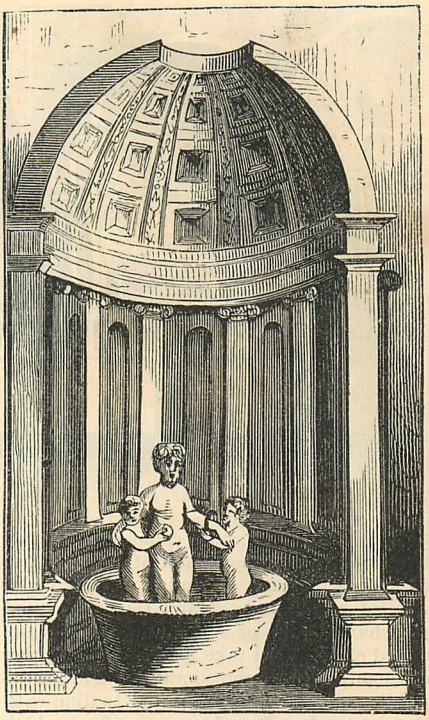
here. Children are admitted free. Men and women have generally bathed together; but a more decent way has been introduced in the new thermæ, where they have separate apartments. Bathers who can afford it hire men or boys to rub them with pumice,



STRIGILS.

or with an iron instrument called a strigil, and also with a sponge or towel. The poor rub themselves.

The baths are generally divided into five compartments. The bather first enters a cold room called the *frigidarium*, where the disrobing is done. From this he passes into the *tepidarium*, or warm room. Out of the warm-air room he goes into the *sudatio*, or

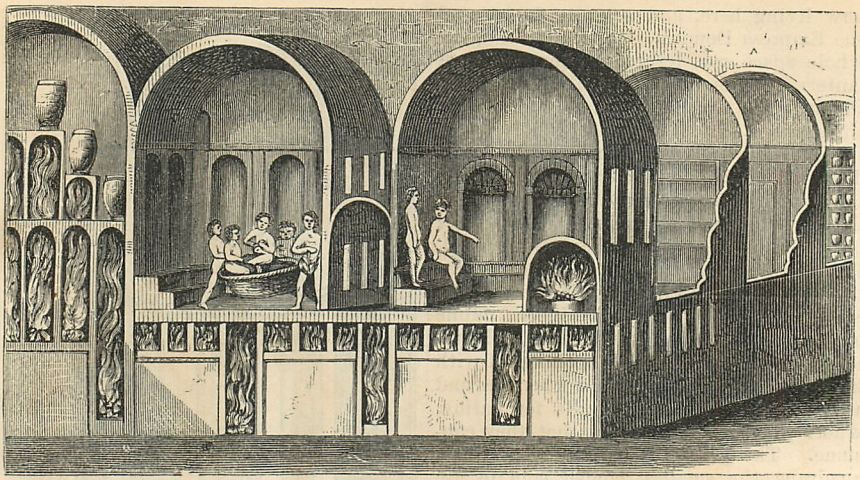


INTERIOR OF BATHING-ROOM.

sweating-room, which is filled with warm vapor, and thence into the bath-room, which is furnished with a large marble basin with a wide rim, whereon the bathers sit waiting their turn to be rubbed, or rub themselves. Under the sweating and bath rooms are the fires that give heat to the air and water.

After leaving the bath the bather passes slowly through the sweating-room into the tepidarium. There he is anointed with perfumed oils brought from a room back of the frigidarium, where it is kept in jars on shelves like those in the shop of an apothecary. After remaining in the tepidarium long enough to become cool, the bather goes into the frigidarium and dresses himself. The several rooms which form a complete bath may be seen in the drawing, beginning with the hot bath on the left, and passing to the right, through the sweating, the warm, and the cold room, to the perfume chamber. Very rich women sometimes bathe in milk, because it makes the skin soft and white. Nero's queen, Poppæa Sabina, the marvelously beautiful as well as the marvelously wicked usurper of Octavia's bed, kept fifty she-asses, even when journeying, which were milked to furnish her with the means for a daily bath in the fluid.

The *atrium*, or large family apartment, is the most important room in the house. The rich fit it up in great splendor sometimes, for in it they receive their guests, and also



ROOMS IN A BATH.

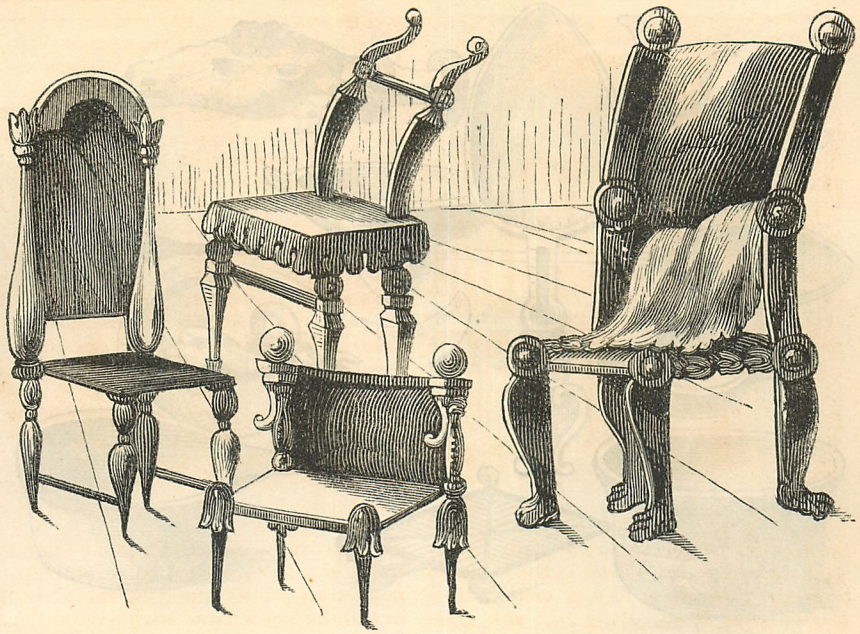
the train of people who come daily to pay their respects to the master of the house, or to accept presents of food or money, or favors of some kind. Many rich and great men have a host of such retainers, who are called clients, and take pride in the number of them. In the more simple days of the republic they were often invited to dine with the master, but now they accept food, which they carry away in a basket, or take an equivalent in money. With this custom the wits are making merry.

Sometimes the ceiling of the atrium may be seen painted in gay colors, or covered with beaten gold. The walls have pictures painted on them representing the gods, or scenes of love, war, and of the chase, or are hung with rich stuffs from the looms of Persia and Ind, while the floors are often made of many-colored stones in beautiful forms. In niches stand marble statues, and upon brackets are busts, and from the ceiling hangs a lamp of excellent workmanship. In this room the family daily assemble, and here the morning sacrifice is made at a little altar. Here also the wax figures of the ancestors of the family are kept. In the atrium the pedagogue often teaches the children grammar, and there the mother, if she be faithful, instructs them in the higher moralities of life. Alas! there are few Cornelias now. Most of the Roman matrons ought to blush if they look upon her statue when they cross the Forum Romanum.

The spinning and weaving implements of the household may be often found in the atrium, and scattered about are the toys of children. In one corner, covered with a curtain, may be seen a case filled with books from Greece, and a few from the pens of Romans, and to these the booksellers from the Vicus Sandalarius—where the shoe-makers abound—often make additions. It seems a little curious, dear Penda, that these two trades should be carried on together in the same street, jointly supplying the head within and the feet without with needful things. But I must not pause to reflect, but will proceed to say that in this atrium is the *focus*, or fire-place, dedicated to the lares of the family. It is the family altar, for these people really worship fire under gross symbols, as we do in more ethereal similitudes. Until the reign of Tiberius Cæsar the cooking was done at the fire in the atrium, for there was none elsewhere; but now there is a separate apartment for that business.

In the atrium you may also see many seats, some very plain, and nothing more than a wooden stool with three legs. Others are more elegantly wrought, and have cushioned backs, with cushions on the seats, made of down or feathers or the blossom of the sweet calamus, covered with cloth made brilliant with Tyrian dyes. Sometimes they are made of osiers, with high hollow backs, and sometimes they are curiously inlaid with wood, ivory, gold, and silver. I saw one that was brought from Persia, and presented to Augustus Cæsar, that was made wholly of ivory, and has cushions covered with silk from Damascus. Here, too, may be seen little tables for the seamstresses and for other purposes, some elegantly wrought after the manner of the seats. There, too, are chests with drawers, presses for clothing, and caskets with jewels; and at wedding times the nuptial couch is placed in the atrium—the room most sacred to the family—opposite to the entrance door.

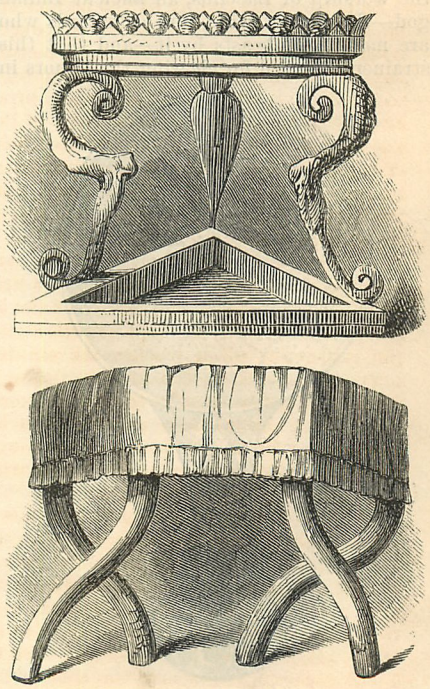
The *culina*, or kitchen, is near the eating-hall. There all the cooking is done, and from it the filled dishes are carried to the eating-hall or to the *diæta*. The utensils in the kitchen are many in number and kind, from the little short-handled spoon to the



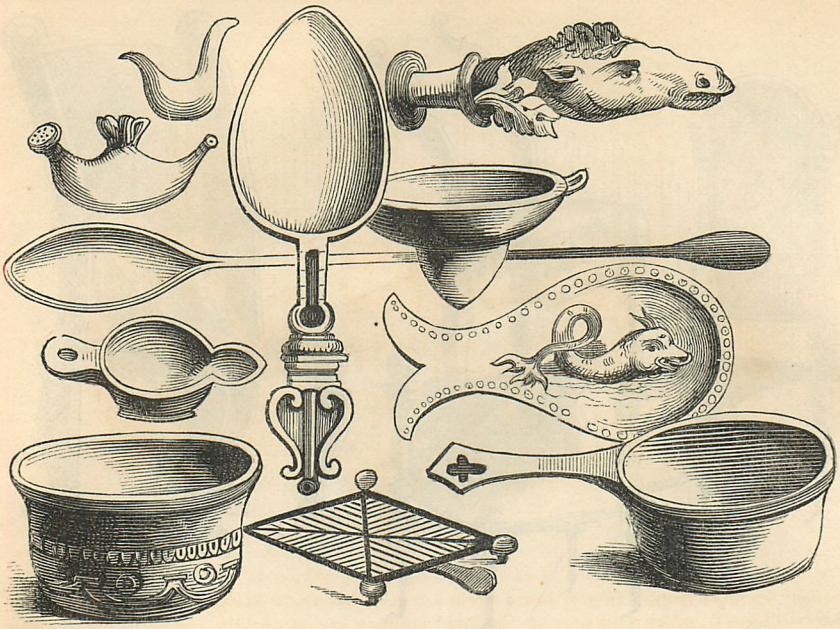
CHAIRS.

great long-handled one (with which the chief cook, sitting like a king upon a high stool, reaches to every kettle and tastes the broth), or the stately caldron in which the meats and vegetables are seethed. The cooks here require a great number of utensils, for they have a larger variety of food from the earth, air, and water to prepare than those of Britain, where diet is simple. Some of the caldrons, made of copper, are of enormous size. The saucepans are also made of copper, and often have ornamented handles. There are skillets of pottery and iron; small pots and kettles; frying-pans, broilers, and steamers; ladles, flesh-hooks, colanders, and fine strainers; salt-cups, and boxes filled with powdered spices from the East; jars of honey; knives with curiously wrought handles of wood, stags' horns, and ivory; dishes for gravy, sometimes made of silver; broad plates for the flesh, and deep dishes for soups; and vases for oil, vinegar, and liquors. I might mention other things; but what I have said, with the drawings and explanations, will give you an idea of the furnishing of a Roman kitchen for cooking, with a kind of stove made of baked earth, and a charcoal fire.

Among the drawings is one of a beautiful strainer, which a client of Cossus gave to that master of oratory not more than a month ago. It came from a Corinthian kitchen; and as you are little acquainted with the religion of the Greeks, I will explain the figures in the device, which are made of raised silver, on the handle. At the lower end is the god Pan, with a goat's ears, horns, and legs, pushing a full goat that is standing upon its hinder feet. Between them is a Pan's pipe, an instrument of music made of reed, on which is a horn full of fruit, denoting plenty. Above them are two wild-boars, and again above these is a sheep. Near the

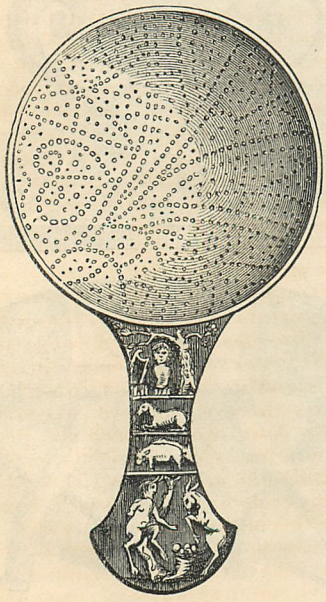


TABLES.



KITCHEN UTENSILS.

strainer is an idol fixed upon a stick, at the foot of a tree, in front of an altar on which are two pomegranates; by it are seen a spear and harp. Cossus tells me that his client says these figures have a symbolical relation to some religious rites of the Greeks in the worship of Bacchus, an ancient Indian god—the god of wine, and drunkards who are made half beasts by it—and that this strainer was used for clearing the liquors in

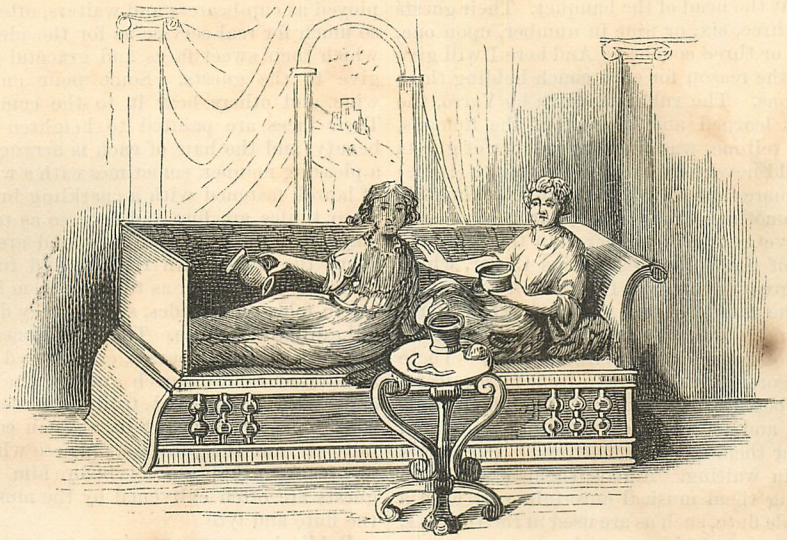


A WINE STRAINER.

the kitchen by the butler before the cupbearer carried them to the master and his guests at table.

The ordinary meats used here are veal, beef, lamb, mutton, pork, the flesh of goats, and poultry, such as geese, hens, ducks, capons, and pullets. The deer, hare, rabbit, and dormouse rank among the delicacies. So also do peacocks, partridges, hens from Africa, pigeons, and several smaller kinds of birds, such as the thrush, woodcock, and turtle-dove. The wild-boar is occasionally seen upon table; so also is the flesh of the bear. Fish of many kinds are plentiful; and some are regarded not only as delicacies, but as luxuries. The turbot is a favorite on the royal table, where it is drowned in olive-oil from Venafrum. Mullets are dainties, and herrings from Lipara are eagerly sought. Lampreys from the Sicilian whirlpool are eaten only by the rich, and delight the epicure. Lobsters and crabs are eaten cold, with sliced eggs; and oysters from Pelorus are great dainties. They have a variety of sauces; and at the table of Licetus I partook of a dish highly seasoned with pepper from the Indian isles and salt from Sarmatia. It was composed of flesh small minced, and mixed with vinegar, blood, toasted cheese, parsley, cummin, thyme, coriander, and other odoriferous herbs and seeds, onions roasted in ashes, poppies, dried grapes, honey, and pomegranate kernels, and made into the consistency of a pudding or sausage.

Here we have vegetables unknown in our dear Britain. The delicious asparagus from the gardens of Laurentum, radishes from



LYING AT TABLE.

Martinæ, turnips from Thebes, beets from Ascra, cabbages, mushrooms, and truffles from the surrounding fields, are all plentiful in their season. Cucumbers and water-mel ons abound. Peaches come from the Levant, and delicious apples from the orchards of Tivoli. Nuts, and cakes rich with butter, fine-flavored with almonds, or sweet with honey, are served with the wine, which is often spiced and sweetened and cooled into delicious draughts by snow brought from the Apennines, which is carried about the streets in little chariots lined with straw. The cooks are mostly Greeks or Sicilians, and are very expert. It is said that one in the emperor's kitchen has boiled and roasted the two halves of a pig at the same time without dividing it; and another has made pork appear to the taste like fish and wood-pigeon; while a third, from Syracuse, so disguised a herring that Domitian thought it was a lamprey. But the emperor is no epicure, and is as easily served as deceived. He cares not whether he washes down his Malian apple with a draught of cold water or of the costliest wine.

And now, dear Penda, having shown you the kitchen and the food there prepared for the table, I will lead you into the great banquet-hall, that you may see in what manner the patricians of Rome take their meals.

In ancient days the eating-hall was on the lower floor; but in the course of time, when luxury brought in new manners, and the soft Greek habit of lying upon a couch at table, instead of sitting upright as the sturdier old Romans and the Greeks' own sturdier ancestors did, became fashionable, the dining-room was placed on the same floor with the atrium. It was anciently called the *cœnaculum*, or room to dine in, but now it is called the *triclinium*, because the table-couches are generally made to hold three persons each. There is also in each house a smaller room for children and others to eat in, called the *diæta*. Sometimes this contains a sleeping-bed, and is used as a sort of nursery; and herein little games and amusements are carried on.

That the Greeks, from whom the Romans learned the use of the bath and the lazy custom of lying down to eat, sat upright in their olden time, I learned only yesterday, when the master now teaching the little children of Cossus read to me the account given by an old Greek poet of the arrival of Ulysses, a celebrated prince, at the palace of Alcinous of Phæacia, after a shipwreck, who caused his guest to sit at table in a magnificent chair. And it was not until the end of the second Punic war, two hundred and fifty years ago, I am told, that the Romans adopted the luxurious habit of lying at meat. It soon became fashionable all over the Roman empire; and now, when luxury in every form and voluptuous ease have taken the place of simplicity, frugality, and useful activity, it is practiced even by the common people, who lie upon benches when they eat their brown bread and acorns and fish from the Tiber. This custom began with the daily use of the bath, which was taken just before the evening meal, when the bathers lay down upon a couch and there received food from their attendants.

The eating-bed, or couch, as I have said, was usually made for three persons. I send you a drawing of one with only two persons upon it—Cossus and his wife—with the little table in general use before them, on which is a small loaf of bread, a vase of mixed wine and milk, and a lamprey. They are reclin-

ing at the head of the banquet. Their guests are three, six, or nine in number, upon one, two, or three couches. And here I will give you the reason for each couch holding three persons. The rule laid down by Varro, the most learned and elegant of the Romans, they tell me, was that the number of guests should never be less than the Graces (three) nor more than the Muses, or nine. This rule is sometimes disregarded, for I have seen twelve guests at supper. In the frigidarium of the baths of Tiberius Cæsar, which the great fire spared, I have seen a painting on the wall of eleven guests at a feast with the master and mistress of the house, all on one long couch of semicircular form There is a sort of battlement in front of the feasters, beautifully cushioned, on which they lean and receive their food and wine, and under them is a soft mattress. Attendants are in waiting. Among them is a woman giving them musical entertainment with a double flute, such as are used in the theatres.

The greatest luxury and extravagance are sometimes displayed by the rich at their banquets. Sometimes the table-beds are made of costly wood, adorned with tortoise-shells, ivory, or some more valuable thing, and glitter with precious stones. Rich quilts or mattresses, purple in color, embroidered with gold, and adorned with leaves and flowers of all colors, cover the couches. Cups and goblets of silver, gold, and crystal, and drinking-horns adorned with the heads of animals, abound, and are arranged in perfect order. Glasses, vials, vases, and other objects, curiously wrought, stand before the guests with sauces and spices; and beautiful boys are usually employed as cup-bearers and waiters, often not so much for real service as for the pleasure which their sweet faces and graceful forms give to the guests. Some pour out the wine, and others bear it to the company. Their faces are painted to heighten their beauty, and the hair of each is arranged in a pleasing manner, sometimes with a wreath of laurel, fastened with a sparkling buckle. Their tunics are fine and thin, so as to display all motions of the body, and are girt about the waist with ribbons, and tucked up in such a manner as to leave them hanging in folds on all sides, so that they do not fall quite to the knee. There are sometimes as many as seven courses, each served upon a different table to each guest. The feast ends with pastry and fruit as a dessert. The tables are brought in, at each course, fully set, and the guest may choose what he pleases from that which is before him. The guests are often enlivened by the music of the flute and lyre



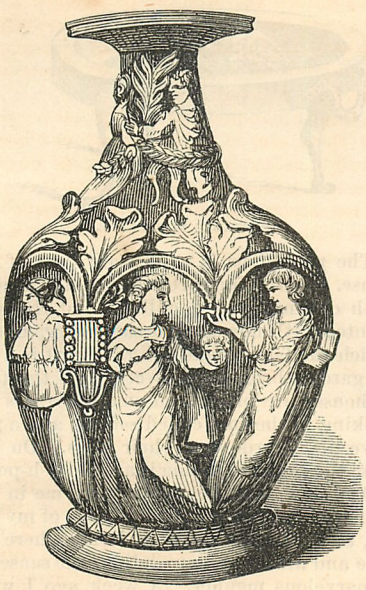
A CUP-BEARER.

Public banquets are given on occasions. At these one of the company is chosen to preside as *rex convivii*, or king of the feast, whose business is to assign to each guest his place according to rank and circumstance. His will is law during the feast, which every one is compelled to obey. Sometimes he plays the petty tyrant, and exercises his caprice in a most annoying manner, such as pouring wine upon the head of a guest who may refuse to drink. All of the great banquets are given in the evening, as well as private suppers. The breakfast and dinner are slight repasts taken by the family in the diæta. The Egyptians, I am told, had a strange custom at their public feasts and the entertainments of the rich in the elder ages of the nation. At the end of the feast a bier with a small wooden or clay figure of a dead corpse was brought in, and the bearer of it went to each guest and said, "Look upon this. Eat, drink, and be merry; but know that you shall one day be like it." I have seen here in the booksellers' shops little earthen figures of such corpses, a span long, that were placed upon the tables of the Egyptians at the end of their feasts. This may be pleasant to the spirits of that strange people, who neither burn nor bury their dead, but perfume them and box them up in wooden cases for preservation, as we do salted sturgeon for the Levantine market. But we, dear Penda, do not like the intrusion of such reminders of destiny, and would regard a death's-head where there is good cheer as an impertinence.

The furniture of the tables of rich Romans shows a great variety of forms and workmanship. It consists chiefly of vases of all sizes for liquors, oils, and perfumes; flagons, bottles, goblets, pitchers, salvers, plates, bowls, milk and honey pots, dishes for meats and vegetables, gravy dishes, drinking cups and

pots, standing cups, chalices, vials, craters, knives, spoons, small flesh-hooks; fruit dishes of wood, clay, and metal; and linen napkins and towels, sometimes richly embroidered. The vessels are made of brass, bronze, wood, clay, stone, glass, silver, gold, and precious stones, such as onyx, agate, jasper, and carnelian. Among the vessels of his table most prized by Nero were his magnificent goblets of rock-crystal wrought by the best Etruscan artists.

The most beautiful of the vases that I have seen were brought from Corinth long after Mummius burned that city. They were found buried in ruins. One of these, made of terra cotta, with the figures of the nine Muses in relief on the sides, belongs to Trebius, a senator. I send you a drawing



CORINTHIAN VASE.

of it. Most of the other vases, large and small, seen on tables are the work of the old Etruscans or their Roman imitators. The earthen ones are painted in subdued colors. I give you a drawing of one used for water at the banquet that is made of a kind of jasper, with a lid bearing the image of a man's head. I have seen six little table vases which Pompey brought among his trophies of triumph in the East, and dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. They are made of a curious mineral found in Parthia, that has the dim lustre of the pearl, but is of a bright flame-color.

There are also seen upon tables little vases for oils, called *gutti*, because of their narrow throats, through which the fluid trickles, a single drop at a time. Pitchers of curious and elegant forms abound; and you will see every where, in private houses, public re-



JASPER VASE.

sorts, and in temples, vessels called craters, in which wine is mixed with water, for the pure juice of the grape is seldom used. These craters are of various sizes, according to the number of guests or other uses to which they are put. They are employed in the dedication of temples, and in making offerings of wine, milk, and honey. Sailors take libations from them in cups, and pour them into the sea before departing on a voyage. They have been used in Greece for at least a thousand years. Livius Andronius says in a book I have seen that Agamemnon returned from Troy with no less than three



PITCHER AND GUTTUS.



A CRATER.

thousand craters as a part of his spoil. They are often highly ornamented, and are made in curious forms. I give you a drawing of one made in the shape of a human head, which Drusus, a friend of Tacitus, and a centurion, brought from Syracuse last year. It is made of red earth hard baked.

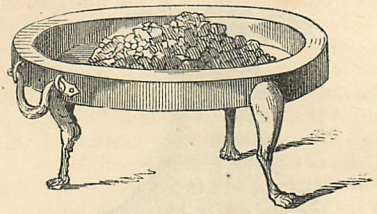
Vessels of glass, particularly those used for drinking, are common, and some of them are very elegant. I have seen glass goblets the colors of which changed in different lights as do those of the feathers on the neck of a pigeon. Others are ornamented with figures cut by a revolving wheel in a curious manner, and others have glittering bands of gold around them, and are marked with their owners' names, and expressions such as "I thirst." So, also, were their great earthen vessels. The names are stamped upon the soft clay before it is baked, with seals of metal and wood. These seals are sometimes made quite fanciful in shape. That of the human foot is a favorite form, giving the idea that the impression was made by the pedal pressure.



A STAMP.

I have told you of several principal apartments of a fine Roman house. I will now write of others.

The *cubiculum*, or bed-chamber, is very small, and there are separate ones for the day and night. They are placed, if possible, in the eastern part of the house, so that the sleeper may have the light and warmth of the morning sun, which excites his gratitude to adoration. Sometimes they are connected with a little dressing-room. In the most remote part of the house is the *conclavia*, appropriated to the use of the women, where much of the spinning and needle-work is done. Near the triclinium is the *exedræ*, or small room for conversation and other social purposes. Another room, more spacious than the eating-hall, with columns, and often highly ornamented, is devoted to the occasional gatherings of a large number of friends, and sometimes as a dining-hall. The winter apartments are on the upper floor at the south side of the house, where the heat of the sun is generally sufficient to make them comfortable in this mild climate. Into these, on the coldest days, a *foculus*, or small portable fire-place, is carried, with hot ashes or burning charcoal, whose fumes escape by the windows or an opening in the roof.



PORTABLE FIRE-PLACE.

The *peristylium* is a pleasant part of the house. It is an inner court, open to the sky, with columns and a gallery, and the area planted with flowers and shrubbery, among which the family take delight, for it is a little garden, bright and sweet. On the tops of houses are often seen small terraces for basking in the sun, called *solaria*, and a few have little gardens on their roofs. On one near the Porta Flaminia is a small fish-pond.

And now, dear Penda, go with me in imagination, as you read this portion of my letter, to a villa not far from Rome where nature and art conspire to delight the senses in a marvelous manner. A week ago I went with the young Plinius to his country house, to which I have alluded. Being only three miles from Laurentum, he calls it Laurentinium. We rode out in a small chariot along the highway to Ostia, six miles from the villa, where we took a common country road that led us through woods and open fields abounding with flowery meadows and rich pastures, where flocks and herds were grazing. We approached the villa by a pleasant shaded avenue that leads to a large circular space they call a portico. Around this are the buildings or apartments, one story in height, which compose the villa. These are built in various styles for various uses. The triclinium, or grand eating-hall, is upon the sea-shore, and when the south wind blows from Africa the waves wash its walls. The room has on all sides spacious doors and windows, from which, as it is upon a point of land, you may look out and seem to behold three different seas.

From another front you have a view of an inner court, the portico, the avenue, and the near woods and distant mountains.

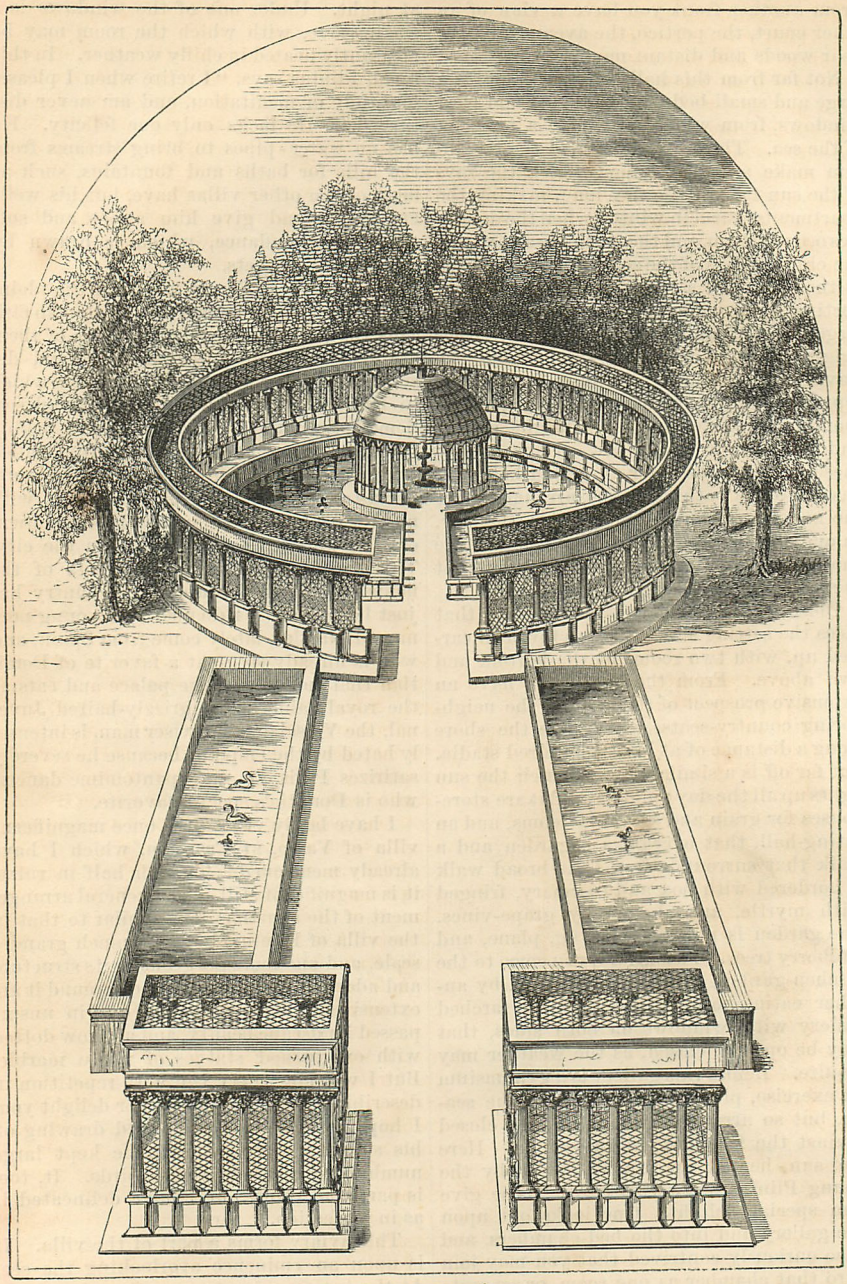
Not far from this hall, across a court, is a large and small bedroom with east and west windows, from which you have a prospect of the sea. These chambers and the triclinium make an angle, upon which the rays of the sun fall all the day long, making the apartments warm in winter, when the domestics occupy them, and the master is away from the chilling fogs of the sea-shore in his house in the city. In a room at that angle, connecting by a wainscoted passage with the larger bed-chamber, is a library. Other lodgings are on the same side, which the slaves and freedmen occupy. Near these, separated only by a court, are two spacious rooms, illuminated by the sunlight direct, and reflected from the sea. From one of these, which is used for an eating-hall, you pass into the bathing-rooms, arranged after the manner of the public baths in the city. In one of these are two bathing basins large enough to swim in, and are so situated that the bathers may look out upon the sea.

Close by the baths is a tennis-court that faces the setting sun. There a tower is carried up, with two rooms at the bottom and two above. From the latter you have an extensive prospect of the sea and the neighboring country-seats, which line the shore along a distance of at least a hundred stadia. Not far off is a similar tower, which the sun lights up all the day; and beyond it are storehouses for grain and servants' rooms, and an eating-hall that overlooks a garden and a walk that surrounds it. That broad walk is bordered with box and rosemary, fringed with myrtle, and shaded by grape-vines. The garden is planted with fig, plane, and mulberry trees. Passing on, you come to the kitchen-garden, which is overlooked by another eating-hall. Close by is an arched gallery with windows on both sides, that may be open or closed, as the weather may require. Before this gallery is a gymnasium for exercise, pleasantly exposed to the sea-air, but so arranged that it may be closed against the frequent chilling winds. Here are sun-heated apartments, built by the young Plinius but a year ago. These give him special delight. One looks out upon the gallery and into the bed-chambers, and is so curiously contrived that you may join it to that chamber as one room, or separate them with ease by transparent stone tablets or curtains. The chamber contains two chairs and a bed, and from its open windows you may look out upon both the sea and the country. It is in so quiet a place that the noise of the servants when they keep the Saturnalian feast, and even the roar of the sea, can not be heard. The windows may be so tightly closed as to keep out the sunbeams in the daytime, and the lightning at night. Under one of the windows is a small stove, with which the room may be pleasantly heated in chilly weather. In this room, Plinius says, "I retire when I please, for study or meditation, and am never disturbed." He lacks only one felicity. He has no water-pipes to bring streams from the hills for baths and fountains, such as most of the other villas have, but his wells are many, and give him sweet and soft water in abundance, which is drawn by swapes and buckets.

Such, my dear Penda, is one of the plainest of the country houses of rich Roman citizens that line the sea-shore. Some of them are truly magnificent—almost beyond description. Every one has a tower from which to look over wide ranges of land and sea. Some have fountains, cascades, and pebbly brooks. Some have extensive gardens filled with fruits and vegetables, but many are houses and grounds for pleasure only, with neither fruit nor kitchen garden, whose owners buy all they need for food in the city. This folly of buying the products of the fields in a town for use in the country has just been sharply ridiculed by a young poet named Martial, lately come from Spain, and who is already so great a favorite of Domitian that he lives in the palace and eats at the royal table, while grizzly-haired Juvenal, the Volscian, a far wiser man, is intensely hated by the emperor because he severely satirizes Paris, a young pantomime dancer, who is Domitia's special favorite.

I have lately visited the once magnificent villa of Varro, at Casinum, which I have already mentioned. Though half in ruins, it is magnificent still. The general arrangement of the apartments is similar to that in the villa of Plinius, but on a much grander scale, and one more gorgeous in its structure and adornments. The grounds around it are extensive. They were laid out in unsurpassed landscape beauty, and are now dotted with overturned statues of white marble. But I will not weary you with repetition in describing this villa, but rather delight you, I hope, with a description and drawing of his superb aviary, wherein he kept large numbers of rare and costly birds. It, too, is partly in ruins, but I have delineated it as in perfection.

This aviary forms a part of the villa. It is upon an eminence overlooking the sea. At the entrance are two porticoes, or large cages, with columns all around, and covered with wire netting at top and sides, so as to give the birds plenty of air and freedom, but not their natural liberty. Between these immense cages is the entrance to the court, on each side of which is a long pool for water-fowl. From this court you pass to a large double colonnade, the outward circumference of which is built of Alban stone, and the inner one of fir from the Apennines.



THE AVIARY OF VARRO'S VILLA.

The space between them is about five feet, and is covered, like the cages at the entrance, with a wire netting. This space was filled with the rarest singing-birds from many lands. The colonnade rested upon a substantial stone quay that projected several feet beyond the inner circle, and was raised two feet above the inclosed pool. This projection afforded a pleasant walk for the guests from which to view the singing-birds and the water-fowl.

In the centre of the pool is a round island covered by a dome supported by columns. Here Varro and his friends ate and conversed. Under the centre of the dome is a round table that moves upon an axis, by which the boys in attendance might turn to each guest such viands as he might

choose. Within the dome is a hemisphere, upon which was delineated in bright colors the celestial sphere; but those colors are now dim and the lines obscure. There was also a picture of the winds, so arranged upon an axle that when a vane on the top of the dome was turned in the direction it might be blowing at any time, the finger of a hand within pointed toward the picture of that wind. Over the table was a water-clock made of glass by which to count the hours at day or night; and at the entrance to the dome is a brazen sun-dial, whose gnomon was solid silver. This gnomon was carried away when Antony plundered the villa. I will only add that Varro had here an extensive museum of curious objects of nature and art, and many strange animals from foreign lands, with which he sometimes supplied the circus in Rome on great show days.

I expect to stay here until the next spring, having leave of absence from Agricola, and the permission of the emperor to do so. This letter I send by the hand of Caius Sulpitius, a trusty freedman, who will start two days hence with imperial dispatches for the governor. Another messenger will leave at about the beginning of the vintage, when I will send you another letter, in which I will tell you more about the home life of these Romans: their manner of dressing, both men and women; their personal adornments, domestic employments, courtships, weddings, funerals, amusements and other things that may interest you.

Salute all our friends.

Vale! CADALLAN.

OLD KENSINGTON.

BY MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNBORN TO-MORROW, AND DEAD YESTERDAY.

WHATEVER Lady Sarah may have thought, Mrs. Palmer used to consider Dolly a most fortunate girl, and she used to say so, not a little to Lady Sarah's annoyance.

"Extremely fortunate," repeats Dolly's mamma, looking thoughtfully at her fat satin shoes. "What a lottery life is! I was as pretty as Dolly, and yet dear Stanham had not any thing like Robert's excellent prospects. Even the Ad— Don't go, Sarah."

Poor Lady Sarah would start up, with an impatient movement, and walk across the room to get away from Philippa's retrospections. They were almost more than she had patience for just then. She could scarcely have found patience for Philippa herself, if it had not been that she was Dolly's mother. What did she mean by her purrings and self-congratulations? Lady Sarah used to feel most doubtful about Dolly's good fortune just when Philippa was most enthusiastic on the subject, or when Robert himself was pointing out his excellent prospects in his lucid way.

Philippa would listen, nodding languid approbation. Dolly would make believe to laugh at Robert's accounts of his coming honors; but it was easy to see that it was only make-believe incredulity.

Her aunt could read the girl's sweet conviction in her eyes, and she loved her for it. Once, remembering her own youth, this fantastic woman had made a vow never, so long as she lived, to interfere in the course of true love. True love! Is this true love, when one person is in love with a phantom, another with an image reflected in a glass? True love is something more than phantoms, than images and shadows; and yet, stirred by phantoms and living among shadows, its faint dreams come to life.

Lady Sarah was standing by the bookcase, in a sort of zigzag mind of her own old times and of Dolly's to-day. She had taken a book from the shelf—a dusty volume of Burns's poems—upon the fly-leaf of which the name of another Robert Henley was written. She holds the book in her hand, looks at the crooked writing—"S. V., from Robert Henley, May, 1808." She beats the two dusty covers together, and puts it back into its place again. That is all her story. Philippa never heard of it; Robert



"COME DOWN DIRECTLY, YOU WICKED WOMAN."—[SEE PAGE 86.]

never heard of it, nor did he know that Lady Sarah loved his name—which had been his father's too—better than she loved him. "Perhaps her happiness had all gone to Dolly," the widow thought, as she stood, with a troubled sort of smile on her face, looking at the two young people through a pane of glass; and then, like a good woman as she is, tries to silence her misgivings into a little prayer for their happiness.

Let us do justice to the reluctant prayers that people offer up. They are not the less true because they are half-hearted, and because those who pray would sometimes gladly be spared an answer to their petitions. Poor Lady Sarah! her prayers seemed too much answered as she watched Dolly day by day more and more radiant and absorbed.

"My dear creature, what are you doing with all those dusty books? Can you see our young people?" says Mrs. Palmer, languidly looking over her arm-chair. "I ex-

pect Colonel Witherington this afternoon. He admires Dolly excessively, Sarah; and I really think he might have proposed, if Robert had not been so determined to carry her off. You dear old thing, forgive me; I don't believe she would ever have married at all if I had not come home. You are in the clouds, you know. I remember saying so to Hawtry at Trincomalee. I should have disowned her if she had turned out an old maid. I know it. I detest old maids. The Admiral has a perfect craze for them, and they all adore him. I should like you to see Miss Macgrudder—there never was any thing so ludicrous, asthmatic, sentimental—frantic. We must introduce Miss Moineaux to him, and the Morgan girls. I often wonder how he ever came to marry a widow, and I tell him so. It was a great mistake. Can you believe it?—Hawtry now writes that second marriages are no marriages at all. Perhaps you agree with him? I'm sure Dolly is quite ready to do so. I never saw a girl so changed—*never*. We have lost her, my dear; make up your mind to it. She is Robert, not Dolly any more—no thought for any one else, not for *me*, dear child! And don't you flatter yourself she will ever.....Dear me! Gone? What an extraordinary creature poor Sarah is! touched, certainly; and *such* a wet blanket!"

Mrs. Palmer, rising from her corner, floats across the room, sweeping over several footstools and small tables on her way. She goes to the window, and not caring to be alone, begins to tap with her diamond finger upon the pane, to summon the young couple, who pay not the slightest attention. Fortunately the door opens, and Colonel Witherington is announced. He is a swarthy man, with shiny boots, a black mustache; his handkerchief is scented with Esse bouquet, which immediately permeates the room; he wears tight dog-skin gloves and military shirt collars. Lady Sarah thinks him vulgar and odious beyond words; Mrs. Palmer is charmed to see him, and graciously holds out her white hand. She is used to his adoration, and accepts it with a certain swan-like indifference.

People had different opinions about Mrs. Palmer. In some circles she was considered brilliant and accomplished; in others, silly and affected. Colonel Witherington never spoke of her except with military honors. "Charming woman," he would say; "highly cultivated; you might give her five-and-twenty at the outside. Utterly lost upon that spluttering old psalm-singing Palmer. Psalms are all very well in their *proper* place—in the prayer-books, or in church; but after dinner, when one has got a good cigar, and feels inclined for a little pleasant conversation, it is *not* the time to ring the bell for the servants, and have 'em down upon their knees all of a row, and up again in five minutes to listen to an extempore sermon. The Admiral runs on like a clock. I used to stay with them at the Admiralty House. Pity that poor woman most heartily! Can't think how she keeps up as she does!"

Little brown Lady Henley at Smokethwaite would not have sympathized with Colonel Witherington's admiration. She made a point of shrugging her shoulders whenever she heard Philippa's name mentioned. "If you ask me," she would say, "I must frankly own that my sister-in-law is not to be depended on. She is utterly selfish; she only lives for the admiration of gentlemen. My brother Hawtry is a warm-hearted, impulsive man, who would have made any woman happy. If he *has* looked for consolation in his domestic trials, and found it in religious interests, it is not I who would blame him. Sir Thomas feels as I do, and deeply regrets Philippa's deplorable frivolity. I do not know much of that poor girl of hers. I have no doubt Robert has been dazzled by mother and daughter. They are good-looking, and, as I am told, thoroughly well understand the art of setting themselves off to the best advantage. I am fond of Robert Henley, but I can not pretend to have any feeling for Dorothea one way or another. We have asked them here, of course. They are to come after their marriage. I only hope my sister-in-law appreciates her daughter's good luck, and has the sense to know the value of such a man as Robert Henley."

Mrs. Palmer was perfectly enchanted with her future son-in-law. He could scarcely get rid of her. Robert, with some discomposure, would find himself sitting on his aunt's sofa, hand in hand, listening to long and very unpleasant extracts from her correspondence. "You dear boy!" Mrs. Palmer would say, with her soft, fat fingers firmly clasped round his, "you have done me good. Your dear head is able to advise my poor perplexed heart. Dolly, he is my prop. I give you up, my child, gladly, to this dear fellow!" These little compliments mollified the young man at first, although he found that by degrees the tax of his aunt's constant dependence became heavier and heavier. Briareus himself could scarcely have supplied arms to support her unsparing weakness, to hand her parcels and footstools about, to carry her shawls and cushions, and to sort the packets of her correspondence. She had the Admiral's letters, and tied up with various colored ribbons, and docketed, "Cruel," "Moderately Abusive," "Apologetic," "Canting," "Business." She was always sending for Robert. Her playful tap at the window made him feel quite nervous.

Mrs. Palmer had begun to knit him a pair of muffatees, and used slowly to twist pink silk round ivory needles. Lady Henley laughed very loud when she heard this.

"Poor Robert! He will have to pay dearly for those mittens," she said.

For a long time past Mrs. Palmer had rarely left the house, but the trousseau now began to absorb her; she used to go driving for long hours at a time with Dolly in a jaded fly; she would invite Robert to accompany them—to Baker Street Bazar, to Soho Square, to St. Paul's Church-yard, back again to Oxford Street, a corner shop of which she had forgotten the number. On one occasion, after trying three or four corner shops, Robert called to the coachman to stop, and jumped out. "I think Dolly and I will walk home," he said, abruptly; "I'm afraid you must give up your shop, Aunt Philippa. It is impossible to find the place."

Poor Dolly, who was longing to escape, brightened up, but before she could speak Mrs. Palmer had grasped her tightly by both hands. "My dear Robert, what a proposal! I could not *think* of letting Dolly walk all the way home. She would be *quite* done up. And it is *her* business, her shopping, you know." Then, reproachfully and archly, "And I *must* say that even the Admiral would scarcely have deserted us so ungallantly, with all this work on our hands, and all these parcels, and no servant. You dear fellow, you really must not leave us."

Robert stood holding the door open, and looking particularly black. "I am very sorry indeed," he said, with a short laugh, "but you will be quite safe, my dear aunt, and you really seem to have done enough shopping to last for many years to come." And he put out his hand as a matter of course, to help Dorothea to alight.

"But she *can not* leave me," says Philippa, excitedly; "she would not even wish it. Would you, my child? I never drive alone—never; I am afraid of the coachman. It is most unreasonable to propose such a thing."

"I will answer for your safety," persisted Robert. "My dear aunt, you must get used to doing without your Dolly now. Come, Dora, the walk will freshen you up."

"But I don't want to walk, Robert," said poor Dolly, with a glance at her mother. "You may come for me to-morrow instead. You will, won't you?" she added, as he suddenly turned away without answering, and she leaned out of the carriage window, and called after him, a little frightened by his black looks and silence. "Robert! I shall expect you," she said.

"I shall not be able to come to-morrow, Dora," said Henley, very gravely; and then, raising his hat, he walked off without another word.

Even then Dolly could not believe that he was seriously angry. She saw him striding along the pavement, and called to him, and made a friendly little sign with her hand as the brougham passed close by a place where he was waiting to cross the road. Robert did not seem to see either the brougham or the kind face inside that was smiling at him. Dorothea's eyes suddenly filled up with tears.

"Boorish! boorish!" cried Mrs. Palmer, putting up both hands. "Robert is like all other men; they leave you at any moment, Dolly—that is my experience, bitterly gained—without a servant even, and I have ever so much more to do. There is Parkins and Gotto's for India-paper. If only I had known that he was going to be so rude, I should have asked for old Sam." Mrs. Palmer was still greatly discomposed. "Pray put up that window, Dolly," she said, "and I do wish you would attend to those parcels—they are all falling off the seat."

Dolly managed to wink away her tears as she bent over the parcels. Forgive her for crying! This was her first quarrel with Robert, if quarrel it could be called. She thought it over all the way home; surely she had been right to do as her mother wished! Why was Robert vexed?

Philippa was in a very bad humor all that evening. She talked so pathetically of a mother's feelings, and of the pangs of parting from her child, that Lady Sarah for once was quite sorry for her—she got a little shawl to put over Philippa's feet as she lay beating a tattoo upon the sofa. As for Dolly, she had gone to bed early, very silent and out of spirits.

That evening's post brought a couple of letters: one was from George to his mother, written in his cranky, blotted handwriting:

"CAMBRIDGE; ALL-SAINTS COLLEGE.

"DEAREST MAMMA,—I am coming up for a couple of days. I have, strange as it may sound, been working too hard. Tell Aunt Sarah. Love to Dolly.

"Yours affectionately, GEORGE."

The other was for Dolly, and Marker took it up to her in her room. This letter flowed in even streams of black upon the finest hot-pressed paper.

"DEAREST DORA,—I was much disappointed that you would not come with me, and condemned me to that solitary walk. I hope that a day may come, before very long, when your duty and your pleasures may seem less at variance to you than at present; otherwise I can see little chance of happiness in our future life. Yours, R. V. H."

"Was he still vexed?" Dolly, who had relented the moment she saw the handwriting, wrote him a little note that evening by moonlight, and asked Marker to post it.

"I could not leave mamma all alone," she wrote. "I wanted to walk home with you—couldn't you see that I did? I shall expect you to come to luncheon to-morrow, and we will go wherever you like. D."

Dolly lay awake after this for a long moonlight hour. She was living in what people call the world of feeling. She was absorbed, she was happy, but it was a happiness with a reserve in it. It was peace, indeed, but Dolly was too young, her life had been too

easy, for peace to be all-sufficient to her. She had found out by her new experience that Robert loved her, but in future that he would rule her too. In her life, so free hitherto, there would be this secret rule to be obeyed, this secret sign. Dolly did not know whether on the whole she liked the thought, or whether she resented it. She had never spoken of it, even to Robert. "You see you have to do as you are told," Henley sometimes said; he meant it in fun, but Dorothea instinctively felt that there was truth in his words—he was a man who held his own. He was not to be changed by an impulse. Dolly, conscious of some hidden weakness in her own nature, deified obstinacy, as many a woman has done before her, and made excuses out of her own loving heart for Henley's selfish one.

It was summer still, though August had come again; the Virginian creepers along the west wall glowed; crimson-tinted leaves fell in golden rain—the gardener swept up golden dollars and fairy money into heaps and carted them away; the geraniums put out shoots; the creepers started off upon excursions along the gravel-paths; it was a comfortable old-fashioned world, deep-colored, russet-tinted, but the sun was hot still and burning, and Dolly dressed herself in white, and listened to every bell.

The day passed, however, without any sign of Robert, or any word from him. But George walked in just as they were sitting down to luncheon. He looked very pale and yellow, and he had black lines under his eyes. He had been staying down at Cambridge, actually reading for a scholarship that Raban had advised his trying for. It was called the Bulbul scholarship for Oriental languages, and it had been founded by an enlightened Parsee, who had traveled in Europe in shiny boots and an oil-skin hat, and who had been so well received at Cambridge that he wished to perpetuate his name there.

George had taken up Persian some time ago, when he should have been reading mathematics. He was fond of quoting the "Roubaiyát" of Omar Khayyam, of which the beautiful English version had lately appeared. It was this poem, indeed, which had set him to study the original. He had a turn for languages, and a fair chance of success, Raban said, if he would only go to bed, and not sit up all night with soda-water and wet towels round his head. This time he had nearly made himself ill by sitting up three nights in succession, and the doctor had sent him home for a holiday. "My dear child, what a state your complexion is in! How ill you look!" said his mother. "It is all those horrid examinations!"

Restless George wandered out into the garden after dinner, and Dolly followed him. She began to water her roses in the cool of the evening, and George filled the cans with water from the tank and brought them to her. Splashing and overflowing, the water lapped into the dry earth and washed the baked stems of the rose-trees. George said suddenly, "Dolly, do you ever see Raban now, and do you still snub him?"

"I don't snub him," said Dolly, blushing. "He does not approve of me, George. He is so bitter, and he never seems satisfied."

George began to recite—

> "'Ah, love! could you and I with fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearly to the Heart's Desire?'

There is Robert at last, Dolly."

Dolly looked wonderingly at her brother. He had spoken so pointedly that she could not help wondering what he meant; but the next moment she had sprung forward to meet Henley, with a sweet face alight.

"Oh, Robert, why have you been so long coming?" she said. "Did you not get my note?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

UNDER THE GREAT DOME.

THE wedding was fixed for the middle of September. In October they were to sail.

Dolly was to be married at the Kensington parish church. Only yesterday the brown church was standing—to-day a white phenix is rising from its ashes. The old people and the old prayers seem to be passing away with the brown walls. One wonders as one looks at the rising arches what new tides of feeling will sweep beneath them, what new teachings and petitions, what more instant charity, what more practical faith and hope. One would be well content to see the old gates fall if one might deem that these new ones were no longer to be confined by bolts of human adaptation, against which, day by day, the divine decrees of mutation and progress strike with blows that are vibrating through the aisles, drowning the voice of the teachers, jarring with the prayers of the faithful.

As the doors open wide the congregations of this practical age in the eternity of ages see on the altars of to-day the new visions of the time. Unlike those of the fervent and mystical past, when kneeling anchorites beheld, in answer to their longing prayers, pitiful saints crowned with roses and radiant with light, and, vanishing away, visions of hearts on fire and the sacred stigmata, the rewards of their life-long penance; to-day, the Brother whom we have seen appears to us in the place of symbols of that which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. The teaching of the Teacher, as we understand it now, is translated into a new language of daily toil and human sym-

pathy; our saints are the sinners helped out of the mire; our visions do not vanish; our heavenly music comes to us in the voices of the school-children: surely it is as sweet as any that ever reached the enraptured ears of penitents in their cells.

If people are no longer on their knees as they once were, and if some are afraid and cry out that the divine images of our faith are waxing dimmer in their niches—if in the Calvaries of these modern times we still see truth blasphemed, thieves waiting on their crosses of ignorance and crime, sick people crying for help, and children weeping bitterly—why should we be afraid if people, rising from their knees, are setting to their day's work with honest and loving hearts, and going, instead of saying, "I go," and remaining and crying, "Lord, Lord."

Once Dolly stopped to look at the gates as she was walking by, thinking, not of church reform, in those old selfish days of hers, but of the new life that was so soon to begin for her behind those baize doors, among the worm-eaten pews and the marble cherubs, under the window, with all the leaden-patched panes diverging. She looked, flushed up, gathered her gray skirts out of the mud, and went on with her companion.

The old days were still going on, and she was the old Dolly that she was used to. But there was this difference now: at any time, at any hour, coming into a room suddenly, she never knew but that she might find a letter, a summons, some sign of the new existence and interests that were crowding upon her. She scarcely believed in it all at times; but she was satisfied. She was walking with her hand on Robert's strong arm. She could trust to Robert—she could trust herself. She sometimes wondered to find herself so calm. Robert assured her that, when people *really* loved each other, it was always so; they were always calm; and, no doubt, he was right.

The two were walking along the Sunday street on their way to St. Paul's. Family groups and prayer-books were about; market-carts, packed with smiles and ribbons, were driving out in a long train toward the river. Bells far and near were ringing fitfully. There is no mistaking the day as it comes round, bringing with it a little ease into the strain of life, a thought of peace and home-meeting and rest, and the echo of a psalm outside in the City streets, as well as within its churches.

Robert called a hansom, and they drove rapidly along the road toward town. The drifting clouds and lights across the parks and streets made them look changed from their usual aspect. As they left the suburbs and drove on toward the City, Henley laughed at Dorothea's enthusiasm for the wet streets, of which the muddy stones were reflecting the lights of a torn and stormy sky. St. Clement's spire rose sharp against a cloud, the river rolled, fresh blown by soft winds, toward the east, while the lights fell upon the crowding house-tops and spires. Dolly thought of her moonlight drive with her mother. Now every thing was alight and awake again, she alone was dreaming, perhaps. As they went up a steep crowded hill the horse's feet slipped at every step. "Don't be afraid, Dora," said Robert, protectingly. Then they were driving up a straighter and wider street, flooded with this same strange light, and they suddenly saw a solemn sight—of domes and spires uprearing; of mist, of stormy sky. There rose the mighty curve, majestically flung against the dome of domes! The mists drifting among these mountains and pinnacles of stone only seemed to make them more stately.

"Robert, I never knew how beautiful it was," said Dolly. "How glad I am we came! Look at that great dome and the shining sky. It is like—'See how high the heavens are in comparison with the earth.'"

"I forget the exact height," said Robert. "It is between three and four hundred feet. You see the ball up at the top—they say that twenty-four people—"

"I know all that, Robert," said Dolly, impatiently. "What does it matter?"

"I thought it might interest you," said Robert, slightly huffed, "since you appear to be so little acquainted with St. Paul's. It is very fine, of course; but I myself have the bad taste to prefer Gothic architecture; it is far more suitable to our church. There is something painfully—how shall I express it?—paganish about these capitals and pilasters."

"But that is just what I mean," said Dolly, looking him full in the face. "Think of the beautiful old thoughts of the pagans helping to pile up a cathedral here now. Don't you think," she said, hesitating, and blushing at her own boldness, "that it is like a voice from a long way off coming and harmonizing now with ours? Robert, imagine building a curve that will make some one happy thousands of years afterward—"

"I am glad it makes *you* happy, my dear Dorothea. I tell you I have the bad taste not to admire St. Paul's," Robert repeated. "But here is the rain; we had better make haste."

They had come to an opening in the iron railings by this time, and Robert led the way—a stately figure—climbing the long flight of weather-worn steps that go circling to the peristyle. Dolly followed slowly: as she ascended the lights seemed to uprise, the columns to stand out more boldly.

"Come in," Robert said, lifting up the heavy leather curtain.

Dolly gave one look at the city at her feet, flashing with the many lights and

shadows of the impending storm, and then she followed him into the great cathedral.

They were late. The evening service was already begun, and a voice was chanting and ringing from column to column. "Rejoice in the Lord alway," it sang, "and again I say, again I say unto you, rejoice! rejoice!" A number of people were standing round a grating listening to the voice; but an old verger, pleased with the looks of the two young people, beckoned to them and showed them up a narrow stair into a little oaken gallery, whence they could look down upon the echoing voice and the great crowd of people listening to it: many lights were burning, for it was already dark within the building. Here a light fell, there the shadow threw some curve into sudden relief; the rolling mist that hung beyond the distant aisles and over the heads seemed like a veil, and added to the mystery. The music, the fire, the arches overhead, made Dolly's heart throb. The cathedral itself seemed like a great holy heart beating in the midst of the city. Once, when Dolly was a child in the green ditch, her heart had overflown with happiness and gratitude; here she was a woman, and the future had not failed her; here were love and faith to make her life complete—all the vibration of fire and music, and the flow of harmonious lines, to express what was beyond words.....

"Oh! Robert, what have we done to be so happy?" she whispered, when the service was over and they were coming away in the crowd. "It almost frightens me," the girl said.

Robert did not hear her at first; he was looking over the people's heads, for the clouds had come down and the rain was falling heavily.

"Frighten you," said Robert, presently, opening his umbrella. "Take my arm, Dolly: what is there to frighten you? I don't suppose we are any happier than other people under the same circumstances. Come this way, let us get out of the crowd."

Robert led the girl down a narrow lane closed by an iron gate. It looked dark and indistinct, although the west still shone with changing lights. Dolly stood up under a doorway, while the young man walked away down the wet flags to look for a cab to take them home. The rain fell upon the pavement, upon the stone steps where Dolly was standing, and with fresh cheeks blooming in the mist, and eyes still alight with the radiance and beauty of the psalm she had been singing in her heart. "I don't suppose we are any happier than other people." She wished Robert had not said that; it seemed cold, ungrateful almost. The psalm in her ears began to die away to the dull patter of the rain as it fell. What was it that came to Dolly as she stood in the twilight of the doorway—a sudden chill coming she knew not from whence—some one light put out on the altar?

Dolly, strung to some high quivering pitch, felt a sudden terror. It was nothing; a doubt of a doubt—a fear of a terror—fearing what—doubting whom?

"The service was very well performed," said Robert, coming up. "I have got you a cab." He helped her in, and then, as he seated himself beside her, began again: "We shall not have many more opportunities of attending the cathedral service before we start."

Dolly was very silent; Robert talked on. He wondered at her seeming want of interest, and yet he had only talked to her about her plans and things that she must have cared to hear. "I shall know definitively about our start to-morrow or the day after," he said, as the cab drew up at the door of Church House. Poor Dolly! She let him go into the drawing-room alone, and ran up to her own little nest up stairs. The thought of the possible nearness of her departure had suddenly overwhelmed her. When it was still far off she had never thought about it. Now she sat down on the low window-sill, leaned her head against the shutter, and watched the last light die out above the ivy wall. The garden shadows thickened; the night gathered slowly; Dolly's heart beat sadly, oh! how sadly. What hopeless feeling was this that kept coming over her again and again? coming she knew not from what recesses of the empty room, from behind the fleeting clouds, from the secret chambers of her traitorous heart? The voice did not cease persecuting. "So much of you that lives now," it said, "will die when you merge your life into Robert's. So much love will be more than he will want. He takes but a part of what you have to give." The voice was so distinct that she wondered whether Marker, who came in to put away her things, would hear it. Did she love Robert? Of course she loved him. There was his ring upon her finger. She could hear his voice sounding from the hall below.....Were they not going off alone together to a lonely life, across a tempestuous sea? For a moment she stood lost, and forgetting that her feet were still upon the home hearth, and that the far-off sea was still beating upon distant shores. Then she started up impatiently, she would not listen any more. With a push to the door she shut her doubts up in the cupboard where she was used to hang her cloak, and then she came slowly down the wooden stairs to the oak room below.

Dolly found a candle alight, a good deal of darkness, some conversation, a sofa drawn out with her mamma reposing upon it, Robert writing at a table to Mrs. Palmer's dictation.

"My child," said Mrs. Palmer, "come here. You have been to St. Paul's. I have been alone the whole afternoon. Your aunt Sarah never comes near me. I am now getting this dear fellow to write and order a room for us at Kingston. I told you of my little plan. He is making all the arrangements. It is to be a little *festa* on my husband's birthday—shall we say Tuesday, if fine, Robert? The Admiral will hear of it, and understand that we do not forget him. People say I have no resentment in my nature," said Mrs. Palmer, with a smile. "It is as well, perhaps, that I should leave untasted a few of the bitter dregs of my hard lot. My spirit is quite broken," continued Mrs. Palmer, cheerfully. "Give me that small hand-screen, Dolly. Have you written to Raban, Robert? My George would wish him remembered."

"Oh, don't let us have Raban, Aunt Philippa," said Robert. "There will be Morgan and George and Colonel Witherington and myself, and your little friend Rhoda will like to come—and any one else?"

"I am thankful to say that Mrs. Morgan and those dreadful two girls are going into the country for two days; that is one reason for fixing upon Tuesday," says Mrs. Palmer. "I don't want them, Dolly dearest. Really the society your poor aunt lives in is something too ludicrous. She will be furious; I have not dared tell her, poor creature. I have accepted an invitation for you on Wednesday. Colonel Witherington's sister, in Hyde Park Gardens, has a large dinner-party. She has asked us all three in the kindest manner. Colonel Witherington called himself with the note this afternoon. I wanted him to stay to dinner. I'm afraid your aunt was vexed. Robert, while you are about it, just write a line for us all to Mrs. Middleton."

Robert wrote Mrs. Palmer's notes, sealed and stamped them, and, between whiles, gave a cheerful little description of their expedition. "Dolly was delighted with the service," said he; "but I am afraid she is a little tired." Then he got up and pulled an arm-chair for her up to the fire, and then he went back and finished putting up Mrs. Palmer's correspondence. He was so specially kind that evening, cheerful, and nice to Mrs. Palmer, doing her behests so cleverly and naturally, that Dolly forgot her terrors, and wondered what evil spirit had possessed her. She began to feel warm and happy once more, and hopeful, and she was unaffectedly sorry when Henley got up and said he must go.

He was no sooner gone and the door shut than Mrs. Palmer said, languidly, "I think I should like Frank Raban to be asked, poor fellow. It will please Rhoda, at all events. Just write, dear."

Dolly blushed up crimson. She had not seen him since that curious little talk she had had with George.

"But Robert doesn't want it, mamma," said Dolly.

"Nonsense, child. I want it. Robert is not your husband yet," said Mrs. Palmer; "and if he were—"

"Shall I bring you a pen and ink?" Dolly asked, shyly.

"Just do as I tell you, dearest," said her mother, crossly. "Write, 'Dear Mr. Raban, my mother desires me to write and tell you with what pleasure she would welcome you on Tuesday next, if you would join a small expedition we are meditating, a water-party, in honor of Admiral Palmer's fifty-seventh birthday.'"

"That is not a bit like one of my letters," said Dolly, finishing quickly. "Where can Aunt Sarah be?"

"I am sure I don't know, my dear. She left in the rudest manner when Witherington called. I have seen nothing of her."

Lady Sarah was sitting up stairs alone—oh, how alone!—in the cheerless bedroom overhead, where she used to take her griefs and her sad mistrusts. They seemed to hang from the brown faded curtains by the window; they seemed to haunt all round the bed, among its washed-out draperies; they were ranged along the tall chimney-piece in bottles. Here is "morphia" and chlorodyne, or its equivalent of those days; here is "the liniment"—liniment for a strained heart! chloroform for anxious love! Are not each one of those the relics of one or another wound, reopening again and again with the strains of the present? Sarah's hands are clasped and her head is bent forward as she sits in this half darkness—leaden gray without, chill within—by the empty hearth. Did Robert love Dolly? Had he love in him? Had she been right to see him through Dolly's eyes?

Just then the door opens, and Dolly, flushed, brightening the dull twilight, comes into the room.

"Come down directly, you wicked woman," she says. "You will be catching cold here all by yourself."

CHAPTER XXX.

WAVE OR FLAME.

How sweet they are, those long sunset evenings on the river! The stream, flowing by swift and rippling, reflects the sky: sometimes, in the still gleams and depths of dying light, it would seem as if the sky itself reflected the waters. The distant woods stand out in bronzed shadow; low sunset fires burn into dusk beyond the fringe of trees; sudden sweet glooms fall upon the boats as they glide in and out by dim creeks

and ridges. Perhaps some barge travels past through the twilight, drawn by horses tramping along the towing-path, and dragging against the sky. As the boats float shoreward peaceful sights and sounds are all about, borne upon the flowing water.

"I am so sorry it is over," said Dolly, tying on her straw hat.

The sun was setting, a little star was shining overhead, the last bird had flown home to its nest. Robert pushed them right through a bed of rustling reeds on their way to the landing-place. It was crowded with dancing boats; many people were standing along the shore; the gables of the "Red Lion" had been all aglow for a few minutes past. They could hear the laugh of a boating party scrambling to land. Here and there heads were peeping from the bridge, from the landing-places and windows; some twinkled with the last sunset gleams, others with lights already burning. Dolly had been silent for the last half hour, scarcely listening to its desultory talk. They had exchanged broadsides with George and John Morgan in the other boat; but by degrees that vigorously manned craft had outrun them, rounded a corner, and left them floating mid-stream. Robert was in no hurry, and Frank was absent, and sometimes almost forgot to row. Looking up now and then, he saw Dolly's sweet face beaming beneath her loose straw hat, with Hampton Court and all its prim terraces for a background.

"You are not doing your share of the work, Raban, by any means," said Robert, laboring, and not overpleased.

"Oh, let us float," murmured Mrs. Palmer. She was leaning over the side of the boat, weighing it heavily down, and dabbling one fat white hand in the water; with the other she was clasping Dolly's stiff young fingers. "Truant children!" she said, "you don't know your own happiness. How well I remember one evening just like this, Dolly, when your papa and I were floating down the Hoogly; and now that I think of it, my Admiral Palmer was with us—he was captain then. How little we either of us thought in those days! The Palmers are so close, one needs a lifetime to understand their ways. I should like to show you a letter, Mr. Raban, that I received only this morning from my sister-in-law, Joanna. Was that a fish or a little bit of stick? Sweet calm! Robert, I am thankful you have never been entangled by one of those ugly girls at Smokethwaite. I know Joanna and her—"

"There was never any thought, I assure you," interrupted Robert, not displeased, and unable to refrain from disclaiming the accusation. "My aunt has always been most kind; she would never have wished to influence my inclinations. She is very much tried just now, parting from Jonah, who joins his regiment immediately. They are coming up to London with him next Saturday."

"Ah, I know what it is to part from one's child," said Philippa, tapping Dolly's fingers. "I am glad to hear Joanna shows *any* feeling. My Dolly, if it were not to Robert, who is so thoughtful, should I be able to bear the thought of parting from you? Take care—pray take care! You are running into this gentleman's boat! Push off—push off! Ah! ah! thank you, Mr. Raban. Look, there is John Morgan. I wish he were here to steer us."

"Don't be frightened, dear," said Dolly, still holding her mother's hand, as the little rocking boat made toward the steps, where John Morgan was standing welcoming them all with as much heartiness as if they were returning from some distant journey, and had not met for years. Some people reserve themselves for great occasions, instead of spending their sympathies lavishly along the way. Good old John certainly never spared either sympathy or the expression of his hearty good-will. I don't know that the people who sometimes smiled at his honest exuberances found that he was less reliable when greater need arose because he had been kind day after day about nothing at all. He saved Mrs. Palmer from a ducking on this occasion as she precipitately flung herself out of the boat on to his toes. Frank Raban also jumped on shore. Robert said he would take the *Sarah Anne* back to her home in the boat-house.

"Then I suppose Dolly will have to go too," said Mrs. Palmer, archly; and Dolly, with a blush and a smile, settled herself once more comfortably on the low cushioned seat. She looked after her mother trailing up the slope, leaning on the curate's arm, and waving farewells until they passed by the garden gate of the inn. Frank Raban was slowly following them. Then Dolly and Robert were alone, and out on the river again. The lightened boat swayed on the water. The air seemed to freshen, the ripples flowed in from a distance, the banks slid by. Robert smiled as he bent over the sculls. How often Dolly remembered the last golden hour that came to her that day before the lights had died away out of her sky, before the waters had risen, before her boat was wrecked, and Robert far away out of the reach of her voice!

There were many other people coming back to the boat-house. The men were busy, the landing was crowded, and the *Sarah Anne* had to wait her turn. Robert disliked waiting extremely. He also disliked the looks of open admiration which two canoes were casting at the *Sarah Anne*.

"There are some big stones by the shore, Dolly," said Robert. "Do you think you could manage to land?"

"Of course I can," said active Dolly;

"and then you can tie the boat to that green stake just beyond them." As she stood up to spring on shore, she looked round once more. Did some instinct tell her that this was the end of it all, and the last of the happy hours? She jumped with steady feet on to the wet stone, and stood balancing herself for a moment. The water rippled to her feet as she stood, with both hands outstretched, and her white dress fluttering, and all the light of youth and happiness in her radiant face. And then with another spring she was on land.

"Well done!" said one of the canoes. Robert turned round with a fierce look.

When he rejoined Dolly he found her looking about in some distress.

"My ring, my pretty ring, Robert," she said; "I have dropped it." It was a ring he had given her the day before. Dolly had at last consented to wear one, but this was large for her finger.

"You careless girl," said Robert; "here are your gloves and your handkerchief? Do you know what that ring cost?"

"Oh, don't tell me," said Dolly; "something dreadful, I know." And she stood penitently watching Robert scrambling back into the boat, and overthrowing and thumping the cushions. And yet, as she stood there, it came into her mind how many treasures were hers just then, and that of them all a ring was that which she could best bear to lose.

One of the canoes had come close into shore by this time, and the young man, who was paddling with his two spades, called out, saying, "Are you looking for any thing? Is it for this?" and carefully putting his hand into the water, he pulled out something shining. The ring had dropped off Dolly's finger as she jumped, and was lying on a stone that was half in and half out of the water, and near to the big one upon which she had been standing.

"How very fortunate!" exclaimed Henley from the boat.

Miss Vanborough was pleased to get back her pretty trinket, and thanked the young man with a very becoming blush.

"It is a very handsome coral," Robert said; "it would have been a great pity to lose it. We must have it made smaller, Dora. It must not come off again."

Dolly was turning it round thoughtfully, and looking at the Medusa head carved and set in gold.

"Robert," she said once more, "does happiness never frighten you?"

"Never," said Henley, smiling, as she looked up earnestly into his face.

The old town at Kingston, with its many corners and gables, has something of the look of a foreign city heaped upon the river-side. The garden of the old inn runs down with terraces to the water. A side-door leads to the boat-houses. By daylight this garden is somewhat mouldy; but spiders' webs do not obtrude on summer evenings, and the Londoners who have come out of town for a breath of fresh air stroll along the terraces, and watch the stream as it flows, unconscious of their serenity. They come here of summer evenings, and sit out in the little arbors, or walk along the terraces and watch the boats drift with the stream. If they look to the opposite banks they may see the cattle rearing their horned heads upon the sunset, and the distant chestnut groves and galleries of Hampton Court at the bend of the river.

Near the corner of one of these terraces a little green weather-cocked summer-house stands boldly facing the regattas in their season, and beyond it again are a steep bank and some steps to a second terrace, from whence there is the side-door leading to the boats.

On this particular evening Frank Raban came quietly zigzagging along these terraces, perhaps with some vague hope of meeting Dorothea on her return.

There are some years of one's life when one is less alive than at others, as there are different degrees of strength and power to live in the course of the same existence. Frank was not in the despairing state in which we first knew him, but he was not yet as other people are, and in hours of depression such as this he was used to feel lonely and apart. He was used to see other people happy, anxious, busy, hurrying after one another, and he would look on as now, with his hands in his pockets, not indifferent, but feeling as if Fate had put him down solitary and silent into the world—a dumb note (so he used to think) in the great music. And yet he knew that the music was there—that mighty human vibration which exists independent of all the dumb notes, cracked instruments, rifted lutes, and broken lyres of which we hear so much, and he had but to open his ears to it.

Two voices any thing but dumb were talking inside the little summer-house. Raban had scarcely noticed them as he came along, listening with the vaguest curiosity, as people do, to reproaches and emotions which do not concern them; but presently, as he approached the summer-house, a tone struck him familiarly, and at the same instant he saw a dark figure rush wildly from the little wooden house, and leap right over the side of the terrace on to the path below; and then Frank recognized the frantic action—it could only be George. A moment afterward a woman—he knew her too—came out of the summer-house and stood for an instant panting against the doorway, leaning with her two hands against the lintel. She looked pale, troubled; her hair was pushed back from her white face; her eyes looked

dark, beautiful. Never before had Raban seen Rhoda (for it was Rhoda) so moved. When she saw him a faint flush came into her cheeks. She came forward a few steps, then she stopped short again.

She was dragging her silk mantle, which had fallen off. One end was trailing after her along the gravel.

"Mr. Raban, is that you?" she said, in an agitated way. "Why did you come? Is it—is it nearly time to go? Is Mrs. Palmer come back? Oh, *please* take me to her!" And then she suddenly burst into tears, and the long black silk mantle fell to the ground as she put out two fluttering hands.

Raban had flung his cigar over the terrace after George.

"What is it?" he said, anxiously. "Can I help you in any way? What has happened?"

The young man spoke kindly, but in his usual matter-of-fact voice; and Rhoda, even in her distress, wondered at his coldness. No one before ever responded so calmly to whom she had appealed.

"Oh, you don't know," she said; "I can't tell you." And the poor little hands went up again with a desperate gesture.

Raban was very much touched; but, as I have said, he had little power of showing his sympathy, and, foolish fellow, doing unto others as he would be done by; he only said, "I have guessed something before now, Miss Parnell. I wish I could help you, with all my heart. Does not Miss Vanborough know of this? Can not *she* advise—"

Rhoda was in no mood to hear her friend's praises just then.

"Dolly!" cried Rhoda, passionately; "she would have every one sacrificed to George. I *would* love him if I could," she said, piteously, "but how *can* I? he frightens me and raves at me; how can I love him? Oh! Mr. Raban, tell me that it is not wrong to feel thus?" And once more the fluttering hands went up, and the dark wistful eyes gazed childishly, piteously into his face. Rhoda was looking to Frank for the help that should have come to her from her own heart; she dimly felt that she must win him over—that if he would, he could help her.

One has heard before this of women who are only half women, who sang their charmed songs and beguiled luckless mariners into their nets. How many woman mermaids there are who go through life unconscious of the tribe to which they belong! Rhoda pitied herself sincerely; she sobbed out her history to Frank with many tears. "How can I tell them all?" she said; "it will only make wretchedness, and now it is only I who am unhappy."

Was it only Rhoda who was unhappy? George, flying along the garden half distracted, aching, repentant, might have told another story. She had sent him away. He would do nothing that she wished, she said; he would not accept the independence that Lady Sarah had offered him; Rhoda did not believe in his love, she only wanted him to go, to leave her. Yes, she meant it. And poor George had rushed away frantic and indignant. He did not care where he went. He had some vague idea that he would get a boat and row away forever, but as he was hurrying headlong toward the boat-house he saw Dorothea and Robert coming arm in arm up the little path, and he turned and hurried back toward the inn. Dolly called to him, but he did not answer. Rhoda had sent him away, poor Dolly could not call him back. Robert shrugged his shoulders.

"Why do you do that?" said Dolly, annoyed; "he looked quite ill."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BOAT UPON THE WATER.

GEORGE was shivering and sick at heart; the avenue led to a door that opened into the bar of the hotel, and George went in and called for some brandy. The spirits seemed to do him good; no one seeing a clumsy young fellow in a boating-dress tossing off one glassful of brandy after another would have guessed at all the grief and passion that were tearing at his poor foolish heart. Rhoda had sent him away. Had he deserved this? Could not she read the truth? Poor timid faithless little thing. Why had he been so fierce to her, why had he told her he was jealous? George had a curious quickness of divination about others, although he was blind about his own concerns. He had reproached Rhoda because she had been talking to Frank, but he knew well enough that Frank did not care for Rhoda. Poor child, did she know how it hurt him when she shrank from him and seemed afraid? Ah! she would not have been so cruel if she had known all. Thinking of it all, he felt as if he had had some little bird in his rough grasp, frightened it, and hurt its wings. Then he suddenly said to himself that he would go back and find his poor frightened bird and stroke it and soothe it, ask it to forgive him. And then he left the place, and as hastily as he had entered; there was a last glass of brandy untasted on the counter, and he hurried back toward the terrace. He passed the window of the room where Mrs. Palmer was ordering tea from the sofa. Dolly, who had just come in, saw him pass by; she did not like his looks, and ran out after him, although both Robert and her mother called her back. George did not see her this time; he flew past the family groups sitting out in the warm twilight; he came to the terrace where he had been a few minutes before, and where the two were still standing

—Raban, of whom he had said he was jealous, Rhoda, whom he loved—the two were slowly advancing, Frank's square shoulders dark against the light, and Rhoda's slight figure bending forward; she was talking to Raban as she had so often talked to George himself, with that language of earnest eyes, tremulous tones, shrinking movements—how well he knew it all. What was she saying? Was she appealing to Frank to protect her from his love and despair, from the grief that she had done her best to bring about? Rhoda laid her hand upon Raban's arm in her agitation.

It maddened George beyond bearing, and he stamped his heavy foot upon the gravel. Some people passing up from the boats stared at him, but went on their way; and Frank, looking up, saw George coming up swinging his angry arms; his eyes were fierce, his hat was pushed aside. He put Rhoda aside very gently, and took a step forward between her and George, who stood for a minute looking from one to another, as if he did not understand, and then he suddenly burst out, with a fierce oath, "Who told you to put yourself in my way?" And, as he spoke, he struck a heavy blow straight at Raban, who had barely time to parry it with his arm.

It was an instant's anger—one of those fatal minutes that undo days and months and years that have gone before; and that blow of George's struck Rhoda's feeble little fancy for him dead on the spot, as she gave a shrill cry of "For shame!" and sprang forward, and would have clung to Raban's arm. That blow ached for many and many a day in poor Dorothea's heart, for she saw it all from a turn of the path. As for Frank, he recovered himself in an instant.

"Go back, George," he said; "I will speak to you presently."

He did not speak angrily. His voice and the steady look of his resolute eyes seemed to sober the poor reprobate. Not so Rhoda's cry of, "Go, yes, go, for shame!"

"Go! What is it to you if I go or stay? Am I in your way?" shouts George. "Have you promised to marry him too? Have you tortured him too, and driven him half mad, and then—and then— Oh, Rhoda, do you really wish me gone?" he cried, breaking down.

There was a tone in his voice that touched Raban, for whom the cry was not intended. Nothing would have melted Rhoda just then. She was angry beyond all power of expression. She wanted him gone, she wanted him silent; she felt as if she hated him.

"You are not yourself; you are not speaking the truth," said the girl, in a hard voice, drawing herself up. Then, as she spoke, all the brandy and all the fury seemed to mount once more into George's head.

"I am myself, and that is why I leave you," he shouts; "you are heartless; you have neither love nor charity in you at all; and now I leave you. Do you hear me?" he cried, getting louder and louder.

Any one could hear. Dolly could hear as she came hurrying up from the end of the terrace to the spot where her poor boy stood shouting out his heart's secret to unwilling ears. More than one person had stopped to listen to the angry voice. The placid stillness of the evening seemed to carry its echo along the dusky garden bowers, out upon the water flowing down below. Some boatmen had stopped to listen; one or two people were coming up through the twilight.

"He is not sober," said Rhoda to Dolly. She spoke with a sort of cold disgust.

Dolly hardly heard her at the time. All she saw then was her poor George, with his red angry face—Frank trying to pacify him. Should she ever forget the miserable scene? For long years after it used to rise before her; she used to dream of it at night—of the garden, the river, the figures advancing in the dark.

Dolly ran up to her brother, and instinctively put out her arms as if to shield him from every one.

"Come, dear; come with me," she said, flurriedly; "don't let them see you like this."

"It would shock their elegant susceptibilities," cries the irrepressible George; "it don't shock them to see a woman playing fast and loose with a poor wretch who would have given his life for her—yes, his life, and his love, and his heart's blood!"

Dolly had got her arms tight round George by this time. She had a shrinking dread of Henley seeing him so—he might be coming, she thought.

"Robert might see you. Oh, George, please come," she whispered, still clinging to him; and suddenly, to Dolly's surprise, George collapsed, with a sigh. His furious fit was over, and he let his sister lead him where she would.

"Go down by the river-side," said Raban, coming after them; "there are too many people the other way." He spoke in a grave, anxious tone, and as the brother and sister went their way he looked after them for a moment. Dolly had got her arm fast linked in George's. The young man was walking listlessly by her side. They neither of them looked back; they went down the steps and disappeared.

The place was all deserted by this time; the disturbance being over, the boatmen had gone on their way. The two went and sat down upon a log which had been left lying near the water-side; they were silent; they could see each other's faces, but little more. He sat crouching over, with his chin resting on his hands. Dolly was full of compassion, and longing to comfort; but

how could she comfort? Such pain as his was not to be eased by words spoken by another person. When George began to speak at last his voice sounded so sad and so jarred from its usual sweetness that Dorothea was frightened, as if she could hear in it the echo of a coming trouble.

"I wanted that woman to love me," he said. "Dolly, you don't know how I loved her." He was staring at the stream with his starting eyes, and biting his nails. "We have no luck, either of us," he said; "I don't deserve any, but you do. Tell Frank I'm sorry I struck him; she had made me half mad; she looks at me with those great eyes of hers, and says, 'Go!' and she makes me mad; she does it to them all.....But now I have left her! left her! left her!" repeated ugly George, with a sort of sob. "What does she care?" and he got up and shook himself, as a big dog might have done, and went out a step into the twilight, and then came back.

"Thank you, old Dolly, for your goodness," he said, standing before her. "I can't face them all again, and Robert, with his confounded supercilious airs. I beg your pardon, Dolly; don't look angry. I see how good you are, and I see," he said, staring her full in the face, "that we have been both running our heads against a wall."

He walked on a little way, and Dolly followed. She could not answer him just then. She felt with a pang that George and Robert would never be friends; that she must love them apart; even in heart she must keep them asunder.

They had come to the place where not an hour ago she had jumped ashore. The boat was still there, as they had left it—tied to the stake. The boatmen were at supper, and had not yet taken it in. "What are you doing?" said Dolly, as George stooped and began to untie the rope; "George, be careful."

"The fresh air will do me good," he said; "don't be afraid; I'll take care, if you wish it." Then he nodded and got into the boat, where the sculls were lying, and he began to shove off with a rattle of the keel upon the shore. "I will leave the boat at Teddington," he said, "and walk home. Goodnight! Good-by!" he said. A boatman, hearing the voices, came out of the boathouse close by, and while Dolly was explaining, the boat started off with a dull plash of oars falling upon dark waters. George was rowing very slowly, his head was turned toward the garden of the inn. There were lights in the windows, and figures coming and going; the water swirled against the wall of the terrace; the scent of the rhododendrons seemed to fill the air and to stifle him as he passed; a bird chirped from the darkness of some overhanging bushes. He could hear his mother's voice: "Robert! it is getting late: why don't they come in to tea? I must say it is nasty stuff, and not to compare to that delicious Rangoon flavor." He paused for a moment; her voice died away, and then all was silent. The evening was growing chill; some mists were rising. George felt the cool damp wind against his hot brow as he rowed doggedly on—past the lights of the windows of the inn, past the town, under the darkness of the bridge.

He left them all behind, and his life, and his love, he thought, and his mad passion; and himself, and Dolly, and Rhoda, and all the hopeless love he longed for and that was never to be his. There were other things in life. So he rowed away into the darkness with mixed anger and peace in his heart. What would Rhoda say when she heard he was gone? Nothing much! He knew her well enough to know that Dolly would understand, but her new ties would part them more entirely than absence or silence.

There is a song of Schubert's I once heard a great singer sing. As she sang, the dull gray river flowed through the room, the bright lamp-lit walls opened out, the mists of a closing darkness surrounded us, the monotonous beat of the rowlocks kept time to the music, and the man rowed away, and silence fell upon the waters.

So Dolly stood watching the boat as it disappeared along the dark wall; for a time she thought she heard the plash of the oars out upon the water, and a dark shade gliding away past the wharves and the houses that crowd down to the shore.

She was saying her prayers for her poor boy as she walked back slowly to join the others. Robert met her with a little remonstrance for having hidden away so long. She took his arm and clung to it for a minute, trembling, with her heart beating. "Oh! Robert; you won't let things come between us," said the girl, greatly moved: "my poor George is so unhappy. He is to blame, but Rhoda has been hard upon him. Have you guessed it all?" "My dear Dolly," said Robert, gravely, "Rhoda has told us every thing. She is most justly annoyed. She is quite overcome. She has just gone home with her uncle, and I must say—" "Don't, don't say any thing," said Dolly, passionately, bursting into tears; and her heart went out after her poor George rowing away along the dark river.

REPRIEVE.

Over the brink of the place I bent,
And glanced in the darkling pool below—
Darkling with heavy hemlock shadows,
And the gloom where sunbeams never go.

And a low, slow wind stirred the veiling branch
With a ghastly twilight downward thrown,
And I saw a face, the face of a woman,
A white dead face I had thought my own!

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

ROTATION IN OFFICE.

ROTATION in office is all very well in theory, and it makes a jingle of words so pleasant to the ear that many people have accepted it as sound doctrine, without an examination of its scope and tendency. A fundamental error lies at its base, and it works much injury in its practical operation. It rests on the hypothesis that every competent man has a claim to office or public favor of some kind, and that when one has enjoyed the emoluments or distinction of place for a time he should give way to his neighbor. In other words, official benefits are the property of individuals, and not of the nation, and are to be bestowed with reference to the profit and convenience of those who seek them, irrespective of the manner in which their duties are performed. This is true of elective as well as executive or judicial offices. In the towns of New England men are chosen to the Legislature simply because it is their turn. Mr. Bartholomew goes this year, has his ride on the railways free, and pockets his *per diem* of two dollars. Next year Mr. Doolittle urges his claim for the same purpose. Probably Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Doolittle take their seats as perfect ignoramuses, who will gain nothing in wisdom and experience during the session, and in failing to re-elect them, their constituents do no injury to the interests of the State. But when this practice obtains in Congressional elections it may happen that a man of intellect and culture, whose modesty and inexperience have deterred him from taking part in the current discussions of the House at his first session, will be rotated out of office, who might become an influential member, capable of looking efficiently after the interests of his constituents, when he has worn off his rustic bashfulness, studied parliamentary law, and familiarized himself with the rules of the House. The business of legislation requires practice and experience as much as the law or the mechanic arts. The Southern States, from the early days of the republic up to the revolt in 1860, always exercised a degree of influence in the councils of the nation largely disproportioned to their numerical strength. To be sure, they sent their best men to Congress; and when they proved themselves worthy of confidence they kept them there for a long period of years. Thus mediocre men became influential legislators by dint of observation and experience, and were able to impress themselves upon Congress far more effectively than others of superior endowments and culture, but who remained only a short time in public life. William R. King came to the Senate when Alabama was admitted into the Union, and was continuously re-elected until his term of service reached the ordinary lifetime of a generation. He was not a man of brilliant intellect, and his education was principally gained in Congress. But he had dignity of mind, elevation of character, sincerity, and honesty, and although he always acted with the Democratic party, was distinguished for fairness, impartiality, and patriotic intentions. He was chairman of the Committee on Commerce for many years, and was repeatedly chosen President of the Senate. He was in the House from North Carolina when quite a young man, and subsequently was appointed secretary of legation at Madrid. He was a wise, prudent, and safe legislator, industrious, attentive to his duties, and his opinions and judgment were always respectfully considered. He was appointed minister to France by President Tyler, and was elected Vice-President on the ticket with General Pierce, but died before taking his seat as presiding officer of the Senate. An anecdote will illustrate the difference between the notions of a high-toned Southern gentleman and a worthy Democrat from the North on party ethics and political management. I was playing a rubber of whist at the old Indian Queen Hotel, the winter after the inauguration of General Taylor, with Mr. King, Governor Van Ness, of Vermont, and Colonel Richardson, of Illinois, then in the House of Representatives. Richardson inquired of Colonel King whether a certain gentleman nominated for register of the land-office in Dixon, Ilinois, had been confirmed. The Senator replied in the negative.

"Then you will oblige me by voting against him."

"What is the objection to him?" was the inquiry.

"Nothing, that I know of, except that he is a bitter Whig, and he is to supplant a good Democrat," said Richardson.

"That is not a sufficient reason with me," answered Colonel King. "If I were President of the United States, I should probably appoint political friends, but my duty as a Senator, acting upon a nomination, is rather judicial than partisan. I have only to inquire whether the nominee is a competent and proper man for the office, not whether he is a Whig."

As the Senator left the room, Richardson remarked, "What a —— old fool of a politician that is!"

Another instance where long service in Congress secured a dull man of moderate capacity a distinguished position, was in the case of Linn Boyd, of Kentucky. He was below the average of talent and culture in

the House, never won any reputation either in committee or on the floor, but he had been re-elected from the Bardstown district for sixteen or eighteen years; and upon the strength of his experience, although singularly unfitted for the duties of the office, he was elected Speaker—a place, in the possession of an able man and adroit manager, second in political importance only to that of President of the United States.

RELATIVES IN CONGRESS.

There was a spectacle in the Twenty-third Congress without precedent in the history of the government, and which has never since been witnessed in the Capitol. Samuel L. Southard was a Senator from New Jersey, and his father was a member of the House of Representatives from the same State. Father and son are rarely seen in Congress together. The most notable instance is the Dodges, who represented respectively the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa as Delegates, and as Senators when they came into the Union as States. Henry Dodge, the father, famous as an Indian fighter, was a citizen of Wisconsin; his son, Cæsar Augustus Dodge, who achieved no great distinction in any way, was from Iowa. They were respectable men, of moderate ability, honest, and faithful to their duties. The younger Dodge was appointed minister to Spain by President Pierce.

James Barbour was a member of the Senate from Virginia, while his brother Philip was in the House of Representatives. They were both conspicuous in the public service, patriotic men of high character, but of different temperaments and qualities of mind. James Barbour was in the cabinet of Mr. Adams as Secretary of War, and afterward represented the government at the court of St. James. Philip was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court by General Jackson. James was a flowery, verbose, and rather pompous orator. His rhetoric was unexceptionable, but he wrote and spoke in a diffuse, ornamental style, that was much criticised by the sharp scholars of his day. He presided in the Harrisburg Convention that nominated General Harrison, in 1839, and the survivors of that uncommonly brilliant body will remember his strikingly dignified and imposing appearance. Philip P. Barbour was a sharp, keen man of a metaphysical turn of mind. The difference between the brothers is well described by the remark attributed to John Randolph. An acquaintance meeting him descending the steps of the Capitol, inquired what was going on. "Not much," said the old cynic. "I've been in the Senate listening to Jeemes Barbour, and in the House hearing Phil. Jeemes fired at a barn door, and missed it; Phil fired at a hair, and split it."

Henry R. Storrs was in the House from New York, while his brother William was a member from Connecticut. They were both uncommonly able men. I have spoken of the elder brother in another place. William did not shine specially as a floor member, but he was a sound lawyer, thoroughly educated, of a fine comprehensive mind, quick perception, excellent judgment, and of perfect probity and uprightness of character. He resigned his seat in the Twenty-sixth Congress, having been chosen a judge of the Supreme Court of his native State. He was afterward made Chief Justice, and died on the bench—a jurist without reproach, pure, firm, enlightened, and wise. Connecticut has been distinguished for the elevated tone of her highest judicial tribunals, and few men have contributed more to her reputation in that respect than William L. Storrs.

Joseph R. Ingersoll and his brother Charles Jared were members of the Twenty-seventh Congress. They were on opposite sides in politics, and they were wholly unlike, mentally and morally. Joseph, the Whig, was a mild, amiable gentleman, with a kind word for every body; not distinguished for intellectual greatness, but an intelligent legislator, industrious and attentive to his duties, and conscientious in their discharge. Charles Jared was an irascible man, of generous impulses, but inveterate in his prejudices and vindictive in his resentments. He had a sort of morbid dislike to England and every thing English, which had settled into a feeling like personal malevolence. He had been engaged in a controversy with a British writer in regard to the respective merits of England and the United States, which was conducted with much acrimony, and he never could speak of the people or government of Great Britain in terms of moderation. His historical knowledge was extensive and accurate, and his speeches, always interesting and instructive, were frequently garnished with apposite classical allusions and quotations that gave them additional zest. Sometimes his hatred of John Bull broke out in a strain of vituperation so coarse as to shock the weak nerves of the more delicate brethren.

John A. King, afterward Governor of New York, was a member with his brother James G. in the Thirty-first Congress. The latter was a Representative from New Jersey. But brothers were so often in the House together that the instances are hardly worth particularizing. The Washburne family was more numerously represented in Congress than any other of which we have any recollection. Four or five of them have been there, and sometimes three at once. Three or four generations of Bayards have successively represented Delaware in the Senate. Richard H. Bayard was followed by his brother James A., and the latter was succeeded by his son, who is now a member of the body.

THE NAVY.

The officers of the navy constituted an important element in Washington society. They were generally more popular than the army officers. They had seen more of the world in foreign parts as well as in their own country, and hence were more entertaining companions. And then a jolly sailor has always something attractive about him, particularly to young people. Even the diplomatic corps, which usually constituted a strong social force, was hardly able to hold its own against the dashing tars, with their rich uniforms and frank, easy manners. There was usually a large body of them in Washington, more especially in the winter. Navy men are divided into two classes: the sea-going fellows who are called upon for all the disagreeable service—to command and officer ships ordered on unwholesome stations, and generally to discharge the duties from which carpet sailors shrink, and manage to avoid. The other class hang about the seat of government, dance attendance upon the executive and the secretaries, have schemes of naval reform to press upon Congress, and fill the manifold bureaus of the department. It used to be a common saying in the navy that a winter's cruise in Washington was better than two years' service on a foreign station, so far as promotion and government favors were concerned. For years the old Navy Board controlled the service in every respect. The secretary was generally nothing but a respectable figure-head who carried out the plans of the old commodores, who took care to fortify themselves by showering favors upon such officers as were willing to become their tools, and had influential connections in Congress. The navy had only a nominal existence prior to the war of 1812. The exigencies of the country in that momentous struggle necessitated a resort to the commercial marine for seamen to command our national ships. Many of the bravest and best officers in the navy were recruited from the merchant service. A large proportion of the elder post-captains were obtained from that source. Of course they were imperfectly educated in the scientific requirements of the profession, and although skillful navigators, and every way competent to fight a ship, could not manœuvre a fleet, and probably not one of them could have answered the questions now propounded to midshipmen when under examination preparatory to promotion. Hence arose feelings of jealousy on the part of the old sailors toward their juniors after the war. The difficulty with the piratical states on the Mediterranean, and subsequently the necessity of protecting our commerce from the picaroons in the Gulf, had rendered a large increase of the naval force indispensable. During the administration of Mr. Monroe the elder commodores, headed by Bainbridge, Rogers, Stewart, and Biddle, combined together with a determination to force the government to create the rank of admiral, post-captain then being the highest grade in the service. And such was the pluck and influence of these brave old tars that for several years they were able to prevent promotions above the rank of lieutenant. A large naval force was maintained in the Mediterranean, Commodore Bainbridge being the senior officer. The most distinguished officers of the service were there on duty, Perry, Macdonough, Biddle, Crane, and Shaw being among the most eminent. The oppressive course of the older post-captains was warmly resented by the younger officers, but etiquette and the rules of the service precluded a resort to the mode of redress used among military men. There was here and there a post-captain who did not approve of the measures taken to compel a change in the policy of the government. Captain Shaw, a gallant Irishman, with a warm heart and a vivacious temper, disagreed with his brother captains, and often expressed himself without reserve in opposition to the course they were pursuing. A story was told of a meeting of commanders of vessels on board the ship of the line *Ohio* for purposes of consultation. They were all post-captains, with the exception of Master Commandant Booth, who was temporarily in command of a frigate. Commodore Perry, covered with laurels by his gallant exploit on Lake Erie, and naturally rather an arrogant man, made a supercilious remark to Booth, which was sharply retorted. Perry rejoined, in a sneering tone,

"If you were my equal in rank, Sir, I should hold you personally accountable for your language."

Shaw's blood was up at once. "Do I understand you to say, Commodore Perry, that if Captain Booth was your aqual you would challenge him for what he has just said?"

"I should, most certainly," was the reply.

"Then, Sir, I repate every word that Captain Booth has said, and Paddy Shaw is your aqual the world over."

Perry was always cocked and primed for a fight, and a duel was expected as a matter of course; but judicious friends interposed, and the affair was arranged.

The growing strength of the junior officers, and the uneasiness of the government under the tyrannical course of the old commodores, finally broke up the combination, and promotions were made according to the necessities of the service. The movement was a failure so far as the creation of a more elevated grade in the navy was concerned, and it was not until the extended maritime operations indispensable in the suppression of the rebellion that Congress authorized the appointment of admirals.

But the old commodores continued to

maintain their power at Washington, the Navy Board remaining supreme in authority, in fact, until the administration of Mr. Tyler, when there was a reorganization of the civil branch of the service, several bureaus being substituted for the old board. The thing was a failure. There was a division of power and responsibility, the old commodores procuring themselves to be placed in authority, although in separate positions and under different official titles. The secretary, nominally the head of the department, was nothing but a clerk: in fact, with less real power than the chief clerk or the register.

And this state of things has generally obtained in the department. Mr. Southard, the ablest man who ever held the office of Secretary of the Navy, exacted obedience and subordination from officers of every grade. And his immediate successor, Governor Branch, of North Carolina, undertook some reforms in the service; but Mrs. Eaton blew up General Jackson's first cabinet before he had time to carry them into effect. These were exceptional cases, however. In the main, the older officers have had full swing in the navy, the secretary being of the smallest possible account.

GAMBLING IN WASHINGTON.

Washington for many years had been a hot-bed for gamblers of high and low degree. There were a dozen faro banks on the Avenue within a stone's-throw of Gadsby's, on the corner of Sixth Street. Many of these establishments had club-rooms attached, where members of Congress and others amused themselves with brag, vingt-et-un, and whist. Draw-poker came into vogue at a later day. Gambling, and for large sums, was common, particularly among Southern and Western members. Scores of them from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Gulf States squandered their modest per diem, then eight dollars only, at the gaming table, and some impaired their private fortunes by the same indulgence. S. S. Prentiss was reported to have lost thirty thousand dollars the first winter he was in Congress.

The most notorious and dashing gambler of the day was Edward Pendleton. He came from Virginia, where he was well connected, his family being of the best blood in the State, and he married a most respectable and accomplished lady, whose father held a responsible office under the government. Pendleton gave sumptuous entertainments at his club-house, which were well attended by some of the most eminent public men in the district. Mr. Mangum, then President of the Senate, John J. Crittenden, John M. Botts, John B. Thompson, of Kentucky, and Linn Boyd, afterward Speaker of the House, and others of lesser note were frequently his guests. Congress had enacted stringent penal laws to prevent gambling, but they were a dead letter, unless some poor devil made a complaint of foul play, or some fleeced blackleg sought vengeance through the aid of the Grand Jury; and then the matter was usually compounded by the payment of money.

Whist was a favorite game with the foreign ministers and the elder statesmen. Mr. Clay, General Scott, Mr. Bodisco, and Mr. Fox—nephew of Charles James Fox—who represented William the Fourth and Queen Victoria, often played together, a hundred dollars being the usual stake. They generally played well, as Hoyle taught the game; but many of the members of the fashionable clubs of New York play with more skill than was dreamed of forty years ago. Governor Marcy was a great lover of whist, but he would never bet money on the game. There were always inveterate whisters in the Senate. A story was current at one time of a protracted sitting at the card-table, at which Governor Stokes, of North Carolina, and Mountjoy Bailey, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, were two of the players. It ran in this wise: the Senate adjourned from Thursday over to Monday. The party sat down to cards after dinner Thursday evening. They played all night and all the next day, only stopping occasionally for refreshments. The game was continued Friday night and Saturday, through Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night, the players resting for a snatch of sleep as nature became exhausted. Monday morning the game was in full blast; but at ten o'clock Bailey moved an adjournment, alleging that his official duties required his presence in the Senate-chamber. Stokes remonstrated, but the sergeant-at-arms persisted, and rose from the table. The Governor grumbled and scolded, but finally gave it up, swearing that if he had suspected Bailey would break up the game thus prematurely, he would have seen him—any where before he would have invited him to join the party.

Mr. Webster played whist, but indifferently only. The Virginians were addicted to that stupid game known as shoe-maker loo. President Tyler was fond of loo, and on a rainy day, when there was no great pressure of public business, he has been known to make up a game at the White House, and play all day, having dinner in his chamber. His companions usually were William Selden, Treasurer of the United States, Cary Selden, his brother, store-keeper at the navy-yard, and sometimes Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, with now and then another favorite. The amount played for was always small, but Mr. Tyler was as much delighted at taking a pool as if he had won hundreds.

Public opinion was not so averse to gaming in Washington as in most of the North-

ern cities. Probably the tone of public morals is no more elevated now than it was then, but there was then less pretense and ostentation of purity. At a large party given by the wife of a cabinet minister, Mrs. Clay, chaperoning a young lady from the North, passed through a room where gentlemen were playing cards, Mr. Clay among the number.

"Is this a common practice?" inquired the young lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Clay; "they always play when they get together."

"Don't it distress you to have Mr. Clay gamble?"

"No, my dear," said the good old lady, composedly: "he 'most always wins."

In the winter of 1841 General Scott, Mr. Clay, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Bodisco played whist once a week for some time, the stake, as usual, being a hundred dollars. They played a match game, Scott and Bodisco against Clay and Fox. They were well matched, and for a long time the game was pretty even. At length fortune favored Messrs. Clay and Fox, and they were ten or twelve games ahead. "Gentlemen," said the Russian minister, rising from the table, "the game has closed for the season. The appropriation is exhaust." And sure enough not another game would he play, much to the disgust and vexation of General Scott, who, of course, was a considerable loser.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

John Howard Payne came to Washington on his release by the Georgia Regulators. Payne had conceived a grand scheme for an international magazine, to be published simultaneously in London and New York, and he visited that portion of Georgia where the Creek Indians had recently been driven from their homes to gather materials for an article on their habits and mode of living, and he had been held as a prisoner on suspicion of being a spy. He published an account of his capture and detention, on being liberated, so amusing and entertaining that Colonel Preston, Mr. Calhoun's colleague in the Senate, a gentleman of elegant culture and a keen sense of the ludicrous, expressed the hope that Payne might again fall into the hands of some lawless gang, as his individual inconvenience under such circumstances was of no consequence in comparison with the enjoyment and edification afforded to the public by his charming account of his adventures.

Payne's literary project had failed, and he sought employment from the administration, being in straitened circumstances, with no more thrift, or providence, or capacity for taking care of himself than Harold Skimpole. He was a delightful companion, full of genius, of nice culture, of more taste than strength, perhaps, but capable of a great deal of labor, and well fitted for clerical duties of any description, as he wrote a beautiful and expeditious hand, and was steady and industrious in his habits. He applied for a diplomatic appointment, but failing in that, he was willing to accept of any respectable position where the emoluments would afford him a livelihood. He had all the simplicity of a child, was confiding, credulous, and easily imposed upon, and the wags about Washington—for the city is always infested with great numbers of practical jokers—deluded him with magnificent and impossible expectations. Robert Tyler, the President's eldest son, and Fletcher Webster were warm friends of Payne, and co-operating with them were several newspaper correspondents, all of whom made a persistent effort to procure him an eligible appointment in one of the departments. Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, had taken a prejudice against poor Payne, and nothing could be done for him in the diplomatic or consular line. After a while, and by dint of persevering exertion, we obtained a place for him in the War Department, under Mr. Spencer. He had a comfortable room all to himself, and he was charged with the task of collating, indexing, and making an abstract of the treaties negotiated by the government with the several Indian tribes. His annual salary was sixteen hundred dollars, at that time a competent support for a bachelor of simple tastes and inexpensive habits. Payne was delighted. Nothing could have suited him better, and he set to work with wonderful zeal and intelligence. The arrangement was a great relief to his friends, and we determined that he should not be displaced in a hurry. Knowing the secretary's peculiarities, and that he was "a kittle creature to shoe behind," as the Scotchman says, we instructed Payne in regard to the mode in which he should bear himself toward his official superior. He was advised to attend to his duties diligently, to steer clear of the secretary after exhibiting to him a specimen of the manner in which he was performing his work, to draw his salary on the first of every month, and to bother nobody with suggestions or advice on any subject. After a few days of constant labor Payne showed the secretary what he was doing, and how he was doing it. Nothing could have been better done. There was no more exquisite penmanship on the files of the department, and the arrangement of the papers was perfect. Mr. Spencer expressed his gratification in warm terms, and Payne was in high glee. He continued his labors with increased activity, accomplishing more every day than any other two clerks in the department, and in less than four months he had completed the job. Unmindful of our caution, and pluming himself upon the dispatch with which he had accom-

plished the work, he carried the fruits of it to the Secretary, who said he had nothing more for him to do, and dismissed him from office.

Here was poor Payne on our hands again, as helpless as an infant, smarting under a sense of wrong, querulous, complaining, and deeming himself the most unfortunate of mankind. He was a spoiled prodigy. When a mere child he was brought upon the stage, precocious and of great promise in the dramatic line, but his subsequent performances did not fulfill this promise, and he was a disappointed, unhappy man, for whom his friends could never do enough. No place could be found for him after he had fallen a victim to Mr. Spencer's caprice, and we were all perplexed and fatigued by his importunities. At this juncture Mr. Webster was called to Boston on business, leaving his son Fletcher acting Secretary of State. During his absence we managed to have Payne appointed consul to Tunis, and he had his commission in his pocket before the Secretary returned to Washington. But there was no end to his troubles and embarrassments. Full of the dignity of his office, he insisted upon being conveyed to the scene of his labors in a vessel of war. The Secretary of the Navy hesitated about giving an order to that effect, and Payne invoked the authority of the President to accomplish his object. But Mr. Tyler had some doubts of the propriety of granting his request, and things remained *in statu quo*. Meantime Payne, having raised a sum of money by virtue of his office, went to New York, and commenced the purchase of a library to occupy his leisure time while not engaged in conference with the Bey of Tunis. The enemies of the administration—and they comprised a large majority of Congress, and throughout the country—were all the time on the watch for causes of censure and reproach, and Payne's long delay in departing for the site of old Carthage was made the subject of sharp animadversion. Dr. Heap, who had been a long time consul at Tunis, was a relative or intimate friend of Colonel Benton, who had strenuously resisted Payne's confirmation. Threatening an assault on Mr. Tyler in this connection, some anxiety was created, and the President swore that Payne should proceed immediately to his place of destination, or he would revoke the appointment. He was still in New York "making his arrangements," as he wrote in reply to an inquiry when he would be ready to sail, and I was sent on to take him in hand and see if it was possible to facilitate his departure from the country. I found him penniless, having spent his outfit in every sort of extravagant folly, unable to move in any direction, and in a state of despair. At the suggestion of Mr. Tyler we advanced him money enough to pay his passage across the Atlantic; and the next we heard from him was at Paris, destitute, and living on a friend, waiting for something to turn up. Obtaining relief from a gentleman whom he had slightly known in Washington, he made his way to Tunis at last.

He soon ingratiated himself with the Bey, and in due time he compensated us for all our trouble by a long, charmingly written, and most interesting letter, descriptive of every thing that had occurred under his notice in Carthage. The Bey had given him the use of a palace larger than the White House, and assigned him a retinue of Arabs for domestic service sufficient in number to form a body-guard to the Emperor of Morocco. Not one of them understood a word of any civilized tongue, and Payne, who spoke French like a native, and understood several of the modern European languages, had not included the lingo of the Mussulman in his studies. So the communication between the lord of the palace and his servants was confined to gestures and grimaces. His sitting apartment was about the size of the East Room in the White House, with a cool marble floor, furnished with divans and lounges. Here Payne sat in solitary splendor. If he needed any thing, he blew a silver whistle, and there filed in at least a dozen tall Arabs, who placed themselves in a semicircle around him, as silent as graven images, but all of them salaming with the grace of sons of the desert, and informing him by smirks and signs that they were his slaves. The novelty of the thing afforded amusement for a while; but becoming fatigued of it, he turned his attention to reforming certain abuses which he assumed had been overlooked by his friend the Bey, and the result was that he came near falling a victim to the bow-string.

IMPROVISATIONS.—V.

What if we lose the seasons
That seem of our happiest choice,
That Life is fuller of reasons
To sorrow than rejoice,
That Time is richer in treasons,
And Hope has a faltering voice?

The dreams wherewith we were dowered
Were gifts of an ignorant brain;
The truth has at last overpowered
The visions we clung to in vain:
But who would resist, as a coward,
The knowledge that cometh from pain?

For the love, as a flower of the meadow,
The love that stands firm as a tree—
For the stars that have vanished in shadow,
The daylight, enduring and free—
For a dream of the dim El Dorado,
A world to inhabit have we!

Bayard Taylor.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

ROSA got flushed, and her eye gleamed like a gambler's, and she bought away like wild-fire. In which sport she caught sight of an old gentleman with little black eyes, that kept twinkling at her.

She complained of these eyes to Mrs. Cole. "Why does he twinkle so? I can see it is at me. I am doing something foolish—I know I am."

Mrs. Cole turned and fixed a haughty stare on the old gentleman. Would you believe it? instead of sinking through the floor, he sat his ground, and retorted with a cool, clear grin.

But now, whenever Rosa's agent bid for her, and the other man of straw against him, the black eyes twinkled, and Rosa's courage began to ooze away. At last she said, "That is enough for one day. I shall go. Who could bear those eyes?"

The broker took her address; so did the auctioneer's clerk. The auctioneer asked her for no deposit; her beautiful, innocent, and high-bred face was enough for a man who was always reading faces and interpreting them.

And so they retired.

But this charming sex is like that same auctioneer's hammer, it can not go abruptly. It is always going—going—going—a long time before it is gone. I think it would perhaps loiter at the door of a jail, with the order of release in its hand, after six years' confinement. Getting up to go quenches in it the desire to go. So these ladies, having got up to go, turned and lingered, and hung fire so long that at last another set of oak chairs came up. "Oh! I must see what those go for," said Rosa, at the door.

The bidding was mighty languid now Rosa's broker was not stimulating it; and the auctioneer was just knocking down twelve chairs—oak and leather—and two arm-chairs, for twenty pounds, when, casting his eyes around, he caught sight of Rosa looking at him rather excited. He looked inquiringly at her. She nodded slightly; he knocked them down to her at twenty guineas, and they were really a great bargain.

"Twenty-two," cried a dealer.

"Too late," said the auctioneer.

"I spoke with the hammer, Sir."

"After the hammer, Isaacs."

"Shelp me God, we was together."

One or two more of his tribe confirmed this pious falsehood, and clamored to have them put up again.

"Call the next lot," said the auctioneer, peremptorily. "Make up your mind a little quicker next time, Mr. Isaacs; you have been long enough at it to know the value of oak and moroccar."

Mrs. Staines and her friend now started for Morley's Hotel, but went round by Regent Street: whereby they got glued at Peter Robinson's window and nine other windows; and it was nearly five o'clock when they reached Morley's. As they came near the door of their sitting-room Mrs. Staines heard somebody laughing and talking to her husband. The laugh, to her subtile ears, did not sound musical and genial, but keen, satirical, unpleasant: so it was with some timidity she opened the door; and there sat the old chap with the twinkling eyes. Both parties stared at each other a moment.

"Why, it is them!" cried the old gentleman; "ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Rosa colored all over, and felt guilty somehow, and looked miserable.

"Rosa dear," said Doctor Staines, "this is our uncle Philip."

"Oh!" said Rosa, and turned red and pale by turns: for she had a great desire to propitiate Uncle Philip.

"You were in the auction-room, Sir," said Mrs. Cole, severely.

"I was, madam. He! he!"

"Furnishing a house?"

"No, ma'am. I go to a dozen sales a week; but it is not to buy; I enjoy the humors. Did you ever hear of Robert Burton, ma'am?"

"No. Yes; a great traveler, isn't he? Discovered the Nile—or the Niger—or *something*."

This majestic vagueness staggered old Crusty at first, but he recovered his equilibrium, and said, "Why, yes, now I think of it, you are right; he has traveled farther than most of us; for about two centuries ago he visited that bourne whence no traveler returns. Well, when he was alive—he was a student of Christchurch—he used to go down to a certain bridge over the Isis and enjoy the chaff of the bargemen. Now there are no bargemen left to speak of: the mantle of Bobby Burton's bargees has fallen on the Jews and demi-semi-Christians that buy and sell furniture at the weekly auctions: thither I repair to hear what little coarse wit is left us: used to go to the House of Commons,

but they are getting too civil by half for my money. Besides, characters come out in an auction. For instance, only this very day I saw two ladies enter, in gorgeous attire, like heifers decked for sacrifice, and reduce their spoliation to a certainty by employing a broker to bid. Now what is a broker? A fellow who is to be paid a shilling in the pound for all articles purchased. What is his interest, then? To buy cheap? Clearly not. He is paid in proportion to the dearness of the article."

Rosa's face began to work piteously.

"Accordingly, what did the broker in question do? He winked to another broker, and these two bid against one another, over their victim's head, and ran every thing she wanted up at least a hundred per cent. above the value. So open and transparent a swindle I have seldom seen, even in an auction-room. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

His mirth was interrupted by Rosa going to her husband, hiding her head on his shoulder, and meekly crying.

Christopher comforted her like a man. "Don't you cry, darling," said he; "how should a pure creature like you know the badness of the world all in a moment? If it is my wife you are laughing at, Uncle Philip, let me tell you this is the wrong place. I'd rather a thousand times have her as she is, than armed with the cunning and suspicions of a hardened old worldling like you."

"With all my heart," said Uncle Philip, who, to do him justice, could take blows as well as give them; "but why employ a broker? why pay a scoundrel five per cent. to make you pay a hundred per cent.? why pay a noisy fool a farthing to open his mouth for you when you have taken the trouble to be there yourself, and have got a mouth of your own to bid discreetly with? Was ever such an absurdity?" He began to get angry.

"Do you want to quarrel with me, Uncle Philip?" said Christopher, firing up; "because sneering at my Rosa is the way, and the only way, and the sure way."

"Oh no!" said Rosa, interposing. "Uncle Philip was right. I am very foolish and inexperienced: but I am not so vain as to turn from good advice. I will never employ a broker again, Sir."

Uncle Philip smiled, and looked pleased.

Mrs. Cole caused a diversion by taking leave, and Rosa followed her down stairs. On her return she found Christopher telling his uncle all about the bijou, and how he had taken it for £130 a year and £100 premium, and Uncle Philip staring fearfully.

At last he found his tongue. "The bijou!" said he. "Why, that is a name they gave to a little den in Dear Street, Mayfair. You haven't ever been and taken that! Built over a mews."

Christopher groaned. "That is the place, I fear."

"Why, the owner is a friend of mine; an old patient. Stables stunk him out. Let it to a man; I forget his name. Stables stunk *him* out. He said, 'I shall go.' 'You can't,' said my friend; 'you have taken a lease.' 'Lease be d——d,' said the other; 'I never took *your* house; here's quite a large stench not specified in your description of the property: *it can't be the same place*:' flung the lease at his head, and cut like the wind to foreign parts less odoriferous. I'd have got you the hole for ninety; but you are like your wife, you must go to an agent. What! don't you know that an agent is a man acting for you with an interest opposed to yours? Employing an agent: it is like a Trojan seeking the aid of a Greek. You needn't cry, Mrs. Staines; your husband has been let in deeper than you have. Now you are young people beginning life: I'll give you a piece of advice. Employ others to do what you can't do, and it must be done; but never to do any thing you can do better for yourselves. Agent! the word is derived from a Latin word, 'agere,' to do; and agents act up to their etymology; for they invariably *do* the nincompoop that employs them, or deals with them, in any mortal way. I'd have got you that beastly little bijou for £90 a year."

Uncle Philip went away crusty, leaving the young couple finely mortified and discouraged.

That did not last very long; Christopher noted the experience and Uncle Phil's wisdom in his diary, and then took his wife on his knee, and comforted her, and said, "Never mind; experience is worth money, and it always has to be bought. Those who cheat us will die poorer than we shall, if we are honest and economical. I have observed that people are seldom ruined by the vices of others; these may hurt them, of course; but it is only their own faults and follies that can destroy them."

"Ah, Christie," said Rosa, "you are a man. Oh, the comfort of being married to *a man!* A man sees the best side. I do adore men. Dearest, I will waste no more of your money. I will go to no more sales."

Christopher saw she was deeply mortified, and he said, quietly, "On the contrary, you will go to the very next. Only take Uncle Philip's advice; employ no broker, and watch the prices things fetch when you are not bidding, and keep cool."

She caressed his ears with both her white hands, and thanked him for giving her another trial. So that trouble melted in the sunshine of conjugal love.

Notwithstanding the agent's solemn assurance, the bijou was out of repair. Doctor Staines detected internal odors, as well as those that flowed in from the mews. He

was not the man to let his wife perish by miasma; so he had the drains all up, and actually found brick drains and a cesspool: he stopped that up, and laid down new pipe-drains, with a good fall, and properly trapped. The old drains were hidden, after the manner of builders. He had the whole course of his new drains marked upon all the floors they passed under, and had several stones and boards hinged, to facilitate examination at any period.

But all this, with the necessary cleaning, whitewashing, painting, and papering, ran away with money. Then came Rosa's purchases, which, to her amazement, amounted to £190, and not a carpet, curtain, or bed among the lot. Then there was the carriage home from the auction-room, an expense one avoids by buying at a shop, and the broker claimed his shilling in the pound. This, however, Staines refused. The man came and blustered. Rosa, who was there, trembled. Then, for the first time, she saw her husband's brow lower; he seemed transfigured, and looked terrible. "You scoundrel," said he, "you set another villain like yourself to bid against you, and you betrayed the innocent lady that employed you. I could indict you and your confederate for a conspiracy: I take the goods out of respect for my wife's credit, but you shall gain nothing by swindling her. Be off, you heartless miscreant, or I'll—"

"I'll take the law if you do."

"Take it, then: I'll give you something to howl for;" and he seized him with a grasp so tremendous that the fellow cried out in dismay, "Oh! don't hit me, Sir; pray don't."

On this abject appeal, Staines tore the door open with his left hand, and spun the broker out into the passage with his right. Two movements of this angry Hercules, and the man was literally whirled out of sight with a rapidity and swiftness almost ludicrous; it was like a trick in a pantomime: a clatter on the stairs betrayed that he had gone down the first few steps in a wholesale and irregular manner, though he had just managed to keep his feet.

As for Staines, he stood there still lowering like thunder, and his eyes like hot coals; but his wife threw her tender arms around him, and begged him consolingly not to mind.

She was trembling like an aspen.

"Dear me," said Christopher, with a ludicrous change to marked politeness and respect; "I forgot *you* in my righteous indignation." Next he becomes uxorious. "Did they frighten her, a duck? Sit on my knee, darling, and pull my hair for not being more considerate—there—there."

This was followed by the whole absurd soothing process as practiced by manly husbands upon quivering and somewhat hysterical wives; and ended with a formal apology. "You must not think that I am passionate; on the contrary, I am always practicing self government. My maxim is, *Animum rege qui nisi paret imperat;* and that means, Make your temper your servant, or else it will be your master. But to ill-use my dear little wife, it is unnatural, it is monstrous, it makes my blood boil."

"Oh dear! don't go into another. It is all over. I can't bear to see you in a passion; you are so terrible, so beautiful. Ah! they are fine things, courage and strength. There's nothing I admire so much."

"Why they are as common as dirt. What I admire is modesty, timidity, sweetness; the sensitive cheek that pales or blushes at a word, the bosom that quivers, and clings to a fellow whenever any thing goes wrong."

"Oh, that is what you admire, is it?" said Rosa, dryly.

"Admire it?" said Christopher, not seeing the trap; "I adore it."

"Then, Christie dear, you are a simpleton; that is all. And we are made for one another."

The house was to be furnished and occupied as soon as possible; so Mrs. Staines and Mrs. Cole went to another sale-room. Mrs. Staines remembered all Uncle Philip had said, and went plainly dressed; but her friend declined to sacrifice her showy dress to her friend's interests. Rosa thought that a little unkind, but said nothing.

In this auction-room they easily got a place at the table: but did not find it heaven; for a number of second-hand carpets were in the sale, and these, brimful of dust, were all shown on the table, and the dirt choked and poisoned our fair friends Brokers pestered them, until at last Rosa, smarting under her late exposure, addressed the auctioneer quietly, in her silvery tones: "Sir, these gentlemen are annoying me by forcing their services on me. I do not intend to buy at all unless I can be allowed to bid for myself."

When Rosa, blushing and amazed at her own boldness, uttered these words, she little foresaw their effect. She had touched a popular sore.

"You are quite right, madam," said a respectable tradesman opposite her. "What business have these dirty fellows, without a shilling in their pocket, to go and force themselves on a lady against her will?"

"It has been complained of in the papers again and again," said another.

"What, mayn't we live as well as you?" retorted a broker.

"Yes, but not to force yourself on a lady. Why, she'd give you in charge of the police if you tried it on outside."

Then there was a downright clamor of discussion and chaff.

Presently up rises very slowly a country-

man so colossal that it seemed as if he would never have done getting up, and gives his experiences. He informed the company, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, that he did a bit in furniture, and at first starting these brokers buzzed about him like flies, and pestered him. "Ah damned 'em pretty hard," said he, "but they didn't heed any. So then ah spoke 'em civil, and ah said, 'Well, lads, I dinna come fra Yorkshire to sit like a dummy and let you buy wi' my brass: the first that pesters me again ah'll just fell him on t' plaace, like a caulf, and ah'm not very sure he'll get up again in a hurry.' So they dropped me like a hot potato; never pestered me again. But if they won't give over pestering you, mistress, ah'll come round and just stand behind your chair, and bring nieve with me," showing a fist like a leg of mutton.

"No, no," said the auctioneer, "that will not do. I will have no disturbance here. Call the policeman."

While the clerk went to the door for the bobby a gentleman reminded the auctioneer that the journals had repeatedly drawn attention to the nuisance.

"Fault of the public, not mine, Sir. Policeman, stand behind that lady's chair, and if any body annoys her, put him quietly into the street."

"This auction-room will be to let soon," said a voice at the end of the table.

"This auction-room," said the auctioneer, master of the gay or grave at a moment's notice, "is supported by the public and the trade; it is not supported by paupers."

A Jew upholsterer put in his word. "I do my own business; but I like to let a poor man live."

"Jonathan," said the auctioneer to one of his servants, "after this sale you may put up the shutters; we have gone and offended Mr. Jacobs. He keeps a shop in Blind Alley, Whitechapel. Now then, Lot 69."

Rosa bid timidly for one or two lots, and bought them cheap.

The auctioneer kept looking her way, and she had only to nod.

The obnoxious broker got opposite her and ran her up a little out of spite; but as he had only got half a crown about him, and no means of doubling it, he dared not go far.

On the other side of the table was a figure to which Rosa's eyes often turned with interest: a fair young boy about twelve years old; he had golden hair, and was in deep mourning. His appearance interested Rosa, and she wondered how he came there, and why: he looked like a lamb wedged in among wolves, a flower among weeds. As the lots proceeded the boy seemed to get uneasy; and at last, when Lot 73 was put up, any body could see in his poor little face that he was there to bid for it.

"Lot 73, an arm-chair covered in morocco. An excellent and most useful article. Should not be at all surprised if it was made by Gillow."

"Gillow would, though," said Jacobs, who owed him a turn.

Chorus of dealers. "Haw! haw!"

The auctioneer. "I like to hear some people run a lot down; shows they are going to bid for it in earnest. Well, name your own price. Five pounds to begin?"

Now if nobody had spoken, the auctioneer would have gone on, "Well, four pounds then, three, two, whatever you like," and at last obtained a *bona fide* offer of thirty shillings; but the moment he said "Five pounds to begin," the boy in black lifted up his childish treble, and bid thus, "Five pound ten"—"six pounds"—"six pound ten"—"seven pounds"—"seven pound ten"—"eight pounds"—"eight pound ten"—"nine pounds"—"nine pound ten"—"ten pounds!" without interruption, and, indeed, almost in a breath.

There was a momentary pause of amazement, and then an outburst of chaff.

"Nice little boy!"

"Didn't he say his lesson well?"

"Favor us with your card, Sir. You are a gent as knows how to buy."

"What did he stop for? If it's worth ten, it is worth a hundred."

"Bless the child!" said a female dealer, kindly, "what made you go on like that? Why, there was no bid against you! you'd have got it for two pounds—a rickety old thing."

Young master began to whimper. "Why, the gentleman said, 'Five pounds to *begin*.' It was the chair poor grandpapa always sat in, and all the things are sold, and mamma said it would break her heart to lose it. She was too ill to come, so she sent me. She told me I was not to let it be sold away from us for less than ten pounds, or she sh—should be m—m—miserable," and the poor little fellow began to cry. Rosa followed suit promptly but unobtrusively.

"Sentiment always costs money," said Mr. Jacobs, gravely.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Cohen. "Have *you* got any on hand? I never seen none at your shop."

Some tempting things now came up, and Mrs. Staines bid freely; but all of a sudden she looked down the table, and there was Uncle Philip twinkling as before. "Oh dear! what am I doing now?" thought she. "I have got no broker."

She bid on, but in fear and trembling because of those twinkling eyes. At last she mustered courage, wrote on a leaf of her pocket-book, and passed it down to him. "It would be only kind to warn me. What am I doing wrong?"

He sent her back a line directly: "Auc-

tioneer running you up himself. Follow his eye when he bids; you will see there is no *bona fide* bidder at your prices."

Rosa did so, and found that it was true.

She nodded to Uncle Philip; and, with her expressive face, asked him what she should do.

The old boy must have his joke. So he wrote back, "Tell him, as you see he has a fancy for certain articles, you would not be so discourteous as to bid against him."

The next article but one was a drawing-room suit Rosa wanted; but the auctioneer bid against her; so, at eighteen pounds, she stopped.

"It is against you, madam," said the auctioneer.

"Yes, Sir," said Rosa; "but as you are the only bidder, and you have been so kind to me, I would not think of opposing you."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when they were greeted with a roar of Homeric laughter that literally shook the room, and this time not at the expense of the innocent speaker.

"That's into your mutton, governor."

"Sharp's the word this time."

"I say, governor, don't you want a broker to bid for ye?"

"Wink at me next time, Sir; I'll do the office for you."

"No greenhorns left now."

"That lady won't give a ten-pound note for her grandfather's arm-chair."

"Oh yes, she will, if it's stuffed with bank-notes."

"Put the next lot up with the owner's name and the reserve price. Open business."

"And sing a psalm at starting."

"A little less noise in Judæa, if you please," said the auctioneer, who had now recovered from the blow. "Lot 97."

This was a very pretty marqueterie cabinet; it stood against the wall, and Rosa had set her heart upon it. Nobody would bid. She had muzzled the auctioneer effectually.

"Your own price."

"Two pounds," said Rosa.

A dealer offered guineas, and it advanced slowly to four pounds and half a crown, at which it was about to be knocked down to Rosa, when suddenly a new bidder arose in the broker Rosa had rejected. They bid slowly and sturdily against each other, until a line was given to Rosa from Uncle Philip.

"This time it is your own friend, the snipe-nosed woman. She telegraphed a broker."

Rosa read, and crushed the note. "Six guineas," said she.

"Six-ten."

"Seven."

"Seven-ten."

"Eight."

"Eight-ten."

"Ten guineas," said Rosa; and then, with feminine cunning, stealing a sudden glance, caught her friend leaning back and signaling the broker not to give in.

"Eleven pounds."

"Twelve."

"Thirteen."

"Fourteen."

"Sixteen."

"Eighteen."

"Twenty."

"Twenty guineas."

"It is yours, my faithful friend," said Rosa, turning suddenly round on Mrs. Cole with a magnificent glance no one would have thought her capable of.

Then she rose and stalked away.

Dumfoundered for the moment, Mrs. Cole followed her, and stopped her at the door.

"Why, Rosie dear, it is the only thing I have bid for. There I've sat by your side like a mouse."

Rosa turned gravely toward her. "You know it is not that. You had only to tell me you wanted it. I would never have been so mean as to bid against you."

"Mean, indeed!" said Florence, tossing her head.

"Yes, mean; to draw back and hide behind the friend you were with, and employ the very rogue she had turned off. But it is my own fault. Cecilia warned me against you. She always said you were a treacherous girl."

"And I say you are an impudent little minx. Only just married, and going about like two vagabonds, and talk to me like that!"

"We are not going about like two vagabonds. We have taken a house in Mayfair."

"Say a stable."

"It was by your advice, you false-hearted creature."

"You are a fool."

"You are worse; you are a traitress."

"Then don't you have any thing to do with me."

"Heaven forbid I should. You treacherous thing."

"You insolent—insolent—I hate you."

"And I despise you."

"I always hated you at bottom."

"That's why you pretended to love me, you wretch."

"Well, I pretend no more. I am your enemy for life."

"Thank you. You have told the truth for once in your life."

"I have. And he shall never call in your husband; so you may leave Mayfair as soon as you like."

"Not to please you, madam. We can get on without traitors."

And so they parted, with eyes that gleamed like tigers.

Rosa drove home in great agitation, and tried to tell Christopher, but choked, and became hysterical. The husband physician coaxed and scolded her out of that; and presently in came Uncle Philip, full of the humors of the auction-room. He told about the little boy with a delight that disgusted Mrs. Staines; and then was particularly merry on female friendships. "Fancy a man going to a sale with his friend, and bidding against him on the sly."

"She is no friend of mine. We are enemies for life."

"And you were to be friends till death," said Staines, with a sigh.

Philip inquired who she was.

"Mrs. John Cole."

"Not of Curzon Street?"

"Yes."

"And you have quarreled with her?"

"Yes."

"Well, but her husband is a general practitioner."

"She is a traitress."

"But her husband could put a good deal of money in Christopher's way."

"I can't help it. She is a traitress."

"And you have quarreled with her about an old wardrobe."

"No, for her disloyalty, and her base good-for-nothingness. Oh! oh! oh!"

Uncle Philip got up, looking sour. "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Christopher," said he, very dryly.

Christopher accompanied him to the foot of the stairs.

"Well, Christopher," said he, "matrimony is a blunder at the best; and you have not done the thing by halves. You have married a simpleton. She will be your ruin."

"Uncle Philip, since you only come here to insult us, I hope in future you will stay at home."

"Oh! with pleasure, Sir. Good-by."

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

THE lakes and glens, the brown and lofty hills, the wild and savage mountains, the swift and lovely streams of Scotland have been made illustrious by their own poets, their own novelist, with a rare good fortune that has befallen no other land; nor is there any other portion of Europe that is so familiar to transatlantic readers as that which has been painted for all ages by the magic touch of Scott, or whose more delicate and hidden charms live forever in the passionate insight of Burns. Many a Bandusian fount or tall Soracte rises immortal in the pictures of the Scottish bards. The rushing Ayr, the mirk midnight, the morning breaking blithe over Craigie-burn, Loch Leven, Ben Lomond, the Highland glens, the broom, the daisy, or the milk-white thorn, allure the traveler from Australia or the Rocky Mountains; and the narrow and barren land that pierces the solitude of the Northern seas is peopled for all the world with friendly forms and faces, and shines in the light from heaven.[1] Yet possibly he who wanders within the shadow of the Pentland Hills, or by Magus Muir, may sometimes forget that one of the fiercest, the most desperate struggles of the human intellect for freedom and progress was carried out in the lovely scenes around him;[2] that souls grand and immutable as their native mountains here resisted temptation, defied tyranny, and lived and died for the countless generations of the future; that the seeds of Scottish genius were sown in the perils of Scottish martyrs; and that but for the gentle Hamilton, or the fervid Knox, the fierce Cameron, the saintly Renwick, Loch Katrine had wanted its minstrel and Ayr been left unsung; that the genius of civilization once struggled amidst these brown hills and silver streams with the genius of decay; that, like the spirits of the Arabian tale, they darted fire from their eyes and nostrils; that the world shook with the contest; and that often the fairer genie was forced to turn itself into a worm, a fish, or a seed, to escape the malice of its foe; but that, at the last, it consumed its enemy to ashes.

The trials and the tears of Scotland began with the German impulse from Luther, when Patrick Hamilton, a student and a visitor at Wittenberg, first brought to his native shores a spark that was to kindle a general illumination; they were ended by the generous policy of William of Orange, whose decision and whose vigor fixed forever the course of modern civilization. Fair, gentle, learned, connected with the ruling families of Scotland, of royal descent, and graced with all that high station, opulence, or power could give, Patrick Hamilton, by a heroic resolution, dared first to speak the truth to the corrupt clergy of his country, repeated the lessons of reform he had heard from the German teacher, and perished at the stake, the first martyr of the Scottish Reformation. He was only twenty-three years old: youth,

[1] "And yet the light that led astray was light from heaven." Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," has painted the Covenanter's home.

[2] For the history of the Covenant, Wodrow is the fullest authority. See, too, Hetherington and Kirkton. Stanley, Church of Scotland.

genius, virtue alone could fill the yawning chasm of decay.[1] It is easy to conceive what must have been the cruelty and the crimes of the monks, the abbots, the opulent bishops, who saw from the windows of St. Andrew's the slow fire wreathe around the fair form of Patrick Hamilton, his constancy, his ardor, and his faith. Yet the most conspicuous trait of the Scottish Reformation is its rapidity. The ashes of Hamilton and his company of martyrs seemed borne on the winds to fertilize and awaken the remote glens, the distant hamlets, the rising cities. Nobles and commons, priests and monks, starting up as if from a hideous dream, threw off the visions of the papacy.[2] The friendly hand of Elizabeth drove from Scotland the trained soldiers of France and the Guises; and at the cry of the impetuous Knox the people dashed down the images and pictures of church and cathedral, and left shining over the Scottish scenery only the wrecks of the fallen monastery—the moon-lit ruins of Melrose.

Whether cherishing some dim recollection of the pure faith of Iona and its early teachers, or moved by an innate taste for simple converse with the unseen world, Scotland, by a sudden stride, passed from the deepest gloom of superstition to a faith of intense purity. In its papal period it had been noted for its abject devotion to the faith of Rome. Its landscape was covered with fair, rich, and stately abbeys,[3] and Cistercian and Benedictine, friars black or gray, consumed in opulent ease the wealth of the nation. Its bishops were temporal lords, ruling in no modest pomp over wide domains. The priests had engrossed one-half the land of a poor nation; the churches and the cathedrals glittered with the wealth that had been ravished from the cottages and the hovels of the peasant, or won from the superstition of feeble kings. Nor was there any land where the clergy were more corrupt, or the gross manners of a depraved hierarchy had been less hidden by a decent veil. Suddenly the fervid intellect of the gifted people tore down the whole fabric of Italian superstition; the worship of the Virgin, the adoration of the saints, relics, images, and pictures, were thrown aside with unfeigned disgust; the cruel bishops, monks, and priests were chased from the narrow realm; and of all the impulses of the Scottish nation the strongest, the most lasting, was its hatred for the papal rule.

In the place of that pompous ritual which had graced the cathedral of St. Andrew or filled the arches of Melrose with pagan splendors, of that faith which had been crowded with legend and tradition, the Scottish reformers would accept only the simple rites, the unchanging doctrines of the Scriptures. Not from Luther or Cranmer, not even from Calvin and Geneva, but from the written thoughts of inspiration alone, would they build their church.[1] The cathedral must be stripped bare and dreary; the convent perish; the very name of bishop, the symbol of that foul Italian heresy which had so long hung like a poisonous mist over Scotland, must be forgotten; no image nor saint must intervene between the believer and his Maker; no formal service must check the spontaneous utterances of an animated faith. To this bald yet majestic conception of a church the whole nation turned with singular unanimity. The peasant in the wilds of Nithsdale, the traders of Glasgow, the noble in his armed palace, accepted the novel doctrine—new to that barbarous age; all Scotland leagued together to maintain the presbytery, to repel popery or prelacy; a covenant was signed in 1592 by the chiefs of the people, and even by the king; in the close of the sixteenth century the Reformation seemed to rule safely and triumphantly over that distant land, which, in its earlier years apparently incapable of progress, had lain the willing prey of priests and friars. With one vigorous exercise of latent strength the Scottish intellect had freed itself from Italian bondage, and might well prepare for rapid progress in the new paths of reform. Nor could it have foreseen that a century of pains and woes, scarcely surpassed in the Vaudois valleys or in the fens of Holland, was to spring from a sister church and from its native kings, and that the darkest period in the history of its stern and barren land was to come from the malice of Rome disguised in the thin mask of bishops like Laud or Sharp, princes like the first and second Charles and the first and second James.

The part which the Church of England was induced to take in the persecution of the Presbyterians of Scotland has no defenders, and can scarcely admit of extenuation; it is one of those crimes over which posterity should lament, and strive by new acts of tenderness and of humility to hide in sad oblivion;[2] a trait of barbarism which injudicious writers are apt to condone as among the common vices of the age. Yet it

[1] Hetherington, Hist. Church Scot., i. 26, 39. Hamilton was burned in 1528, at twenty-three.

[2] Kirkton, i. p. 21, on Scotland. He says "the whole nation was converted by lump, and within ten years after popery was discharged in Scotland there were not ten persons of quality to be found who did not profess the true reformed religion," etc. See, too, Knox, Works. These rude historians are often vigorous.

[3] Scott, Prov. Ant. Scotland, ii. 296, describes the beauty of Roslyn chapel. Tytler, Scotland, i. 329, ii. 397, numbers the rich monasteries, the fourteen Gothic churches. For the wealth of a monastery, see ii. 477.

[1] Hetherington, Preface, xiii.

[2] Stanley, Church of Scotland, is inclined to set off the faults of one sect against those of another. It would be probably better for each to study only its own guilt, and make suitable repentance.

is possible that had the Church of England remained what it was when it came freshly moulded from the hands of Latimer and Ridley, Cranmer and Rogers, no taint of Romish cruelty would have stained its purer progress, and it might have gladly united with its northern brethren in the pursuit of the germs of a lost Christianity. It was the well-known design of the English reformers of the reign of Edward VI. to receive into one communion the rising intellects of every land. Exiles from Italy, or Bucer from Alsace, shared their hospitality; the question of rites and ceremonial was determined by a wide liberality; the doctrines of Luther and Calvin might blend in the same sect.[1] But Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer perished in the flames; and when the English Church was renewed under Elizabeth and James I., its expansive and liberal spirit was lost in the arbitrary tendencies of its rulers. It had ceased to sympathize with the people, and had learned to lean upon kings and nobles. Its rites were corrupted, its papal tendencies were fostered into baleful vigor; the Low-Churchmen and the Puritans were driven from its communion, or held in unwilling bondage by stringent laws; and at length the insane dreamer and fanatic, Laud, a new Dominic or Loyola, assailed the lingering Protestantism of the people with bitter persecution, denounced the Low-Churchmen or the Puritans as worse than infidels, and amused his leisure hours by slitting the ears of honest reformers, and filling the prisons with reputable clergymen.

Of the madness of princes, the least excusable seems the attempt of the Stuart kings to force bishops and episcopal rites upon the Presbyterians of Scotland. They knew that three-fourths of the people hated the name of bishop as they hated that of pope; that, except a few traitors or hirelings, no Scotchman could endure the English rites and service; that the Scotch Church had resolved to adhere to its severe simplicity with heroic tenacity. Yet the Stuarts were equally resolute to put down religious insubordination. They saw, perhaps, that the Scotch Church was the creation of the people rather than of kings; that it owed its existence to the human labors and the divine gifts of men to whom royalty and nobility seemed but paltry baubles, to be dashed to pieces when they stood in the pathway of advancing truth; and that the doctrine of passive obedience which the English prelates had accepted with easy subservience could never be made acceptable to the followers of Knox and Wishart.[2] But whatever might be their motive, no entreaties, no menaces of the angry people, and even no real dangers could dissuade the stubborn Stuarts from their fatal resolution. James I. persisted in forcing upon Scotland his barren scheme of episcopacy, amidst the scoffs and jeers of his countrymen. His successor, Charles I., animated by the daring bigotry of Laud, determined to convert the Scotch to the prelatical creed by the fiery sword of persecution. A service-book was prepared, under Laud's especial care, to be read in all the Scottish churches; the simple Presbyterian rites were to be suppressed by law; the arms of England and the authority of the king were to be employed in reducing to subjection that fervid intellect which had so vigorously cast off the spiritual tyranny of Rome.

For a time it seemed as if Charles and Laud might prove successful. The Scottish clergy were apparently terrified and degenerate. Laud's service-book was brought to Scotland by hireling curates, and amidst the horror and shame of the Presbyterian nation, the bishop and the priest prepared to celebrate their popish rites in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Then suddenly the nation rose, struck by the heroic act of a woman, whose name, made renowned by the wonderful results of her swift resolution, may well be associated with a Joan of Arc or a Charlotte Corday. On the day when the new ritual was to be performed in the High Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, vast throngs filled the streets, and followed the Anglican dean as he made his way to the pulpit.[1] The church was crowded with an eager but hostile congregation; and scarcely had the first words of the service passed the lips of the reader when Jenny Geddes, an old woman, sprang up in her place and cried out, "Villain, will you read the mass at my lug?" She lifted the stool upon which she had been sitting in her vigorous arms and flung it at the head of the astonished dean. Jenny's decided act was no doubt in singularly bad taste, but she became from that moment a leader of the people. The Bishop of Edinburgh in vain strove to soothe the enraged congregation; the church was filled with uproar; the dean and bishop fled, and were saved with difficulty from the rage of the angry crowd; the impulse swelled over Scotland, and in every hamlet or city the daring of Jenny Geddes was told with delight, and a fierce resolution was formed by ministers and people to live and die "Presbyterian Protestants."

The year 1638 is held sacred in the annals of the Scottish Church as the moment when its piety was most fervid, its courage un-

[1] The liberality of the early English Church is wholly forgotten by the ritualists, who trace their ceremonial to Edward VI.

[2] Baillie writes, Letter to Strang, 1638: "Our maine feare is to have our religion lost, our throat cutted, our poor countrey made ane English province."

[1] I have followed the common story of Jenny Geddes, though Burton, Hist. Scot., varies the narrative. So, too, Stanley, p. 71.

doubted; when, amidst a fierce enthusiasm that bound all Scotland in one united sentiment,[1] on the 1st of March, in the Greyfriars' Church at Edinburgh, was laid out on a tombstone an immense parchment that proclaimed the renewal of the Covenant; when with enthusiastic joy vast throngs pressed forward to sign the solemn league, until the roll was too narrow to contain the signatures; when many found room to sign only their initials, and some affixed their names in letters of blood. It was a covenant to defy papacy and prelacy, and to maintain the church of the Scriptures; but it was, too, the appeal of a free people against the claims of every form of despotism. Nor can it be doubted that this fervid outbreak of independent thought amidst the bleak hills of Scotland helped largely to rouse the people of England to rebellion, and to secure the liberties of Europe and America; that the shrill outcry of Jenny Geddes was the signal for a revolution whose waves are still swelling over the earth. In the autumn of the same memorable year, when the Ayr murmured mournfully through its barren fields and Ben Lomond was clad in snow, the General Assembly of the Scottish Church met at Glasgow. Henderson, the boldest of its leaders, presided. No terms were any longer to be kept with the faithless king or the intrusive bishops.[2] The Protestant lords and their armed retainers guarded the patriotic Assembly; the royal commissioner was awed into silence; amidst a fierce excitement that had been gathering through generations of tyranny the Scottish clergy abolished episcopacy, declared the re-establishment of the Presbyterian discipline, and, with deep and ominous applause, separated to arouse the nation to the necessity of defending by arms, on many a battle-field, the faith they had inherited from their fathers.

The "Bishop's War" followed, and twice the obstinate king led his English troops in vain efforts to force his prelates upon the united Scotch.[3] But the most preposterous of invasions closed in the utter ruin of the plans of Laud and Charles; the Scotch forces under Leslie easily routed the disaffected English; and the king was forced, in November, 1640, to assemble that great Parliament that established Presbyterianism in England, and brought Laud and Strafford to the block. The crown and the prelatical church fell together. The compact which had been signed on the tombstone at Edinburgh was enlarged into the Solemn League and Covenant, and ruled supreme from the Orkneys to the Straits of Dover. Yet when Charles I. had perished on the scaffold, the imprudent Scots, in a moment of intense loyalty, perhaps of uncontrollable remorse, gave their allegiance to his worthless son, and were conquered by the arms of Cromwell. But from 1640 to 1660 the Scottish Church enjoyed a golden period of comparative repose; papists and prelatists were chased from the barren glens and populous cities; Henderson and Baillie, Guthrie and Gillespie, adorned its pulpit with ardent if unpolished eloquence; the swift inroads of Montrose and the vigor of Cromwell checked its pride, but scarcely disturbed its supremacy. Nor when, in 1660, with fond and glad congratulations, the Scots welcomed back the wandering Charles II. to his ancestral throne, could they have imagined that the ungrateful and cruel Stuart, as cold, as faithless as his ancestress, Mary, would commence a persecution against the Church of the Covenant that rivaled the atrocities of the pagan emperors, and hallowed the fairest landscapes of Scotland with the heroic memories of unconquerable spirits.[1]

In the period of twenty-eight years (1660–1688) between the accession of Charles and the flight of James II. occurred the final conflict of the Presbyterians with the prelatists of England.[2] The terrors of the spectacle deepened toward its close. Then were heard those heroic testimonies "emitted" by cultivated and resolute saints on the scaffold, in the noisome prison, or on the wintry heath; then a throng of involuntary anchorites, yet rejoicing in their desolation, fled like an Anthony or a Benedict to the caves and ravines of the wildest glens, were hunted with blood-hounds, and shot down as they shivered on the lonely moors; then, in the fairest retreats of the picturesque land, immense assemblages gathered around their field-preachers, and the joyful season of prayer and praise was often ended by the oaths of the wild dragoons and the ready pistol of Claverhouse; then terror, pains, and torture, fines and imprisonment, slowly seemed to corrode the vigor of the Scottish intellect. The conflict seemed near its close. The churches were held by prelatical curates. The Anglican bishops ruled with haughty supremacy over the Scottish Kirk. Its fairest ornaments had been ravished away by death. Henderson had died early; Gillespie had preceded him; Livingstone was an exile. A throng of famous men, eminent for genius, eloquence, and moral worth, had yielded to the rigors of Bass Rock prison,

[1] Stanley, p. 73, notices, with some carelessness of style, "the universal rush."

[2] Hetherington, i. 363, gives an account of the various covenants. See, too, Gilfillan's animated "Martyrs and Heroes."

[3] Milton began now to write against prelacy, and seems to have learned much from Scotland.

[1] Hetherington, ii. p. 1.

[2] "During these twenty-eight years of persecution," says Howie (Worthies, p. 508), "it is computed that not less than 18,000 persons suffered death, or the utmost hardships and extremities," and this from a small population.

had found consumption and fever in their damp caves and forests, or had sought shelter in Leyden and Geneva. Of the men who in 1638 had signed the memorable Covenant that had given a foretaste of liberty to England, few had escaped the rage of the persecutor. The Scottish Church was lost: the people had been apparently won over to the side of bigotry and of despotism. A few wild Cameronians alone, half crazed or half inspired by suffering, foretold from their dismal retreats, where they hid from the troopers of Claverhouse, the discomfiture of their Neros and Domitians, the horrible judgments from above that awaited the last Stuarts. Nor was it until the reformers of Holland stretched out their friendly hand to the English as well as the Scottish Church, that the cloud of woe forever passed away, and the Scottish intellect began to ripen into mature vigor.

No portion of his subjects had reason to look for kindlier treatment or more grateful consideration from Charles II. than that vigorous church which had first placed the crown upon his head when he was a powerless exile,[1] which had fought in his cause, with useless valor, against the arms of Cromwell, and had welcomed with ardor his return to his ancient throne; nor could Scotland, ever full of a secret enthusiasm, be led to discover, except by terrible pains, the utter unworthiness of its native kings. It was therefore with a kind of dull amazement that the Scottish nation, almost with the first notes of the restoration sounding amidst its valleys, and echoing from the Frith of Forth to the Western Isles, felt the cruel hand of its destroyer. Charles II. had come back from Paris and Madrid a convert to the loose theories of the papal rule. He feared the rigid scrutiny of reform, and was resolved to involve the nation and the age in his own moral death. The English Church was once more made the instrument of a cruel king. On the plea of renewing prelacy in the heart of unwilling Scotland, bishops, priests, and curates, service-books and surplices, were ordered to be adopted by the astonished nation; the whole Scottish people were once more commanded to abandon Presbyterianism. The terrors of the Northern persecution preceded and perhaps encouraged the massacre of the Vaudois and the expulsion of the Huguenots.

At the head of the Scottish reformers stood Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle.[2] His gravity, his prudence, the purity of his life, and the ardor of his zeal had made him the chief agent in all the religious changes that had passed over his country since the famous rising of 1637; his scholarship was considerable, his courage, though sometimes wavering, had often been displayed in field as well as in council; his territories had been ravaged by the predatory bands of Montrose and the Irish invaders. Yet his loyalty to Charles II. had been as conspicuous as his pious zeal, and when the youthful prince was proclaimed king at Scone, the Marquis of Argyle had placed the crown upon his head. When Charles was driven from Scotland he acknowledged the faithful services of the marquis, and promised, on the word of a king, that, should he ever be restored to his throne, he would repay with gratitude the favors he had received and the large sums of money for which he was indebted to Argyle. The Restoration came. Charles was King of England. One of his earliest acts was to direct the trial and execution of his benefactor. The faithless Stuart remembered the bold words in which Argyle had reproved his vices; he resolved to strike down the most powerful of the Scottish Presbyterians, and intimate its doom to the unsuspecting church. The marquis, who had gone up to London, with some misgivings, to welcome his early friend and sovereign, was at once thrown into the Tower. He was afterward sent to Scotland, and confined in the common prison at Edinburgh. He was condemned to die. He parted from his faithful wife with words of resignation. "I could die," he said, "like a Roman; I would rather die like a Christian." He put on his hat and cloak, and, followed by several noblemen and friends, went down the street and with great serenity mounted the scaffold. He kneeled down, he prayed, gave the signal, and his head was severed from his body. It is easy to conceive with what indignation and what grief the Scottish Covenanters beheld the fate of the wise and generous Argyle, the first martyr of the new persecution; nor could presbyter or layman any longer doubt that the unsparing tyrant who sat on the English throne had resolved to repay with no less bitter ingratitude the early devotion of the Scottish Church.[1]

Nobler victims soon followed, more devoted and more resolute than Argyle. The favorite pastors and teachers of Scotland were the shining marks of the English persecutors. Sharp, renegade and traitor, ruled over the Scottish prelacy; the Covenant was burned by the common hangman amidst the shouts of a disorderly throng, and an edict was issued (1662) commanding all Presbyterian ministers to submit to the bishop of the diocese or be expelled from their livings. The

[1] Keith, Scottish Bishops, may be consulted for the Anglican side of the question, p. 492. He thinks that in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign Scotland was not averse to prelacy. But why, then, did it resist?

[2] Wodrow, i. 130. "He was the head of the Covenanters of Scotland." His death "was a blow at the root of all that had been done," etc.

[1] Howie, Scots Worthies, Marquis of Argyle. Wodrow, i. 157.

soldiers were ordered to drag them from their pulpits should they refuse to obey. But the clergy, animated by a heroism that has no parallel, except, perhaps, in the same land and under a not dissimilar impulse, prepared to abandon their comfortable homes in the depth of winter, when the chill winds and snow swept over the narrow borders of Scotland, and with their wives and children go forth as beggars rather than submit to an episcopal rule. On a sad and memorable Sabbath, amidst the tears of crowded congregations, nearly four hundred ministers delivered their last sermons from their customary pulpits; the next week they were homeless wanderers, often hiding in caverns, or sleeping upon the lonely moors. In a recent example of Scottish devotion, almost in our own generation, the clergy once more abandoned their comfortable manses to live in pressing want and die in fatal privations; yet the friendly hands of countless admirers at last relieved the sufferings of the Free Church. But for the Covenanters, with their starving families, no friend could give aid, except by stealth. The government pursued the helpless wanderers with ceaseless rigor. Sharp and his dreadful hierarchy laughed aloud at the feeble lamentations of aged Covenanters as they condemned them to the scaffold; and the Romish agents who ruled at the court of Charles exulted as they saw the tears of Scotland, the madness of the Anglican Church.

Low as had fallen that solemn Covenant which in 1638 had been signed by Scotsmen in letters of blood, and in 1643 had been extended over all England, the foundation of a commonwealth, its children still clung to its memory and prayed for its restoration. Driven from the cities and their usual pulpits, the exiled ministers still gathered around them their faithful people, and preached in lonely glens and secret solitudes to vast and eager throngs. The Church of the Covenant flourished with new strength amidst its desolation. The parish churches were abandoned; the gross and illiterate curates who had been installed by the bishops were met with jeers and mockery by their new congregations; but whenever it was whispered among the hills that a Welch or a Blackadder would preach in some secluded valley, troops of peasants and the more daring of the nobles and gentry climbed the rough country roads, crossed streams, hills, and mountains, and gathered in thousands to listen to the touching exhortations of the heroic pastors. A deep religious solemnity filled all the land. New converts were won; the spirit of faith revived; the Covenant was taken anew, and the Presbyterian clergy, wandering from house to house, from shire to shire, saw with no common joy the devotion of the people. But their persecutors, the bishops, resolved to deprive the Scottish Church of its refuge in the wilderness, and a law was passed making it sedition to hold religious meetings without the consent of a prelate. Troops were poured into the Presbyterian counties. The coarse soldiers invaded pious households with fierce oaths and painful ribaldry; they robbed, they beat, they defiled; heavy fines impoverished the industrious, and the gross vices of the prelatical soldiers filled with disgust the stern and resolute Scots.

At length the people (1666) rose in arms. A spectacle of intolerable cruelty roused them to hopeless rebellion. An aged man—the story may recall one of the vivid pictures of Livy—was seized by the soldiers of Sir William Turner for refusing to pay the bishop's fine; they had bound his hands, and were threatening to roast him on a gridiron, when two or three fugitive Covenanters interfered.[1] The soldiers were made prisoners; the people sprang to arms, and Turner himself was captured in his bed at Dumfries. Three thousand Covenanters gathered near the river Clyde, but at the approach of a hostile force under Dalziel they wandered through storm and cold to the Pentland Hills, whose bold and massive outline bounds the scenery of Edinburgh, and with worn, disheartened, and diminished forces, awaited the attack of the foe. The Covenanters stood on a little knoll; Dalziel charged them, and was driven back. The battle raged until evening, but the faint and famished peasants were no match for his trained soldiers. They fled, defeated, in the gloom of the dull November night, and the hopes of Scotland seemed to perish forever in the battle of the Pentland Hills. A new and terrible severity was now exercised through all the rebellious districts;[2] men were hanged, shot, and tortured upon slight suspicion; a woman was thrown into a hole full of toads and reptiles because she refused to betray a friend; the timid Presbyterians began to frequent the prelatical services, and the more resolute hid in caves and forests. Yet the field meetings still renewed the dying intellect of the nation, and if Scotland failed to sink into the moral and mental feebleness of Italy and Spain under the tyranny of Sharp and his usurping church, the cause must be sought for in those centres of mental progress that were still kept open in the wilderness. It was death to attend one of these conventicles. The dragoons shot down without remorse the lonely Covenanter who was found climbing the hills to join his brethren in their solemn worship, or dashed, pistol in hand, into the pious gatherings. But the meetings increased in number and fervor.[3]

[1] Hetherington, ii. 45.

[2] Hetherington, ii. 35. The hands of the prisoners were cut off; they were racked and tortured.

[3] Wodrow, ii. 347. See an account of the Pentland

The awful majesty of wild and sterile nature looked down for many years upon the only services of the Presbyterian Church. The cry of the eagle and the ptarmigan, the bleating of the sheep upon the mountain pastures, the thunders of the mountain torrent, mingled with the psalms of happy multitudes, and blended not inharmoniously with the simplest form of religious adoration. Amidst savage hills and gloomy glens, beneath the blue or the clouded sky, the exiled church often celebrated its marriage rites, baptized its infants in the springs of living waters, pointed its mourners to the golden gates that were opening above, and recounted with exultation the growing catalogue of its martyrs. It is scarcely possible that the Scottish intellect has ever since been wrought to such a pitch of heroic vigor as when Cameron denounced all tyrants in his wilderness, or Renwick opened in fancy the joys of paradise to suffering throngs; when the minister was lodged in a cave, and the congregation worshiped in the fields with dauntless fervor, in the expectation of instant death. It is plain that but for the ardor of the Presbyterian clergy one of the mightiest centres of mental progress would have perished in blind fanaticism.

A painful and terrible event next deepened the rigors of persecution, and threw some discredit upon the cause of the Covenant. As Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, was driving in his coach over Magus Muir, where the wild moor-land spreads away to the hills of Fife and touches the sandy shore of the German Ocean, he was met by a party of twelve Covenanters. Several of them were fierce and lawless men, who had felt the severe rule of the bishops in their own persons or in the fate of their friends and neighbors, and they were keeping watch on Magus Muir for one of the inferior persecutors, noted for torturing women and children. He did not come, but in his stead rode up Sharp, with his daughter Isabel, surrounded by the state of his high office, and crowned with the wages of crime. Renegade from the Presbyterian faith, one of the chief authors of the miseries of his country, the Covenanters believed that it was no mere chance that had delivered the archbishop into their hands. Heaven, they thought, had ordained that he should die. Balfour of Burley and his companions dragged the old man from the coach. Hackstoun stood apart, refusing to interfere. The Covenanters plunged their swords in the body of their chief foe, and laid him dead on the silent moor. His daughter Isabel, whose tears and prayers had failed to touch the iron hearts of Burley and his friends, was left to keep watch over the body of her father, and the twelve Covenanters rode safely away. Yet the death of Sharp was fearfully avenged in new persecutions. The "Highland host" of eight thousand savage clansmen poured down from the mountains to prey upon the hapless west;[1] all Scotland was racked by fines and tortures; and at the head of his dragoons Claverhouse began now that career of horrors that has made his name the symbol of murderous hate. He murdered women and children with his own hand; he shot down with his pistol John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier. To chase and kill a Covenanter was to Claverhouse no worse sport than to hunt and bring down a stag.

The battle of Drumclog (1679) soon followed the outrages of Claverhouse and his dragoons. On the desolate and distant moors, amidst morasses and quaking fens, where Loudon Hill rises majestic over the lonely landscape and looks down upon the Avon and the Clyde, on a Sabbath morning, June 1, assembled a great throng of men, women, children, to celebrate in the secure retreat the forbidden services of the Presbyterian faith. We may well conceive the singular aspect of these woodland congregations. The men were usually armed. Some were on horseback, experienced soldiers from the European wars. Balfour of Burley stood amidst the throng, and not far off was Hackstoun, the sharer in his recent crime. Ministers, stealing from their caves, came to arouse the ardor of the people. Women, and even children, were ready to die for their faith; the blue banner of the Covenant, lifted in the wilderness, shone over the fells of Drumclog; nor was there a coward or a traitor in all the animated throng. It was the first day of summer; the milk-white thorn was blooming in the lowlands; the yellow broom covered the sterile hills; the services began with unusual fervor, and the exhortations of able pastors were heard with no common interest in the wide amphitheatre of morasses.[2] But each man in the congregation felt the peril of his act. Claverhouse, it was known, was ranging over the country in search of conventicles. Balfour of Burley and the armed Covenanters had come to Drumclog resolved to defend themselves in case the dragoons should approach. A watchman was posted on a neighboring height to announce the first appearance of the foe. While the vast throng were gathered around their preachers, the carbine of the sentinel startled them; he ran down from his station to warn his countrymen of their danger. Claverhouse was near. The congregation was at

rising in Howie, Worthies, p. 575, taken from Blackadder's memoirs.

[1] Wodrow, ii. 428, describes the terrible outrages of the Highlanders.

[2] Mr. Douglas led the services. Claverhouse had his horse shot under him. See a brief account in Howie, Worthies, p. 581. Keith, Bishops, 491, insists that the Covenanters were all rebels.

once arranged in the order of defense. The women and children were placed in the rear. Long lines of footmen stood before them, on either wing a band of horsemen. A broad morass covered the front of the Covenanters; their unpracticed soldiers had been arranged with military skill; and when Claverhouse sent a flag, commanding them to surrender, a shout of defiance rang along the ranks. After a few moments of silence, the whole army broke into a trumpet-like psalm, and, ruled by intense devotion, sang,

> "In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name in Israel's great;"

and as all deep passion seems to express itself in music, poetry, and song, so the wild landscape of Drumclog echoed to the pealing chant of a thousand voices, resolved to perish that Scottish intellect might be free.

With a fierce shout of malignant hatred, Claverhouse and his famous dragoons plunged into the morass to reach their unoffending foes, nor did they probably suppose that the Scottish peasants and their untried leaders would sustain for a moment their impetuous charge. But a rain of bullets met them as they came on. The veteran soldiers wavered and fled before the impenetrable line of inspired peasants. Claverhouse, whose courage equaled his severity, was borne back by the fugitives. "Charge!" cried a bold Covenanter, in the eventful moment. Burley, Hackstoun, or Hamilton led on their horse and foot across a morass, a ditch, and pursued the retreating soldiers, and Claverhouse, struggling with fierce obstinacy to repel the attack, was driven at last to fly up Calder Hill, and through the village of Strathaven. He cut his way through the country people who rose to capture him, and fled from Glasgow to Edinburgh. The victorious peasants treated their prisoners with signal mildness; but a wild thrill of hope ran through the cottages and the castles of the Lowlands, and thousands flocked to join the standard of the Covenant, trusting that the arm of the Lord was at length outstretched to shield his people. We have scarcely space to notice the brief period of hope between the victory of Drumclog and the utter discomfiture at Bothwell Bridge. But the ministers now came forth from their caves to greet their rejoicing people. For a few weeks the Presbyterian services were celebrated in the west, with no terrors of the wild dragoons. The army of the Covenant was swelled by steady accessions, and had some practiced leader arisen to rule and guide them, they might have driven the prelates from the borders of Scotland. Courage, intellect, vigor, enthusiasm, were never wanting, but the disorderly throng of fiery patriots never found a commander. All was tumult and dissension in the camp of the Covenanters; the ministers, the generals, and the people aided the strange confusion, and even when at Bothwell Bridge the powerful English army, under Monmouth, approached the unhappy Scots, the clergy and the commanders still contended with each other upon trivial points of doctrine and of discipline. Five thousand brave but disorderly Scotsmen stood behind the rippling Clyde, guarding Bothwell Bridge; had they been united under a Cromwell or a Leslie, they had beaten back the invaders and driven the Stuarts over the Tweed.

On another Sabbath morning, three weeks after the battle of Drumclog, the English forces, led by the Duke of Monmouth, appeared before the Scottish camp. They were ten thousand strong. Among their ranks were Claverhouse and his dragoons, Livingstone and the cruel Dalziel, the "Highland host," fierce and savage, fresh from their merciless outrages in the west, and several English regiments, the flower of the invading troops. Struck with alarm, the Covenanters had sent deputies to Monmouth offering terms of submission, but they were refused; they were ordered to lay down their arms and submit themselves to the mercy of the king. Half an hour was allowed them for reflection. When it expired the enemy moved swiftly on to seize Bothwell Bridge or ford the narrow stream. Burley, Hackstoun, and Nisbet led on a portion of the Covenanters, and with fierce and desperate energy defended the river and the bridge. For an hour the English were held at bay by the furious fire; column after column pressed forward and were driven back decimated and broken by the unyielding Scots; Clyde ran red with the blood of its children and its foes; and only when their ammunition failed were the brave Presbyterians forced from the shelter of their native stream. At length the dragoons, the Highlanders, and the Life Guards poured over the bridge, swept through the flying host of Covenanters, now no longer offering any resistance, and, led by Claverhouse, burning with revenge, inflicted horrible atrocities among the helpless throng. Hundreds fell in the merciless massacre. Burley strove to rally his men for a last struggle; a random shot broke his sword-arm; he uttered a curse upon the hand that fired it, and sought safety in flight. He escaped to Holland, and there closed in peace his life of stern and terrible labors. Claverhouse was now the conqueror of the Covenant, and, although the gentler Monmouth strove to soften the horrors of the victory, could not be restrained from gratifying his rage against the vanquished. Sweeping at the head of his wild horsemen over the parishes of Galloway, he covered the land with massacres, or filled the prisons with men, women, and children. The cruelty of the victors,

indeed, can scarcely be equaled in history. Five Presbyterian clergymen, who had no share in the battle, were taken to Magus Muir, executed, and hung in chains on the spot where Sharp had perished. Twelve hundred prisoners were collected in Greyfriars' church-yard at Edinburgh, where the Covenant had first been signed, with no shelter from the bleak sky, no bed but the damp, chill earth. Many died; some escaped or were set free; the rest were sent as slaves to Barbadoes; but two hundred, happily for themselves, perhaps, were lost in a furious storm. All Scotland was now held in a terrible subjection, and its people submitted in rage and gloom to the general prevalence of the episcopal ritual.

Yet still, in the deepest and wildest recesses of their native land, the more resolute and enthusiastic of the Covenanters kept untarnished the purity of the Scottish faith. On dank morasses, where the peat water was their only drink; in dark and misty glens, forests surrounded by lofty mountains, and rifts of the earth hidden deep amidst the bogs; in caves covered up by brush-wood, and wet with unwholesome distillations from the rock, might be seen groups of wild and stalwart men, with grizzly beards, eyes gleaming with a strange light, and countenances often glowing amidst their sufferings with a holy joy. They were the persecuted remnant of the Covenanters. Each carried a sword and a little clasped Bible. They still held their forbidden services in the loneliest retreats, but they were no longer those vast and joyous throngs that in the less dangerous period had gathered on the banks of the Clyde or in the broad shelter of Loudon Hill. A few famished and weary men, driven from the haunts of cultivated life, met to worship in some yawning chasm or beneath a towering rock, and to gather those sweet visions of perpetual bliss for which they had exchanged all that the world held valuable. The cave of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, was a jutting rock, hidden far down in a ravine amidst the moors; yet here he heard the glad voices of pious exiles, and joined in the most joyous services he had ever known. The young, fair, consumptive Renwick slept on the wet moors; and John Welch eluded the keen pursuit of Claverhouse by ceaseless wanderings over hill and dale. But the most secluded cavern often proved no safe retreat from the merciless dragoons. With blood-hounds and baying dogs they traversed the glens in search of their prey, and when they had found a cave tenanted by Covenanters, fired their carbines into its mouth, and massacred all its inmates.[1] Nor is it wonderful that these stern and unyielding victims of an intolerable tyranny, shut out from the society of their race, should have seen amidst their solitudes strange glimpses of the spiritual world, should have encountered Satan bodily in the wilderness, and have beheld terrible visions of the final doom of their persecutors. To his devoted followers the hunted and weary pastor was often invested with magic and supernatural powers.[1] He who refused him a shelter was crushed beneath his falling house. His reproof was often an omen of death; he foretold the fate of his friends or his enemies. In all their miseries the Scottish eremites were raised to a high pitch of spiritual gifts; and Alexander Peden, in his cave covered by a willow bush, was believed to possess the power to strike men dead by a word, and a clear insight into the future that opened to his followers the destiny of nations.

One of the most successful of the wandering preachers in eluding the chase of the dragoons was John Welch, a descendant of John Knox.[2] A high price was set on his head; avarice and hate stimulated his pursuers. Claverhouse, on one occasion, rode forty miles to seize the valuable prize, yet the gifted preacher disappeared at his approach, and was enabled to escape to London, where he died (1681), and was afterward buried in his native land. For twenty years John Welch wandered amidst the mountains of Scotland, hunted with blood-hounds, chased by dragoons; and the spirit of John Knox seemed renewed in this wonderful man, who gave up all the advantages of ease and station to preserve the vigor of the national faith. He was highly educated, one of the most successful preachers of his time, when, in 1661, he resolved to abandon his flourishing parish church, where his ancestors had preached, and go forth, a homeless wanderer, rather than obey the intrusive bishops. On the last Sabbath of his service all the parish crowded to hear his parting words. They followed him with tears when he left the pulpit; many crossed with him through Cluden Water,[3] and pursued him along the road with bitter lamentation as he passed from their sight. When a curate, some months afterward, attempted to take possession of his church, the people drove him out, and several of them were arrested and fined for the offense. But from that moment, for nearly twenty years, the voice of the mild, meek, yet eloquent and daring rebel never ceased to echo amidst his native hills, nor could all the vigilance of the bishops and the dragoons silence the perpetual protest of the descendant of Knox. He declaimed against prelacy to immense throngs, that sprang up as if by magic in the lonely fields of Fife and the shadow of Falkland

[1] Wodrow, iv. 183.

[1] Burton, Hist. Scot., ii. 296, thinks these preachers "a formidable body."

[2] Howie, Worthies, John Welch.

[3] Howie, Worthies, 394.

Wood. The parish churches were deserted whenever it was known that John Welch was lurking among the hills, and would meet his faithful people. He was no advocate of submission. He was active at Pentland Hills, and for four years after that fatal defeat was hidden from sight, hunted upon his native mountains like a stag. In 1674 he appears again, preaching to great throngs in the county of Fife. Converts were made in great numbers; the Countess of Crawford cried out that she yielded to his eloquence, and the Chancellor Rothes, the bitterest of the persecutors, found in his own church at Leslie no one but his own family—all the people had stolen away to an armed conventicle. Once more John Welch disappeared among the hills. Five hundred pounds were offered for his capture. He always traveled armed, and attended usually by several friends. In 1678 were celebrated communion seasons of rare enjoyment, and the long tables, spread on lovely meadows beneath the open sky, were thronged with 3000 members. Yet sometimes John Welch preached on the frozen surface of the Tweed, and had no better pulpit than a field of ice. At Bothwell Bridge Welch was one of the pastors who strove to unite the disordered Covenanters. From its bloody scenes he escaped by wonderful endurance. He was sometimes three days on horseback without sleep. He crossed the border, and fled forever from his native land.

Donald Cargill and Richard Cameron were types of the sternest and fiercest of the Scottish thinkers. Welch might have yielded some points of doctrine, some traits of discipline, could he have hoped to win peace for his suffering people.[1] He could forgive the timid Presbyterian who consented to accept the indulgence offered by the bishops, or who was not willing to resist till death, in want, exile, or painful seclusion, the tyranny of a hostile government. But to Cameron or Cargill the slightest submission was a proof of a fallen nature or a craven heart. Stern and remorseless against the time-serving offender, they held as more guilty even than the persecuting priest the follower of the Covenant who wavered in his faith, who shrank from maintaining its most minute doctrinal distinctions, or who, having once possessed the truth, had lapsed into Erastian negligence and submission. Wild, strange, and terrible were the lives led by these unrivaled heroes as they crept from cover to cover amidst the hills of Scotland, crying out against the backslider and the prelatist, and welcomed by countless throngs of devoted followers. Only a series of the most wonderful escapes from their pursuers, which might well seem the interventions of approving Heaven, saved them for many years from the hand of the executioner. Cargill, worn by terrible emotion and constant labors, once found that his voice was gone, and it was probably the bitterest of his pains that he could no longer utter to the vast assemblies of his people his well-known and startling exhortations.[1] But in a moment of inspiration his infirmity was healed. His voice returned, clearer and louder than before, and, with unparalelled spirit, he preached again to great multitudes. Often he passed through the midst of his enemies, as if guided by an invisible hand. Once, when the pursuers entered his chamber, he was safely hidden behind a pile of books. The soldiers were about to remove them, when the faithful maid-servant cried out that they were taking her master's books, and their commander ordered them to desist. At Bothwell he was seized, dangerously wounded, by the enemy, but they allowed him to escape. Soon he was preaching again, baptizing and marrying in the wild scenes of Galloway and Nithsdale. A reward of several hundred pounds was set upon his head; for it was known that he had invoked the judgment of Heaven on the king and the bishops, and stern Cameronians were fond of tracing in the sudden or shocking deaths of Charles II. and Monmouth, of Dalziel and Rothes, the fulfillment of Cargill's prophecies and maledictions. At last he was taken. He was hanged, defiant and triumphant, at the Cross of Edinburgh, a man whose life had been passed in ceaseless prayer and works of boundless charity. Richard Cameron, prophet, priest, and revolutionist, was Cargill's companion when, in 1780, at Sanquhar, almost abandoned by the Scottish clergy, they denounced the Duke of York as antichrist or abjured all allegiance to the Stuarts. A fierce and energetic nature, a voice loud and terrible, a will that never bent to the fiercest strokes of fate, made Cameron the founder of a religious sect whose name is still preserved; nor did he ever spare in his maledictions the race of his native kings, or hesitate to foretell that the day was coming when they should be driven forever from the land they had filled with woe. Unhappily the brave preacher did not escape to witness the fulfillment of his prophecy. He whose malediction was a portent of death, whose prophetic glance rivaled the awful penetration of Daniel or Isaiah, was shot down on Air's Moss, and his body thrown into a pit. Here came his friend Alexander Peden soon after, and kneeling down, with upturned eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, to be wi' Richie!" A simple head-stone marks Cameron's grave on Air's Moss; but ever in Scottish history, amidst the tears and the exultation of generations, will rise up the

[1] Howie, Worthies, 396.

[1] Howie, Worthies, 369.

touching spectacle of the bereaved Covenanter lamenting for his friend, and uttering his memorable cry.

From the craggy cliffs of Arthur's Seat may be seen, far out in the Frith of Forth, a huge mountain of stone rising over the restless sea. It is called Bass Rock.[1] Solitary, bare, and treeless, the waves beat uselessly against its firm foundations, and the sea-fowl cluster unharmed around its desolate top. The rock was purchased by the crown from its private owner to be converted into a prison for the Covenanters. The dungeons and the keep of its castle were filled with a sacred company of unbending spirits; from the grated windows looked out a group of stern and earnest faces, gasping for air, or shivering with perpetual cold. Sometimes the wan and haggard captives were permitted to wander along its narrow ledge, gaze on the swelling ocean, catch the fair outline of their persecuted land, and mingle their prayers with the voices of the restless waves. Here the wintry winds, the rage of the arctic storms, famine, confinement, and noisome cells racked the frames and broke the health of many of Scotland's noblest sons, but could never shake their resolution; nor has earth a more memorable prison-house, or Scotland a more sacred scene, than this barren rock, where Peden, Gillespie, and Blackadder found an involuntary Patmos. John Blackadder was one of the most eminent of the rigid Covenanters. He was descended from a race of scholars, and for many happy years had preached the pure faith of the Covenant with singular success in the parish of Troqueer. His church stood on a gentle eminence upon the banks of the Nith; a fair landscape opened around it; his garden and his manse, his wife, his young family, his faithful parishioners, employed his active hours; but when the moment came for deciding between the claims of conscience and the demands of kings and bishops, the mild and gentle pastor, transformed into a hero, defied the overwhelming power of his foes. He was among the first to preach against prelacy.[2] He was arrested, released, and at length driven from Troqueer. On a misty Sabbath, the last in October, when the parish bells were sounding cheerfully from village to village, his people gathered at an early hour to bid him farewell: his last sermon was broken by the sudden inroad of the soldiery, and he removed to a lonely parish in Glencairn. Here he was never allowed to rest. His son, then ten years old, relates one of the common incidents in the life of a Presbyterian clergyman of the time. A party of soldiers at night broke into the minister's poor cottage, but, happily, he had gone to Edinburgh; they ordered the boy, with oaths and threats, to light a candle and lead them through the house in search of his father; they ran their swords through the beds where his sisters slept, threw the books from the shelves of the library, and devoured the contents of the scanty larder. Cold and shivering, for he had only his night dress, the poor child resolved to make his escape. He pretended to be playing in the yard, passed the sentries who stood at the door with drawn swords, and ran through the dark night to a neighboring village. He was half naked and frozen; but all the town was asleep, and no door was open to receive him. He crept to the town cross, climbed to the upper step, and slept there till morning. Between five and six o'clock a door opened, and an old woman came out. She saw a white object on the cross, and coming near, discovered that it was a little boy. "Jesus save us!" she cried; "what art thou?" The child awoke from his frozen sleep, and told her that he was Mr. Blackadder's son, and that a band of fearful men, in red coats, had burned his father's house and all the family. "Oh, puir thing!" she exclaimed; "come in and lie down in my warm bed." "Which I did," adds the narrator, "and it was the sweetest bed I ever met with."[1]

Many weary years of persecution and of ceaseless toils passed over the wandering pastor, during which he held armed conventicles amidst the moors, preached to joyous throngs in distant solitudes, or hid in secret places, while his pursuers sought him with untiring malice. His health, always feeble, often forced him to seek rest in Holland, or to hide in close rooms at Edinburgh. In his last public service he stood on a hill in East Lothian, looking out on Bass Rock, and there prayed fervently for its unhappy prisoners. Soon after he was apprehended, and sentenced to join the company of martyrs for whom he prayed. He was carried to Bass Rock, and for four years endured the pains and horrors of its inclement dungeons; was chilled by its fierce winds, or half stifled in its noisome gloom. Yet never would his lofty spirit descend to purchase release by consenting to the tyranny of the bishops, and with his dying breath he proclaimed that religious and civil liberty was a birthright of which no persecutor could rob him. He died in his seventieth year, the victim of priests and kings. Nor of all the famous scenes of Scotland—and it has many—of all its sacred spots, hallowed by deeds of enthusiasm, self-devotion, or romance, is there one to which the freemen of every land will turn with more deep and reverent interest than the huge rock that breaks the waves of the

[1] Scott, Prov. Ant., ii. 296, has a good view of Bass Rock. See Bass Rock, by Hugh Miller and others.
[2] Howie, Worthies, 499.

[1] Howie, Worthies, 502.

Frith of Forth, surrounded by the shrieking sea-fowl and the fickle mist, yet ever radiant with the memories of its countless martyrs, and speaking to all ages its heroic lesson of endurance till death in the cause of human progress.

Not less renowned among the heroes of the Covenant are John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, and his wife, Isabel Weir. He who wandered among the rocky districts of Ayrshire two hundred years ago would have seen seated amidst its highest fells, looking from the brow of a hill upon a wide tract of moss and moor, a cottage renowned as the home of one of the purest and mildest of the victims of Claverhouse.[1] The rude farm was known as Priesthill. Its house was of stone, covered with heather; yet from its modest hospitality no stranger was repelled, and the honest virtue of John Brown had made Priesthill famous as the home of piety and boundless good-will. He had been designed for a clergyman, but was prevented from preaching by a defect in his voice. Grave, calm, moderate, forbearing, the father ruled over his rising family; bright, cheerful, hopeful, humorous, his wife, Isabel, softened the austerity of the Covenanter's home. She was his second wife. He had met her in his wanderings over his native hills, when they had conversed together over the sorrows of the church, and at length their wedding was celebrated in a solitary glen, amidst an unexpected throng of Covenanters. Alexander Peden, prophet and priest, heard their vows beneath the open sky, and uttered to Isabel, when he had joined them forever, one of his singular forebodings of coming woe. "When you least expect it," he said, "your husband will be taken from you;" and Isabel heard him without alarm. Several years passed on; peace and perpetual joy rested upon their modest home. When persecution raged over the lonely district, John Brown was often obliged to hide in the cold uplands or fly to a friendly cave.[2] One day, driven from his home, he wandered to one of those singular spots, so often the only refuge of the hapless Covenanters, to pass the hours in prayer. A torrent or a water-spout had formed a deep ravine, a frightful chasm, in the moor, down whose steep and rocky sides, hidden in bracken, only the most experienced climber could make his way. At its base, on each side of the immense rift, were a number of caves and dens, capable of holding a large congregation. John Brown had made his way into one of them, thinking himself alone, when a low, sweet sound struck his ear. It was a voice chanting a psalm in a subdued tone, as if the singer was afraid to attract attention even in that awful solitude. But gradually it rose louder and more joyful, the chasm echoed with the song of praise, and John Brown discovered that three of his friends had fled, like himself, to the wilderness to commune with God. They were living in a cave beneath a jutting rock; yet the peace of Heaven descended upon them. They were drinking from the river of life. They passed the night together in inexpressible bliss, until the lark rose above their heads in the morning, when they parted, thinking never to meet again. Climbing up the sides of the rocky chasm, they gazed around to see if an enemy were near. They sang again, when, to their surprise, a voice sweeter than any thing they had ever heard before seemed to resound through the bracken-covered cleft, cheering them with golden pictures of celestial bliss.[1] They never discovered whence it came; but when his companions looked upon John Brown's grave face, they saw that it was lighted with the sweet expression of an angel.

Soon after, Claverhouse, who had heard the fame of John Brown's piety, came to Priesthill resolved to kill him.[2] Isabel saw the company of horsemen riding over the hill, and knew that the hour had come which Alexander Peden had foretold at their wedding in the glen. Her husband was seized on the moor, where he was cutting peat, and was brought back to the house. Three companies of dragoons stood around John and Isabel and their trembling children. "Will you pray for King James?" exclaimed Claverhouse to the Covenanter. "Not until he turns from his wicked ways," said the victim. "Then go to your prayers, for you must die!" cried Claverhouse; and kneeling before his peaceful home, John Brown prayed for his wife, his children, and the church of God. Claverhouse interrupted him with imprecations. "Isabel," said John, "the hour is come I told you of at our wedding. Are you willing to part from me?" "Heartily willing," she answered, "if it must be." "Then," said he, "this is all I wait for." He kissed his wife and children tenderly. "Fire!" cried Claverhouse to his dragoons. They stood motionless, appalled. He drew a pistol from his own belt and shot his captive through the head. While the fierce soldiers turned away in horror, Claverhouse, in an excess of wickedness, taunted with bitter words the weeping Isabel, who had gathered John Brown's shattered head in her arms. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" he exclaimed. "I ever thought mickle of him," she said, "and now more than ever." "It were justice to lay thee at his side," replied he. "Thou art cruel enough to do it," she said; "but how wilt thou answer for this morning's work?" With fierce words but a pallid countenance, he put spurs to his horse

[1] Howie, Worthies, John Brown. [2] Howie.

[1] Howie, i. 451. [2] Wodrow, iv. 244.

and galloped away;[1] and Isabel, with her children, drew a plaid reverently over her husband's body, and wept kneeling at his side. Yet the peace of God came to the stricken family; tender friends gathered around them; and from the solemn moor and the poor Covenanter's home is uttered a perpetual cry against priestly tyranny and spiritual pride.

The last, perhaps the most interesting, of the victims of the prelacy was James Renwick, a young and gifted preacher.[2] Sickly, frail, a scholar, almost a poet, he had given himself to the labors and dangers of a wandering life, preaching the Covenant among his native hills; nor could cold, want, fatigue, or failing health disturb the bright visions of a heavenly world that seemed to float around him like a shield against every sensual pain. It was the second year after John Brown's marriage to Isabel. The gudeman was away. Isabel was carding and spinning wool with her shepherds. The quiet house was suddenly aroused at night by the entrance of a stranger. He was young, small, his countenance fair, but pale with hunger and sickness. His shoes were worn out, but though he wore a shepherd's plaid, he was evidently of some higher profession. A little girl, John Brown's daughter Janet, took off his wet plaid and placed him in the warmest corner. The stranger burst into tears, and invoked for her the blessing of Heaven. John Brown now came in and approached the poor wanderer with reverence, for he was James Renwick. All the family strove to soothe his suffering frame; the lassies left their wheels to wash his feet; the gude-wife prepared him a warm supper; and little Janet, who had been the first to welcome him, fell fast asleep at his side. Yet James Renwick had no words of regret for the dark past or the sterner future. "Our enemies are glad," he said, "that we are driven to wander in mosses or on mountains; but even amidst the storms of the last two nights, I can not express what sweet times I have had when I had no covering but the dark curtains of the night. Yes, in the silent watch my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy wherein the whole family of heaven swim.[3] Each star led me to wonder what he must be who is the Star of Jacob, of whom all stars borrow their shining."

In the calm hospitality of Priesthill the young enthusiast passed a few happy days, and then went forth, amidst toil and pain, to keep alive the vital spark of a true faith among his countrymen. It was in the last years of the great persecution. A majority of the Scottish clergy had yielded to the professions of England's papist king, and had accepted the indulgence he offered; but to James Renwick no compliance was possible, and he inveighed sternly and boldly against all who consented to touch the fatal gift of toleration.[1] His health was failing, his life ebbing away. He could scarcely sit upon his horse as he rode from glen to glen, from shire to shire, preaching to the faithful people the joys of a sublime truthfulness. His enemies pursued the young, frail preacher with unexampled malice. Fifteen times within five months diligent efforts were made for his arrest. A heavy reward was offered for his head. He escaped by a series of wonderful accidents that may well deserve a more pious name; was now among the wildest hills of Fife, or now at Edinburgh thrust a last protest against toleration into the unwilling hands of the "moderate" clergy. A few months more and he might have seen the Church of Scotland set free from its persecutors, and heard the shouts of joy that welcomed the yellow flag of Orange and the triumph of the tolerant Presbyterian William. But in February, 1688, he was seized at Edinburgh, was stricken down by a brutal blow as he tried to escape, and was laid in irons in the jail. "What!" said the captain of the guard, when he saw his feeble captive, "is this the boy Renwick that the nation has been so troubled with?" He was condemned to death, but the glory of the ineffable bliss above hung around him, and when he was offered his life if he would sign a petition, he declared that no earthly gains could win him from the truth. From his mother and his sisters, who were allowed to see him, he parted with words of triumph. Even on the scaffold he declined the offer of pardon. An immense throng of spectators gathered around, and amidst the clash of drums and the clamor of his enemies he was heard exclaiming, "Dear friends, I die a Presbyterian Protestant." So fair and pure a victim has seldom fallen before the malice of spiritual tyranny. He was just twenty-six years old. His complexion was ruddy and fair, his countenance of angelic sweetness. All the virtues that dignify human nature —generosity, purity, meekness, courtesy— adorned this remarkable young man. His eloquence was long celebrated among his countrymen. Immense throngs gathered at his field-preaching to catch the fervor of his zeal. No one could paint so clearly the splendors of immortal bliss, or lift his trembling audiences to such perfect communion with the family of heaven. James Renwick

[1] Wodrow, ii. 245. Claverhouse is said never to have forgotten the prayers of John Brown.

[2] Howie, James Renwick. Wodrow, iv. 445.

[3] Howie, Worthies, 448. Howie's Testimonies may be consulted by those who would see how cheerfully the heroes of the Covenant died.

[1] Dean Stanley thinks the Church of Scotland was marked by its "negations," p. 66, 67; but all its protests were aimed against what was unscriptural. It affirmed only the Bible.

was the last of the Covenanters who died upon the scaffold, and the tears and trials of Scotland ended with the sacrifice of one of her purest sons.

More potent than the fabled spells of enchantment or the boldest visions of a poetic fancy, more wonderful than the achievements of epic heroes, of Tancred, Æneas, or Achilles, are often the vigorous operations of common-sense.[1] And no sooner had the calm and resolute William of Orange left his native fens, to carry reason and moderation to the counsels of the English court, than a sudden calm descended upon the blood-stained hills and glens of Scotland. The sorrows of the Scottish Church were over; the Cameronian might come boldly from his cave; the prisoners poured out of Bass Rock; toleration reigned where once had been heard only the fierce cry of the persecutor and his victim; and beneath the yellow flag of Orange and Nassau, Europe and America began a new career of swift advance. The enchanter, William, had tamed by a sudden spell the rage of persecution, and never again in any Protestant land were the cruelties of Dominic and Loyola to be emulated or revived. In France the ceaseless malice of the Romish Church still pursued the pious Huguenots to their deserts; in Italy the Vaudois were still tormented amidst their beautiful valleys; Spain and Portugal still celebrated, though at rarer intervals, the fearful sacrifices of the Inquisition; but the humane principles of William and of his native Holland ruled over Germany and the British Isles, were enlarged and expanded in America, and laid the firm foundations of modern freedom. No nation profited more largely from the revolution of 1688 than the land which had suffered most deeply from the Romish instincts of the Stuart kings. A pure and rational faith spread over Scotland. Its brown moors and bracken-covered glens, its lowlands bright with broom and fragrant with the milk-white thorn, resounded with the cheerful voices of prosperity and peace. Its intellect, which had been tested amidst the bitterest pains of persecution, grew suddenly into unlooked-for vigor; the same profound enthusiasm which had marked its wandering preachers in their caves and their conventicles was exhibited by its men of letters; its schools of metaphysics, history, poetry, and fiction have led the advance of modern thought, and the splendors of its literary career have covered its narrow realm with an immortal renown. But the most direct, the most important, result of the sorrows and the heroism of the martyrs of the Covenant is the almost unexampled growth of an evangelical church, which in its native land has preserved the pure faith of Hamilton, Knox, and Renwick, and which in our own has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, always the friend of freedom, of education, and of mental and moral progress. And as the various religious sects in the New World, forgetting their ancient rivalry in the Old, blend day by day in one common bond of sympathy and spiritual union, it will be seen that the martyrs and saints of Scotland and its church suffered not for any one Christian body, but for the liberties and the welfare of all; that they perished nobly in the cause of ever-living truth.

Nor will the historian of the future, who, writing from some central home of freedom in the valleys of the Nevada or on the banks of the Columbia, reviews and corrects the errors of the medieval story, forget, like Hume or Robertson or Scott, to celebrate the true historical characters of Scotland. He may pass with contempt the false men and shameless women who, robed in the trappings of kings, queens, and nobles, have formed the chief personages of the common narrative; he will scarcely linger over the fate of the unhappy Mary, or lament her necessary woes; he will neglect the long line of barbarous kings and cruel priests to dwell upon the rigid virtue and the generous sacrifices of the martyrs of the Covenant. Priesthill, seated on its lonely fells, with its ever-open Bible and its gentle inmates, will have for him a higher charm than Holyrood or Melrose Abbey; the caves and glens where honesty and virtue flourished in the days of persecution will seem the true sources of Scottish progress; and the stern and haggard Cameronian, giving forth his testimony in death against the faintest deviation from the path of strict integrity—a Cargill, a Peden, or a Renwick—will be found to have exercised no unimportant influence upon the free institutions of Oregon or of Montana.

[1] Wodrow, iv. 463, celebrates William Prince of Orange as the deliverer of his country, "that glorious deliverer of those lands from popery and slavery." The Covenanters were not ungrateful.

HOPE.

In the quiet garden of my life
There groweth a red-rose tree;
A little bird sits on the topmost bough,
And merrily singeth he.

The sun may shine in the happy sky
Through the long and golden days,
And the sweet spring blossoms veil the trees
In a fragrant pearly haze;

Or the pelting rains of autumn come,
And the weary wintry weather,
And we've naught to watch but the leaden clouds—
My rose and I together.

Come rain, come shine, so that bonny bird
But warble his cheery tune;
For while he sings to my rose and me,
To us it is always June.

And Death and Sorrow shall vainly sit
The portals of life beside,
For we float upborne on that soaring song
Through the gates of heaven flung wide!

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IX.

NEWS FROM MANNHEIM.

LADY JANET'S curiosity was by this time thoroughly aroused. Summoned to explain who the nameless lady mentioned in his letter could possibly be, Julian had looked at her adopted daughter. Asked next to explain what her adopted daughter had got to do with it, he had declared that he could not answer while Miss Roseberry was in the room.

What did he mean? Lady Janet determined to find out.

"I hate all mysteries," she said to Julian. "And as for secrets, I consider them to be one of the forms of ill-breeding. People in our rank of life ought to be above whispering in corners. If you *must* have your mystery, I can offer you a corner in the library. Come with me."

Julian followed his aunt very reluctantly. Whatever the mystery might be, he was plainly embarrassed by being called upon to reveal it at a moment's notice. Lady Janet settled herself in her chair, prepared to question and cross-question her nephew, when an obstacle appeared at the other end of the library, in the shape of a man-servant with a message. One of Lady Janet's neighbors had called by appointment to take her to the meeting of a certain committee which assembled that day. The servant announced that the neighbor—an elderly lady—was then waiting in her carriage at the door.

Lady Janet's ready invention set the obstacle aside without a moment's delay. She directed the servant to show her visitor into the drawing-room, and to say that she was unexpectedly engaged, but that Miss Roseberry would see the lady immediately. She then turned to Julian, and said, with her most satirical emphasis of tone and manner, "Would it be an additional convenience if Miss Roseberry was not only out of the room before you disclose your secret, but out of the house?"

Julian gravely answered, "It may possibly be quite as well if Miss Roseberry is out of the house."

Lady Janet led the way back to the dining-room.

"My dear Grace," she said, "you looked flushed and feverish when I saw you asleep on the sofa a little while since. It will do you no harm to have a drive in the fresh air. Our friend has called to take me to the committee meeting. I have sent to tell her that I am engaged—and I shall be much obliged if you will go in my place."

Mercy looked a little alarmed. "Does your ladyship mean the committee meeting of the Samaritan Convalescent Home? The members, as I understand it, are to decide to-day which of the plans for the new building they are to adopt. I can not surely presume to vote in your place?"

"You can vote, my dear child, just as well as I can," replied the old lady. "Architecture is one of the lost arts. You know nothing about it; I know nothing about it; the architects themselves know nothing about it. One plan is no doubt just as bad as the other. Vote, as I should vote, with the majority. Or as poor dear Dr. Johnson said, 'Shout with the loudest mob.' Away with you—and don't keep the committee waiting."

Horace hastened to open the door for Mercy.

"How long shall you be away?" he whispered, confidentially. "I had a thousand things to say to you, and they have interrupted us."

"I shall be back in an hour."

"We shall have the room to ourselves by that time. Come here when you return. You will find me waiting for you."

Mercy pressed his hand significantly and went out. Lady Janet turned to Julian, who had thus far remained in the background, still, to all appearance, as unwilling as ever to enlighten his aunt.

"Well?" she said. "What is tying your tongue now? Grace is out of the room; why don't you begin? Is Horace in the way?"

"Not in the least. I am only a little uneasy—"

"Uneasy about what?"

"I am afraid you have put that charming creature to some inconvenience in sending her away just at this time."

Horace looked up suddenly, with a flush on his face.

"When you say 'that charming creature,'" he asked, sharply, "I suppose you mean Miss Roseberry?"

"Certainly," answered Julian. "Why not?"

Lady Janet interposed. "Gently, Julian," she said. "Grace has only been introduced to you hitherto in the character of my adopted daughter—"

"And it seems to be high time," Horace added, haughtily, "that I should present her next in the character of my engaged wife."

Julian looked at Horace as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his own ears. "Your wife!" he exclaimed, with an irrepressible outburst of disappointment and surprise.

"Yes. My wife," returned Horace. "We are to be married in a fortnight. May I ask," he added, with angry humility, "if you disapprove of the marriage?"

Lady Janet interposed once more. "Nonsense, Horace," she said. "Julian congratulates you, of course."

Julian coldly and absently echoed the words. "Oh yes! I congratulate you, of course."

Lady Janet returned to the main object of the interview.

"Now we thoroughly understand one another," she said, "let us speak of a lady who has dropped out of the conversation for the last minute or two. I mean, Julian, the mysterious lady of your letter. We are alone, as you desired. Lift the veil, my reverend nephew, which hides her from mortal eyes! Blush, if you like—and can. Is she the future Mrs. Julian Gray?"

"She is a perfect stranger to me," Julian answered, quietly.

"A perfect stranger! You wrote me word you were interested in her."

"I *am* interested in her. And, what is more, you are interested in her too."

Lady Janet's fingers drummed impatiently on the table. "Have I not warned you, Julian, that I hate mysteries? Will you, or will you not, explain yourself?"

Before it was possible to answer, Horace rose from his chair. "Perhaps I am in the way?" he said.

Julian signed to him to sit down again.

"I have already told Lady Janet that you are not in the way," he answered. "I now tell *you*—as Miss Roseberry's future husband—that you too have an interest in hearing what I have to say."

Horace resumed his seat with an air of suspicious surprise. Julian addressed himself to Lady Janet.

"You have often heard me speak," he began, "of my old friend and school-fellow, John Cressingham?"

"Yes. The English consul at Mannheim?"

"The same. When I returned from the country I found among my other letters a long letter from the consul. I have brought it with me, and I propose to read certain passages from it, which tell a very strange story more plainly and more credibly than I can tell it in my own words."

"Will it be very long?" inquired Lady Janet, looking with some alarm at the closely written sheets of paper which her nephew spread open before him.

Horace followed with a question on his side.

"You are sure I am interested in it?" he asked. "The consul at Mannheim is a total stranger to me."

"I answer for it," replied Julian, gravely, "neither my aunt's patience nor yours, Horace, will be thrown away if you will favor me by listening attentively to what I am about to read."

With those words he began his first extract from the consul's letter:

....."'My memory is a bad one for dates. But full three months must have passed since information was sent to me of an English patient, received at the hospital here, whose case I, as English consul, might feel an interest in investigating.

"'I went the same day to the hospital, and was taken to the bedside.

"'The patient was a woman—young, and (when in health), I should think, very pretty. When I first saw her she looked, to my uninstructed eye, like a dead woman. I noticed that her head had a bandage over it, and I asked what was the nature of the injury that she had received. The answer informed me that the poor creature had been present, nobody knew why or wherefore, at a skirmish or night attack between the Germans and the French, and that the injury to her head had been inflicted by a fragment of a German shell.'"

Horace—thus far leaning back carelessly in his chair—suddenly raised himself and exclaimed, "Good heavens! can this be the woman I saw laid out for dead in the French cottage?"

"It is impossible for me to say," replied Julian. "Listen to the rest of it. The consul's letter may answer your question."

He went on with his reading:

"'The wounded woman had been reported dead, and had been left by the French in their retreat, at the time when the German forces took possession of the enemy's position. She was found on a bed in a cottage by the director of the German ambulance—'"

"Ignatius Wetzel?" cried Horace.

"Ignatius Wetzel," repeated Julian, looking at the letter.

"It *is* the same!" said Horace. "Lady Janet, we are really interested in this. You remember my telling you how I first met with Grace? And you have heard more about it since, no doubt, from Grace herself?"

"She has a horror of referring to that part of her journey home," replied Lady Janet. "She mentioned her having been stopped on the frontier, and her finding herself accidentally in the company of another Englishwoman, a perfect stranger to her. I naturally asked questions on my side, and was shocked to hear that she had seen the woman killed by a German shell almost close at her side. Neither she nor I have had any relish for returning to the subject since. You were quite right, Julian, to avoid speaking of it while she was in the room. I understand it all now. Grace, I suppose, mentioned my name to her fellow-traveler. The woman is, no doubt, in want of assistance, and she applies to me through you. I will help her;

but she must not come here until I have prepared Grace for seeing her again, a living woman. For the present there is no reason why they should meet."

"I am not sure about that," said Julian, in low tones, without looking up at his aunt.

"What do you mean? Is the mystery not at an end yet?"

"The mystery has not even begun yet. Let my friend the consul proceed."

Julian returned for the second time to his extract from the letter:

"'After a careful examination of the supposed corpse, the German surgeon arrived at the conclusion that a case of suspended animation had (in the hurry of the French retreat) been mistaken for a case of death. Feeling a professional interest in the subject, he decided on putting his opinion to the test. He operated on the patient with complete success. After performing the operation he kept her for some days under his own care, and then transferred her to the nearest hospital—the hospital at Mannheim. He was obliged to return to his duties as army surgeon, and he left his patient in the condition in which I saw her, insensible on the bed. Neither he nor the hospital authorities knew any thing whatever about the woman. No papers were found on her. All the doctors could do, when I asked them for information with a view to communicating with her friends, was to show me her linen marked with her name. I left the hospital after taking down the name in my pocket-book. It was "Mercy Merrick."'"

Lady Janet produced *her* pocket-book. "Let me take the name down too," she said. "I never heard it before, and I might otherwise forget it. Go on, Julian."

Julian advanced to his second extract from the consul's letter:

"'Under these circumstances, I could only wait to hear from the hospital when the patient was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak to me. Some weeks passed without my receiving any communication from the doctors. On calling to make inquiries I was informed that fever had set in, and that the poor creature's condition now alternated between exhaustion and delirium. In her delirious moments the name of your aunt, Lady Janet Roy, frequently escaped her. Otherwise her wanderings were for the most part quite unintelligible to the people at her bedside. I thought once or twice of writing to you, and of begging you to speak to Lady Janet. But as the doctors informed me that the chances of life or death were at this time almost equally balanced, I decided to wait until time should determine whether it was necessary to trouble you or not.'"

"You know best, Julian," said Lady Janet. "But I own I don't quite see in what way I am interested in this part of the story."

"Just what I was going to say," added Horace. "It is very sad, no doubt. But what have *we* to do with it?"

"Let me read my third extract," Julian answered, "and you will see."

He turned to the third extract, and read as follows:

"'At last I received a message from the hospital informing me that Mercy Merrick was out of danger, and that she was capable (though still very weak) of answering any questions which I might think it desirable to put to her. On reaching the hospital I was requested, rather to my surprise, to pay my first visit to the head physician in his private room. "I think it right," said this gentleman, "to warn you, before you see the patient, to be very careful how you speak to her, and not to irritate her by showing any surprise or expressing any doubts if she talks to you in an extravagant manner. We differ in opinion about her here. Some of us (myself among the number) doubt whether the recovery of her mind has accompanied the recovery of her bodily powers. Without pronouncing her to be mad—she is perfectly gentle and harmless—we are nevertheless of opinion that she is suffering under a species of insane delusion. Bear in mind the caution which I have given you—and now go and judge for yourself." I obeyed, in some little perplexity and surprise. The sufferer, when I approached her bed, looked sadly weak and worn; but, so far as I could judge, seemed to be in full possession of herself. Her tone and manner were unquestionably the tone and manner of a lady. After briefly introducing myself, I assured her that I should be glad, both officially and personally, if I could be of any assistance to her. In saying these trifling words I happened to address her by the name I had seen marked on her clothes. The instant the words "Miss Merrick" passed my lips a wild, vindictive expression appeared in her eyes. She exclaimed, angrily, "Don't call me by that hateful name! It's not my name. All the people here persecute me by calling me Mercy Merrick. And when I am angry with them they show me the clothes. Say what I may, they persist in believing they are my clothes. Don't you do the same, if you want to be friends with me." Remembering what the physician had said to me, I made the necessary excuses, and succeeded in soothing her. Without reverting to the irritating topic of the name, I merely inquired what her plans were, and assured her that she might command my services if she required them. "Why do you want to know what my plans are?" she asked, suspiciously. I reminded her in reply that I held the position of English consul, and that my object was, if possible, to be of some assistance to her. "You can be of the greatest assistance to me," she said, eagerly. "Find Mercy

Merrick!" I saw the vindictive look come back into her eyes, and an angry flush rising on her white cheeks. Abstaining from showing any surprise, I asked her who Mercy Merrick was. "A vile woman, by her own confession," was the quick reply. "How am I to find her?" I inquired next. "Look for a woman in a black dress, with the Red Geneva Cross on her shoulder; she is a nurse in the French ambulance." "What has she done?" "I have lost my papers; I have lost my own clothes; Mercy Merrick has taken them." "How do you know that Mercy Merrick has taken them?" "Nobody else could have taken them—that's how I know it. Do you believe me or not?" She was beginning to excite herself again; I assured her that I would at once send to make inquiries after Mercy Merrick. She turned round contented on the pillow. "There's a good man!" she said. "Come back and tell me when you have caught her." Such was my first interview with the English patient at the hospital at Mannheim. It is needless to say that I doubted the existence of the absent person described as a nurse. However, it was possible to make inquiries by applying to the surgeon, Ignatius Wetzel, whose whereabouts was known to his friends in Mannheim. I wrote to him, and received his answer in due time. After the night attack of the Germans had made them masters of the French position, he had entered the cottage occupied by the French ambulance. He had found the wounded Frenchmen left behind, but had seen no such person in attendance on them as the nurse in the black dress with the red cross on her shoulder. The only living woman in the place was a young English lady, in a gray traveling cloak, who had been stopped on the frontier, and who was forwarded on her way home by the war correspondent of an English journal.'"

"That was Grace," said Lady Janet.

"And I was the war correspondent," added Horace.

"A few words more," said Julian, "and you will understand my object in claiming your attention."

He returned to the letter for the last time, and concluded his extracts from it as follows:

"'Instead of attending at the hospital myself, I communicated by letter the failure of my attempt to discover the missing nurse. For some little time afterward I heard no more of the sick woman, whom I shall still call Mercy Merrick. It was only yesterday that I received another summons to visit the patient. She had by this time sufficiently recovered to claim her discharge, and she had announced her intention of returning forthwith to England. The head physician, feeling a sense of responsibility, had sent for me. It was impossible to detain her on the ground that she was not fit to be trusted by herself at large, in consequence of the difference of opinion among the doctors on the case. All that could be done was to give me due notice, and to leave the matter in my hands. On seeing her for the second time, I found her sullen and reserved. She openly attributed my inability to find the nurse to want of zeal for her interests on my part. I had, on my side, no authority whatever to detain her. I could only inquire whether she had money enough to pay her traveling expenses. Her reply informed me that the chaplain of the hospital had mentioned her forlorn situation in the town, and that the English residents had subscribed a small sum of money to enable her to return to her own country. Satisfied on this head, I asked next if she had friends to go to in England. "I have one friend," she answered, "who is a host in herself—Lady Janet Roy." You may imagine my surprise when I heard this. I found it quite useless to make any further inquiries as to how she came to know your aunt, whether your aunt expected her, and so on. My questions evidently offended her; they were received in sulky silence. Under these circumstances, well knowing that I can trust implicitly to your humane sympathy for misfortune, I have decided (after careful reflection) to insure the poor creature's safety when she arrives in London by giving her a letter to you. You will hear what she says, and you will be better able to discover than I am whether she really has any claim on Lady Janet Roy. One last word of information, which it may be necessary to add, and I shall close this inordinately long letter. At my first interview with her I abstained, as I have already told you, from irritating her by any inquiries on the subject of her name. On this second occasion, however, I decided on putting the question.'"

As he read those last words, Julian became aware of a sudden movement on the part of his aunt. Lady Janet had risen softly from her chair and had passed behind him with the purpose of reading the consul's letter for herself over her nephew's shoulder. Julian detected the action just in time to frustrate Lady Janet's intention by placing his hand over the last two lines of the letter.

"What do you do that for?" inquired his aunt, sharply.

"You are welcome, Lady Janet, to read the close of the letter for yourself," Julian replied. "But before you do so I am anxious to prepare you for a very great surprise. Compose yourself, and let me read on slowly, with your eye on me, until I uncover the last two words which close my friend's letter."

He read the end of the letter, as he had proposed, in these terms:

"'I looked the woman straight in the face,

and I said to her, "You have denied that the name marked on the clothes which you wore when you came here was your name. If you are not Mercy Merrick, who are you?" She answered, instantly, "My name is—"'

Julian removed his hand from the page. Lady Janet looked at the next two words, and started back with a loud cry of astonishment, which brought Horace instantly to his feet.

"Tell me, one of you!" he cried. "What name did she give?"

Julian told him:

"GRACE ROSEBERRY."

CHAPTER X.

A COUNCIL OF THREE.

FOR a moment Horace stood thunderstruck, looking in blank astonishment at Lady Janet. His first words, as soon as he had recovered himself, were addressed to Julian.

"Is this a joke?" he asked, sternly. "If it is, I for one don't see the humor of it."

Julian pointed to the closely written pages of the consul's letter. "A man writes in earnest," he said, "when he writes at such length as this. The woman seriously gave the name of Grace Roseberry, and when she left Mannheim she traveled to England for the express purpose of presenting herself to Lady Janet Roy." He turned to his aunt. "You saw me start," he went on, "when you first mentioned Miss Roseberry's name in my hearing. Now you know why." He addressed himself once more to Horace. "You heard me say that you, as Miss Roseberry's future husband, had an interest in being present at my interview with Lady Janet. Now *you* know why."

"The woman is plainly mad," said Lady Janet. "But it is certainly a startling form of madness when one first hears of it. Of course we must keep the matter, for the present at least, a secret from Grace."

"There can be no doubt," Horace agreed, "that Grace must be kept in the dark, in her present state of health. The servants had better be warned beforehand, in case of this adventuress or madwoman, whichever she may be, attempting to make her way into the house."

"It shall be done immediately," said Lady Janet. "What surprises *me*, Julian (ring the bell, if you please), is, that you should describe yourself in your letter as feeling an interest in this person."

Julian answered—without ringing the bell.

"I am more interested than ever," he said, "now I find that Miss Roseberry herself is your guest at Mablethorpe House."

"You were always perverse, Julian, as a child, in your likings and dislikings," Lady Janet rejoined. "Why don't you ring the bell?"

"For one good reason, my dear aunt. I don't wish to hear you tell your servants to close the door on this friendless creature."

Lady Janet cast a look at her nephew which plainly expressed that she thought he had taken a liberty with her.

"You don't expect me to see the woman?" she asked, in a tone of cold surprise.

"I hope you will not refuse to see her," Julian answered, quietly. "I was out when she called. I must hear what she has to say—and I should infinitely prefer hearing it in your presence. When I got your reply to my letter, permitting me to present her to you, I wrote to her immediately, appointing a meeting here."

Lady Janet lifted her bright black eyes in mute expostulation to the carved Cupids and wreaths on the dining-room ceiling.

"When am I to have the honor of the lady's visit?" she inquired, with ironical resignation.

"To-day," answered her nephew, with impenetrable patience.

"At what hour?"

Julian composedly consulted his watch. "She is ten minutes after her time," he said, and put his watch back in his pocket again.

At the same moment the servant appeared, and advanced to Julian, carrying a visiting-card on his little silver tray.

"A lady to see you, Sir."

Julian took the card, and, bowing, handed it to his aunt.

"Here she is," he said, just as quietly as ever.

Lady Janet looked at the card, and tossed it indignantly back to her nephew. "Miss Roseberry!" she exclaimed. "Printed—actually printed on her card! Julian, even MY patience has its limits. I refuse to see her!"

The servant was still waiting—not like a human being who took an interest in the proceedings, but (as became a perfectly bred footman) like an article of furniture artfully constructed to come and go at the word of command. Julian gave the word of command, addressing the admirably constructed automaton by the name of "James."

"Where is the lady now?" he asked.

"In the breakfast-room, Sir."

"Leave her there, if you please, and wait outside within hearing of the bell."

The legs of the furniture-footman acted, and took him noiselessly out of the room. Julian turned to his aunt.

"Forgive me," he said, "for venturing to give the man his orders in your presence. I am very anxious that you should not decide hastily. Surely we ought to hear what this lady has to say?"

Horace dissented widely from his friend's opinion. "It's an insult to Grace," he broke out, warmly, "to hear what she has to say!"

Lady Janet nodded her head in high approval. "I think so too," said her ladyship, crossing her handsome old hands resolutely on her lap.

Julian applied himself to answering Horace first.

"Pardon me," he said. "I have no intention of presuming to reflect on Miss Roseberry, or of bringing her into the matter at all.—The consul's letter," he went on, speaking to his aunt, "mentions, if you remember, that the medical authorities of Mannheim were divided in opinion on their patient's case. Some of them—the physician-in-chief being among the number—believe that the recovery of her mind has not accompanied the recovery of her body."

"In other words," Lady Janet remarked, "a madwoman is in my house, and I am expected to receive her!"

"Don't let us exaggerate," said Julian, gently. "It can serve no good interest, in this serious matter, to exaggerate any thing. The consul assures us, on the authority of the doctor, that she is perfectly gentle and harmless. If she is really the victim of a mental delusion, the poor creature is surely an object of compassion, and she ought to be placed under proper care. Ask your own kind heart, my dear aunt, if it would not be downright cruelty to turn this forlorn woman adrift in the world without making some inquiry first."

Lady Janet's inbred sense of justice admitted—not overwillingly—the reasonableness as well as the humanity of the view expressed in those words. "There is some truth in that, Julian," she said, shifting her position uneasily in her chair, and looking at Horace. "Don't you think so too?" she added.

"I can't say I do," answered Horace, in the positive tone of a man whose obstinacy is proof against every form of appeal that can be addressed to him.

The patience of Julian was firm enough to be a match for the obstinacy of Horace. "At any rate," he resumed, with undiminished good temper, "we are all three equally interested in setting this matter at rest. I put it to you, Lady Janet, if we are not favored, at this lucky moment, with the very opportunity that we want? Miss Roseberry is not only out of the room, but out of the house. If we let this chance slip, who can say what awkward accident may not happen in the course of the next few days?"

"Let the woman come in," cried Lady Janet, deciding headlong, with her customary impatience of all delay. "At once, Julian—before Grace can come back. Will you ring the bell this time?"

This time Julian rang it. "May I give the man his orders?" he respectfully inquired of his aunt.

"Give him any thing you like, and have done with it!" retorted the irritable old lady, getting briskly on her feet, and taking a turn in the room to compose herself.

The servant withdrew, with orders to show the visitor in.

Horace crossed the room at the same time—apparently with the intention of leaving it by the door at the opposite end.

"You are not going away?" exclaimed Lady Janet.

"I see no use in my remaining here," replied Horace, not very graciously.

"In that case," retorted Lady Janet, "remain here because I wish it."

"Certainly—if you wish it. Only remember," he added, more obstinately than ever, "that I differ entirely from Julian's view. In my opinion the woman has no claim on us."

A passing movement of irritation escaped Julian for the first time. "Don't be hard, Horace," he said, sharply. "All women have a claim on us."

They had unconsciously gathered together, in the heat of the little debate, turning their backs on the library door. At the last words of the reproof administered by Julian to Horace, their attention was recalled to passing events by the slight noise produced by the opening and closing of the door. With one accord the three turned and looked in the direction from which the sounds had come.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

JUST inside the door there appeared the figure of a small woman dressed in plain and poor black garments. She silently lifted her black net veil, and disclosed a dull, pale, worn, weary face. The forehead was low and broad; the eyes were unusually far apart; the lower features were remarkably small and delicate. In health (as the consul at Mannheim had remarked) this woman must have possessed, if not absolute beauty, at least rare attractions peculiarly her own. As it was now, suffering—sullen, silent, self-contained suffering—had marred its beauty. Attention and even curiosity it might still rouse. Admiration or interest it could excite no longer.

The small, thin, black figure stood immovably inside the door. The dull, worn, white face looked silently at the three persons in the room.

The three persons in the room, on their side, stood for a moment without moving, and looked silently at the stranger on the threshold. There was something, either in the woman herself, or in the sudden and stealthy manner of her appearance in the room, which froze, as if with the touch of

an invisible cold hand, the sympathies of all three. Accustomed to the world, habitually at their ease in every social emergency, they were now silenced for the first time in their lives by the first serious sense of embarrassment which they had felt since they were children in the presence of a stranger.

Had the appearance of the true Grace Roseberry aroused in their minds a suspicion of the woman who had stolen her name, and taken her place in the house?

Not so much as the shadow of a suspicion of Mercy was at the bottom of the strange sense of uneasiness which had now deprived them alike of their habitual courtesy and their habitual presence of mind. It was as practically impossible for any one of the three to doubt the identity of the adopted daughter of the house as it would be for you who read these lines to doubt the identity of the nearest and dearest relative you have in the world. Circumstances had fortified Mercy behind the strongest of all natural rights—the right of first possession. Circumstances had armed her with the most irresistible of all natural forces—the force of previous association and previous habit. Not by so much as a hair-breadth was the position of the false Grace Roseberry shaken by the first appearance of the true Grace Roseberry within the doors of Mablethorpe House. Lady Janet felt suddenly repelled, without knowing why. Julian and Horace felt suddenly repelled, without knowing why. Asked to describe their own sensations at the moment, they would have shaken their heads in despair, and would have answered in those words. The vague presentiment of some misfortune to come had entered the room with the entrance of the woman in black. But it moved invisibly; and it spoke, as all presentiments speak, in the Unknown Tongue.

A moment passed. The crackling of the fire and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds audible in the room.

The voice of the visitor—hard, clear, and quiet—was the first voice that broke the silence.

"Mr. Julian Gray?" she said, looking interrogatively from one of the two gentlemen to the other.

Julian advanced a few steps, instantly recovering his self-possession. "I am sorry I was not at home," he said, "when you called with your letter from the consul. Pray take a chair."

By way of setting the example, Lady Janet seated herself at some little distance, with Horace in attendance standing near. She bowed to the stranger with studious politeness, but without uttering a word, before she settled herself in her chair. "I am obliged to listen to this person," thought the old lady. "But I am *not* obliged to speak to her. That is Julian's business—not mine." "Don't stand, Horace! You fidget me. Sit down." Armed beforehand in her policy of silence, Lady Janet folded her handsome hands as usual, and waited for the proceedings to begin, like a judge on the bench.

"Will you take a chair?" Julian repeated, observing that the visitor appeared neither to heed nor to hear his first words of welcome to her.

At this second appeal she spoke to him. "Is that Lady Janet Roy?" she asked, with her eyes fixed on the mistress of the house.

Julian answered, and drew back to watch the result.

The woman in the poor black garments changed her position for the first time. She moved slowly across the room to the place at which Lady Janet was sitting, and addressed her respectfully with perfect self-possession of manner. Her whole demeanor, from the moment when she had appeared at the door, had expressed—at once plainly and becomingly—confidence in the reception that awaited her.

"Almost the last words my father said to me on his death-bed," she began, "were words, madam, which told me to expect protection and kindness from you."

It was not Lady Janet's business to speak. She listened with the blandest attention. She waited with the most exasperating silence to hear more.

Grace Roseberry drew back a step—not intimidated—only mortified and surprised. "Was my father wrong?" she asked, with a simple dignity of tone and manner which forced Lady Janet to abandon her policy of silence, in spite of herself.

"Who was your father?" she asked, coldly.

Grace Roseberry answered the question in a tone of stern surprise.

"Has the servant not given you my card?" she said. "Don't you know my name?"

"Which of your names?" rejoined Lady Janet.

"I don't understand your ladyship."

"I will make myself understood. You asked me if I knew your name. I ask you, in return, which name it is? The name on your card is 'Miss Roseberry.' The name marked on your clothes, when you were in the hospital, was 'Mercy Merrick.'"

The self-possession which Grace had maintained from the moment when she had entered the dining-room, seemed now, for the first time, to be on the point of failing her. She turned, and looked appealingly at Julian, who had thus far kept his place apart, listening attentively.

"Surely," she said, "your friend, the consul, has told you in his letter about the mark on the clothes?"

Something of the girlish hesitation and timidity which had marked her demeanor at her interview with Mercy in the French

cottage reappeared in her tone and manner as she spoke those words. The changes—mostly changes for the worse—wrought in her by the suffering through which she had passed since that time, were now (for the moment) effaced. All that was left of the better and simpler side of her character asserted itself in her brief appeal to Julian. She had hitherto repelled him. He began to feel a certain compassionate interest in her now.

"The consul has informed me of what you said to him," he answered, kindly. "But, if you will take my advice, I recommend you to tell your story to Lady Janet in your own words."

Grace again addressed herself with submissive reluctance to Lady Janet.

"The clothes your ladyship speaks of," she said, "were the clothes of another woman. The rain was pouring when the soldiers detained me on the frontier. I had been exposed for hours to the weather—I was wet to the skin. The clothes marked 'Mercy Merrick' were the clothes lent to me by Mercy Merrick herself while my own things were drying. I was struck by the shell in those clothes. I was carried away insensible in those clothes after the operation had been performed on me."

Lady Janet listened to perfection—and did no more. She turned confidentially to Horace, and said to him, in her gracefully ironical way, "She is ready with her explanation."

Horace answered in the same tone, "A great deal too ready."

Grace looked from one of them to the other. A faint flush of color showed itself in her face for the first time.

"Am I to understand," she asked, with proud composure, "that you don't believe me?"

Lady Janet maintained her policy of silence. She waved one hand courteously toward Julian, as if to say, "Address your inquiries to the gentleman who introduces you." Julian, noticing the gesture, and observing the rising color in Grace's cheeks, interfered directly in the interests of peace.

"Lady Janet asked you a question just now," he said; "Lady Janet inquired who your father was."

"My father was the late Colonel Roseberry."

Lady Janet made another confidential remark to Horace. "Her assurance amazes me!" she exclaimed.

Julian interposed before his aunt could add a word more. "Pray let us hear her," he said, in a tone of entreaty which had something of the imperative in it this time. He turned to Grace. "Have you any proof to produce," he added, in his gentler voice, "which will satisfy us that you are Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace looked at him indignantly. "Proof!" she repeated. "Is my word not enough?"

Julian kept his temper perfectly. "Pardon me," he rejoined, "you forget that you and Lady Janet meet now for the first time. Try to put yourself in my aunt's place. How is she to know that you are the late Colonel Roseberry's daughter?"

Grace's head sunk on her breast; she dropped into the nearest chair. The expression of her face changed instantly from anger to discouragement. "Ah," she exclaimed, bitterly, "if I only had the letters that have been stolen from me!"

"Letters," asked Julian, "introducing you to Lady Janet?"

"Yes." She turned suddenly to Lady Janet. "Let me tell you how I lost them," she said, in the first tones of entreaty which had escaped her yet.

Lady Janet hesitated. It was not in her generous nature to resist the appeal that had just been made to her. The sympathies of Horace were far less easily reached. He lightly launched a new shaft of satire—intended for the private amusement of Lady Janet. "Another explanation!" he exclaimed, with a look of comic resignation.

Julian overheard the words. His large lustrous eyes fixed themselves on Horace with a look of unmeasured contempt.

"The least you can do," he said, sternly, "is not to irritate her. It is so easy to irritate her!" He addressed himself again to Grace, endeavoring to help her through her difficulty in a new way. "Never mind explaining yourself for the moment," he said. "In the absence of your letters, have you any one in London who can speak to your identity?"

Grace shook her head sadly. "I have no friends in London," she answered.

It was impossible for Lady Janet—who had never in her life heard of any body without friends in London—to pass this over without notice. "No friends in London!" she repeated, turning to Horace.

Horace shot another shaft of light satire. "Of course not!" he rejoined.

Grace saw them comparing notes. "My friends are in Canada," she broke out, impetuously. "Plenty of friends who could speak for me, if I could only bring them here."

As a place of reference—mentioned in the capital city of England—Canada, there is no denying it, is open to objection on the ground of distance. Horace was ready with another shot. "Far enough off, certainly," he said.

"Far enough off, as you say," Lady Janet agreed.

Once more Julian's inexhaustible kindness strove to obtain a hearing for the stranger who had been confided to his care. "A little patience, Lady Janet," he pleaded. "A little consideration, Horace, for a friendless woman."

"Thank you, Sir," said Grace. "It is very kind of you to try and help me, but it is useless. They won't even listen to me." She attempted to rise from her chair as she pronounced the last words. Julian gently laid his hand on her shoulder and obliged her to resume her seat.

"*I* will listen to you," he said. "You referred me just now to the consul's letter. The consul tells me you suspected some one of taking your papers and your clothes."

"I don't suspect," was the quick reply; "I am certain! I tell you positively Mercy Merrick was the thief. She was alone with me when I was struck down by the shell. She was the only person who knew that I had letters of introduction about me. She confessed to my face that she had been a bad woman—she had been in a prison—she had come out of a refuge—"

Julian stopped her there with one plain question, which threw a doubt on the whole story.

"The consul tells me you asked him to search for Mercy Merrick," he said. "Is it not true that he caused inquiries to be made, and that no trace of any such person was to be heard of?"

"The consul took no pains to find her," Grace answered, angrily. "He was, like every body else, in a conspiracy to neglect and misjudge me."

Lady Janet and Horace exchanged looks. This time it was impossible for Julian to blame them. The farther the stranger's narrative advanced, the less worthy of serious attention he felt it to be. The longer she spoke, the more disadvantageously she challenged comparison with the absent woman, whose name she so obstinately and so audaciously persisted in assuming as her own.

"Granting all that you have said," Julian resumed, with a last effort of patience, "what use could Mercy Merrick make of your letters and your clothes?"

"What use?" repeated Grace, amazed at his not seeing the position as she saw it. "My clothes were marked with my name. One of my papers was a letter from my father, introducing me to Lady Janet. A woman out of a refuge would be quite capable of presenting herself here in my place."

Spoken entirely at random, spoken without so much as a fragment of evidence to support them, those last words still had their effect. They cast a reflection on Lady Janet's adopted daughter which was too outrageous to be borne. Lady Janet rose instantly. "Give me your arm, Horace," she said, turning to leave the room. "I have heard enough."

Horace respectfully offered his arm. "Your ladyship is quite right," he answered. "A more monstrous story never was invented."

He spoke, in the warmth of his indignation, loud enough for Grace to hear him. "What is there monstrous in it?" she asked, advancing a step toward him, defiantly.

Julian checked her. He too—though he had only once seen Mercy—felt an angry sense of the insult offered to the beautiful creature who had interested him at his first sight of her. "Silence!" he said, speaking sternly to Grace for the first time. "You are offending—justly offending—Lady Janet. You are talking worse than absurdly—you are talking offensively—when you speak of another woman presenting herself here in your place."

Grace's blood was up. Stung by Julian's reproof, she turned on him a look which was almost a look of fury.

"Are you a clergyman? Are you an educated man?" she asked. "Have you never read of cases of false personation, in newspapers and books? I blindly confided in Mercy Merrick before I found out what her character really was. She left the cottage—I know it, from the surgeon who brought me to life again—firmly persuaded that the shell had killed me. My papers and my clothes disappeared at the same time. Is there nothing suspicious in these circumstances? There were people at the hospital who thought them highly suspicious—people who warned me that I might find an impostor in my place." She suddenly paused. The rustling sound of a silk dress had caught her ear. Lady Janet was leaving the room, with Horace, by way of the conservatory. With a last desperate effort of resolution, Grace sprang forward and placed herself in front of them.

"One word, Lady Janet, before you turn your back on me," she said, firmly. "One word, and I will be content. Has Colonel Roseberry's letter found its way to this house or not? If it has, did a woman bring it to you?"

Lady Janet looked—as only a great lady *can* look, when a person of inferior rank has presumed to fail in respect toward her.

"You are surely not aware," she said, with icy composure, "that these questions are an insult to Me?"

"And worse than an insult," Horace added, warmly, "to Grace!"

The little resolute black figure (still barring the way to the conservatory) was suddenly shaken from head to foot. The woman's eyes traveled backward and forward between Lady Janet and Horace with the light of a new suspicion in them.

"Grace!" she exclaimed. "What Grace? That's my name. Lady Janet, you *have* got the letter! The woman is here!"

Lady Janet dropped Horace's arm, and retraced her steps to the place at which her nephew was standing.

"Julian," she said. "You force me for

the first time in my life to remind you of the respect that is due to me in my own house. Send that woman away."

Without waiting to be answered, she turned back again, and once more took Horace's arm.

"Stand back, if you please," she said, quietly, to Grace.

Grace held her ground.

"The woman is here!" she repeated. "Confront me with her—and then send me away, if you like."

Julian advanced, and firmly took her by the arm. "You forget what is due to Lady Janet," he said, drawing her aside. "You forget what is due to yourself."

With a desperate effort, Grace broke away from him, and stopped Lady Janet on the threshold of the conservatory door.

"Justice!" she cried, shaking her clinched hand with hysterical frenzy in the air. "I claim my right to meet that woman face to face! Where is she? Confront me with her! Confront me with her!"

While those wild words were pouring from her lips, the rumbling of carriage-wheels became audible on the drive in front of the house. In the all-absorbing agitation of the moment, the sound of the wheels (followed by the opening of the house door) passed unnoticed by the persons in the dining-room. Horace's voice was still raised in angry protest against the insult offered to Lady Janet; Lady Janet herself (leaving him for the second time) was vehemently ringing the bell to summon the servants; Julian had once more taken the infuriated woman by the arm, and was trying vainly to compose her—when the library door was opened quietly by a young lady wearing a mantle and a bonnet. Mercy Merrick (true to the appointment which she had made with Horace) entered the room.

The first eyes that discovered her presence on the scene were the eyes of Grace Roseberry. Starting violently in Julian's grasp, she pointed toward the library door. "Ah!" she cried, with a shriek of vindictive delight. "There she is!"

Mercy turned as the sound of the scream rang through the room, and met—resting on her in savage triumph—the living gaze of the woman whose identity she had stolen, whose body she had left laid out for dead. On the instant of that terrible discovery—with her eyes fixed helplessly on the fierce eyes that had found her—she dropped senseless on the floor.

A PICTURESQUE TRANSFORMATION.

IN the code of romance, genius and affluence are inversely proportional. Mr. Edward Tremaine's studio presented a striking confirmation of the theory. Upon the immediate receipt of pecuniary equivalent for the picture on his easel depended the pacific adjustment of his board bill; and the picture was unquestionably a work of genius.

It would perhaps be premature to assert that the artist was at that time a full-fledged genius; there were hardly sufficient data as yet from which to judge. Safer to regard him merely as a talented young fellow who, by a combination of fortunate external and internal conditions, had produced an immortal work. If subsequent productions sustained it, admit him a genius; otherwise, otherwise.

The subject was simple: three faces—two, bright and vivid, in the foreground; a third, grave and shadowy, appearing from behind. Pleasing at first glance, as you gazed the picture gradually satisfied your inmost heart, flooding every nook and cranny with delight. All elements to kindle human interest were there, yet was every thing idealized, thus widening the picture's sway. Love was the key-note—love in its highest phase, dimmed by no touch of sensuality or sordidness. And whether gazing at the young girl who, with sweet, appealing eyes, and blushing, as it were, at her own modesty, shrank while she clung to the vigorous vitality of the youth; or, again, at his fair young face, which, bright with the first light of lofty thoughts and passionate impulses, was softened and subdued by her trust and reliance on his strength; or, finally, at the grave eyes, thoughtful brow, and eloquent lips of the sage in the background, made yet more gracious by their aspect of sympathy and interest in the untried young lives before him: toward whichever of these the glance was turned it still recognized, underlying and elevating all, the deathless sentiment of love in all its varied forms. Mr. Tremaine, having added the finishing touch, stepped back a few paces, with his head on one side, and stood contemplating his work in silence.

"I call that good," he remarked at length, with all the candor of one who is by himself. "Hope it 'll prove a true symbol, and that the Professor will take the hint. Don't see how he can help it."

Young men are not invariably gifted with one idea to the exclusion of others, any more than any body else; and what they do may sometimes happen to be done with more than one purpose. A work of genius may elevate posterity a hundred years from now, yet be thereby in no way incapacitated from ministering to the immediate wants, or even necessities, of its author.

Following close upon Mr. Tremaine's re-

mark was heard the well-known knock of the Professor, who, having been cordially if not obsequiously admitted, sat down in a chair opposite the picture, and studied it a while in silence. He was not given to unnecessary conversation. Brains, learning, and money, taken in sufficiently large quantities, will cure any one of loquacity, and the Professor bore evidence of free indulgence in all three. Nevertheless his expression was simple and kindly, and he looked like a benevolent old fellow enough, as why should he not?

"You've been more than successful here, Edward," said he at last. "The world might remember you for this."

Edward flushed. So far, very good indeed. The idea of a board bill having ever caused him uneasiness!

"To look behind the veil society draws over our real selves," continued the Professor, "and paint what we are inwardly conscious of being, or of the capability of becoming, is a great feat. You have at once caught and idealized the likenesses; and in the most difficult part of your subject—the maiden, Hildegarde—you have best succeeded. Beautiful as she is, you have painted her soul rather than herself."

Edward's flush hereupon so deepened that one might have imagined other sentiments than pleasure concerned in its production. Such, at any rate, was the fact; he had long loved Hildegarde, the lovely ward of his patron, the Professor; and in painting this picture had doubtless thought to shadow forth the fact to that gentleman, and prepare his mind to know the hitherto carefully concealed secret. He now awaited the next remark with some anxiety; much might depend on it.

"'Tis a confirmation of my theory," said the Professor, musingly. "Who looks at life dispassionately, alone portrays it clearly. Now in this idealized conjunction of maidenhood and youth—of yourself and Hildegarde—is embodied the very essence of love; but had you been under the influence of the passion, you could never thus have painted it."

Rather a damper. "Confound his theories!" ejaculated Edward, very much below his breath. Evidently paint-brush language wasn't plain enough. Must try the other way, then.

"I don't quite agree with you there, Professor," he began, in a gently argumentative manner. "Love, it strikes me, is the best teacher—the truest expounder. What success has been achieved in this picture is due to the sentiment inspiring the artist rather than to his skill." Not impossible.

When people hear what they have no wish to hear, they sometimes say, in a harsh tone, "I don't understand you!" That was exactly what the Professor said. Then he added,

"You don't mean that—" and paused, looking full at poor Edward. Had Edward been older, or wiser, he would have perceived that the Professor wanted, not an explanation, but a disclaimer, and had made the pause in order to give him a chance to put one in before it was too late. But he was young and foolish, and bestowed not a thought upon the matter. Having beforehand decided that this would be a good opportunity for a confession, he was blind to all bad omens, and out he blurted the whole story.

The burden of which was that Edward loved Hildegarde, and Hildegarde Edward; only, by way of eloquence, or to impress the facts on the Professor's mind, the unhappy youth so amplified, varied, beflowered, and bespangled them that redundancy could no further go. Had his listener been thirsting all his life long to hear just this communication, he would have repented ere it were well begun; but he had not thirsted. The end came at last, leaving Edward with glowing cheeks, kindling eyes, and the conviction that he had made a deep impression; and the Professor—well, the Professor's face was shaded by his hand, but it was likely he had been deeply impressed for all that.

He remained undemonstrative so long that Edward began to grow restless. Not that he doubted of the result; his cause was too reasonable, too well pleaded for that; but he did feel a slight disappointment that the response had not come with more gush and spontaneity. To do him justice, he *had* as good grounds for hope as most young men in his position; and had it not been for one untoward circumstance, which he could not be blamed for overlooking, all might have been well. Inasmuch as a knowledge of this circumstance will throw considerable light on subsequent developments, be the reader informed that it was simply this: the Professor himself was in love with Hildegarde! If Edward had only known that!

The Professor, as the world goes, had always been an excellent man; he had not had much occasion to be any thing else. Now men with a great amount of uninvested intellect are not always safe, as regards themselves or others, but it was not exactly to be expected that he should enrich a rival at the expense of both purse and heart, in spite of current fiction. Nor could he be severely blamed for taking such advantage of a young and handsome rival as a gentleman on the shady side of life might find possible. He held two trumps—his wealth, and Edward's ignorance of his rivalship. Who will say he had no right to play them? At any rate, he resolved to do so: the best way, was the next question.

The Professor pressed the fingers and thumb of his right hand across his eyes and down the sides of his nose, then looked up

at Edward. His expression was inscrutable, his voice unusually musical.

"Edward, I will be frank with you. You have surprised, even shaken, me not a little. A father's love and care toward Hildegarde could hardly equal mine; but I am not therefore blind to her highest good. And if I must be conscientious and judicious, do not think me selfish."

Oh dear, no! Edward would do nothing of the sort. He was poor, he knew, but trusted not to be always so; hoped that in time—

"The practice of your art will enrich you," interposed the Professor, stroking his nose gently. "Yes, but does genius always mean wealth? Doesn't the very excellence of your picture, for instance, pronounce against its popularity? 'Tis a rule of nature—the loftier, the more isolated."

"But might not even that narrow circle be sufficient?"

"Well objected! Command the right audience, no matter how limited, and your fortune may still be secure. Nay, gain the patronage of but a single individual whose means and taste are alike of the first order, and why seek further? Do you take my meaning?"

As the Professor at this juncture inserted his hand into his pocket and elicited thence a gentle clinking sound, the inference was irresistible. Edward started, with a glance of questioning surprise. The other nodded his head slowly.

"On two conditions," said he, "both simple and easy of fulfillment, I engage to assure your fortune. First, all pictures you paint are to belong to me; second, you are to paint nothing but copies of the picture now on your easel. Do you agree?"

Edward grasped the Professor's hands fervently. Could it be true? How good! how kind! how—

The Professor's mouth wore a peculiar smile. "Now as to terms," said he. "For the first copy I'll give you one thousand dollars, fifteen hundred for the second, two thousand for the third, and so on, raising five hundred dollars on every successive copy. On your diligence, therefore, will it depend in how many months or years you are rich. But remember," emphasized the Professor, embracing the end of his nose with his forefinger, "if you paint for any one but me, or any thing else than copies of this picture, you forfeit all money up to that time received. You understand?"

"Perfectly, dearest Professor. And when I'm rich I may marry Hildegarde?"

The Professor rose, laid his hand on Edward's shoulder, and looked fixedly at him. "When you feel no further need for money, she is yours," said he. Edward burst forth in incoherent gratitude, but his benefactor turned away, and the peculiar smile was broader than ever. "I have *him* safe," he murmured, as he descended the stairs. "And she—is a beautiful—young—girl!"

Alone, Edward lit a pipe and sat down to reflect on his good fortune. But he was not as cheerful as he had expected to be; he looked almost discontented. Somehow the glow and enthusiasm for his art which he had felt an hour ago had vanished. He had a vague idea of a desecration somewhere. A certain throb of the heart, half fearful, half exultant, which, when anticipating the battle of life, it had been his wont to feel, was missing now. Natural: his future was a thing of the past already; it stood there on his easel, or chinked in the Professor's capacious pocket; it was all the same. What was the picture but a huge roll of bank-bills, cunningly contrived to give the appearance of a work of art? What was he but a coiner of money? Artist indeed!

But, again, what more absurd than to indulge such feelings! Was not love—Hildegarde—his aim and object? Therefore, what fear of harm? With the right to possess must come the power to support her. Why be foolish and romantic? Life was nowadays a serious, practical business, not a gilded vision. Money first, then and afterward—Hildegarde. That was the correct principle.

How gratified would have been his friend the Professor could he have heard Edward enunciate it! He reclined in his favorite easy-chair, and stroked his nose abstractedly. His face seemed to have lost in a measure the grave calm customary to it. It now wore an expression of, let us say, astuteness. He was playing a very neat little game, in which his penetrating intellect and worldly knowledge were serving him well. A deeply interesting game, too. What more fascinating than to take a nice fresh young soul, and, by virtue of your knowledge of the principles of its construction, mould it into something quite at variance with the original design? What an indescribable superadded charm, should the issue of the experiment be fraught with the most desirable results to yourself—nothing less than the successful consummation of a romantic attachment! Therefore, thrice happy Professor! no wonder he smiled so peculiarly!

True, carping persons might inquire whether, in reconstructing other people's natures, he might not risk the symmetry of his own; whether the record of his researches might not be read on his own countenance. The Professor, of course, was superior to such innuendoes; but I am not prepared to maintain that he was acting blamelessly, for this reason—that he subsequently became the victim of a ghastly punishment, which, by the eternal fitness of things, he must have somehow provoked. Let the

reader, if he finishes the narrative, judge for himself.

Meanwhile the innocent and lovely cause of these effects was diligently occupied in her two avocations of lying on the sofa and novel-reading, when she was interrupted by a note, the perfume of which recalled the pipe of her darling Edward. While she perused the contents, her novel fell unheeded to the floor. Of the depth and sincerity of her love there could be no question.

The letter read, the hand which held it fell to her lap; the other's taper little forefinger found its way to her rosy mouth; her tender blue eyes opened very wide at nothing, and she sighed.

"Oh dear!" she murmured, "how dreadful men are! And now Edward is going to be just like the rest of them. He never used to say any thing except that he loved me better than his own soul, and that I was the inspiration of his art, and all nice things of that kind; but now he's begun about money, and supporting, and business. I think it's too bad. He'll be practical and hateful like other men. I wish there wasn't any such thing as money! It was sweet of dear old Guardie, though, to be so nice to Edward. And I suppose one must have money to marry on, though its horrid to be always talking about it so. I wonder how much 'll be enough! I'll ask Edward next time I see him."

Such a sustained stretch of thought, reasoning, and speculation was too exhausting for our sweet Hildegarde. She resumed the slighted novel, and her tender eyes contemplated nothing in another form. But the contraction of her delicate little eyebrows when she appeared at tea that evening could scarce be accounted for by the dénouement of the tale, harrowing though it was. The Professor, however, was unusually entertaining, even for him, and told a most absurd story about the misfortunes of a couple of young people who had gotten married without money enough to pay the minister. Hildegarde laughed her eyes full of tears, and in the midst of it was horror-struck at the thought that no longer ago than the day before she would have thought nothing of doing just such a thing herself. How much she had learned since then! As the Professor had said, she was now nothing but a beautiful young girl, ready to learn any thing.

Edward set to work on the first copy of his picture, and by diligent application completed it wonderfully soon. He considered it the superior of the original in all respects but one; that, strange to say, was the portrait of the youth. Something was wrong about it, yet he could not but confess it a better likeness of himself than the original. Surely that could not be the reason it appeared almost commonplace beside the inspired features of his first creation.

But it was not to be altered; and so superlative was the excellence of the other two faces that he feared not but that the picture would be approved, and forthwith invited Hildegarde and the Professor to see it. The latter took his seat in the critic's chair with an aspect of unusual graciousness, but ere he had been looking at the picture a minute Edward saw something was out of the way. Had he also discovered the defective youth?

"My dear Edward, is there not—the picture in all other respects is excellent—but is there not a considerable deterioration in the expression of the sage in the background? Methinks there is less of philosophic repose, and more of a certain crafty dissimulation observable in the copied than in the original countenance. Don't you agree with me, Hildegarde?"

"I think," replied that young lady, "that your portrait and Edward's are perfect images; but I think it's very mean in him to have made such a looking thing of me. I look as though I cared a great deal more for my dress and pearl necklace than for the—the—"

Hildegarde pouted her pretty lip; it was too much to expect of her to finish the sentence. But enough had been said to prove to Edward's satisfaction that very nice people might be very stupid critics. He forbore, nevertheless, to make his indignation known, more especially since the Professor hesitated not to place one thousand dollars to his account at the banker's. But he also forbore to demand of the Professor the hand of Hildegarde, as he had intended to do on receipt of this first installment of his fortune. A thousand dollars in the hand did not appear equal to that sum in the bush; it would be wiser—more prudent—to paint one or two more copies first: better be on the safe side.

The Professor, under guise of caressing his nose, watched the young gentleman covertly, and with manifest satisfaction. Really it was a very interesting experiment.

When he and Hildegarde had taken their departure Edward stood for a few moments regarding the two pictures. There was no use denying the fact; the copy might be better painted, but equal to the original in point of expression it was not! What should be done?

After a pause Edward took the original picture, carried it to the dark closet, and placed it in the furthest corner, with its face toward the wall.

"I'll copy my copy for the future," said he to himself. "As long as I'm paid for it, what's the odds?"

Was it not, after all, a sign of progress? Is not our improvement marked by a sense of our early deficiencies—a perception of a

certain crudity—an unreality—about them, which is abhorrent to our maturer and better-trained taste? And granting the diversity of opinion—some preferring the chaste, delicate coloring and expression of the indescribably awkward pre-Raphaelite Madonnas to the matchless grace and warm flesh, blood, and human nature of the modern French school—is it not generally noticeable that upholders of the former style are deficient in that practical, business view of life which, after all, is the *summum bonum* of the present day?

"Two years gone, and not married. By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Tremaine, leaning back in his chair and yawning. But can that be the boyish, immature young fellow we have heretofore known by that name? Why, what a change! what an improvement! Married or not, he is positively transfigured. Stouter; hair short, and parted behind; lovely scarf; entire absence of soft sentimentality and dreamy abstraction; instead, the shrewd, calculating glance of one understanding, and not to be cheated out of, his highest good; and the scarcely perceptible lines at the corners of his eyes and about his mouth spoke volumes. His friends should congratulate him; his best friend, the Professor, often did.

But his artistic had kept pace with his moral, mental, and physical advancement. Marvelous was the rapidity and proficiency of execution to which he had attained. So well did he understand the mixing of each tint, graduating of each shadow, and brightening of each light that he could almost have managed it with closed eyes. It is worth while to copy one's self, if for nothing else, for the sake of the great perfection certain to be arrived at.

Mr. Tremaine, after the remark above recorded, produced a small leather-bound book from his left breast pocket, and proceeded, with absorbed and corrugated brow, to consult it. Probably, judging from the interest, the affection, with which he lingered over the contents, it contained extracts from the more tender passages of Hildegarde's letters, interspersed, perhaps, with profound observations, wise maxims, and beautiful thoughts on art and the artistic life.

"H'm!" said Mr. Tremaine. "Let me see. Twenty-four—thirty-six—and five times six—thirty-nine thousand. H'm! No, no!" he concluded, carefully replacing the book in his pocket. "Can't afford it sooner than next year, anyway; and I don't believe she'll mind waiting." And forthwith he set to work with renewed vigor upon the half-finished picture before him.

In a few minutes a smart rap on the door caused him to pause; but before he had made up his mind to say "Come in," the door was opened, and a young lady entered.

She was very pretty and very stylish. Hat, chignon, panier, high heels—all in perfection; very bright-colored kids, and a parasol with a big hook on the end of the shaft. Her countenance evinced self-possession of the most firmly established description; evidently she could have held her own among a corps of medical students without blush or shiver. Her expression was smart and knowing; no fool, but not averse to a little fooling. In short, she was an example of all the virtues appertaining to the girl of the period; and had it not been for something strangely familiar in the contour of her face, we should dismiss the discussion of her perfections with a sigh—of admiration.

"That you, Hildy?" inquired Mr. Tremaine, glancing over his shoulder. "Where've you been these two days?"

Hildegarde—for she it was, albeit so improved from the simple, child-like, innocent-eyed little girl we last saw—sank into a rocking-chair, and fanned herself with one of Dumas's novels, just taken from the library. It was a hot day.

"You've missed me, haven't you?" said she, countering Mr. Tremaine's question with great piquancy. "I declare," she continued, "if the man hasn't nearly finished another!" bringing a pair of tortoise-shell eyeglasses to bear on the canvas.

"I'm a hard-working man, Hildy," replied Mr. Tremaine, laying down his palette and brushes, and heaving a business-like sigh.

"Yes," returned Hildy the arch, "and you don't make any thing in the way of money out of it either, do you? All for love of me, isn't it? Ha! ha! ha!"

To this spicy sally Tremaine made no reply. He sat staring at the door of the dark closet, plunged in a brown-study. Then his eyes reverted to the picture on the easel, and finally they rested on Hildegarde as she sat with her chair tipped back against the wall, turning over the pages of her novel. She *had* changed, and no mistake.

"Do you ever think of when we'll be married, Hildy?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Why, of course I do, you goose," replied she, dropping the book to her lap, and regarding him without a particle of prudishness. Haven't I decided on my dress, and what it's to cost, and who are to be the bridemaids, and—"

"And when the wedding's to be, I suppose," put in Tremaine, with some asperity.

"Oh, that's your business," retorted Hildegarde, righting her chair and rising. "If you'd ever thought of any thing but money you'd have married me long ago, you old stingy! But you needn't be cross; I didn't come to discuss the matrimonial, but just to tell you that Guardie's coming over here this afternoon, and says he wants to see that old thing you painted years ago—the first one, you know; so you'd better set to work

and hunt it up. By-by!" And the panier vanished.

Mr. Tremaine must have been in an uncommonly sensitive mood that morning; his usual imperturbability seemed to have been ruffled to quite a perceptible degree. Perhaps he had been thinking of past days, when the "old thing" was yet in the first blush of creation, and Hildegarde was all unversed in the accomplishments which now distinguished her; in which case he may perhaps be excused for feeling somewhat jarred at the violence of the contrast so abruptly obtruded upon his meditations. Some people appear to regret old times, however comparatively undesirable, merely because they are old.

After sitting in moody contemplation for a while, he went to the door of the dark closet and opened it. The light from the outer room fell into it, disclosing piles of confused rubbish of all kinds; and in the furthest, duskiest recess, standing with its face against the wall, appeared the long-hidden picture, upon which the superstructure of his present prosperity had been built. Stepping across the piles of rubbish encumbering the floor, he brought forth the antiquated production, and set it on a chair by the side of his latest copy. Then, having brushed off the accumulated dust with his handkerchief, he applied himself to a critical comparison of the two.

His first criticism was an involuntary cry of surprise. Surely *that* could not be the original which he had believed himself to be all this time reproducing! Impossible that the same man, with the same soul, should have painted the first and the last. How then? The identity of his soul or the identity of the picture—which should he trust?

It does not often occur to any one, the opportunity to place side by side (and examine) the individual of the past with him of the present. Probably when it does the sensations experienced are such as would not have been anticipated. Memory furnishes no test; it is too thoroughly impregnated with the coloring matter of life to be trustworthy. Only that into which the very essence of our existence has been breathed in a visible form can serve. Mr. Tremaine's picture, embodying as it did the innermost traits of his disposition and character at the time of its production, afforded unsurpassed advantages for this interesting experiment. But Mr. Tremaine's face, instead of expressing, as one would have expected, the gratified vanity of him who feels a just pride in the proofs of his advancement, obstinately persisted in presenting the aspect of one who has, unknown to himself, been nourishing for years a loathsome and deadly disease in his very vitals, and has unexpectedly come to a realization of the startling fact.

On consideration, of course, the result of these two years' work, startling as it appeared, was the most natural thing in the world, and but for the element of abruptness would have produced not the slightest impression on Mr. Tremaine. He had laid away the first picture from a half-acknowledged feeling that it contained a subtle something which he had lost the power to repeat, if, indeed, it be ever possible to repeat what is completely excellent. But once freed from the presence of the irritant, the irritation had soon subsided and been forgotten, and—consequences are inevitable. It is hardly necessary to remark that the astute Professor had foreseen the catastrophe, had reasoned that the demolition of one sentiment would invalidate the foundations of a kindred one—the corruption of an artistic would but precede the decay of a human love; and on these principles had he played his neat little game. He deserved to win; but his success, in its ultimate results, was perhaps a trifle too complete to be altogether enviable.

How the question as to identity of soul, which the comparison of the pictures had raised, was settled has never been definitely ascertained. After a prolonged scrutiny, Mr. Tremaine took up his brushes and palette, seated himself before his last copy, and began to paint with great earnestness and rapidity, and with a wholly indescribable smile playing about his lips. With what object and issue will presently appear. But by the time the Professor and his ward were due the picture was completed, after a fashion, and was placed side by side with the other in a favorable light at the end of the room. And then he waited, with a hectic flush in his cheeks, eyes bright, and thrilling all over with uncontrollable excitement, for their arrival. Very undignified conduct on the part of so indifferent and self-poised a gentleman as Mr. Tremaine. Had he been going on trial for his life, or more than that, he could not have appeared more agitated.

The knock at last! "Now for it!" muttered Tremaine; and opening the door, he admitted the suave Professor and the fashionable Hildegarde arm in arm. The former greeted him with his customary oily and impressive courtesy; but with unprecedented rudeness Tremaine turned from him and directed a glance of as unprecedented earnestness and feeling on Hildegarde. She, however, was equal to the occasion, and by devoting her entire mind to the shaking out of her skirts, rearrangement of her scarf, and adjustment of her hair-pins, administered wholesome rebuke to his bad manners. He addressed himself to the Professor:

"You wished to see the original design, Sir, of which every thing that I have since accomplished has been a reproduction. The request has led to an important discovery. If you recollect the exact terms of our agree-

ment, you will not require to be informed what that discovery is. Be kind enough to compare the first and the last."

Thus adjured, the Professor put on his spectacles and turned his attention in the direction indicated.

"Ah! Yes! Beauti— H'm! Eh? What's this?" he exclaimed, in his harshest tones, as he for the first time took in the significance of the comparison. And he directed a glance of savage malignity toward Tremaine, who returned it with a somewhat haughty smile. As for Hildegarde, she evinced her appreciation of the situation by remarking, vaguely, "Oh, how mean!" and giggling incoherently.

For whatever doubts may heretofore have existed in regard to Edward Tremaine's claims to genius were forever settled now. The Professor felt it, and trembled while he hated; poor Hildegarde, in her poor way, acknowledged it; and Tremaine himself knew it, and his eyes kindled, and his form seemed to dilate with the majesty of the conviction.

The two pictures were perfect in their way. The perfection in each brought out and rendered more startlingly defined the perfection in the other. Each seemed to borrow from the other an awful power that penetrated the soul, and made it quiver to the core. Between them was dissimilarity as wide as the universe, and yet a terrible relationship, impossible to mistake, that bound them inseparably together. Such is the relationship and such the bonds by which heaven and hell are united.

In the hasty touches which the artist had given his latest picture he had but carried out and completed the fearful change that had all along gradually but surely been working up to this result. The three faces that now looked forth from the canvas were those of three condemned souls; but deep as were the marks of misery, degradation, and despair written on each of them, these could not hide the awful likeness to the divinely inspired countenances that shone from the neighboring canvas. And the brightness and ineffable sweetness of the one cast an additional gloom over the murky darkness of the other.

There was a silence: then the Professor laughed shortly and derisively. He leaned back in his chair, his bony forefinger sought his thin nose, and he glanced up at Tremaine with a sly, malicious leer.

"Are you aware you've broken your contract?" said he. "You can't pretend to call this picture a copy of the original there; so all the money you've heretofore received reverts to me."

Contrary to the good Professor's expectation, Tremaine broke forth neither into tears nor entreaties. He scarcely seemed, indeed, to hear what was said, but turned his eyes full on Hildegarde, who shrank somewhat nearer to her guardian as his glance fell on her. When he spoke, his voice was resonant with power, yet thrilling with an under-tone of sad and yearning tenderness.

"Come, it is not yet too late. See, our souls are painted here—pure and loving as they were once, and cloudy and hateful as they now are. But the spell *he* has thrown on us is broken at last! Oh, sweep away the dust and stains that have settled on your heart! Cast off this slavery, and be my darling little Hildegarde again."

But by this time the Professor had recovered his rarely disturbed equanimity, and he interposed in his blandest tones:

"What has occurred, my dear Edward, painful in itself, yet renders easier the task of acquainting you with an important alteration in the relations of yourself and Hildegarde. The regard I am pleased to observe you still retain for her is, I am sure, greater than to desire her marriage to a penniless artist; and I am convinced you will be delighted to hear she has this day consented to become my wife, thereby securing both the luxury and the tender care which otherwise she must have lost."

"Oh, Hildegarde," cried Tremaine, in deep, tremulous tones, "can this be the truth? Can you leave me now, and unite yourself to him?"

"But you've lost all your money," whimpered Hildegarde, pettishly; "and Guardie's more my style, too!"

The Professor offered his future wife his arm, and they turned to go; but the artist detained them, pointing to a Satanic physiognomy peering from the smoky background of his latest work.

"It's my duty to tell you—what seems to have escaped your notice—that *both* specifications of our contract are violated. This last copy was painted for some one else than the Professor!"

—Well, did the Professor marry Hildegarde? Certainly! But then—what became of that "ghastly punishment" you spoke of?.....

A FLOWER'S EPITAPH.

THESE dead leaves were a violet once
A tender, timid thing,
A sleeping beauty, till the wind
Kissed it awake in spring.

Then for one little, little hour
It knew love's deep delight:
Unto the wooing wind it gave
All that a violet might.

And then it drooped and faded happily;
For, having loved, it is not pain to die.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is a class of men whom we all know, of the utmost delicacy and purity of nature, of quick sympathy and admirable accomplishment, who influence us like exquisite music, and who, without marked originality or commanding force, are remembered only like music when they are gone. Indeed, the fineness of nature which is most attractive, the conscientious intellect, so to speak, to which partisanship is impossible, and which pensively sees the equal reason of the other view, is incompatible with the quality which makes leadership, and which most impresses mankind. "Pray continue to be ornamental," said an accomplished woman of the world to a young man who began to feel a desire to take his share of the world's work. She forgot that the most exquisitely wrought column is yet of stone, and helps support the architrave. The Chevalier Bayard or Sir Philip Sidney carries a guitar upon a ribbon, but his sword is hung upon leather beneath it. He kneels in graceful compliment to the queen, but he kneels also in prayer to his Maker.

The charm of such a character is resistless. How little Sidney did, yet how much he is the darling of the history of his time, as he was of his contemporaries! Horace Walpole, who called Goldsmith an inspired idiot, is the only Englishman who sneers at Sidney. He was a kind of flower of men, and, like other flowers, he neither toiled nor spun. A cumbrous and stately novel in the affected style of his time, a noble essay upon poetry, and a few memorable sonnets, with his letter to Elizabeth against the French marriage, are all that remain to us of what he did. Nobody reads his "Arcadia;" few know his sonnets; his letter to the queen is forgotten. But Sidney survives. His name is the synonym of courtesy and grace, of accomplishment and valor. And he names for us a whole class of men, gentle and spirited as he was, men of the truest temper, of rare gifts, of subtile fascination, whose coming is bright as daylight, and whose refining influence is a permanent benediction.

Some of our readers may have seen the name of a young man of this kind who died not long ago in England—Julian Fane. A memoir of him by his friend, Robert Lytton, better known, perhaps, by his author's name, Owen Meredith, was lately published, in which the simple tale of the wholly uneventful life of Mr. Fane is so well told that the character of the man himself is clearly conveyed, with the beautiful impression of his purity and grace, and some conception of that personal influence which Mr. Lytton truly calls "incommunicable." "Yet," he adds, "the influence of these men upon the society they adorn is too beneficent to be altogether evanescent. Their presence animates and sustains whatever is loveliest in social life. The world's dim and dusty atmosphere grows golden in the light of it. Their mere look rebukes vulgarity. Their conversation elevates the lowest and brightens the dullest theme. Their intellectual sympathy is often the unacknowledged begetter of other men's intellectual labor; and in the charm of their companionship we are conscious of those benignant influences which the Greeks called Graces, but which Christianity has converted into Charities."

Julian Fane was the son of a nobleman, the Earl of Westmoreland, and he was born in 1827, at Florence, the "city of flowers," where his father was the British minister; nor was he in England until he was three years old. From the first there was the most intimate, affectionate, and inspiring relation between Julian and his mother; nor did that lovely and beneficent friendship ever fail. Every year, upon her birthday, he wrote to her sonnets of the utmost tenderness and thoughtfulness, even to the anniversary which recurred but a very short time before his death. In 1841 his father went as minister to Prussia, and with his own fondness for music and art, and the singular charm of Lady Westmoreland, the British legation became one of the most delightful houses in Berlin—"a sort of Continental Holland House," says Mr. Lytton, "where Genius and Beauty, Science and Fashion, Literature and Politics, could meet each other with a hearty reciprocal welcome." Indeed, Humboldt, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rauch, Magnus, Begas, Hensel, were all frequent guests of that happy home.

Among such influences the boy, sensitive to beauty of every form and degree, rapidly developed. His musical instinct especially was extraordinary; and while yet very young he played in the presence of Meyerbeer parts of one of the composer's new operas which had been produced only the evening before, and of which he had carefully concealed the score. He asked in great agitation who could have given the boy the music, and would not believe that it was played from memory after one hearing. When Julian was seventeen his father officially attached him to his embassy, and he tasted with every advantage every wholesome pleasure of the life of a great European capital. But in 1846, when he was nineteen, he returned to England to fit for the university at Cambridge, which he entered in 1847.

All his friends at Cambridge—and any man might be proud of them—break out into praises of him, like all the English historians when they mention Sidney. He came, an earl's son, of singular and winning beauty, which is not lost in the portrait published in the memoir, of unusual accomplishment, speaking three foreign languages fluently, with the self-possession of such an experience of the best society in Europe as few men ever enjoy, but without the least pride or assumption or "bumptiousness," a simple, earnest, lofty-minded youth. He instinctively sought the best men, morally and intellectually. One of his most intimate friends was a sizar, a charity student, and a man of fine character and cultivation.

Fane was very tall, very graceful, and with a ready wit and constant play of humor. Mr. Lytton, in personally describing him, says: "His extraordinary mimetic power may be imagined from the fact that he could, without the aid of voice or action, and solely by a rapid variation of physiognomy, conjure up before the eyes of the most unimpressionable spectator the whole pageant and progress of a thunder-storm. I have

often watched him perform this *tour de force*, and never without seeming to see before me, with unmistakable distinctness, the hovering transit of light and shadow over some calm pastoral landscape on a summer's noon; then the gradually gathering darkness in the heaven above, the sultry suspense of Nature's stifled pulse, the sudden flash, the sportive bickering play of the lightning, the boisterous descent of the rain, the slow subsidence of all the celestial tumult, the returning sunlight and blue air, the broad repose and steady gladness of the renovated fields, with their tinkling flocks and rainy flowers—the capacity of producing at will such effects as these by the mere working of a countenance which Nature had carved in the calmest classic outlines, could only have resulted from a very rare correspondence between the intellectual and physical faculties: and it is no slight moral merit in the possessor of such gifts that he rarely exercised them at all, and never for the purpose of ungenerously ridiculing his fellow-creatures."

There is universal testimony to this goodness of the man. Its gracious memory inspires every one who speaks of him. His familiar companions were not many, and like other men of a delicate habit, he turned night into day. His interest in politics was strong, and he was inclined to philosophical studies, while his fondness for music and poetry was passionate. But all his friends felt in him chiefly the practical understanding and grave sense of justice which were the solid basis of all his brilliancy. Leaving the university in 1850, he returned to Berlin, and the next year was transferred to Vienna, where he remained until 1855. In 1856 he was attached to Lord Clarendon's special mission to Paris, and in the same year he was made Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, where he remained for two years, returning in 1858 to Vienna, where he remained until 1865. It was during this time that Lytton was intimate with him, and his sketch of their life together is delightful. They were hard workers, for England requires labor of her young diplomatists, and Fane had withdrawn from what is called "society," but only for the greater pleasure of a small circle of friends. The works of Henry Heine deeply interested him, and he translated many of the smaller poems, and was always, doubtless, haunted by the hope of a literary career. His literary acquirements were very large and various, and always available. His was one of the cultivated minds which are like well-ordered arsenals, where every weapon is in its place, and burnished and ready for instant use. How fine his poetic taste, and how remarkable his literary skill, the series of sonnets to his mother shows—a filial tribute of affection such as few mothers have ever received. He was modern in his sympathies, and although he was entirely familiar with the best older English literature, he was very fond of Tennyson and Ruskin. But the allurements of poetry did not win him from the faithful pursuit of his diplomatic profession, in which he had a much higher consideration than rank; and his professional memoirs and reports were of the highest character.

In 1866 he was secretary at Paris, and, although supposed to be a hopeless bachelor, he was suddenly betrothed and married to Lady Adine Cowper, with whom Lytton says that his life was of a felicity which any Greek philosopher would have deemed dangerously great. In the same year he resigned his post, and, to the sorrow and surprise of many of his friends, left the diplomatic profession. Mr. Lytton says that he felt that it was a career which could not satisfy his strongest moral and intellectual requirements, and would prove fatal to the development of powers which he perceived in himself. Doubtless, also, he felt his hold upon life insecure, and his inclination to a literary career was shared by his wife. He returned to England, and seemed to rally. In 1868 he took a house at Fotheringay, near to Apethorpe, the seat of the family, where his wife sank after the birth of a second child, and died. Fane was himself ill, and from that moment he drooped. In two years he suffered with a cruel illness, which yet could not touch his serene soul, and on the 18th of April, 1870, "he was apparently free from all suffering save that of extreme debility. Midnight came. He told his servant to remove the candle from before his eyes, saying that he wished to sleep. The room was darkened; he turned softly to his rest; and those that watched him withdrew into the next chamber in order not to disturb the sleeper. When, shortly afterward, his brother re-entered from the adjoining room to see if he were yet asleep, he was lying quite still, with a deep smile upon his face. He seemed to be (and was) in a sweet sound slumber. It was the slumber of death."

Such was the eventless life of a man who has left a profound impression upon the best men who knew him. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, a gentleman who, as "Historicus," was deeply honored in this country, writes a letter about Fane which is full of interest. It is pleasant to read in it that "on the American civil war, which I have always regarded as the true touch-stone in our times of real liberal belief, his sympathies were wholly on the side of constitutional freedom." And Mr. Motley, the historian, who was the American minister at Vienna while Julian Fane was the English secretary there, says, "I never found any one out of America more unswerving in his belief and sympathy, or more intelligent and appreciative as to the causes and progress of that great conflict, than he was." Mr. Harcourt's last words of his friend are very touching: "That so finished and complete a man should have perished so untimely—that the world should know so little of that which is best and highest and most lovely in the midst of it, is not less sad because it is so common. You and I, my dear L——, were among the few, the very few, to whom it was permitted to know all that Julian was; and whatever else may come to us, it is a gift for which we shall always feel supremely grateful. If you are able in any degree to convey to others less fortunate a sense of that delight which we have so often drunk in his companionship, you will have achieved a work well worthy of achievement, and I cordially bid you Godspeed, wishing that I had the power, as I have the will, to assist you in it."

Here was a man who passed unscathed the tremendous ordeal of prosperity and praise and fascinated devotion, who cultivated carefully and to the best purpose his gifts of nature, and who, above all and through all, was a good man, and whose influence was always most elevating and

purifying. He is a name only, and, unassociated with any conspicuous achievement, it is a name which will presently perish. But there have been few memoirs lately published which reveal a character so beautiful or a life more opulent in ennobling influences.

THE Easy Chair was amused and amazed the other day upon being told that it was unfriendly to the clerical profession. It was the more surprising, because it is often told that it preaches and proses, and makes itself a kind of pulpit at the back-door of the Magazine, so that the reader can not escape without a sermon. There is no doubt that most readers need the sermon, and they are at perfect liberty to choose their preacher. But if the Chair may honestly prefer any claim to the cloth, it is upon the ground of friendship for it. How often has it not exposed the real hardships of the clerical life, the enormous and various expectation, and the wretched remuneration! The clergyman is expected to be both master and servant; to be at every body's call for any purpose all the week, and on Sunday to be learned and eloquent, both in the morning and in the evening. If a parishioner strolls into church, and, arousing from his nap during the sermon, thinks that he recognizes some sentence that he has heard before, how wroth he is with a minister who is always preaching old sermons!

The recent jubilee at Mr. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, was not only very beautiful and touching, but it was a text for many meditations. With the immense growth of the press and the development of the lyceum in this country, the standard, both of expectation and of performance, in all kinds of oratorical appeal, is swiftly raised. If you add the fact that the official dignity of the clerical profession necessarily declines when men are measured not by the function, but by the manner in which it is discharged, many of the phenomena of clerical life are explained. The strict and universal ecclesiastical organization of the Roman Church, which no other has equaled, is rivaled in effect among the other churches by the social and æsthetic appliances of another kind. There is now a tendency to a union of club life with the church organization. The church parlor, with all its resources, is the sign that the time demands something more than the solemn Sabbath appeal. The old Puritan New England meeting-house, bare and cold and repulsive, in which comfort was a sin, and whose hard and straight pews and universal severity proclaimed that asceticism is itself a virtue, was hardly more different from the "mass house" than from the luxurious modern temple, with all its secular accessories.

But the modern spirit is the true one, for it does not postpone religion to one day and to a gloomy place, but mingles it with the week and with the common details of life. The clergyman is no more an austere and separate being, a part of a system, a functionary. He is not a lay figure, draped with respectable robes, nor reverend *ex officio*, but he is tried as all other men are, and is powerful and influential as they are, only by the force of his own individuality. Of course this tends to make the profession a reality. Intellect and character are the only vital personal forces; and the eloquence which charms is no longer permanent in the pulpit if it be not sustained by character. The answer which was made for Pope Alexander, that he had done something not as pope, but as Rodrigo Borgia, no longer avails. The rejoinder to that answer is now the controlling faith of society: "When Rodrigo Borgia goes to torment for that offense, what will become of Pope Alexander?" The man is no longer separated from the priest. The new faith is that the goodness of the man is the power of the priest.

And it is due to the same tendency that religion is more and more felt to be a life, and not a ceremony or a creed. John Wesley's fancy that creeds were only the fashion of spiritual clothes, so to speak, is not a figure only, but a profound truth. The important fact is the substance—that is, clothes, not the fashion in which they are made, which is the creed. And nothing is more evident than the relaxation of rigorous sectarian lines. The difference between Mr. Beecher's father in Park Street Church, in Boston, half a century ago, and Mr. Beecher himself in his own Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, to-day, is the most striking illustration of the change. The gain to the clergyman, both in influence and self-respect, is immense. He is honored not as a piece of a hierarchy and ceremonially, but for himself and actually.

Naturally, also, this fact has two results: those who still hold by the old ceremonial tenure lose consideration; and those who stand upon their own feet are proportionally honored. The cry of sensationalism in preaching comes mainly from the former. It means that which impresses and attracts the multitude. But there is scarcely one great preacher to-day who is not, in a certain way, sensational. To use all the legitimate resources of the orator is to be sensational; and therefore all the famous orators of the church have been of this kind. Indeed, how can any man who believes that Christianity verified itself by miracles complain of sensationalism in preaching? On the other hand, as the ceremony vanishes, and the reverend robes disappear, leaving the man below, he must be a man who stands firmly and squarely upon his feet, brave, clear-eyed, sincere, lofty, simple, devoted, or he will go with his clothes. All men naturally follow a leader. But he must be a leader, and he must show that he is a leader. This is what the chiefs of sects have always done—Calvin, Pope Gregory, George Fox, John Wesley. The rule is now becoming universal. It is not enough to wear the badge of any of these, if you have not the character and the power which no badge can confer.

But the demands upon a clergyman, as we have often said, are excessive and unreasonable. To demand of a preacher two finished and admirable sermons every week is preposterous. If, however, he chooses to preach them, and can preach them, nobody will complain. But to the critical, intelligent, trained, and thoughtful audience of to-day a sermon must have something of the quality of Bossuet's before the French court, or it will seem halting and vapid. Such sermons as were formerly acceptable could not now satisfy. When, as in many Catholic countries, the mass of people depend upon the pulpit both for secular and for religious instruction, a

plain, didactic homily is enough. But when the people are cultivated, quick, and perceptive; when they read the best books, are familiar with the progress of scientific and moral speculation, and every week hear upon the lyceum platform the most accomplished scholars and the trained masters of certain departments—the Sunday preacher must not hope that he can charm them or hold them by any thing which is merely perfunctory. Nor can he reply that the Sunday object is worship and not instruction, for the modern church magnifies the sermon: and the sermon, not the prayer, is the real interest.

Preaching, indeed, is but a part of the clerical duty. The great ordinances of marriage and burial, and in general of what is called religious care, are attached to the clerical profession. But all these now depend upon character, and not upon the cloth. Even the Pope Alexander could not console the dying sinner who despised Rodrigo Borgia. And the law is universal. A perfunctory consolation no self-respecting man would administer. True consolation, elevation, support, so far as they can proceed from another, proceed from character only. This was the moral of the beautiful festival at Plymouth Church. And as the clerical profession is beneficially powerful in the degree that it is not ceremonial merely, and as this is the plain tendency of the time, how could the Easy Chair that thinks so be in any just sense indifferent or unfriendly toward it?

The pleasure of Mr. Easy Chair's company was lately requested at what was called "a child's hop," and Mr. Easy Chair accepted the invitation with very great satisfaction. He had some knowledge of children, and a great deal of love for them. He knew that it is their nature to hop and to run and to shout and to rejoice, and he repaired to the proper place at the hour named. That hour, indeed, was suspicious, for it was eight o'clock, and that is very nearly the hour when most children should be going to bed. Mr. Easy Chair found the room brilliantly lighted, and decorated with beautiful flowers; and presently the guests began to assemble. There were, first of all, a party of ladies and gentlemen in full dress, and then a larger party of very much smaller ladies and gentlemen in the same general kind of magnificence. Indeed, there was an extravagance of costliness and richness in the dresses of the smaller people which caused Mr. Easy Chair to suppose them to belong to some imperial or royal embassy lately arrived from Lilliput.

He therefore presently turned and asked a neighbor of his own size when the children might be expected to appear. And to his amazement, he received a look of astonishment and no answer.

"But I pray you, madame, who are these wonderfully dressed small people whose costume is a grotesque reproduction of yours and that of the other ladies? and who in particular is that remarkable little figure with a fan in her hand, and simpering to the little fellow in velvet beside her? Are they indeed princes and princesses of Lilliput?"

"That is my daughter, Sir," was the reply of Mr. Easy Chair's neighbor, glaring at him, as it were, and sweeping away with a rustling dignity that was withering.

Then it was explained. These elaborately dressed little people were the children who were to hop. Futile expectation! Mr. Easy Chair might as well have expected to see his grandmother hop at the age of ninety. These superb small people did only what their elders would have done. They looked at each other's fine dresses and displayed their own. Those who had not necklaces envied those who had. The boys who were fairly out of the nursery had an air of grave seniority that was profoundly depressing. There were even signs of ennui, as if dancing were very well for those who were still young. And by-and-by there was supper, and truly it was splendid. Then more dancing; and later, at Mr. Easy Chair knows not what hour, there was the gay confusion of departure, and the pretty parody was over.

It was certainly pretty, but it was a very sober spectacle. Children are naturally gay, and they frolic and dance and romp with a will. But childhood seemed to have been eliminated from these little folks. They were sallow and anxious and worn. And how stupid and sleepy they must have been next morning! And how unwillingly, with no shining morning face, they must have crept to school! And what poor little abused bodies they are, and how surely the freshness and charm of life are being destroyed for them! Yet, Mrs. Ad sends her children, and what can Mrs. Bad, Cad, and Dad do but send theirs? And if Mrs. Thompson's daughter has a silk dress caught up and flounced with lace and flowers, I know, my dear, that you do not wish to have your daughter disgraced, and I take care that our dear girl shall be as splendid as any of them!

These are the lessons that the children learn, and in turn, as parents, teach. And it is curious that the American theory of every body's being as good as any body has this perversion, that every body must dress and do as any body does. Every body who yields to the mania of extravagance for children makes it harder for every body else not to yield. But there is no use in preaching about it, if only the pleasure of your company is requested at a child's hop. Then you see for yourself. There is nothing more melancholy than such a spectacle at a watering-place hotel. The forward rudeness of the poor little overdressed figures is pitiful. The sweet modesty of childhood, the breezy bloom of health upon the cheek, the plain, simple dress, the artless ardor of joy—all that is loveliest in the lovely age is wanting at the child's hop.

Mr. Easy Chair sought the neighbor of whom he had asked information, and said to her: "Madame, who is responsible for all this?" But she eluded him with terror, as if he had been a maniac. Yes, she really fled before the terror of hearing, "Thou art the woman." For that is the answer to the question. Every parent who fosters this kind of extravagance steals the bloom from her child's cheek and the freshness from her heart and the charm from her life. The one question of her destiny becomes, "Who can give me pearls and fine dresses, equipages and a splendid house?" As Mr. Easy Chair gazed at the melancholy scene he recalled the

bitterness of Swift and of Carlyle. The unutterable anguish of Carlyle, his stormy and Titanic contempt, are due to his clear perception of the fact that the misery could be so easily avoided. If it were fate, he could be as calm as the Greek. But his feeling is rage that we who might so easily make the world a heaven, choose to make it a hell. "In the fear of the Lord," said an old preacher, fervently—"train up your child in the fear of the Lord, and then he will make the devil and all his angels fear him."

Mr. Easy Chair was about saying something of the kind to the mother of the most extravagant little person in the room, when he saw her precipitately escaping.

THE arrival from England of Mr. Froude, of Professor Tyndall, of Mr. George Macdonald, and of Mr. Edmund Yates, to lecture in this country during the winter, only shows how the lyceum, which was so often thought to be a transient popular fancy, has become a fixed popular institution. There are no names more eminent in contemporary literature and science than those of Mr. Froude and of Mr. Tyndall, and Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Yates come to America to find multitudes of friends awaiting them.

The themes of the lecture system in this country are various and amusing. The fact is that it is a new and eclectic form of popular entertainment. For some years courses of lectures by the same speaker, or, indeed, by different speakers, have not been well sustained in some of the larger cities, except when the lecturer was a person of great fame. The old course of grave literary lectures was modified for some time before the war by the introduction of politics, or rather of political morality, as a topic. Since the war it has been further changed by a large infusion of the purely humorous element; and at present the great and most successful courses—the "star" courses, as they are called—in the chief cities comprise lectures of every kind, literary, scientific, political, humorous, with readings of every kind, concerts, and even dramatic performances. A Western paper says that the lyceum is now a system of strolling players for the amusement of the country. It says so derisively. But if Froude and Tyndall, and Beecher and Phillips, and Anna Dickinson and Mrs. Stowe, and Theodore Thomas's orchestra and Rubinstein, are the stock company, the strolling players are perhaps likely to be of some service to the country.

The old sarcasm was that they were peripatetic philosophers, lay circuit riders, vagabonds, who declaimed articles from the encyclopedia to wondering rural audiences, and were exceedingly overpaid. That, indeed, seemed to be a peculiar grievance. But who that heard the dear vagabond Thackeray, or listened to the Christmas chimes ringing from the tongue of Dickens, or saw the aboriginal glacier with Agassiz, but counts the event among the happiest, in its kind, of his life? It is as well to call them strollers as by any other name. But over that platform are likely to stroll many of the famous men and women who have made themselves our friends before we see them, and with whom we thus have a personal association forever. And it is not the least valuable or significant fact in the history of that platform that it is likely to attract such men as England has now sent to us, and who have been every where most kindly welcomed.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THERE are, we trust, a great many who will become acquainted with the life and character of Michael Faraday through Mr. J. H. GLADSTONE'S little book, *Michael Faraday* (Harper and Brothers), who would be deterred from attempting the larger biography by Dr. Bence Jones. The volume before us is a small one of 220 pages, and is divided into five chapters, or sections, containing respectively "the story of his life," a "study of his character," the "fruits of his experience," "his method of writing," and a consideration of "the value of his discoveries." There are many considerations which make the life of this great and good man a worthy subject of study, and cause us to congratulate our readers that it is thus put within the reach of every one. What Sir Humphrey Davy told young Faraday echoes the popular impression respecting science—"She is a harsh mistress, and in a pecuniary point of view but poorly rewards those who devote themselves to her service." Yet Michael Faraday, who commenced life as an errand-boy, and who throughout life depended on his own exertions for his daily bread, by his assiduity, earnestness, and single-heartedness of aim, climbed from the lowest round as a laboratory assistant to the highest, the superintendent of house and laboratory, with the subsequent offer, declined, of the presidency of the Royal Society, and by his simple and temperate habits reserving time sufficient for those investigations and experiments in science which place him among the leaders in the scientific world. We have no desire to underrate a classical and collegiate education, yet the life of Michael Faraday is an inspiration to every man who in his youth has been denied the privilege of the highest and best culture, and yet whose matured tastes all tend toward scholarship. One of the ablest geologists of England, Hugh Miller, was a stone-mason; the ablest of modern geographers, Dr. Livingstone, was a factory hand; one of the ablest linguists of the age, Elihu Burritt, was a blacksmith; and one of the chief scientists of this scientific age, Michael Faraday, was a bookseller's errand-boy, who never had any acquaintance with Greek, but depended on friends for the nomenclature of his chemical substances, and yet, though he never passed through a university, was made a member of the Senate of the University of London. He combined in a remarkable degree the skepticism of the man of science and the faith of the humble Christian. The scientist is almost of necessity a skeptic. It is his business to doubt, and, doubting, to test,

try, investigate. As a scientist Michael Faraday was peculiarly skeptical. "If," says he, "Grove, or Wheatstone, or Gassiot, or any other, told me of a new fact, and wanted my opinion either of its value, or the cause, or the aid it could give on any subject, I never could say any thing until I had *seen the fact.*" He was thus a constant experimenter, relied wholly on personal observation, never on the testimony of others; and yet, along with this intense determination to base every scientific conclusion on actual and observed trial, was a simple and single-hearted faith in God and Divine truth. Michael Faraday was throughout his life a member of the Sandemanian Church, a simple Scotch sect of Congregationalists, during most of his life an elder, and he frequently preached on the Sabbath. He was not only intensely conscientious, he was sincerely and simply devout, a man of prayer, a lover of Scripture, which he quoted frequently and fluently, and a firm believer in Divine Providence. Apart from these isolated facts and traits, which bear their own peculiar lesson, Michael Faraday was a man so genial, so quiet, so faithful to truth and duty, so assiduous, so resolute in the pursuit of his single aim in life, so truly great and good in the highest and best sense of the term, that it does one good to become acquainted with him, and the reader rises from the perusal of this little volume inspired with a new purpose to achieve, by the same habits of temperance and industry, and by the same virtues of simplicity, sincerity, and single-heartedness, a success in his chosen life, whatever that life may chance to be.

William L. Stone embodies in one handsome volume of over seven hundred pages the *History of New York City from the Discovery to the Present Day* (Virtue and Yorston). This history is divided into three periods: the first, the era of the Dutch possession; the second, the era of English possession, ending with the evacuation of the city in 1783; the third, the history of the American metropolis from that time to the present day. The volume is handsomely illustrated with twenty engravings on steel, including portraits of several prominent governors of the State and generals in the American army, and with over eighty wood-engravings. These last afford in themselves a curious illustration of the progress of history. The pen could not possibly describe the changes which two centuries have produced as graphically as the artist has done by reproducing in fac-simile a view of the city of New Amsterdam as it appeared toward the middle of the seventeenth century, at which time it contained a hundred and twenty houses and one thousand inhabitants; nor is the contrast less striking which is afforded by a comparison of some of the public buildings of even half a century ago with those of to-day, or Fulton's first steamboat, the *Clermont*, with the *Thomas Powell* of to-day. Mr. Stone has had access to much original material never before published, embracing reported conversations with such men as Aaron Burr, Chancellor Livingston, John Jay, Robert Morris, and Josiah Ogden Hoffman. His pages give unmistakable evidence that he has been careful and conscientious in the examination of every question, and fearless in the expression of the results to which his investigations have led him. He does not hesitate, for instance, to deny to Hendrick Hudson the credit of being the first to land on the island of Manhattan, and impugns the claim of Robert Fulton to be the inventor of the steamboat. Thus, while his volume is written in a style whose simplicity and perspicuity will render it attractive to the general reader, it can also hardly fail to be regarded as a standard history of the city by the student. We dare not open the book and attempt here to trace the thread of the marvelous changes which in two centuries have transformed Manhattan Island from a wilderness to a metropolis; but no reader, we think, can peruse this story and sigh for the good old times, or doubt that this city is, upon the whole, better governed than it was seventy, or even fifty years ago, and that in proportion to its size it possesses a larger measure of intelligence, virtue, and liberality. The volume practically closes with an account of the overthrow of the "Ring" in 1871, a hopeful consummation of a history which, though marred by corruption and crime, is nevertheless one of the most striking and brilliant of all the remarkable records of municipal progress and prosperity.

We receive from Chase and Town nine months' numbers of an illustrated magazine entitled *The American Historical Record and Repertory of Notes or Queries*, edited by Benson J. Lossing. We speak of it as a magazine, because it is issued in monthly numbers, and is apparently intended to be continued as a permanent monthly publication; but it is otherwise, to all intents and purposes, a volume issued in monthly parts. There is no man in the country, perhaps, better fitted to edit such a work than Mr. Lossing. He is an enthusiastic investigator of history; he has traveled much and read much, always with a keen appetite for historical disclosures; he is also an excellent artist; and these numbers are very rich in narratives and documents gathered from family archives and recollections which otherwise would never probably have seen the light.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

We have so recently had occasion to speak of Sir Charles Lyell's "Elements of Geology" that it hardly seems necessary, in calling attention to the eleventh edition of his *Principles of Geology* (D. Appleton and Co.), to speak at length of those traits of his character which make him, in our opinion, the most trustworthy of all modern writers on science. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he has no theories to advocate; his mind is eminently judicial, his work is that of an investigator, his interest appears to be aroused chiefly to ascertain what are the facts of nature, and he records them with an impartial and supreme indifference respecting their effect upon the conflicting dogmas of contending schools. We instinctively turn, therefore, to see what in the latest additions to this standard work Sir Charles Lyell has to say in regard to the recent discussions respecting the origin and geographical distribution of the races of men. From the debates of such writers as Darwin, Büchner, Mivart, and Wallace we turn to the calm and impartial summing up of Sir Charles Lyell with a feeling of relief akin to that experienced by the jury at the end of a long and perplexing trial, when the counsel have concluded their forensic displays

and the judge rises to deliver his charge. Sir Charles Lyell shows that "hunting acts as a principle of repulsion, causing men to spread with the greatest rapidity over a country until the whole is covered with scattered settlements." He gives illustrations from history of accidental journeyings by savages in their canoes, drifting through the sea distances varying from two hundred to fifteen hundred miles; and he draws the conclusion that if the whole of mankind, with the exception of a single family, were now cut off, we might expect their descendants "to spread in the course of ages over the whole earth, diffused partly by the tendency of population to increase in a limited district beyond the means of subsistence, and partly by the accidental drifting of canoes by tides and currents to distant shores." He concludes that it is reasonable to infer that the whole human race has spread from a single starting-point, but asserts that "it does not follow that all are descendants of a single pair;" gives a qualified indorsement to the opinion of Professor Agassiz that the great divisions of the human race possess each a distinct parentage; regards it as established that man lived upon the earth at a period far anterior to that indicated in the Scriptural account of the creation, and that it has risen from a lower to a higher state of civilization, its earlier stages being those of a rude barbarism. He admirably though concisely states some of the criticisms of Mr. Wallace, Mr. Mivart, and the Duke of Argyle on Mr. Darwin's theory of "natural selection," and after giving considerable weight to them, and making some abatement from Mr. Darwin's theories in consequence, concludes that Mr. Darwin, without absolutely proving, has made it appear in the highest degree probable that the changes of the organic world may have been effected by the gradual, insensible modification of older pre-existing forms, while he strongly protests that "the amount of power, wisdom, design, and forethought required for such a gradual evolution of life is as great as that which is implied by a multitude of separate, special, and miraculous acts of creation." Finally, he unconsciously affords an admirable portraiture of his own spirit in the following fine description of the spirit which should always, but does not always, actuate the scientists: "It is by faithfully weighing evidence, without regard to preconceived notions, by earnestly and patiently searching for what is true, not what we wish to be true, that we have attained that dignity which we may in vain hope to claim through the rank of an ideal parentage."

FICTION.

Hope Deferred, by ELIZA F. POLLARD (Harper and Brothers), is, as its title indicates, a mournful story; but it is not meaningless, nor is its moral unneeded at the present day. It is a healthful indication that the philosophy which advocates low and loose ideas of the marriage tie, and the right of man and wife to separate whenever either imagines that a mistaken affection has led to the marriage, or that love, though once genuine, has grown cold, finds no representation and no advocate in the modern romance. Criticise the novel of the period as we may, and question as we may the practice of novel-reading, this much is certain, that the most popular novels are those which best represent the higher types of character, and the best and noblest sentiments triumphant in time of trial. If modern society were inclined to believe that a pure and true love demanded a free divorce, we should find this demand interpreted in at least some modern novels; whereas, in fact, the most common lesson of the most popular modern novels is fidelity to the marriage vow when once pronounced. In this story there is nothing in the character of Marietta, nothing even in her passionate but jealous love, to bind her unhappy husband to her. If ever uncongeniality of temperament justifies a divorce, it would be justified in the case of Charles and his Roman wife. Yet even the most determined apostle of the philosophy of licentiousness, miscalled free love, could hardly withhold an involuntary homage to the fidelity with which the husband adheres to his marriage vow, and, living in the constant sight and companionship of the one who alone possesses his heart, yet schools not only his conduct to bring no dishonor either upon her or upon himself, but his heart itself to do his own wife no injury. So long as the universal feeling of humanity answers with its amen to such a representation of love and marriage, and maintains the rights and duties that spring from it, we may rest reasonably sure that false philosophy has not succeeded in undermining the foundations of true love and the home life.

The Vicar's Daughter, by GEORGE MACDONALD (Roberts Brothers), is not so striking a story as "Wilfred Cumbermede," and may not command so large a circle of readers, but it is in every sense a better story. It is complete in its structure, unmarred by any melodramatic episodes, is free from the portrayal of morbid feeling, and both as a story and as a picture of life and character is not unnatural. It is announced as a sequel to the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and the "Sea-board Parish." Ethelwyn Walton marries an artist and goes to London to live, and the story is the record of her life there. The most striking, if not the central, figure of the story is Miss Clare. Critics who imagine that a novel must only describe the practicable will object that it is not the thing for Christian young ladies to choose the haunts of vice for their homes for the sake of exercising a Christian influence on the vicious, which is very true. Nevertheless, Miss Clare's home and work, though it represents an impossible ideal, represents through it the spirit of true Christian work among the outcast, and so is healthful and beneficent. The novel is not a great one, and in an artistic point of view will not add to George Macdonald's reputation; but it is a good one, and is to our thought quite as interesting as its more pretentious predecessor, "Wilfred Cumbermede."

No one will pronounce that verdict upon *Herman Agha* (Holt and Williams). Two elements of interest in this story will attract two very different classes of readers. It is emphatically a romance. Its scene is laid in the East, the land of romance. The reader is not perplexed by any skepticism respecting the possibility of its incidents or the naturalness of its characters, since in the land of the Arabian Nights nothing is impossible, nothing is unnatural. The author, indeed, asserts in his preface that his story "is not fiction, but reality; not invention, but narration." If we accept this

statement as simple and unalloyed truth, the adventures of Herman Agha afford a new and striking illustration of the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." Love and war, assassination and abduction, are among the threads that are woven into this life fabric. But it is not only the novel-readers who will find interest in this romance. Its author, Mr. W. G. PALGRAVE, has made a study of the East, and his work on Arabia is the standard authority to which all scholars defer. Whatever may be thought of the drama, the accessories are unquestionably admirable. The manners and customs of the people, the tyranny of government, the greed of rulers, the degradation of the masses, the bravery and fidelity of the Bedouins—in a word, the social and political civilization of the East, are admirably painted by one who uses his imagination only to portray in life-like form the results of careful and painstaking observation. —In the *End of the World* (Orange Judd and Co.) Mr. EGGLESTON introduces his readers to the same general scenes and the same style of characters which give to the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" its peculiar freshness. There is no little vigor displayed in the portraiture of some of the characters, which are drawn somewhat roughly withal, but powerfully, and the writer has studied, possibly unconsciously, the vernacular with which he so plentifully fills his dialogue, and which is well represented. But the charm of the "Hoosier School-master" was in its freshness; it was interesting because it opened to the American a new world, rather than because that world had, except in its novelty, any peculiar charm; and if, as we understand is the case, Mr. Eggleston has laid down the editorial pen to devote himself to romance-writing, we hope that in his next volume he will strike a new vein. This is a somewhat narrow one, and it will not bear much more working.—*The Eustace Diamonds* (Harper and Brothers) will rank as one of ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S best novels. It is, of course, thoroughly English, as most of Trollope's novels are, but it is more original in plot than many of them. The chief defect in the book is the fact that there are no characters in it which thoroughly secure the reader's sympathies, unless it be Lady Fawn and Lucy Morris, and of these the one is not very prominent, and the other is certainly rather weak. It is quite the fashion lately to make the "villain" of the story a woman, and Anthony Trollope has adopted the fashion. But Lizzie Eustace is not at all an unnatural villain, hardly an unwomanly villain, though she commits perjury, and comes very near committing theft; she is only a very natural embodiment of feminine selfishness, pride, vanity, and self-will, when restrained neither by scruples nor by an intelligent appreciation of the consequences of wrong-doing. She is, indeed, quite the peer of Becky Sharpe, though a totally different sort of character. Indeed, we do not now think of any of Trollope's novels in which the characterization surpasses in vigor of drawing that of this his latest work.—*Marjorie's Quest* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) opens well, and promises in the outset to be an unusually good novel. But the writer falls into the temptation common to all novel-writers, displays more ingenuity, as the story proceeds, in the construction of an intricate and involved plot than in the elucidation of character, and loses her hold on our mind before the volume ends by the unnaturalness of the incidents, or, rather, of their concurrence in the story. JEANIE T. GOULD has quite too much real ability to be under any necessity of resorting to the somewhat stale artifices of the playwrights which mar the artistic value of the last half of her story, which is nevertheless interesting, not because of the plot, but in spite of it.—We need not say that there are few story-tellers more charming than Miss MULOCK, but we confess ourselves surprised at the imagination which shines and sparkles and plays in the *Adventures of a Brownie* (Harper and Brothers), and makes it the most delightful of fairy stories for the children. "As told to my child," she describes this fairy tale in the title-page. She deserves a large circle of childish listeners, and it will be very strange if she does not have it. "A brownie is a sober stay-at-home household elf"—a mythical creature, more mischievous than malicious—a little old man about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with a brown face and hands, and a brown peaked cap just the color of a brown mouse; and a very jolly fellow he is to have in a household, in spite of some occasionally inconvenient antics, which are generally played off on people who deserve some discipline for their ill humor, or their slovenly habits and careless ways, or for some of the petty vices which awaken the righteous indignation of the virtuous brownie, who "never does any body any harm unless they deserve it."—Here, too, is another collection of fairy stories almost as charming. *Is It True?* (Harper and Brothers), a new volume in Miss MULOCK'S series of "Books for Girls," pretty in conception, and made prettier in the telling, with "a clear thread of right and wrong running through it," and well woven in, so that the youthful reader will be tolerably sure to get the moral *in* the story, not to skip a moral which has been appended to it. This whole series is to be warmly commended, and makes an admirable little folks' library; and that department ought to occupy no small proportion of the book-shelves of every household.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLES NORDHOFF is a "newspaper man," and possesses the newspaper genius—that is, he understands what people want to know, and how to select out of abundant material the right topics; and how, in treating those topics, to deal not with the themes on which it is easiest to write, but with those on which information is really needed. Hence his *California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence* (Harper and Brothers), is a book both of rare profit and of rare interest. There has been a great deal of writing about "riding on the rail," but his chapter on "the way out" is the first account we have fallen on, brief, succinct, clear, that really tells a stranger what a Pullman car is, how it is constructed, and how the running of the Pullman cars is arranged. So in his chapter on Salt Lake City, instead of giving us his philosophy about Mormonism, he looks with a practical eye at the country and the people. "The soil, though good, is full of stones, and I saw a terrace garden of about three acres built up against the hillside, which must have cost ten or twelve thousand dollars to prepare." We read with sur-

prise his statement that "we Americans have too much to do to spend our time in boasting;" but before we finished his chapter on the Central Pacific Railroad we conceded that he had made out his case. The whole story of the process of its construction is condensed into a single chapter, which is crowded with information such as must have cost no little trouble to acquire, but it is told so easily and simply that it costs no labor to understand. Books of this sort are usually marred by one of two faults. On the one hand we have the work of the practical man; he tells you of agricultural products and rain-fall and geological formation and mineral wealth and population; he embodies the information of the gazetteers in a volume which is dull, and which, therefore, has the reputation of being learned. Or we get the product of an ordinary newspaper correspondent, who sees what is on the surface and puts it down; who writes in grandiloquent terms of the scenery of the Central Pacific Railroad, but knows nothing of its history; who inveighs in general terms against Mormonism, but does not understand its practical workings and industries and daily life; who talks in a general way of the luxury of modern travel, but leaves you as ignorant as before respecting the nature of a hotel car. Mr. Nordhoff has succeeded in learning those facts which the people are interested to know, and in putting them in an interesting form. He gives detailed directions to the tourist how to make his tour comfortable; gives three schedules of three different tours; tells you the cost; gives you some pictures, well drawn, with pen and pencil, of the scenery on the way; carries you into the Chinese quarters, and introduces you to "John" at his theatre; gives you an admirable sketch of gold mining. But our space forbids our giving a table of contents, and still more our describing in detail the features of this admirable book of travel. We can only say that it is very nearly an ideal traveler's guide for the American tourist, while its entertaining style and its numerous and very handsome illustrations make it equally attractive to that great body of Americans who can only see California through the eyes of another.—Rev. ELON FOSTER would have produced a book of larger usefulness if he had given to his *New Cyclopedia of Poetical Illustrations* (W. L. Palmer, Jun., and Co.) a broader scope, and made the room for a greater variety of topics by giving shorter selections. His book professes to be exclusively adapted to "Christian teaching," and for the pulpit and the Sabbath-school it can hardly fail to serve a useful purpose; yet it must be very rare that a preacher is justified in quoting poems of ten or twelve stanzas, and of such poems there is quite too large a proportion in this volume. Under the title "Despair" is given the whole of Hood's poem, "One more Unfortunate;" and under the title "Creation" a quotation of two pages and a half from Milton. The work of an editor requires rare power of self-denial: he must be willing to reject much that is good in order to make room for some things that are better. The defects of Mr. Foster's work result from an embarrassment of riches; and to those whose libraries contain few or no other poetical collections, and who desire a book which shall supply them at once with poetry for their own reading, and with quotations topically arranged for their work, this book can not fail to prove valuable. The true test of such a work is in months of use; it is a tool, and must be tried before a thoroughly trustworthy judgment can be pronounced upon it. The critic can not really tell what it is; he can only tell what it appears to be. So far as we can judge, not from use, but only from an examination of the book, its topics are wisely selected and its quotations are well classified; and its usefulness is materially enhanced by the two indexes, that of topics, and that of lines and authors, which are appended to the volume.—That gardening is a lovely thing we always believed, and that faith has been intensified by reading ANNA WARNER'S *Gardening by Myself* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.); that it is an easy thing we never believed before, and we confess to a grain of skepticism even now. However, among many competitors, Miss Warner certainly carries off the palm. Her book is explicit and simple in its directions, does not assume in the reader a knowledge which comes only of much experience, nor discourage him or her by building impracticable air-gardens impossible to realize. It is, in a word, a book of practical directions concerning practicable achievements; and we can give it no higher encomium than to say that, having been quite disheartened from gardening by previous books, we are going to begin straightway after reading this to do some gardening by ourselves, with a sanguine hope of really accomplishing something.—We hardly know what estimate to put upon *Soundings*, by LIDE MERRIWETHER (Boyle and Chapman, Memphis). It is an attempt to awaken sympathy for the class of "lost women" by means of a series of what purports to be true stories of their experiences of temptation and fall, and of their redemption from sin and shame. The stories are simple, and have the air of truthfulness; there is not the most distant approximation to sensationalism on the one hand, or sentimentalism on the other; and the purest heart can find in them no occasion for a blush, the impurest nothing to feed a sensual imagination. Yet underlying them is the false philosophy common to nearly all similar praiseworthy attempts to induce our Christian charity to embrace those who become the most degraded, and who therefore most need it. Careful investigations into the causes of woman's degradation do not justify the belief that her sin and shame are generally any thing other than the fruit of her own willful wrong-doing. The attempt to palliate the fatal sin, which not only destroys reputation, but also makes a wreck of character, is, and always must be, a failure, and the attempt by practical philanthropy to rescue from a life of iniquity those who have given themselves up to it does not confirm the theory of the story-tellers that they are vainly striving against social contempt and aversion to escape from the toils with which they are entangled. On the contrary, the percentage that can be induced by kindness and conciliation to give up the strangely fascinating life of sin for one of industry and virtue, even when the path is opened thereto, is sadly small. The lost ones are entitled to our Christian sympathies, not, however, as unfortunates, but as sinners; nor will Christian love really accomplish much for their rescue till it gives up wholly the sentimental conception of

abandoned women as unhappy victims whose aspirations toward virtue are denied by society and crushed by a remorseless contempt, and treats them as truly lost, and needing not only to have the paths of virtue opened, but also the aspirations to virtue awakened in their souls.—Between the years 1860 and 1865 Professor TYNDALL and Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER vied with each other in an attempt to reach the summit of the Matterhorn—a peak of the Alps which had before been regarded as inaccessible, and was by the imagination of the superstitious peasantry peopled with demons, who, it was confidently asserted, would be sure to take due vengeance on any mortal bold enough to invade their dominions. The Wandering Jew was supposed to have his home in this desolate peak, and a ruined city of demons to cover its summit. This supernatural terror was not, however, to deter adventurous travelers from attempting to scale this peak, which is nearly 15,000 feet high, and rises abruptly by a series of cliffs which may properly be called precipices nearly a mile above the glaciers which surround its base. The records of the attempts of these adventurous climbers are recorded in two volumes—those of Professor Tyndall in a moderate-sized book with the modest title of "Hours of Exercise among the Alps" (republished in this country by D. Appleton and Co.), of which we have given our readers some account in a previous number of the Magazine, those of Mr. Whymper in a finely illustrated volume with the more suggestive and taking title of *Scrambles among the Alps* (republished by J. B. Lippincott and Co.). The American edition does not equal, either in the beauty of its typography or the exquisite finish of its engravings, the English original, which is one of the handsomest products of the English press; but we should not hesitate to declare it a handsome volume did it not suffer in comparison with the original, and despite that comparison we do not hesitate to characterize it as a very attractive book. Nor is it doing any dishonor to Professor Tyndall's volume to say that Mr. Whymper, who succeeded in first reaching the top of the Matterhorn, has also succeeded in producing by his pen and pencil a volume which, to those who are fond of adventures, has few equals, and almost no superiors, in the literature of mountain-climbing. Mr. Whymper is a genial companion. He is bold, but not audacious; a lover of adventure, but neither fool-hardy nor a boaster. He is in hearty sympathy with nature, and inspires you with his own simple but earnest enthusiasm for the sublime. No task seems too difficult for him to essay, no danger daunts him in the pursuit of his object; but he essays no adventure for its own sake, never displays his prowess to us, or exerts it without an object; is not the man to climb a precipitous rock to cut his name upon its surface, nor to retreat from before it if it lies between him and the summit which he aims to reach. He is at once brave and modest, and the unconscious simplicity of his narrative of dangers, perils, adventures, and escapes adds intensity to the interest of the story, which contains much practical and scientific information.—There is a great deal of power in some of ELLA WHEELER'S poems, *Drops of Water* (National Temperance Society), but there would be a great deal more if they were not all set to the same key. When we take up a volume of poems, it is not in the mood with which we take up a volume of philosophy; we are not content to turn it into a series of homilies all pointing to the same end, and all written with the same purpose and embodying the same moral. "Drops of Water" are all temperance poems; if set to music they would serve a good purpose as a temperance glee-book; but in their present form they grow wearisome. The author defeats her own purpose by the very persistency with which she pursues it.

Editor's Scientific Record.

MAC CORMAC ON THE ORIGIN OF TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION.

IN 1855 Dr. Mac Cormac presented a theory in regard to tubercular disease of the lungs, or consumption, in which he maintained that this disease is caused solely by breathing air which has already passed through the lungs of man or other animals (or, otherwise, air that is deficient in oxygen), the inhalation of air already respired being accompanied by the retention of unoxidized carbon, or the dead, poisonous carbon, within the body of the organism. This effete matter he considers to be the starting-point in the tubercle. He does not think that it forms the tubercle itself, but constitutes the poison from which tubercular disease takes its origin.

His deduction from this is to the effect that the greatest care must be taken to secure an ample supply of fresh air, especially in cases where numbers of persons are obliged, by cold weather or other causes, to occupy a limited space together, and in which a proper provision for a constant supply of fresh air has not been made. He believes that the predominance of tubercular disease in northern latitudes is not due to a tendency in the climate itself to produce this condition, but to the greater liability to huddling together for purposes of warmth, although it is probable that a diseased condition or irritation of the lungs in such cases may increase the morbification of the poisonous material. Where, in consequence of the mildness of the climate, persons are induced to live a great deal out-of-doors, or where the houses are not closed up to such a degree as to exclude the external air, or prevent its free passage, this disease becomes comparatively unknown. He, indeed, encourages open windows and draughts of air, especially at night, if the body be well covered.

ZUCCATOR COPYING MACHINE.

The electro-chemical copying-press devised by Signor Eugenio de Zuccator, of Padua, has been materially improved since its first announcement, and now bids fair to realize measurably the object of a simple and ready method of

multiplying any writing, printing, or drawing, by electro-chemical action, for the use of editors, telegraphers, reporters, etc. The copying-press itself differs but little from the screw-press in ordinary use, the difference being mainly in having the upper bed composed of a plate of copper, and the lower of a plate of copper tinned, both on mahogany beds, the upper being attached to the solid iron press by clips, and the lower being made to slide out. These two plates are placed in the ordinary way in the circuit of a battery, so that when brought into close proximity by the action of a screw the circuit is completed, and the current established over the whole surfaces.

A steel plate is coated with an insulating varnish, and upon this the writing or drawing is traced. When this plate is interposed in the circuit, the current of electricity is confined to those portions deprived of the insulating surface, and leaves a record of its passage by its continued action on the steel plate and on sheets of copying paper, especially prepared and dampened with a solution of prussiate of potash. The electrolytic action causes the formation of the ferro-prussiate, or "Prussian blue," producing a perfect fac-simile of the original manuscript or design upon the varnished surface of the plate.

The movable steel plates on which the writing or drawing to be copied is made must be thoroughly cleaned and well and evenly varnished, care also being taken, by a firm and steady pressure on the style, to remove the varnish, leaving the writing, printing, or other pattern, in bright steel on a raised ground of varnish, affording perfect insulation every where on the surface. Any number of sheets, from one to six, can be placed one upon the other, after being dampened with the solution, and by interposing these in the circuit, screwing the press down so as to secure a proper contact, and by establishing the circuit, one wire being connected with the upper bed and the other with the lower, the desired result is accomplished in a few seconds.

PROCTOR ON PHYSICAL OBSERVATORIES.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in an article on National Observatories for the Study of the Physics of Astronomy, refers to the communication of Colonel Strange, made to the British Association last year, urging the propriety on the part of the government of establishing observatories for the study of the aspect and changes of aspect of the sun, moon, and planets, on the ground that the establishments already in operation confine themselves too much to determining the position and motions, real or apparent, of the celestial bodies.

Colonel Strange, in urging his project, calls attention to the great uncertainty that has hitherto prevailed in regard to climatological laws, and promises that, if observatories are established especially for the purpose, there is a strong probability that the systematic study of the sun will throw useful light upon climatological conditions. To this Mr. Proctor rejoins that while all weather changes may be traced to the sun's influence, the idea that we shall ever be able, by studying the spots, the faculæ, the prominences, or the chromatosphere, of the sun, to interpret the phenomena of the weather, appears demonstrably incorrect. While the sun's diurnal course accounts for the seasonal changes, we yet know that the weather of any single day is almost wholly independent of the general character due to the season. A season may be exceptionally cold or hot in one portion of the earth, while in another precisely the opposite characteristics will prevail, although subjected to the same solar conditions.

Even if the direct action of the sun were more obviously recognizable in its general effects, yet, inasmuch as, in the length and breadth of England—a mere speck on the earth's surface—the greatest variety of weather is commonly experienced, it is surely hopeless to attempt to predict the conditions which will prevail in any one country where the solar relations exhibit such and such a character; and short of this no prediction would be of the least use to man. Even if there is the slightest prospect of our being able to do so much as this, of what practical use would it be to know that a storm will rage on a certain day, if it is as likely to occur in Russia as in the United States, or in India as in China?

Mr. Proctor also takes occasion to rebuke those who have sneered at the labor bestowed by meteorologists in tabulating and reducing a regular series of observations upon the weather, and remarks that even though we may not, at present, have the means of interpreting meteorological relations, we must know what these relations actually are; or, in other words, we must have those long arrays of tabulated figures—thermometric, barometric, wind-recording, etc.—if we are to understand the cause or causes of changes in the direction of the wind, in the prevalence of cloud, in temperature, barometric pressure, etc. Although but little has hitherto come of these records, compared with the labor bestowed upon them, and though we may be under the impression that little ever will be the result, yet, if ever the great mysteries of meteorology are solved, these tables will have fulfilled their purpose. To cease to make them, he thinks, is to admit that these mysteries are inscrutable.

CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF CLEAN AND FOUL SALMON.

Every one conversant with the fish is aware of the great difference in taste and value between what are called the clean and foul salmon; and Professor Christison has endeavored to determine the precise nature of the difference, by means of chemical analysis. The most prominent indication was the occurrence of a large percentage of oil in the clean salmon, and a deficiency in that of the poorer qualities. As a mean of the examinations made by Professor Christison, he states that in clean salmon there are 18.53 per cent. of oil, 19.70 per cent. nitrogenous matter, 0.88 per cent. saline matter, and of water 60.89 per cent.; while in foul salmon the amount of oil was only 1.25 per cent., and of water 80.88 per cent., the saline and nitrogenous matter not being materially different, although the latter was somewhat diminished.

RECENT UPHEAVAL OF THE PATAGONIAN COAST.

In illustration of the recent upheaval of certain portions of the South American coast, Professor Agassiz, speaking in a letter to Professor Peirce of the geology of the Straits of Magellan, remarks that about a mile back from the shore,

near Possession Bay, he found, at a height of nearly 150 feet above the sea-level, a salt pond, which, to his very great surprise, contained marine shells, some of them still living, of species common in the adjacent ocean waters. The most abundant were *Fusus*, *Mytilus*, *Buccinum*, *Patella*, etc., occurring in apparently the same numerical relation as in the waters of the bay.

The period at which this upheaval took place could not be determined; but it certainly could not be very remote, in view of the fact that so many specimens were still living. The pond appears to become nearly dry in the winter season, the small quantity of water remaining in it being intensely saline.

ABSORPTION OF METALLIC SALTS BY WOOL.

A memoir on the absorption of metallic salts by wool when mordanted, submitted by Professor M. P. Havrez, was very favorably received by the Royal Society in Brussels. The action of the mordants—which usually have alum as a basis—is not confined to making the coloring principle insoluble and thus fixing it upon the tissue, but also imparts to the tint purity and intensity of color. The way of proceeding has always been empirical, as the influence of the many possible modifications has never been fully ascertained. Mr. Havrez, in experimenting with tepid and boiling solutions of alum of different strength, used the salt in eleven different proportions, gradually increasing the amount from one-twentieth of one per cent. of the quantity of wool to 100 per cent. The feeble solutions had an alkaline reaction; those more impregnated were acid. The cause of this difference Mr. Havrez at first attributed to traces of soda retained in the wool, to lime in the water used for washing, and finally to the presence of ammonia, resulting from the alteration of the gelatinous principle of the wool. Mr. Stas then pointed out, as the true cause, the dissociation of the alum, and the extended experiments of Mr. Havrez have confirmed this supposition. Diluted solutions of sulphate of iron and copper give entirely analogous results. As to the influence of the different conditions in which the solution of the mordant is applied, Mr. H. found, first, that lime dissolved in the water acts like a diminution of the mordant; second, that the presence of free acid in small quantity does not prevent dissociation, but reduces the amount of alumina absorbed by the wool; third, that most diluted solutions of alum, at the highest temperature, and by their long-continued action, produce the most extended dissociation and fix the most alumina. Besides, the ratio of the quantity of wool operated on to that of the alum applied is of greater influence than the proportion of the solvent to the alum.

In summing up, Mr. H. maintains that the elements of the mordants, separated by dissociation, are gradually and very unequally absorbed by the wool, so that the whole process appears as a kind of dialysis, in which the wool acts the part of the porous body.

GENERATION OF EELS.

Much uncertainty prevails in regard to the mode of generation of eels, and many contradictory views have been presented, none of them bearing the test of critical examination. This animal forms a remarkable exception to the characteristics of the anadromous fish, such as the shad, salmon, etc., which run up from the sea as mature fish, and spawn in the fresh-water and return again; their young remaining for a time, then visiting the sea, also to return to the rivers when the sexual instinct seizes them. The eel, on the contrary, spawns in the sea, and the young run up into fresh-water and pass the period of immaturity, then going down to the sea and remaining there, their young in turn pursuing the same round.

It is now announced by Ercolani, an Italian physiologist, that the eel is really a perfect hermaphrodite; that the genitals are only completely developed at sea, during the month of December; the ovaries and testes being together in the same animal, with spermatozoa; and he believes that the ova are fertilized there before their emission from the body. This is a very remarkable statement, but one that may, perhaps, prove to be correct; at any rate, it comes nearer to solving the problem of the generation of the eel than any suggestion that has hitherto been made.

OCCURRENCE OF ASPHALTS.

Professor Newberry, in an article published in the *American Chemist* upon the asphalts, expresses the opinion that, without exception, they are more or less perfectly solidified products of the spontaneous evaporation of petroleum. In many instances the process of the formation of asphalt may be witnessed as it takes place in nature, and, in oil stills, varieties of asphalt are constantly produced. These are undistinguishable from the natural ones.

Among the most important of our asphaltic minerals are the Albertite and Grahamite—the first from New Brunswick, the second from West Virginia. Both occur in fissures opened across their bedding in strata of carboniferous age. There is little room for doubt that the fissures which contain the asphalt have afforded convenient reservoirs into which petroleum has flowed, and from which all the lighter parts have been removed by evaporation. Similar deposits, of less magnitude, are known in Colorado, Arkansas, Ohio, and Kentucky. In Southern California, Western Canada, and elsewhere, asphalt may still be seen passing through the process of formation from petroleum, and especially in Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, where the accumulations of asphalt are well known to geologists. It also occurs on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; but it is in Trinidad, according to Dr. Newberry, that we must look for the greater part of the supply that is likely to be required for various purposes, especially those connected with road-making. The quantity appears to be inexhaustible, and the quality is the very best; and its accessibility to the sea-ports of the United States renders its transportation so cheap that it may be furnished, to the Atlantic cities especially, at much less cost than any of the asphalts from the interior.

RILEY ON THE BARK-LOUSE OF THE APPLE-TREE.

At the meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences on the 17th of June last Mr. C. V. Riley announced the interesting discovery of the male of the mussel-shaped bark-louse of the

apple-tree (*Mytilaspis conchiformis*, Gruelin), and exhibited specimens and drawings. This is the insect that produces the so-called "scurvy" on apple-trees, and in the more Northern and Western States has been one of the most injurious of our orchard pests for many years past. Yet, common and injurious as it is, entomologists have been endeavoring in vain for a quarter of a century to discover the male. Recently in the Northwestern States, which have suffered most from this insect, it has suddenly become harmless, and is fast dying out and being exterminated by its natural enemies, while in that part of Missouri where the male has been discovered it is increasing rapidly. Mr. Riley concludes that organic reproduction is the more normal with this insect, but that, as with the closely allied plant-lice (aphidæ), the male element is occasionally required to prevent degeneracy.

NATURE OF CHLORAL HYDRATE.

According to Meyer and Dulk, chloral hydrate is in reality ethylene-glycol, chloral alcoholate being the ethylic ether of the same substance.

NATURE OF THE BLUE COLORING MATTER OF FISHES.

Pouchet has been investigating the cause of the blue color of certain fishes, which, as is well known, is extremely brilliant in certain species. In confining his attention to the French species exhibiting this color, he refers the characteristic in question to a constant anatomical cause. Beneath the skin of the portion of the fish so colored there is always a layer, more or less thick, of small ovoid or irregularly circular minute bodies, yellow by transmitted light, which are the product of the complementary blue color in diffused light. These he calls iridescent bodies, from certain analogies with anatomical elements found in the cephalopods and some acephala. The diameter of these iridescent bodies varies from two to four or five thousandths of a millimeter. In the *Callionymus* they are larger than elsewhere, and each is seen to be formed of a pile of extremely delicate lamellæ applied one upon the other, but readily separable under the field of the microscope. This blue color, complementary of the yellow, Pouchet considered to be due to a kind of fluorescence.

WATER SUPPLY OF NISMES, ON THE RHONE.

In 1866 M. Dumont presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris a sketch of a project for supplying the city of Nismes with drinking-water from the Rhone, filtered naturally. In 1872 he announces to the same body a satisfactory completion of his labor, by means of which there is a daily supply of over 37,000 cubic yards, or 130 gallons to each inhabitant. In an industrial and scientific point of view, the importance of the work just completed presents three classes of interesting facts. First, the natural filtration of the waters of the Rhone by a subterranean and lateral gallery of 555 yards in length, and 33 feet wide inside, the largest known at the present time. Second, the throwing up of this water by two steam-engines of 200 horse-power each to a distance of 11,000 yards, by a single discharge pipe of a little over three inches interior diameter. This conduit, which presents numerous inflections in its course, is commanded by a great reservoir forty-six feet in height, upon which the pumps act, not directly, but after having worked on small reservoirs joined to the latter. The intervention of these manifold reservoirs, and the establishment of numerous emptiers of the air, at all projecting points, have had the effect of rendering very manageable the immense column of water, the weight of which is nearly 5000 tons, the elevation at this distance amounting to 240 feet.

The amount of fuel required for these engines, which are vertical, with direct movement, is 2.21 pounds of coal an hour for each horse-power. The entire initial expense of this hydraulic arrangement, including the necessary machinery, was about $1,200,000.

The hypothesis upon which M. Dumont proceeded in undertaking his labors, so satisfactorily accomplished, was that there exists under the gravel and sands of the Rhone, and under the course of all waters of an analogous nature, a volume of water perfectly clarified (really an inferior and subterranean river), and that these gravels, etc., are genuine filters, which cleanse themselves by a double process, their product being always the same. The labors executed by the author at Lyons and elsewhere have proved to him the correctness of these views, and enabled him to establish the true principles which should be taken into consideration in the execution of similar labors. These are, first, to give the preference to lateral galleries instead of filtering basins; second, to bring these galleries as near as possible to the principal current of the river; third, to give these galleries the largest interior diameter possible; and fourth, to build the abutments up to the level of the low-water mark only, and make the layer of the filtering frame-work in the form of a cradle.

CHONDRINE IN THE TISSUES OF TUNICATES.

According to Dr. Schäfer the tissues of the tunicate mollusks contain a substance which in its properties and percentage of nitrogen corresponds closely to chondrine, usually considered a characteristic attribute of the vertebrata.

DENTRITIC MARKS ON PAPER.

According to Mr. Liversidge the minute dentritic marks frequently noticed on paper, to which various observers have assigned a vegetable origin, are actually inorganic; blow-pipe examinations, supplemented by special tests, showing that they consist mainly of sulphide of copper. These usually have a nucleus, which consists of a minute particle of copper or brass, and probably derived from some part of the machinery used in the manufacture of the paper.

CHANGE OF TEMPERATURE IN THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Mr. Howorth has been engaged for some time on a series of papers discussing the changes that have taken place to the present time in regard to the distribution of land and water, and the consequent effect upon the climate. He finds that the result has been a great increase in the amount of cold in the far north, rendering regions such as those of East Greenland, once capable of supporting a considerable population,

now entirely uninhabitable, and literally covered the year round with snow and ice. He says, however, that while the evidence is overpowering that the climate has been growing more severe in the highest latitudes, there is a great deal of evidence to show the cold has decreased elsewhere, and that, especially in view of the accounts given of the climate of Gaul and Germany in the Roman times, we can not but admit that there has been a great improvement since that date. Thus we are told of winters when the Danube and Rhine were frequently frozen over, and of the occurrence of the reindeer and moose in localities far south of their present habitat. Ovid laments over the fearful severity of his place of exile on the coast of Thrace, and refers to the occurrence of white foxes there, and contemporaneous references corroborate his statements.

Mr. Howorth inquires whether, even within the prehistoric period, the circumpolar climate may not have been very temperate, when that of more southern latitudes was very severe. We know, in fact, that during the miocene period Greenland once possessed a climate not dissimilar to that of the Eastern United States, as shown in the occurrence of numerous species of trees of large size, some of them, like our cypress, etc., absolutely identical with our forest vegetation of the present day. Mr. Howorth also refers to the general impression among whalers that excessively severe winters in the more temperate latitudes are accompanied by an unusual degree of mildness in the more northern latitudes.

This we accept as an augury in favor of Captain Hall's exploration, since the winter of 1871–72 was one of the severest on record of late years; and should Mr. Howorth's suggestion be correct, the captain should have enjoyed an unusual freedom from snow and ice, permitting him to prosecute his researches to great advantage.

CYCLONES IN THE PACIFIC.

Mr. Whitmer, in referring to a paper by Mr. Murphy in *Nature* on the scarcity of cyclones in the Pacific, remarks that there is rarely a year without at least one cyclone passing through, or in the neighborhood of, one of the Feejee, Samoan, or Hervey group of islands. He states that the cyclone season extends over the greater part of the period during which the sun is south of the equator; consequently, when the trade-winds from the north reach farthest south, they are most prevalent about the middle, or a little later than the middle, of the season, rarely earlier than December or January. They are usually preceded for a few days by strong northerly winds; and if during such winds a sudden fall of the barometer occur, this is considered a sure indication of an approaching cyclone.

POLLARD ON SEASICKNESS.

Doctor Pollard, in a paper in the *British Medical Journal* upon seasickness, remarks that two opposite theories have been suggested as explaining its cause; one that it arises from a depressing effect on the brain produced by the motion of the vessel, for which the remedy would be lying so as to obtain an increased supply of blood to the brain; the other, supported by Sir J. Alderson, that increase of blood in the brain is the real cause, an analogy being drawn between the blood in its vessels and the mercury of a barometer.

The most probable theory of seasickness is that held by Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Bain, and other writers, who consider that the mental and bodily prostration and the other symptoms arise from the continued action on the brain of a certain set of sensations, more particularly the sensation of want of support. This feeling, arising from the sudden loss of support, as when the footing, or any prop that we lean upon, suddenly gives way, is of the most disagreeable kind.

The phenomena of seasickness appear to be due to the constant repetition of this feeling of loss of support consequent on the pitching and rolling of the ship, more particularly the former. If, therefore, seasickness arises from certain impressions on the senses, the theory of its prevention is to render these impressions as feeble as possible. Application of the mind to an engrossing book will keep it off for a short period; but this answers only a temporary purpose.

To lessen the impressions as much as possible the patient should preserve the recumbent posture as near the centre of the ship as practicable; he should lie on a thickly padded couch, so as to diminish the vibration. Fresh air should be admitted in order to remove bad smells. The eyes should be shaded, and as much noise as possible shut out. As regards drugs, the most rational suggestion is that of Dr. Döring, of Vienna, that a full dose of hydrate of chloral should be taken shortly before the vessel starts; and, even in long voyages, the repeated use of this medicine will insure comfortable nights without the disagreeable after-effects of opium and chloroform.

MINERAL SPERM-OIL.

Mr. Hayes calls the attention of American chemists to the value, for illuminating purposes, of a heavy oil obtained from petroleum, and known in the trade as Morrill's mineral sperm-oil. This, it is claimed, has the advantage of being as safe as sperm-oil in combustion. It is sufficiently thin to fill the wicks perfectly, but is so far from being a volatile oil that it is comparatively inodorous, and will not take fire at any temperature below 300° F. Flames of considerable size, such as a large ball of wicking-yarn, saturated with oil and ignited, when plunged beneath the surface of this oil, previously heated to the temperature of boiling water, are extinguished at once. It burns freely in the German student lamps, and with great brilliancy from the "dual burner." The patentee of this oil estimates that 60,000 gallons can be manufactured per day, or about one-fourth of the whole product of petroleum. This is more than twice the whole product of the sperm and whale oils in the best days of the fishery in this country.

TESTING ANIMAL FLUIDS.

According to Mr. J. A. Wanklyn, the differential action of potassic hydrate and potassium permanganate may serve as a method to distinguish between various animal fluids. When these are evaporated down with excess of potassa solution, and then maintained for some time at 150°, a certain proportion of ammonia is evolved; and if the residue be now boiled with an alkaline

solution of potassium permanganate, a further definite quantity of ammonia is given off, the relative amount of ammonia evolved by these two additions being constant for the same animal fluid. The author has examined by this method urine, milk, blood, white of egg, and gelatine, the latter of which gives but a mere trace of ammonia by treatment with caustic potash. It would be possible by this process to distinguish between a spot of milk and one of white of egg on a cambric handkerchief.

SOLIDIFICATION OF SOLUTIONS IN COUNTRY AIR.

According to Tomlinson, supersaturated saline solutions, which would instantly solidify if exposed to the air of a room, may be kept for many hours in the open air of the country without crystallization, even newly sprouted leaves not acting as nuclei.

ALLEGED GIGANTIC PIKE.

Among the stock curiosities of the literature of fishes may be mentioned the story referred to in "Walton's Complete Angler," that a pike was taken in 1497, in a fish-pond near Heilbronn, in Suabia, with a ring fixed in its gills, on which were engraved the words, "I am the fish which Frederick the Second, Governor of the World, put into this pond 5th October, 1233;" by which it would appear that this fish had then lived 260 years. This fish was said to have been nineteen feet in length, and to have weighed 350 pounds.

Mr. Frank Buckland remarks that he has at present in his possession a painting of great antiquity which professes to be a portrait of the identical fish, and bearing an inscription corresponding somewhat to that referred to above. The length, however, of the fish represented is four feet nine inches; the ring around the neck measured ten and a half inches, and the fish would probably weigh about fifty pounds. What the facts may really be in regard to the fish in question it is, of course, impossible to state; although it may be reasonably doubted whether any thing like the age mentioned could have been attained, and the length of nineteen feet must evidently be an exaggerated statement.

SOLUBILITY OF SALTS AND GASES IN WATER.

M. Tourmasi communicates to *Les Mondes* the following laws in reference to the solubility of salts and of simple gases in water, which he thinks he has established, but for which he desires additional verification. These are as follows: First, for salts belonging to the same chemical formula (as sulphates, bromides, etc.) the coefficients of solubility are in direct ratio to their specific heat; one exception only, so far, has been met with, namely, chloride of manganese. Second, for simple gases the case is just the reverse from that of salts, namely, that their solubility in water is in inverse ratio to their specific heat.

NEW MODE OF PRINTING GOODS.

Mr. Vial presented to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, a new method of printing upon fabrics by means of metallic precipitation. An illustration of the process is seen if we take a piece of linen, cotton, or silk fabric, and soak it for a time in a solution of nitrate of silver. After exposing this to the air for a short time for the purpose of partially drying, if we place above it a coin, or a casting of zinc, lead, or copper, the nitrate will be decomposed in places where contact has been effected and the silver immediately precipitated in the form of a black powder, representing the image upon the coin in its minutest details, and in a faithful, distinct, and indelible manner. Every time the coin is placed upon the moist cloth the impression will be repeated instantaneously and perfectly, this not being the result of the application of color, but a chemical phenomenon exhibited by the simple contact of the salt and the metal, whatever be the delicacy or extent of the point of contact, and the deposition of the silver is made with such intensity as to strike almost entirely through the material.

Simple washing with water will remove from the cloth the undecomposed salt. The tint of the impression may be varied at will, from pale gray to intense black, according to the proportions of the silver and the material used as a precipitant. In general it is black, in proportion to the affinity it has for oxygen, and the degree to which it is removed from the silver. The process of Mr. Vial is presented by him to the consideration of scientific and practical men for their experiments, and he feels quite sure that it will take a place of great importance in the arts of printing and dyeing.

KIRKWOOD ON COMETS AND METEORS.

Professor Daniel Kirkwood, in a communication to *Nature* relative to the late paper of Schiaparelli upon comets, calls attention to an article published by himself in the Danville *Quarterly Review*, for July, 1861, in which the following propositions were maintained:

1. That meteors and meteoric rings "are the *débris* of ancient but now disintegrated comets, whose matter has become distributed around their orbits."

2. That the separation of Biela's comet, as it approached the sun in December, 1845, was but one in a series of similar processes, which would probably continue until the individual fragments would become invisible.

3. That certain luminous meteors have entered the solar system from the interstellar spaces.

4. That the orbits of some meteors and periodic comets have been transformed into ellipses by planetary perturbation.

5. That numerous facts—some observed in ancient and some in modern times—have been decidedly indicative of cometary disintegration.

In reference to these propositions Professor Kirkwood remarks that, though stated as theory in 1861, they have since been confirmed as undoubted facts.

NEW FOSSIL DEER.

Mr. Boyd Dawkins, in a paper on the fossil deer of the forest bed of Norfolk and Suffolk, describes a new species under the name of *C. verticornis*, which has certain characters allying it to the Irish elk, and which it must also have rivaled in size. In this new species the base of the antler is set on the head very obliquely; immediately above it springs the cylin-

drical brow tyne, which suddenly curves downward and inward; immediately above the brow tyne the beam is more or less cylindrical, becoming gradually flattened. A third flattening tyne springs on the anterior side of the beam, and immediately above it the broad crown terminated in two or more points. No tyne is thrown off on the posterior side of the antler, and the sweep is uninterrupted from the antler base to the first point of the crown.

IS CHLORAL AN ANTIDOTE TO STRYCHNINE?

Oré has been repeating the experiment of Dr. Liebreich in reference to the availability of strychnine as an antidote of chloral, and he has come to the conclusion that, however the fact may be in this respect, Liebreich's experiments are insufficient to prove his assertion, especially in consideration of the fact that a hypodermic injection neither of chloral nor of strychnine, in the proportions used by him, is necessarily fatal to rabbits.

PURPUROPHYL, A DERIVATIVE OF CHLOROPHYL.

If we boil chlorophyl with potash lye for a quarter of an hour we shall have a mixture of a green color, which may be filtered, and hydrochloric acid added. As soon as the potash is neutralized a precipitate is produced; and on adding more acid the liquid becomes of a bright grass-green color; and when again neutralized with carbonate of lime a green precipitate is formed, constituting a new substance, which has been called *purpurophyl*. This, when washed with water and covered with alcohol, assumes a fine purple tint, and is turned green by ammonia.

BLUE COLOR FROM BOLETUS.

In the course of some recent experiments Dr. Phipson has ascertained that a certain blue color, produced by the action of hypochlorite of lime on the alcoholic solution of a yellowish coloring matter of *Boletus luridus*, etc. (species of fungi), may be reproduced almost exactly from phenol, which renders it probable that the vegetable blue in question belongs to the phenyl group.

APPLICATION OF DISINFECTANTS.

According to the experiments of a committee of the Academy of Sciences of Paris in reference to disinfectants, it was ascertained that the first place among the agents destructive of infectious germs should be assigned to hyponitrous acid. This, however, being very poisonous, must be used with great precaution. It is said to be especially applicable for the disinfection of apartments in which cases of small-pox, yellow fever, or other grave diseases have existed. Before using this substance all crevices of the doors, windows, and fire-places should be carefully pasted up with paper. Acid fumes are to be generated by placing two quarts of water in earthen vessels of about ten quarts capacity for a small room, and adding to the water about three pounds of ordinary nitric acid and ten ounces of copper filings. Should the room be large, proportionally larger vessels should be employed. After starting the operation the door of entrance should be carefully sealed, and the room left undisturbed for forty-eight hours. Great care must be taken on entering the room after the operation, so as to avoid breathing the acid. Carbolic acid may also be used to great advantage by mixing it with sand or sawdust in the proportion of one part to three. This may be placed in earthen pots as above.

PREHISTORIC (?) MAN IN AMERICA.

Several years ago General James H. Carleton, U.S.A., visited the abandoned drift of the Hanover copper mine, on the side of a mountain ten miles northeast from Fort Bayard, Grant County, New Mexico. The passage was made through a body of earth to reach the solid rock. At the distance of twenty-five feet from the mouth, and where the earth overhead was perhaps equally thick, a portion of the dirt roof had fallen away, and revealed an object which, on examination, proved to be the cranial portion of an inverted human skull. With a bowie-knife the general broke off a considerable portion of the calivarium, the remainder being imbedded so firmly that he could not remove it.

He was unable to determine whether the rest of the skeleton was there or not, but is satisfied as to the completeness of the cranium. In his visit he was accompanied by Governor Robert B. Mitchell and Hon. Charles P. Cleaver, both of whom were cognizant of the circumstances. The fragments of the skull obtained by him were presented to David L. Huntingdon, U.S.A., then stationed at Fort Bayard.

ALCOHOLIC PRODUCTS OF DISTILLATION.

Messieurs Pierre and Puchot have been prosecuting some researches into the alcoholic products of distillation, and find that these consist, first, of aldehyde; second, of ethylic acetate; third, of propylic alcohol; fourth, of butylic alcohol; fifth, of amylic alcohol; and sixth, of essential oils.

For the purpose of determining the existence of these various products as chemical substances, and formed at the expense of sugar during fermentation, the authors above named have submitted them to numerous chemical tests, and have also sought for the means of depriving vinous alcohol, properly speaking, of these various substances, for the practical purposes of purification, as it is to the presence of one or other of them that the defective taste of certain forms of spirits is attributed.

Among the indirect results reached in their inquiries, the authors maintain that it is incorrect to say, when two non-miscible liquids are boiled together, that the atmospheric pressure is equal to the sum of the elastic forces of the vapors of the two liquids, estimated separately at the temperature at which the mixture boils; but that, *first*, when two non-miscible liquids are boiled together, one of them being water, the boiling-point of the mixture is below that of the liquid that boils most readily; *second*, this boiling-point of the mixture continues absolutely constant as long as there remains an appreciable quantity of each of the two liquids; *third*, this constancy is independent of the relative proportions of the two liquids; *fourth*, the mixed vapors condensed during distillation have a direct relation to each other, independently of the relative proportions of the two liquids brought together in the distilling apparatus.

Editor's Historical Record.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of October.—The October elections have, in the main, resulted favorably for the administration candidates. The election in Georgia, October 2, was for Governor and members of the State Legislature, and five Congressmen. James M. Smith, Democrat, was elected Governor by over 50,000 majority. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana elections were held October 8. General Hartranft, Republican, was elected Governor of Pennsylvania by a majority of 35,627. Mr. Allen, the Republican candidate for Auditor-General, received a majority of 36,780, and Ulysses Mercur, Republican candidate for Supreme Court judge, a majority of 40,443. The average majority of the three Republican candidates for Congressmen at large was nearly 46,000. In Ohio, Allen T. Wikoff, Republican, was elected Secretary of State by a majority of 11,910. John Welch was elected Supreme Court judge by a majority of 10,189. The Congressmen stand seven Democrats to thirteen Republicans. James A. Garfield (Nineteenth District) was re-elected by a majority of 10,955. In Indiana the Democrats elected T. A. Hendricks for Governor by a majority of 1148. The new Legislature will stand, in the Senate, 27 Republicans to 23 Democrats; in the House, 54 Republicans to 46 Democrats. The Congressional delegation stands 9 Republicans to 4 Democrats. The election in South Carolina, October 16, resulted in the success of General Moses, the regular Republican candidate for Governor, by a majority of from 35,000 to 40,000 (estimated). The constitutional amendment prohibiting an increase of the State debt was ratified, being generally indorsed by both parties. This amendment renders it necessary that any increase of the State debt (beyond that incurred in the ordinary and current business of the State) shall be submitted to the people at a general election, and require for its sanction a two-thirds vote.

The Oregon Legislature, September 28, elected M. C. Mitchell, Republican, United States Senator. A bill providing for woman suffrage has been introduced into the Lower House of the Oregon Legislature.

Emperor William of Prussia has decreed in favor of the United States in regard to the San Juan boundary question submitted for his arbitration. This decision makes the boundary line pass through Canal de Haro instead of Rosario Strait, thus including within the United States the San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez islands.

The total losses by the great fire in Chicago, October, 1871, amounted to $200,000,000, to which another million must be added on account of the depreciation of property and the interruption of trade. The year which has passed since this event has seen at least one-third of the value of the destroyed property restored. The hotels, the places of amusement, the warehouses, the churches, and the schools which have taken the place of those which were destroyed are grander and more substantial edifices, and architecturally more beautiful. The prices of real estate are higher than at the time of the fire, and the industrial interests of Chicago have been more than re-established. In fact, the great disaster of last year is beginning to be regarded as a blessing in disguise, and the great Western metropolis—already connected with the interior by a score of railways, and having a lake marine rivaling the tonnage of the great sea-ports of the world—dreams with unabated enthusiasm of ship-canals westward to the Mississippi and eastward to the sea-board.

Turning from the Gateway of the West to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, we find some interesting statistics respecting the commerce of San Francisco during the nine months ending September 30, 1872. There have arrived during this period fifty full cargoes of Eastern goods by way of Cape Horn, besides twenty more by Panama steamers; forty-five cargoes of English goods—coal, iron, drugs, liquors, dry-goods, etc.; fifty-six cargoes of coal from Australia; and the usual amount of coffee, rice, sugar, and tea from China and the East Indies. The imports by shipment are valued at $3,706,996, against $2,575,042 during the same time last year—an increase of 50 per cent. The export trade has been unusually active. Thus there was a shipment of 3,000,000 centals of wheat, against less than 1,000,000 centals during the same time last year. The exports by water amounted to $15,242,738, against $10,547,593 in 1871. The exports of treasure are estimated at $25,041,629, against $14,044,075 in 1871. The amount collected in duties on foreign imports at this port for the nine months is $6,368,000, against $5,622,000 for the same time last year, showing a greatly increased foreign commerce, since no duties have been collected during the past quarter on coffee and tea.

In California, as indeed throughout the country, the want of more abundant and cheaper means of transportation is severely felt. As a remedy it is proposed to build narrow-gauge railroads. It is estimated that in the grain-producing portions of the State there is not any one hundred miles in length by six miles in width that does not pay for the transportation of its produce yearly an amount in excess of what the charges would be on a narrow-gauge road enough to build and equip a road of its own. In the Northwest a like want for cheaper transportation has stimulated afresh the agitation for a canal to communicate with the Atlantic coast. Every where great attention is being paid to the subject of canal transportation. The offer by the State of New York for the successful application of some motive power as a substitute for horses to canal-boats on the Erie Canal has led to results which promise the propulsion of these boats by steam, in half the time and at less expense than by the present method.

Some idea of the demands made upon transportation by the grain trade is conveyed by the fact that for the forty-eight hours ending at noon October 14 there were received at the port of Buffalo 1,386,000 bushels of grain. The Buffalo route has won favor on account of the low rates of toll on the canal—an important consideration when we remember how formidable at one time

appeared the prospect of a diversion of trade through Canada.

Among the most important of the subjects discussed during the session of the National Board of Trade in New York, October 15–19, was that of a more popular railway service. Mr. R. H. Ferguson, of Troy, New York, read a very able paper, exposing "the terrible drain upon the productive and laboring interests of our country on account of our present railroad management." He made a comparison of fourth-class freights charged by the different railroad lines for the last five years from the cities of Chicago, Toledo, and St. Louis; also from six interior competing points in the States of Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana, viz., Mattoon, Decatur, and Paris, in Illinois; Terre Haute, Indiana; and Keokuk and Dubuque, in Iowa, to New York city. He took the months of December, January, February, March, and April of each year, as those months only show what the railroads would do the year through if they had no water competition. The result of his estimate was that three-fourths of the Western producers' grain were given to the railroads to carry the remaining fourth to market. There was a tendency toward consolidation among all through lines, crushing out all competition, and enabling two or three railroad kings to dictate to the people how much they shall pay for food, fuel, and clothing. "Already the railroad system of our country (comprising over 50,000 miles, and fast increasing) is in the hands of half a dozen men, who can to-morrow morning telegraph orders from their head-quarters that will raise the barrel of flour you buy at noon one dollar per barrel, the pork you buy one and two cents per pound, the beef you eat the same, the coal you burn one dollar a ton, every bushel of grain in the country two, three, five, and ten cents per bushel, putting into their purses millions of dollars before night, to the disadvantage of every man, woman, and child, and to the benefit alone of half a dozen millionaires." The railroad corporations have gained the control of Legislatures. Yet "it is the people's land and money that helped to build the roads; it is the people's productions of land, loom, and furnace that furnish the freights for said roads, that are now run to see how much can be extorted from the people (to pay large dividends on stock that is watered and doubled every little while), instead of seeing how cheaply the freight could be carried, which is the only rule that should govern a properly constructed railroad managed in the interests of the people. The people, therefore, have a right to say what shall be a proper compensation for carrying their freight. There is great danger to every interest in our country—financial, productive, manufacturing, and, above all others, the laboring interest. It demands our earnest attention and immediate action. Every moment but tightens the iron grip these railroad monopolies now have upon the people's throats." The real cost of transportation is only from one-fourth to one-third of the tariff now charged. According to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, the amount of grain produced in the United States in 1871 was 1,519,776,100 bushels. Suppose that only two-thirds of this—1,000,000,000 bushels—were transported, we have the enormous sum of $245,000,000 extorted from the people, if that amount were shipped from Chicago, and the still greater sum of $300,000,000 on the same amount shipped from St. Louis. But as half of the amount was shipped from lesser points at higher rates, this sum would still be increased. But taking the two places, Chicago and St. Louis, we have an average of $272,500,000. This sum would in ten years pay the whole national debt. It would build and equip a double-track road of 3400 miles in length, at a cost of $80,000 per mile, every year, almost long enough to reach from New York to San Francisco. To remedy this growing evil Mr. Ferguson suggested through trunk lines crossing the continent from ocean to ocean, or from the grain fields and centres of the West to all the sea-board cities in the East, said roads to consist of four tracks; if advisable, a track each way for freight, and one each way for passenger traffic; these roads to be free thoroughfares, over which the people's freight shall be carried for cost, the roads to be built by the people—that is, every county and State through which the road passes to pay an equal share of the cost of construction and equipment according to its population and wealth; where a county or State is too poor the government to give the necessary aid; each county and State through which the road passes to guarantee a certain per cent. interest to stock-holders; no stock-holder or share-holder to be allowed a vote on said stock or shares, simply holding stock or shares as a voucher for their investment and to entitle them to the interest on such deposit.

In bringing subjects of this character before the people, general associations like the National Board of Trade are of great value and importance. It is the era of associations, and the constant tendency of these is toward expansion, from local to national, then from national to international. The tendency toward centralization in the government and in the great moneyed interests of the country is a manifestation of this characteristic feature of the age. The evils involved in this tendency can only be met by a corresponding organization on the part of those whose interests it is the design of the government to represent, and on the part of labor, which is the basis of all wealth. If government is centralized, then it must be popularized to prevent centralization from becoming despotism. If railway autocrats conspire to rob producers and consumers, then the producers and consumers must organize for the protection of their interests. If the monopolies use the government, then the people must prevent corruption by reform associations, and must, through organizations representing their interests, secure the assistance of their servants who represent them in our national councils. In this connection Commodore Maury's address at the St. Louis Agricultural Fair, early in October, is very suggestive. He urged the necessity of co-operation among agriculturists in order to secure from the law-makers the same consideration which has been secured from them by combinations among the railroad men, the miners, the merchants, and the manufacturers. The agriculturists were not at a disadvantage for lack of wealth, numbers, or intelligence. The crops of last year (1871) amounted in round numbers to $2,500,000,000. According to the last census

there are 12,500,000 "bread-earners" in the United States, filling the mouths of a population of 39,000,000. These several interests subsist respectively—the agricultural and mechanical, 23,830,000 souls; the commercial, 2,326,000; the manufacturing, 1,117,000; mining, 472,000; the railroad and express men, 595,000. "Therefore you beat in numerical strength these several industries, that are so much more compact in organization and powerful with Legislatures than you are, some ten, some twenty, and some fifty times—and all combined five to one. Hitherto your combinations have extended only to the forming of State and county societies, and the influencing of State Legislatures. Theirs are general; they impress Congress." A National Agricultural Congress had been organized in St. Louis May 28, 1872, and this should be fostered by the rural interests of the country. The appropriation by Congress to the Signal-office, with a view to the interests of agriculture as well as of commerce, was one of the results already secured by this organization. It had pledged itself to an international conference, in which the details might be arranged for a universal system of meteorological observation and crop reports. This would enable farmers to fix prices upon their staples, instead of having this done for them by the merchants. "The International Congress of Statisticians has just had a meeting on the banks of the Neva. In it the great nations of the earth were represented. It met under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia in his own capital, and was inaugurated there by the real friend of true scientific progress, the Grand Duke Constantine. It was cheered in its labors with the huzzas of the Russians, the hochs of the Germans, the vivas of the Latin races, and the hurrahs of the English, and among its labors was the appointment of a special committee in furtherance of this scheme." Commodore Maury directed attention to the oppression of the agriculturists by gigantic railroad monopolies. This evil must be met by the National Agricultural Congress.

The project of an interoceanic canal is still receiving attention from the government. The Navy Department has ordered an exploration of the Bajoyo River in connection with the survey of the Nicaragua route of the canal, and the work was to begin on the 1st of December. In January Commander Selfridge is to finish the survey of the Panama route.

In Georgia the culture of tea is being undertaken with good promise of success, the plant being raised from seed, and not, as hitherto, from imported plants.

The Liverpool returns show that during the months of July, August, and September the departure of ships for the United States has averaged more than one per day, while the emigrants have flocked westward at the rate of 12,000 per month, or 144,000 per year. English artisans and laborers are beginning to count largely in the emigration; and it appears that they avoid Canada, as affording fewer inducements to the industrious and enterprising than the free and independent life of a republic. Compared with other periods, as well as with the preceding quarter, the increase of immigration is enormous. Ninety-nine ships left during the three months for the United States with 36,491 steerage passengers and nearly 6000 in the cabin. Seventeen ships left for Canada, carrying 5607 persons. The aggregate number of passengers was 50,385, of whom the greater proportion (18,279) were English, and only 5104 Irish. The most notable feature of the quarter's return is the sudden access of Swedes, Danes, and Germans to the emigration from Liverpool, no less than 15,853 of the whole number having been drawn from the Scandinavian and German countries, coming by way of Hull to Liverpool, and thence to the United States, in preference to shipping from the Baltic direct by the Bremen and German Lloyds' steamers. These vessels, however, have also brought a large company of immigrants.

A large body of the emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine purpose to form a settlement in the neighborhood of Alexandria, Virginia. Canada will also receive a considerable number of these emigrants.

The strike of the bricklayers in Chicago has to some extent interfered with the building industry in that city. The Union demands that all foremen shall be members of its organization, and that none but Union men shall be employed. In about half the cases these points were conceded.

In New Orleans there was a 'longshoremen's strike about the middle of October. The object was to secure $4 wages per day, instead of $3, and ten hours for the working-day. The strikers assembled in large numbers, and marched through the streets. Captain William Barnes lost his life in attempting to prevent their interference with the working-men on his barges. The strike at this season is very injurious to the commercial interests of the city.

The experiment of building associations is being tried in Cincinnati with favorable results. Those in the old Sixteenth Ward alone are developing a capital of over $3,500,000, which will all be used within the next four or five years in building homes, buying real estate, setting men up in business, and in every way helping a class of men who, but for these benevolent institutions, would never own a foot of ground during their lives. It has been said that fully one-fourth of the money now being invested in building associations used to be spent for liquor and its accompanying vices. If this be true, they have accomplished a good end. But in addition they offer a safe investment for a poor man to lay up his dollar per week where it will draw an interest that is not excelled by that derived from the capital of the millionaire.

The most eminent among the educators of Massachusetts form a committee to consider the propriety of admitting female students to the colleges. A year ago Mr. H. W. Sage, of Brooklyn, New York, one of the trustees of Cornell University, offered that institution a quarter of a million of dollars provided it afforded the same advantages to young women that it does to young men. The offer was not hastily accepted, but was referred to a committee to examine the whole question. The majority reported in favor of its acceptance on those conditions. Another committee, appointed to visit the leading colleges and universities attended by both sexes, as the

result of their investigations, came to this conclusion:

"Both the testimony of experience and the investigations of the committee agree in the conclusion that the system of co-education has worked well, and the committee failed to find one objection to it in practice. Its effects on both the young men and the young women are beneficial, and the facts indicate that there is no loss in scholarship. 'The young women are at least the equals of the young men in collegiate studies,' while their 'conscientiousness' in study elevates the general tone of scholarship. Facts are given showing that the health of young women does not suffer from collegiate study more than that of young men."

In accordance with the recommendation of the committee, Mr. Sage's proposal has been accepted, and the doors of Cornell thrown open to women. A large building for their accommodation is in process of erection, and will be completed within a year, at the cost of $150,000. It will provide dormitories to accommodate 200, and lecture-rooms for physiology, embryology, and kindred subjects.

Cornell University has just entered upon its fifth year. The entering class numbers 200, including a dozen ladies. The M'Graw building is just finished, and the libraries and cabinets are being arranged in it. The library consists now of 36,000 volumes, including the Jared Sparks collection, recently added. Important additions in French, German, Italian, and Spanish literature have been made this summer. A course of lectures by Mr. J. A. Froude was begun late in October.

The Board of Overseers of Harvard University have resolved hereafter to hold annual examinations of women, similar to those already held by the University of Cambridge in England. The corporation submitted a scheme, and the overseers have just adopted it. There will be two classes of candidates, those under eighteen, and those above that age. Certificates are to be given to those who pass the examination, and "certificates of honor"—so discriminated—to those who pass "with credit." The tendency of this system will be to elevate the standard of scholarship in girls' schools. The first examination is to take place next June.

It is estimated that from 12,000 to 15,000 negroes voted in each of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania at the recent elections. This fact, and the political importance of the negro vote in the South, suggest the necessity of greater efforts for the education of the colored race. The efforts at enlightenment of the freedmen have, so far, amounted to but little. The Freedmen's Bureau, out of its thirteen millions of dollars, expended three and a half millions only for educational purposes. The exhausted Southern States could not do much, while Northern liberality expended about four millions. The total expense, divided among nearly five millions of people, during a period of ten years, shows an annual outlay of less than a dollar for each teachable youth. Since emancipation the negro child has had less than a tenth of the advantages enjoyed by the New England child.

The epidemic among horses, after making fearful ravages in Canada, has visited the United States, and threatens serious results. It was reported from Boston, Buffalo, Rochester, and Syracuse early in October, and about the middle of the month had reached New York city.

DISASTERS.

An accident occurred, October 3, on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railway, in which a train fell through a trestle, killing one man and injuring twenty-seven others, some slightly and others very seriously.

The ladies' car on an express train on the Paducah and Elizabethtown Railroad jumped the track, October 10, eight miles from Pacudah, and went down an embankment forty feet, landing bottom upward. It contained about twenty persons, nearly all of whom were more or less injured. Two were killed outright.

A Pullman train on the Eastern Railroad ran into a freight train October 22. Two passengers were killed and twenty injured.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Peter Cartwright, one of the oldest and most widely known Methodist preachers in America, died September 25 at his home, near Pleasant Plains, Sangamon County, Illinois, aged eighty-seven years.

Rev. Francis Vinton, D.D., a well-known and esteemed clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Brooklyn September 29, aged sixty-three years.

Francis Lieber, LL.D., Professor of Constitutional History and Political Science in Columbia College Law School, and one of the most distinguished American writers on government and civil law, died of heart-disease at his residence in New York, October 2, aged seventy-two years.

Brevet Brigadier-General Hartman Bache, colonel of engineers in the army of the United States, died in Philadelphia October 8, aged seventy-five years.

The Hon. William H. Seward died at his residence in Auburn, New York, October 10, aged seventy-two years.

Mrs. Sarah Payson Willis Parton, better known as "Fanny Fern," died at her residence in New York, October 10, aged sixty-one years.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

The submarine cable between Jamaica and Panama is in working order. Governor Gray, of Madras, is to succeed Sir Peter Grant as Governor of Jamaica.

In Cuba next year the war taxes on exports are to be doubled, and on imports increased from ten to twenty-five per cent.

In Mexico Lerdo de Tejada's election as President is regarded as certain. All the revolutionary chiefs except Diaz and Guerra have accepted the amnesty offered by the government.

EUROPE.

The disposition of the leading British statesmen is to loyally accept the award of the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal, notwithstanding Chief Justice Cockburn's dissenting argument, which claims that the new rules adopted in the Washington Treaty ought to have been interpreted in a Pickwickian sense. Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a recent speech denounces Cockburn's argument; and Sir John Coleridge, Attorney-General, says of the result of the arbitration that England has got well out of a bad business. Sir Roundell Palmer, one of the arbitrators, succeeds Lord Hatherly as Lord Chancellor. He is in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone, though

he was opposed to the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, and great expectations are entertained of important law reforms through his promotion to the woolsack.

The agitation for the disestablishment of the English Church in England is fairly begun. A conference was held in Birmingham early in October, in which Mr. Miall, the great Dissenter, took a prominent part. A fresh incentive is given to the movement by the discontent which prevails in regard to the working of the new Education act, which inseparably connects secular with religious instruction.

The Scotch Educational Settlement (by the act of August 6, 1872) aims to give every child the rudiments of knowledge, to destroy clerical ascendency in the schools, and to foster institutions of secondary education preliminary to university training. The act ordains absolute compulsion, thus differing from the English Settlement. The bill of 1861 had struck a blow at clerical ascendency in the schools by the abolition of tests for school-masters. The present act goes farther, and substitutes for the ministers and heritors, as school directors, boards elected by the rate-payers. But it does not exclude religious teaching; and the consequence will be that sectarian considerations will enter into the election of school boards, and the Presbyterian clergy will have the same influence over popular education in Scotland that the Anglican clergy have in England. The turn of Ireland, and the triumph of the Roman Catholic priests, comes next in order; for one of the most important questions that will come before Parliament next session will be that of Irish education. The Romanists demand a denominational system, basing this claim on the fact that out of 1,021,700 children on the rolls of the national schools 821,769 are Romanist—80 per cent. of the whole number.

Chancellor Lowe's financial exhibit shows a reduction of £9,000,000 in annual taxes since 1868, and a reduction of the national debt by £15,000,000. The telegraphs have been bought for £8,650,000, and prove a good investment. The number of people in the English work-houses has diminished by 106,000 since 1870, and the London vagrants have been diminished from 1492 in September, 1870, to 495 in September, 1872.

Recent advices report bad harvests generally in Great Britain. The grain crops have fallen off both as to quantity and quality. The potatoes have been affected by disease to the extent of from 30 to 80 per cent.

The discontent among the agricultural laborers in England has directed to this class a degree of attention which it has never before received. The agricultural laborer earns from twelve to fourteen shillings per week, and, owing to the general advance in the prices of the necessaries of life, he is reduced to pauperism. Naturally this subject reawakens the agitation of the land question. Lord Napier, in his address before the Social Science Association, in September, stated the question very strongly. "Primogeniture, entail, traditional predilections, the exigencies of fashion and recreation, and the accumulation of capital," he said, "are working incessantly together to promote the aggregation of land in the hands of a few." "It would be hazardous to estimate the number of estates above the dimensions of a garden or a paddock at more than 100,000." "The proportion of those who possess to those who possess nothing is probably smaller in some parts of England at this time than ever it was in any settled community, except in some republics of antiquity, where the business of mechanical industry was relegated to slaves." He showed that in this matter England was behind nearly every other civilized country. In France the number of freeholders was nearly as large as that of cultivators. Prussia, since 1811, when the Stein and Hardenburg legislation gave the death-blow to villeinage and feudal tenures in that country, had developed a large class of cultivating freeholders. The imperial edict emancipating 60,000,000 Russian serfs was accompanied by a provision enabling the new-made freemen to acquire a direct interest in the soil. Even in India, where for some years he governed an important province, he showed that diffused tenure of the soil, whether individual or common (as in the village communes), told the tale of its beneficent effects in the dignity and self-respect—the manliness of bearing—evinced in the manners of the ryots (peasant cultivators) enjoying its advantages.

An explosion took place in a coal mine at Morley, in England, October 7, by which forty miners were killed. In 1871 there were 826 fatal accidents in British collieries—one miner killed to each 109,246 tons of coal raised.

A frightful charge is brought against a woman in England of having poisoned some twenty persons—the children of four families (two of them her own, and two families of step-children besides), as well as her mother, two husbands, and another man to whom she was not legally married (her third husband being alive at the time of her marriage, though without the knowledge of this man, who believed himself her husband), and finally, a lodger in her last house.

The Prussian government gave the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine the option during a limited period to emigrate or remain, subject to conscription for military service. By the time the option had expired but a bare remnant of the original population was left. Metz, which before the war had a population of 50,000, retains only 10,000. "Germany sees without regret," says the *North-German Gazette*, with brutal candor, "those long trains of exiles who in the last days have turned their backs on the empire and set their faces toward France, whither their interests and sympathies lead them."

The Old Catholic Congress met at Cologne in September. There were present 423 delegates. The main discussion centred about two points—a reform consisting in the abolition of surplice fees and payment for masses, and the putting away of indulgences, saint worship, etc., and the validity of civil marriage.

The breach between the Prussian government and the Roman Catholic Church in Ermeland seems to be complete. The Minister of Public Instruction, Dr. Falk, has intimated to the Bishop of Ermeland that the state can not pay the salary of a bishop who will not conform to the laws, and as almost all the priests' income comes through the bishop, the Roman Catholic Church in the diocese of Ermeland is virtually disestablished and disendowed.

The population of Prussia is in the proportion of eleven Protestants to seven Catholics; in Germany it is twenty-five to fifteen; and in each case the majority is so large that the greatest caution has to be observed in dealing with the relations of state and church.

The great mass of the German population have not benefited, but suffered, by the increase of national wealth accruing from the French indemnity. Every thing has become dearer since Germany crushed her old enemy, and wages have not risen in proportion to the advance of prices. The treasure wrested from France has been spent upon armaments; the people have had none of it, even indirectly by the taking off of taxes. In Berlin such is the rise in rent that thousands of laborers are driven from the city, and there is great popular discontent.

There have lately been heavy and successful strikes in Belgium. At Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and other cities, the journeymen masons, tailors, shipwrights, and others, have been in full revolt, and the masters have in general been forced to agree to their demands. It is reported by the British consul at Antwerp that there are twenty thousand working-men's households in Belgium in the condition of being absolutely unable to meet their very humble expenses. There are said to be over two hundred thousand workmen in Belgium who earn three francs, or seventy-five cents, a day—which is manifestly thought a good deal.

General Hazen, in his recent work, "The School and the Army," points out the real causes of the French defeat in 1870. France is now fully awakened to the necessity of reorganizing her army, and of a thorough educational reform. The law for the reorganization of the army passed by the Assembly last session applies the principle of universal military service. In regard to education, the majority of the Councils-General have recently pronounced for the application of the compulsory principle, though they hesitate to support compulsory secular and gratuitous education.

The greater proportion of works recently published in France bearing upon national rehabilitation are of a religious character, directing attention to the Roman Catholic Church as the only hope of the nation. The pilgrimage to Lourdes, to the shrine of Our Lady of Salette, in which thousands upon thousands of devotees participated, is an attempt on the part of the priesthood to revive its ancient power. But it is a desperate expedient, and a revelation of weakness. As a political demonstration it is worse than a failure.

The French government prohibited any celebration of the 22d of September—the anniversary of the downfall of the empire—even in private banquets. But M. Gambetta, prevented from presiding over a banquet at Chambéry, fully declared himself at Grenoble. His speech was not a violent one, but, as it advised the people to trust only to true and tried republicans, it was offensive to the Assembly, which is predominantly monarchist.

While the French have had this year an unusually abundant harvest, a plentiful vintage has been denied them, owing, first, to the unfavorable weather that prevailed early last summer, and even lately, in all the more important vine-growing districts; and secondly, to the ever-increasing ravages of the oïdium and the *Phylloxera vastatrix*—the depredations of which latter disease are spreading to such a frightful extent in the south of France that recently M. Dumas, the well-known chemist, announced to the Académie des Sciences that in a few years the vineyards of Provence will have ceased to exist if some means are not promptly taken to arrest its progress. He asked that a prize of £20,000 should be offered by the state to whosoever should discover the means of efficaciously preventing such a disaster.

The French Post-office has under consideration the establishment of a general international system of money-orders.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte has been exiled from France.

One of Spain's greatest buildings, the Escurial, the great monastery built by Philip II., in the form of an upturned gridiron, and dedicated to St. Lawrence, some thirty miles from Madrid, has had even a narrower escape from destruction than had Canterbury Cathedral a few weeks earlier, and appears to have been much more seriously damaged. It was struck by lightning on October 2, and the flames spread in the direction of the palace, library, and church. Special trains with engines and firemen were sent from Madrid to extinguish the flames, in which they succeeded, after the fire had destroyed two of the towers and some of the roofs. The damage is said to be estimated at some £30,000. The library and other stores of valuable objects were not injured. The damage, though sufficiently great, is small compared with the alarm. Some notion of the size of the Escurial may be gathered from the fact that it is said to contain 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and the original cost of the building was estimated to be 6,000,000 ducats, or, say, over £1,000,000 sterling.

The Spanish Senate, September 26, elected Señor Figuerola president, by a vote of 58 to 3. Señor Rivero was chosen president of the Cortes by a vote of 176 to 30. The vice-presidents and secretaries of the last Cortes were re-elected.

The Congress, or Lower Chamber, of the Cortes has, by a vote of 161 against 57, refused to consider the amendment offered by a republican member to the address to the king asking for the emancipation of slaves. The resolution providing for the abolition of capital punishment for political offenses has been rejected by a vote of 99 against 58.

About the middle of October an insurrection broke out among the garrison of the Spanish arsenal at Ferrol, in Corunna, which assumed somewhat formidable dimensions, but was finally suppressed by the government forces.

Disastrous inundations are reported to have occurred on the banks of the Po.

OBITUARY.

The Right Hon. Sir James S. Willes, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in England, committed suicide October 3.

The Rev. Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigné, the eminent historian, died at Geneva October 21, aged eighty years.

M. Théophile Gautier, the celebrated French poet, novelist, and critic, died in Paris October 24, aged sixty-one years.

Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.



UNDER this title we propose to give a number of pen and pencil sketches illustrative of London life and character. And in so doing we intend no competition either with those ponderous tomes which learnedly describe the city as it used to be, or those more modest brochures in which its present architectural beauties are faithfully portrayed. In setting out we announce no matured system of investigation, nor have we any such. We solemnly abjure any settled plan. Led by fancy or by accident, we shall wander into all sorts of localities at all sorts of times. To-night we may be in a thieves' kitchen, and to-morrow at an aristocratic wedding in Hanover Square; now we will be in the stalls of the Opera-house, and anon struggling up the rickety stairs of an East End theatre. Birdcage Walk may possibly have as many points of interest as Rotten Row. Kensington Gardens shall not be shunned by us because of their virtue, nor the Haymarket because of its vice. The former present many a subject both for author and for artist; and the latter—well, as Rossetti sings,

"Every night, be it dry or wet,
Is market-night in the Haymarket."

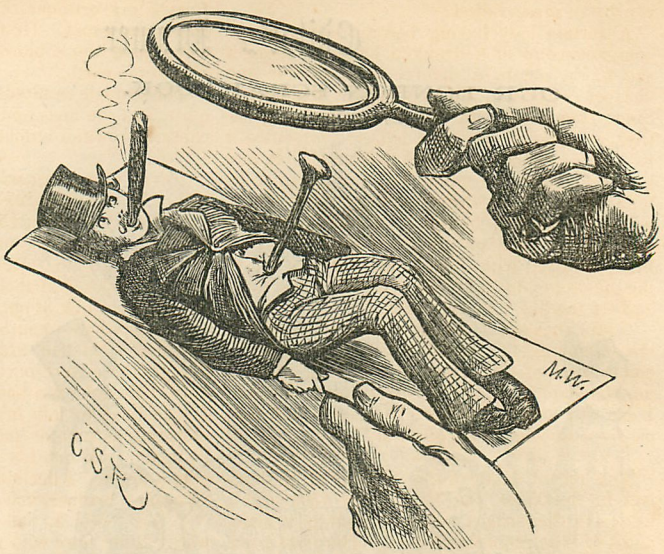
St. James's shall not repel us by its glitter, nor St. Giles's by its squalor.

We will visit no place that is not interesting *per se*. Memories are very delightful things. But the fact that Byron lived in Hollis Street is insufficient to give a present charm to that quiet little way. Nor does the fact that Henry Hallam resided in Wimpole Street, and that Tennyson has immortalized the fact in the "In Memoriam," prove sufficiently absorbing to demand a description of the chill and dismal respectability of that most decorous of thoroughfares. Not even poor Albert Smith's joke concerning it can kindle a spark of interest: "All things earthly have an end—except Upper Wimpole Street." At the same time, we have no intention of silencing memories when, in spite of us, they occur. Standing above the dome of St. Paul's, we are sure to call to mind old Decker's advice to the "gull"—as he calls him—of Queen Elizabeth's time: "Take heede how you looke downe into the yarde, for the rails are as rotten as your great-grandfather." Walking in Fleet Street it will be impossible to remain oblivious of the memory of Dr. Johnson; and every flag-stone in Brick Court will remind us of Oliver Goldsmith. Newgate and the Old Bailey suggest Captain Macheath, Polly Peachum, and the other entertaining characters in the "Beggars' Opera," and we find ourselves unconsciously humming, with the unconscionable captain,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

As we pass the site of Will's Coffee-house we imagine ourselves surrounded by ghosts dressed in bag-wigs and knee-breeches, and displaying swords and snuff-boxes—and then echoes of the old-world oaths, "'slife," "'sdeath," "gadsbud," float about our ears. The spot where Tom King's Coffee-house once stood may possibly present Hogarth's cartoon to the mind's eye. And Drury Lane will waken a thousand theatrical reminiscences.

But it is not with ghosts that we have to do most of all, nor are we over-anxious to illustrate the mysterious law of "association of ideas."



We want to present, if possible, the people of the London of to-day. In each locality we wish to describe the most characteristic denizens—the individuals who partake most largely of the genius of the place. Ben Jonson was wont to describe the *dramatis personæ* of his comedies by a splendid word. He called them "humors." Shadwell afterward used the term as describing the characters in *his* plays. It has since fallen into disuse. Now we would fain describe a few of the "humors" of the British metropolis. We make no pretense to deep psychological skill. If by means of pen and pencil we succeed in presenting some London scenes as they appeared to our own eyes—if we can present THE COCKNEY of to-day with something like fidelity—we shall have accomplished, however unskillfully, the undertaken task.

APROPOS of the season, thus writeth an old poet:

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me
  Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with bards and solitude agree,
  And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows, and the neighboring hills,
  That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks and lowland rills,
  That charmed our ears and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
  What though the zephyrs of the summer-tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year,
  Are fled and gone, kind Heaven has not denied
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And evening parties for our recreation.

IT would be difficult to present a finer specimen of the humor and coolness of the Nevada man than in the following pleasing incident, related to the Drawer by one of the most brilliant of the younger poets and writers of the day: Mr. Nordquist, entertaining certain opinions on a particular subject that were different from those entertained by his neighbor Colonel Wagner, conceived it to be his duty to maintain them in the free but somewhat abrupt manner that obtains in that region. The result of this variance is thus described by Mr. Nordquist in a letter to his friend Captain A——, at Nevada City:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I have just had a slight misunderstanding with Colonel Wagner, which resulted in my shooting him. Afterward, *in a moment of excitement, I scalped him.* Will you do me the favor to see that *no exaggerated account of the affair gets into the newspapers?* Truly yours,

H. NORDQUIST.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS, at present United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, adds to fine legal acumen the rare social qualification of being a capital *raconteur.* The Drawer happened to be seated opposite to him at a modest dinner not long since, when he related an incident of his professional experience that occurred a few years ago at Canandaigua. Patrick M'Gooren had been arraigned before the Oyer and Terminer on an indictment for grand larceny. By direction of his counsel he pleaded "Not guilty." The first witness called by the District Attorney to prove the charge was Timothy O'Sullivan. No sooner did M'Gooren hear the sound of that name, and a moment afterward see the form of Tim going to the witness-stand, than he arose and said, "May it plaze the Coort, I want to withdraw that play of 'Not guilty.'"

"For what purpose?" inquired the judge.

"I want to plade 'Guilty.'"

"Why do you wish to do that?"

"*Whoiy? Bekase I want to save Tim O'Sullivan's sowl!*"

THERE is a certain style of legal gentleman well known to the profession and to business men as the "collecting lawyer"—very respectable, very industrious, and often quite successful. One of our leading wholesale houses having an unsettled claim against a Western customer (one of the tardy kind), sent it down to the office of the collecting person with instructions to have it put through with all the celerity consistent with legal purity. The lawyer forwarded it to an attorney who had been recommended to him in the town where the dilatory tradesman resided, and in due time received the following reply, which, though sufficiently concise, was not regarded as encouraging:

DEAR SIR,—You will never get any spondulick from Ebenezer Weatherby. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile, his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to wad a gun. He was whistling, and so may you. Affectionately yours,

ARISTIDES COBB.

SOME very amusing things (writes a correspondent at Stockton, California) happened during the session of the Idaho Legislature held in

the winter of 1870–71. Among them this is worthy of preservation:

A certain lady having become weary of the companionship of a drunken husband, thought she might obtain a divorce in a shorter and cheaper way than by applying to the courts. Some friends of hers, members of the Legislature, accordingly drafted a bill, and presented it to the consideration of the "House." It met with a favorable reception, and was put upon its first, second, and third readings, and passed without even the formality of sending it to a committee. One of the members, who was a little disgusted with this summary way of usurping the proper duty of a court, and who had voted against the bill, arose and said,

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order. I am summoned to attend a meeting of one of the committees of this honorable body, of which I am chairman. I have a wife at home, of whom I am very fond. I beg the House *not to divorce me from her during my absence.*"

THE recent death of that pioneer of Methodism in the West, the Rev. Peter Cartwright, brings to the surface many characteristic anecdotes of that remarkable man. Here are a few which will be new to most of our readers:

Cartwright used to relate the following anecdote of a Dutchman's cross: The Rev. Mr. Lee was preaching from the text, "Except a man deny himself, and take up the cross, he can not be my disciple." In the congregation were a Dutchman and his Frau, the latter of whom was a notorious scold. They were deeply touched by Mr. Lee's preaching. After service Mr. Lee mounted his horse and started for his evening appointment. After riding some distance he saw a little ahead of him a man trudging along carrying a woman on his back. The traveler was a small man, the woman large and heavy. Mr. Lee rode up and found that it was the Dutchman, carrying his scolding wife. "You did tell us," said the Dutchman, "dat we must take up de cross, or we could not be saved, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have."

WHILE on the Hochbocking circuit Cartwright was disturbed one Sunday morning at camp-meeting by the advent of a gang of roughs. When he was about half through his discourse two young men entered, finely dressed, with loaded whips, and began to laugh and talk to the women. Cartwright ordered them to desist, and called for a magistrate. The officers of the law were afraid to interfere, and Cartwright advanced on the ruffians. What followed is related in his own words:

"One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed in with him, and jerked him off the seat. I threw him down, and held him fast. He tried his best to get loose. I told him to be quiet, or I would pound his chest well. The mob rushed to the rescue of the prisoner, and a drunken magistrate ordered me to release him. I refused, and he swore he would knock me down. I told him to knock away. A friend, at my request, relieved me of my prisoner. The drunken justice made a pass at me. I parried the stroke, seized him by the collar, brought him to the ground, and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet or I would pound him well. The mob rushed up and knocked down several preachers. I gave my prisoner to another, and the ringleader and I met. He made three passes at me, and I gave him a blow in the ear, and dropped him to the earth."

The struggle resulted in a victory for the Methodist, and the fines and costs collected from the captured rowdies amounted to nearly $300.

PETER CARTWRIGHT had a horror of whisky, and of whisky-drinking preachers. He says:

"While settled in Christian County a person calling himself a Baptist preacher called to stay all night with me. He was accompanied by his son. I disposed of their horses as best I could, and they partook of our fare. After supper they both stepped into another room, and when they returned I smelled whisky very strongly. Although those were not days of general temperance, I thought it a bad sign, but said nothing. He declined to join in evening prayer. In the morning, as soon as morning prayer was over, he again took out his bottle, and asked me to take a dram. I declined. On leaving, he said, 'Perhaps, brother, you charge?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'all whisky-loving preachers who will not pray with me, I charge.'"

CARTWRIGHT, though not a radical Abolitionist, had very swelling views of the equality of mankind. One day when he was preaching in Nashville General Jackson entered the church. Another preacher whispered, a little loud, "General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in."

Cartwright said, audibly, "Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro."

The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled and laughed outright. The resident preacher told Cartwright that General Jackson would chastise him. The general, on the contrary, expressed himself highly pleased with his independence. "A minister of Jesus Christ," said Jackson, "ought to love every body, and fear no mortal man."

THE Silver Wedding of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Plymouth Church was celebrated with great rejoicings during the early part of October last. In one of the sketches of the early career of Mr. Beecher we find this anecdote:

When first sent away to school he was found to be an inveterate joker (and he has never got over that), and not much given to study. One day his teacher, in trying to make clear to him the difference between the definite and indefinite article, gave as an illustration this, "You can say a man, but you can't say a men."

"Oh yes, I can," was Henry's prompt response. "I say amen often, and my father says it at the end of all his prayers."

On another occasion, when asked what made the neap tides, he replied, philosophically, that he supposed they occurred when the sun stopped to spit on his hands. By dint of considerable rushing, however, Henry was got ready, and did enter Amherst College at the age of fifteen. Upon this event his venerable father observed, in confidence, "I will have that boy in the ministry yet." In college Mr. Beecher entirely laid



"HOW IS THIS THING TO BE DONE? BY THE DAY, OR BY THE JOB?"

aside his indifferent habits, became a good classical scholar, got well up in philosophy and metaphysics, and although the English theological writers were his most frequent companions, the old humorists did not escape him.

THEY have a novel and truly orthodox way of "putting through" a transgressing "rough" at a Western camp-meeting. Recently at one of these meetings, held near Chicago, a gang of rowdies were present, bent on mischief. They agreed that at the next call for mourners about twenty of them should go and bow at the altar. At the appointed word their leader, well charged with Bourbon, started. As he knelt at the railing he looked round, and saw that not one of his men had followed him.

The keen eye of the presiding elder had been watching the movement, and he was prepared for the emergency. Hastening to the man, he bent over him, and in a firm, low tone said, "You rascal! I know what you came here for. I've been watching you for half an hour past. Now if you arise from your knees before I tell you, the sheriff is standing just behind you, and has orders to arrest you." That good presiding elder kept that unrepentant vagabond kneeling just *two hours*, and then permitted him to arise and depart in peace.

FATHER B——, the Catholic priest of Concord, New Hampshire, whose large, round, clean-shaved, pleasant face is always welcomed by Catholic and Protestant, on his return from Saratoga last season arrived in Boston with a beard of two days' growth, giving his face the appearance of a half-round card-stripper. Stepping into a barber's shop as the barber and his assistant were about closing for dinner, he took possession of the chair and called for a shave. "John," said the barber, "you must stay and shave this man." John, with an ill-natured frown he did not care to conceal, threw aside his coat, snatched up a towel, and coming the "front face" to the reverend gentleman, took a long look at the broad, upturned face before him, and blurted out,

"How is this thing to be done? By the day, or by the job?"

THAT muscular Christianity — or Christian muscularity—is a qualification very desirable to a frontier missionary is well illustrated in one of the foregoing anecdotes of the late venerable Peter Cartwright, as also in the experience and history of other preachers. Those widely known missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union, Stephen Paxson and his son William, are men of stature, largely endowed with *brawn*. The latter in a recent tour found lodging, after the manner of Missouri hospitality, with a whisky-drinking, tobacco-spitting, surly specimen of humanity, who, after some peculiar preliminaries, inquired,

"Beg pardon, stranger, but who are you?"

"A Sunday-school missionary, Sir."

"Well, now you *have* got me: please *illustrate*."

The missionary explained.

"Oh, I reckon you're the chap that started that kind of school over to Jones's neighborhood, and they set a heap by it. Some fellers went there to break up the meetin', but they got afeard when they saw the feller that started it. They said he was big as a horse, and could whip his weight

in wild-cats. Well, they say them fellers now is just like lambs, sittin' in a class and readin' the Bible every Sunday."

The missionary talked religion and prayed with the family, and arranged to start a Sunday-school as good as the one "over to Jones's."

EVERY city (writes a Richmond, Virginia, correspondent) has its own share of eccentric characters. Of this class was a most respectable artisan of my native place, whose manner of expressing himself was at times so remarkable that his sayings were repeated from mouth to mouth until they became almost household words. He was deeply interested in the politics of the day, and contrived to be present at all public meetings. At one time a certain party desired to elect a new superintendent of the water-works. The then incumbent resided a little way in the country. At a meeting where the question was discussed our friend made a speech in favor of the new candidate, from which I subjoin an extract:

"Fellow-citizens, suppose all at once, simultaneously, at the same time, a great big fire was to break out in them redundant tenements in Brick Row, whar is G—— H——? Out at his rural retreat in the country, concocted up by the side of his liberal wife and contumacious daughters, before a bistuminous coal fire, reading the literary periodnums of the day, with the keys of the reservoir in his breeches pocket! *Thar* is G—— H——!"

NOT bad this, from the London *Figaro:*

A COCKNEY WAIL.

The great Pacific journey I have done;
  In many a town and tent I've found a lodgment.
I think I've traveled to the setting sun,
  And very nearly reached the day of judgment!
Like Launcelot, in the quest of Holy Grail,
  From Western Beersheba to Yankee Dan
I've been a seeker, yet I sadly fail
  To find the genuine type American.

Where is this object of my youthful wonder,
  Who met me in the pages of Sam Slick?
Who opened every sentence with By thunder!
  And whittled always on a bit of stick?
The more the crowd of friends around me thickens,
  The less my chance to meet him seems to be.
Why did he freely show himself to Dickens,
  To Dixon, Sala, Trollope, not to me?

No one accosts me with the words, Wa'al, stranger!
  Greets me as Festive cuss, or shouts Old hoss!
No grim six-shooter threatens me with danger
  If I don't "quickly pass the butter, boss."
Round friendly boards no cock-tail ever passes,
  No brandy-smash my morning hour besets;
And petticoats are worn by all the lasses,
  And the pianos *don't* wear pantalettes!

The ladies, when you offer chicken-salad,
  Don't say, "I'm pretty crowded now, I guess;"
They don't sing Mrs. Barney Williams' ballad
  Of "Bobbing Round," nor add Sir-ree to Yes.
I, too, have sat like every other fellow,
  In many a railway, omnibus, street car;
No girl has spiked *me* with a fierce umbrella,
  And said, "You git—I mean to sit right thar!"

Gone are the Yankees of my early reading!
  Faded the Yankee-land of eager quest!
I meet with culture, courtesy, good-breeding,
  Art, letters, men, and women of the best.
Oh! fellow-Britons, all my hopes are undone;
  Take counsel of a disappointed man!
Don't come out here, but stay at home in London,
  And seek in books the true American!

A CITY correspondent writes:

Some three or four years ago, when I was one morning riding down town in the cars, Judge Edmonds was a passenger sitting on the seat opposite to me. A gentleman got in and sat down by his side, and I could easily overhear the conversation between them.

The new passenger was evidently a spiritualist, for he inquired of the judge about the progress of the cause, etc. In the course of the conversation I heard the judge inquire, "Did you know that Horace Greeley was a spiritualist?"

The gentleman answered, "No! is he, indeed?"

The judge answered, "He must be one, and of the best kind—a practical one."

"How so?" was the response.

"Why," said the judge, "you know that our doctrine is that every man makes his own heaven and his own hell?"

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"Well," answered the judge, "there sits Mr. Greeley reading the *Tribune.*"

THE following will compare well with those gems of infantile observation which have so often delighted the readers of the Drawer:

An incipient citizen of North Bridgeton, Maine, just having put off the *toga juvenilis* and having assumed the *vestis virilis* in the form and fashion of jacket and trowsers, surveying himself downward, remarked, "*Now I have two legs, just like Sam.*"

ANOTHER from the infant class:

Some children at the dinner-table were discussing that which has often troubled the heads of older and wiser persons.

"Wasn't Adam a good man before he got a wife?"

"Of course he was," answered a little girl.

"How long was he a good man *after* he got a wife?"

"A very short time."

"What made him a bad man after he got a wife?"

At this juncture a little fellow spoke up, "Miss Ann, I can answer that question."

"Well, what was it?"

"Eve made him eat the wrong apple."

DR. HAMMOND, in his interesting and philosophical work on "Sleep and its Derangements," has failed to point out the practical way of wooing "tired nature's sweet restorer," especially to the man who will dabble in stocks, and who finds himself at times carrying such large amounts of "C. C. and I. C.," or "Hannibal and St. Jo.," or "W. U. T." as to prevent his necessary and much-desiderated repose. But Mr. Cutting, who formerly filled the honorable position of president of the Stock Exchange, has in one terse little sentence gone to the root of the matter, and given the exact prescription. A gentleman who was holding a large amount of a certain stock said to Mr. Cutting: "I have so much invested in this thing that it begins to trouble me. Indeed, it affects my sleep, and sometimes keeps me awake all night. What shall I do?"

"I will tell you," quietly replied Mr. Cutting. "Sell down; sell down; sell down until you *can* sleep."

Doctor Cutting had made the correct diagno-



A PLAYFUL MANŒUVRE.

sis. The patient acted upon the advice, and "sold down" to that point where he was enabled to go to bed and sleep like a gentleman. Dr. Hammond never suggested any thing more efficacious.

WHILE General Sherman's command was waiting on Black River for the fall of Vicksburg, in order to move on Jackson and drive Joe Johnston out, a scouting party one day brought in a few prisoners, among whom was a young lieutenant, an exquisite with long hair and an elaborate lisp. He was taken to the general's quarters and given a seat in front of the tent within which General Sherman sat writing. It was a hot summer day. Near the tent was a grove of magnolia-trees, which soon absorbed the attention of the captive. "How beautifully those leaves wave! be-utiful—beautiful!" exclaimed he. Sherman gave a hitch on his stool and snorted. Soon came a repetition of the exclamation. Sherman grew more impatient. But when the third exclamation came he could hold in no longer, but burst out:

"Well, —— it, can't you let them wave!"

The exquisite did.

A CORRESPONDENT near Topeka, Kansas, sends the following:

One of our new-comers having just established himself in the dry-goods trade, put his advertisement in the paper thus: "A good stock of dry-goods just received by John Smith, who wishes to get married."

There was a rush of dimity.

LADY DAVIS, in her book, from which we have already quoted, gives us the following slightly tough story of the gymnastic pastimes of a former Marquis of Clanricarde, who in many of his feats outdid the best seen in the circus: "When we had sat down to the luncheon prepared for us Lord Clanricarde, wanting to change his place from one side of the large luncheon-table to the other, took a flying-leap across it, and landed on the other side, without the least injury to the bottles or glasses or dishes which were standing at the moment on it."

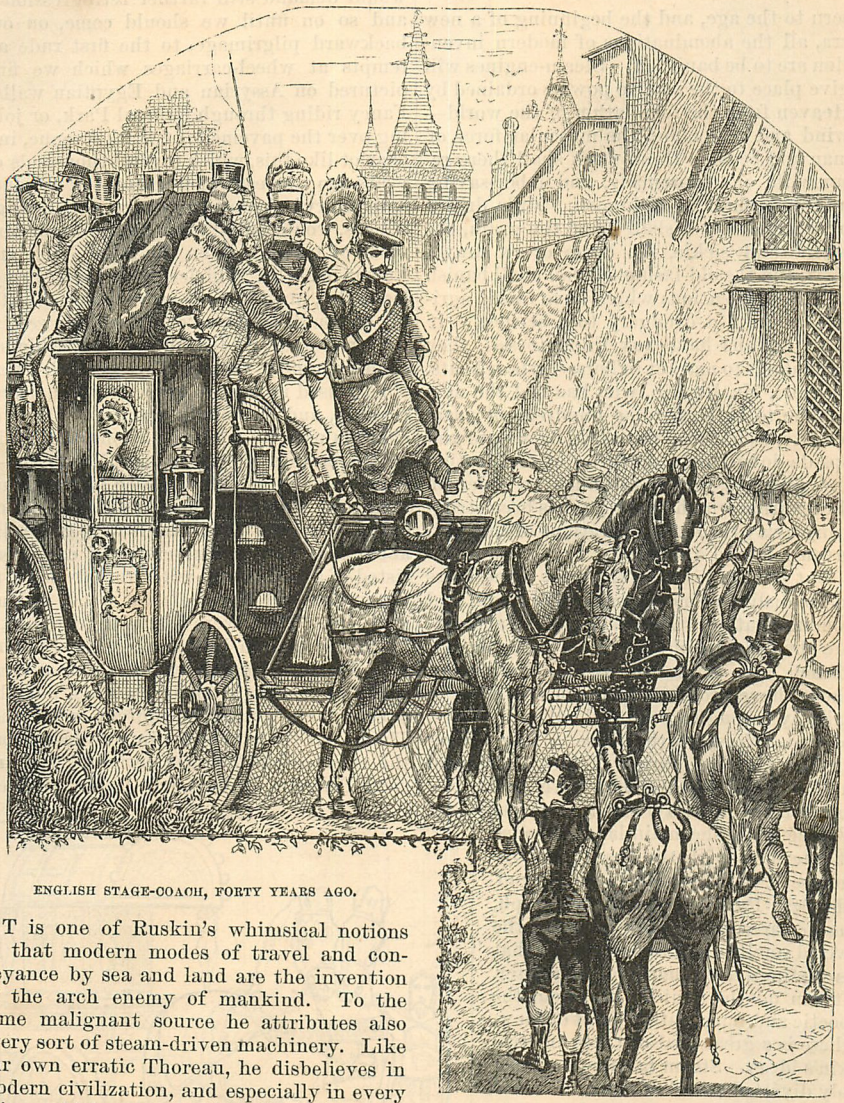
Imagine that playful little manœuvre being performed over the table at a "swell" dinner-party in some Fifth Avenue mansion!

AMONG the gentlemen who figured in the recent convention of "Straight-Outs" at Louisville, Kentucky, was Mr. Van ——, who years ago was a student in the law-office of old Judge Hathaway, at Elmira. One day a resident called on the judge to request him to intercede with a justice of the peace in behalf of his son, a mere boy, who had been arrested for some trivial offense. The judge, being busy, told Van —— to go over and see if he could not prevent the boy from being sent to jail. On appearing Van —— announced some principles of law that were entirely original with him, but which the justice ruled as inadmissible, upon which Van —— became irate, and called that functionary a fool and an old humbug. The judge being a stickler for his dignity, forthwith committed Van —— to jail. A fellow-student apprised Judge Hathaway of the fact, and the old gentleman reached the jail just as the constable was about to fulfill his duty. Van ——, mortified at his position, was asked by the judge what had happened, and in reply sobbed out, "Judge, you sent me over to keep that boy from being sent to jail, and I'll be dashed if I haven't got there myself!"

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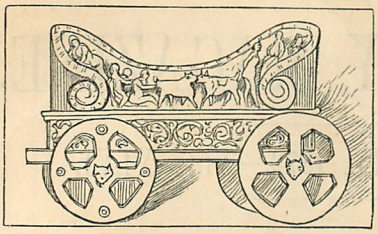
LOCOMOTION—PAST AND PRESENT.



ENGLISH STAGE-COACH, FORTY YEARS AGO.

IT is one of Ruskin's whimsical notions that modern modes of travel and conveyance by sea and land are the invention of the arch enemy of mankind. To the same malignant source he attributes also every sort of steam-driven machinery. Like our own erratic Thoreau, he disbelieves in modern civilization, and especially in every thing which the world calls "progress." With a sincerity unusual in extremists of this order, he tries to carry his theory into practice. He will never journey by coach or railway where a horse can carry him, nor by steamboat when he can go by sailing vessel. From the little Utopia which he hopes to build up in England, to be a pat-

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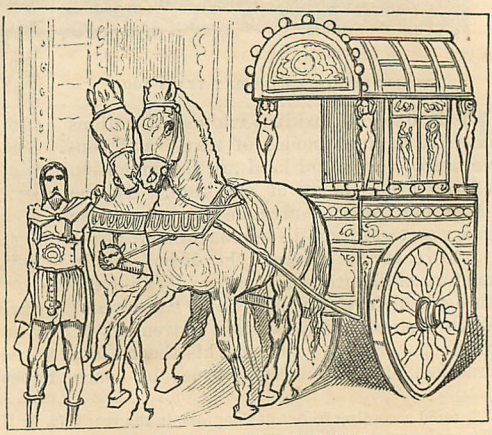


ANCIENT STATE CHARIOT.

tern to the age, and the beginning of a new era, all the abominations of modern invention are to be banished. Steam-engines will give place to the motive powers ordained by Heaven from the foundation of the world—wind and water and the muscular force of man and beast. Hand-work shall there resume its old supremacy, and labor-saving machines shall be unknown. Mills driven by wind or water shall grind the grain, the scythe and sickle, the horse or ox drawn plow, and the old-fashioned flail shall banish all those inventions which have raised agriculture from a drudgery to a science. If the Utopians have any thing to sell, they will take it to market in horse-carts or boats. In short, Mr. Ruskin, who has had the misfortune to be born some hundreds of years too late, would turn the world backward and upside down, undo centuries of civilization and progress, and re-establish an order of things from which humanity has been struggling away through generations of thought, invention, and discovery.

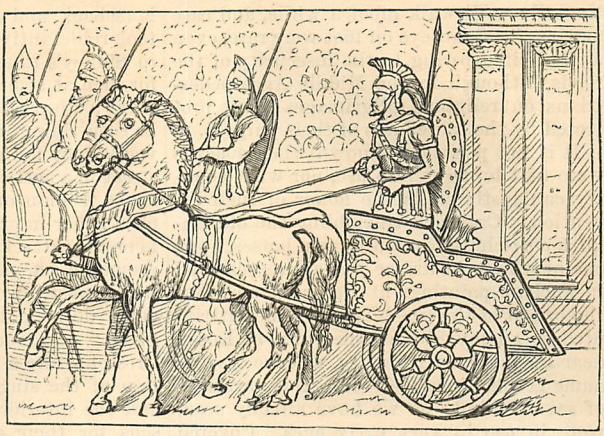
But Ruskin displays the most earnestness in his dislike of modern modes of travel and communication. Railways and steamboats are the especial objects of his fierce denunciation. He thinks the British Parliament should have prohibited the construction of a railway through a beautiful valley in Wales, because Wordsworth wrote a fine sonnet against the desecration of his accustomed haunts; and he declaims with great zeal against the railway which connects Venice with the main-land, because it interferes with the beauty and romance of the approach to the City of the Sea. Railways and the telegraph, he declares, serve only to make the world smaller, and to destroy all that is distinctive in national character. It can not be denied that, from the poetic and imaginative point of view, there is a great deal of truth in Ruskin's ideas. Steam has unquestionably divested travel of much of its old romance; and to a person of romantic temperament the rapidity and convenience which now attend a journey to almost every part of the world are dearly purchased at such a sacrifice.

But, in spite of all that may be said in favor of such views as those entertained by Mr. Ruskin, the world is not likely to surrender the convenience of modern travel for the clumsy contrivances which stood our ancestors in stead some hundreds of years ago. Besides, if we once began this business, where should we stop? How far back should we go in discarding modern inventions? Mr. Ruskin appears to set the limit at the period just before the application of steam as a motive power; but how can we tell what reformer might arise who would demand still further retrogression—and so on until we should come, on our backward pilgrimage, to the first rude attempts at wheel-carriages which we find pictured on Assyrian and Egyptian walls? Fancy riding through Central Park, or jolting over the pavement of Fifth Avenue, in a chariot like this, which several thousands of years ago was esteemed a model of elegance and luxury! A modern ox-cart, with its high wheels, would afford a far more comfortable mode of travel. Even the later Greek and Roman wheeled vehicles, with their springless axles, must have been very uncomfortable on rough roads, as every one can realize who has ever ridden in an old-fashioned country lumber wagon. These vehicles were chiefly used in war, to grace triumphal processions, and in public games. The war chariots used by ancient nations were built on the pattern shown in our illustration—open above and behind, closed in front, and furnished with two wheels upon an axle of oak, ash, or elm. The wheels were generally about four feet in diameter, and each consisted of a hub bound with iron, from six to ten spokes, a felly of elastic wood, and an iron tire. They were fastened to the axle by means of iron linchpins. The Lydians and Romans sometimes attached several spans of horses to their chariots, but the Greeks were generally content with one. The use of these vehicles in war dates from the very earliest historic periods. The ancient Persians, Britons, and Gauls rendered



ANCIENT ROMAN STATE CHARIOT.

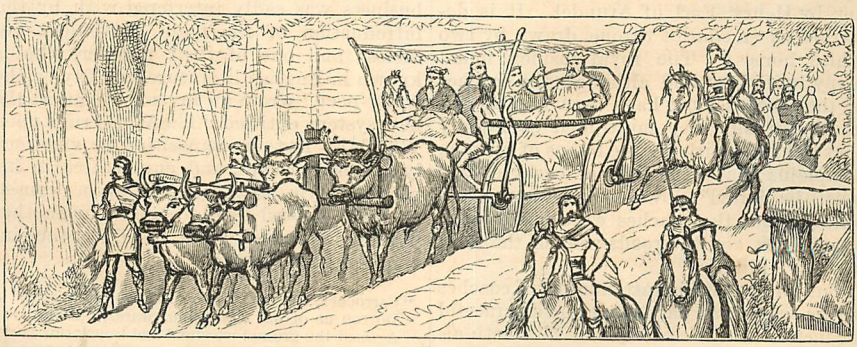
them doubly destructive and formidable by attaching long hooks or scythes to the hubs. In battle the warriors of the highest rank fought with bow and arrow or javelin from their chariots, sometimes descending, in close combat, to engage in hand-to-hand fight with swords.



ROMAN WAR CHARIOT.

Owing to the absence of roads, as well as convenient means of carriage, there was no general spirit of travel in ancient times. Now and then some adventurer, athirst for knowledge, made his way into far countries, journeying on foot, or horseback, or by sea, and taking years for an expedition which can now be made with comfort and safety in a few weeks. There was less travel in Europe than in the East, where the camel furnished a convenient means of transportation, and where the great treeless wastes of country offered fewer obstacles than the forest-grown regions of the West. But all over the earth soldiers and merchants were the only classes of men who saw much of the world beyond their native villages and cities. The great mass of people lived and died in the place where they were born. Beyond their native precincts the world was an unknown region, whence now and then an adventurous man returned with marvelous stories of the wonders he had seen and heard. People staid at home because the means of travel were confined to the very wealthy, outside of the two classes just mentioned. For many centuries there was very little improvement in modes of conveyance. Even the luxurious and self-indulgent "Rois Fainéants," or Lazy Kings, of France, who flourished in the seventh century of our era—those mere phantoms of royalty, who passed their lives in sensual pleasures while the affairs of state were administered by others—were accustomed to make their journeys from place to place in ox-carts of the rudest description, resembling a common country hay wagon of our time. The place of springs was supplied by a liberal provision of cushions, which saved the royal good-for-nothing's sides from bumps and bruises as the huge wagon thumped and jolted over stones, stumps, and mudholes. Under any circumstances it must have been a very uncomfortable method of traveling.

Up to the middle of the sixteenth century the most common mode of traveling was on horseback, with carriers, and heavy goods were conveyed by means of pack-horses. In Shakspeare's Henry IV., Act II., Scene I., two carriers appear in the inn yard at Rochester. One has a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross; the turkeys in the pannier of the other are quite starved. We see that people traveled in companies, from one of the carriers saying: "Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge;" and that they were on horseback is shown by Gadshill bidding the hostler bring his gelding out of the stable, and one of the travelers saying, "The boy shall lead our horses down



CHARIOT OF THE "ROIS FAINÉANTS."

the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs." Journeys on foot were rare, even at that time, owing to the insecurity of the roads, although in the Middle Ages pedestrians on religious pilgrimages were protected by the sacredness of their purpose.

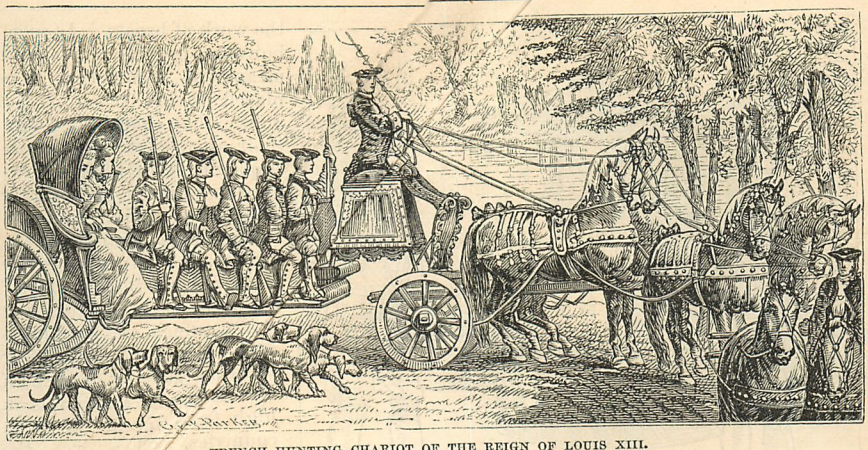
It is not positively known when coaches were first brought into use, nor what country can justly claim the honor of their invention. Carriages resembling the old English post-chaise, drawn by two horses, upon one of which the driver sits, are represented in ancient paintings at Herculaneum; but the origin of the coach is sometimes attributed to an inventor of the town of Kotzi, near Presburg, in Hungary, whence also its name is sometimes derived. But carriages of several kinds, as we have already seen, were in use in very early ages. Covered carts, and hammocks hung between four wheels, and horse-litters were the most ancient mode of conveyance. The Anglo-Saxons made use of a hammock carriage for great personages, which must have been far superior in point of comfort to the boxes on wheels mentioned in the earlier part of this article. We learn from a work on "Domestic Life in England" that as early as the reign of Henry III. coaches were used in that country. In 1253 William, third Earl of Derby, died of a bruise "taken with a fall out of his coach." During Wat Tyler's insurrection, in 1380, Richard II., "being threatened by the rebels of Kent, rode from the Tower of London to the Miles End, and with him his mother, because she was sick and weak, in a whirlecote"—which is supposed to have been a sort of covered carriage. "Chariots covered, with ladies therein," followed the litter in which Queen Catherine was borne to her coronation with Henry VIII.

Coaches came into general use in England earlier than on the continent of Europe. Queen Elizabeth's state carriage was the first vehicle which was designated by that name in the island. In 1588 the queen rode from Somerset House to Paul's Cross, to return thanks after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in a coach presented to her by Henry, Earl of Arundel. It is described as "a chariot throne, drawn by two white horses." The royal fashion found many imitators; and although the coaches of that period must have been clumsy and uncomfortable, they multiplied so rapidly that Dekker, satirizing the follies of his day, complains that "the wife of every citizen must be jolted" now—a very expressive phrase, since the coaches were made without springs, and the roads were of the most primitive kind.

But long after the introduction of coaches it was considered effeminate and disgraceful for men to use them. Queen Elizabeth always preferred to make her journeys on horseback, and even in old age and sickness took reluctantly to her coach. "In Sir Philip Sidney's time," says Aubrey, "so famous for men at armes, it was then held to be as great a disgrace for a young gentleman to be seen riding in the street in a coach as it would now for such a one to be seen in the street in a petticoat and waistcoat; so much is the fashion of the times altered." Like most other improvements, coaches were vehemently attacked, on the ground that they promoted effeminate luxury. Taylor, the water-poet, declares "that housekeeping never decayed till coaches came into England;" and much later, in 1672, a Mr. John Cresset wrote a pamphlet urging the abolition of the stage-coaches between London and the interior. Among other grave reasons for their suppression, he urged that "such stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys upon horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as make them uneasy ever after."

We are told also that the shop-keepers complained bitterly that they were ruined by the coaches. "Formerly," they said, "when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets, there was a chance of obtaining customers to inspect and purchase our commodities; but now they whisk past in the coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out, 'What d'ye lack?'" Another complaint was, that in former times the tradesmen in the principal streets earned as much as their rents by letting out their upper apartments to members of Parliament and country gentlemen visiting London on pleasure or business, until the noise made by the coaches drove the profitable lodgers to less frequented streets. Another class of men was scarcely less bitter against the new mode of locomotion—the boatmen on the Thames, whose business was sadly interfered with by the introduction of the more convenient vehicles; and one of their number, who is known in English literature as "Taylor, the water-poet," wrote an invective against the new system, entitled "The World runs upon Wheels." In this composition he vigorously attacks coaches, and enumerates, in his peculiar style, all the disadvantages caused by their general introduction. In another publication, called "The Thief," he thus inveighs against them:

"Carroches, coaches, jades, and Flanders mares
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares:
Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
While all our profit runs away on wheels."



FRENCH HUNTING CHARIOT OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIII.

But public convenience triumphed over private interests, and in spite of shop-keepers and watermen coaches multiplied yearly in the streets of London and other English cities, and the senseless opposition died out.

The early coaches were models of clumsiness, and even so late as the reign of Charles II. the improvements consisted mainly in the elegance of the trappings, the structure of the coach being still rude and cumbersome. The grotesque appearance of a state coach of this period is admirably hit off by Scott in "Old Mortality." "The lord-lieutenant of the county, a personage of ducal rank, alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar pictures of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, carrying eight insides and six outsides. The insides were their Graces in person; two maids of honor; two children; a chaplain stuffed into a sort of lateral recess formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot; and an equerry to his Grace ensconced in a corresponding contrivance on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short swords and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage; and on the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple pile, six lackeys in rich liveries armed up to the teeth."

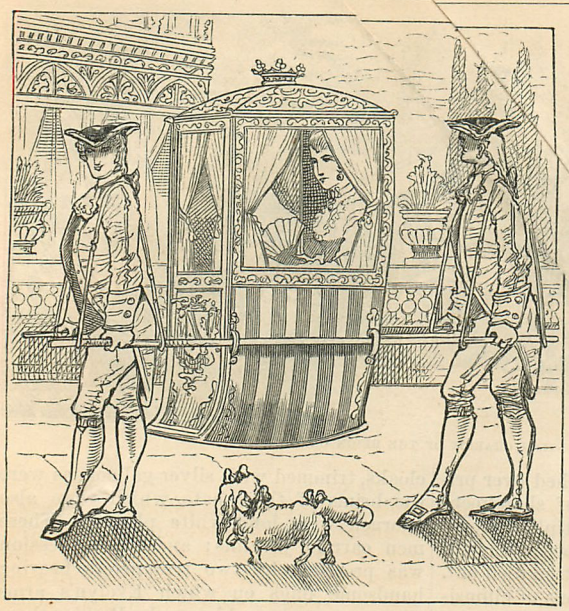
At the time of which Sir Walter was writing wealthy noblemen traveled in great state, with a long retinue of servants and trumpeters in advance to announce their approach. On state occasions javelin men were employed, in addition to the servants and trumpeters, for greater dignity as well as security. Thus we read that John Evelyn, when sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, attended the judges with one hundred and sixteen servants in green satin doublets and cloth cloaks, trimmed with silver galloon, as were the brims of their hats, which were also adorned with long white plumes. These men carried javelins; and the procession was preceded by two trumpeters bearing handsome flags on which Evelyn's arms were gorgeously emblazoned. Besides these hired retainers, Evelyn was attended by thirty gentlemen, to whom he was related, all clad in the same colors. Even at the present time, when the usual state of the English county sheriff consists of a handsome carriage and half a dozen liveried servants, the old pageantry is still maintained by such incumbents of the office as have a love for the ancient splendor and display. Charles Reade alludes to this in the closing chapter of "Put Yourself in his Place." Guy Raby, an aristocratic squire, who holds strenuously to old notions and observances, has received the appointment of county sheriff; and when the assizes come on, he meets "the judges with great pomp. This pleased the Chief Justice: he had felt a little nervous; Raby's predecessor had met him in a carriage and pair, with no outriders, and he had felt it his duty to fine the said sheriff £100 for so disrespecting the crown in his person.

"So now, alluding to this, he said, 'Mr. Sheriff, I am glad to find you hold by old customs, and do not grudge outward observances to the queen's justices.'

"'My lord,' said the sheriff, 'I can hardly show enough respect to justice and learning when they visit me in the name of my sovereign.'

"'That is very well said, Mr. Sheriff,' said my lord."

Improvement in coaches for state and private purposes was still slower in France and Germany than in England. So late as 1850 an English gentleman writes as follows of what he saw among the farmers of Normandy, whom he was visiting with M. Alexis de Tocqueville: "One farm only appeared to have a wagon. On the others the harvest

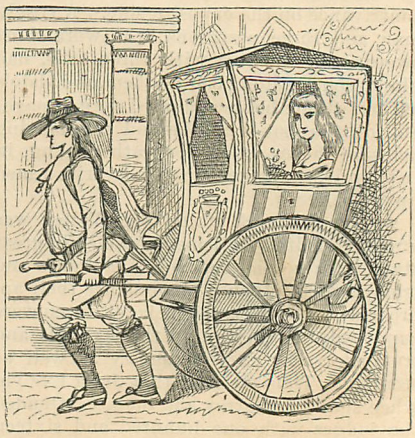


SEDAN-CHAIR, SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

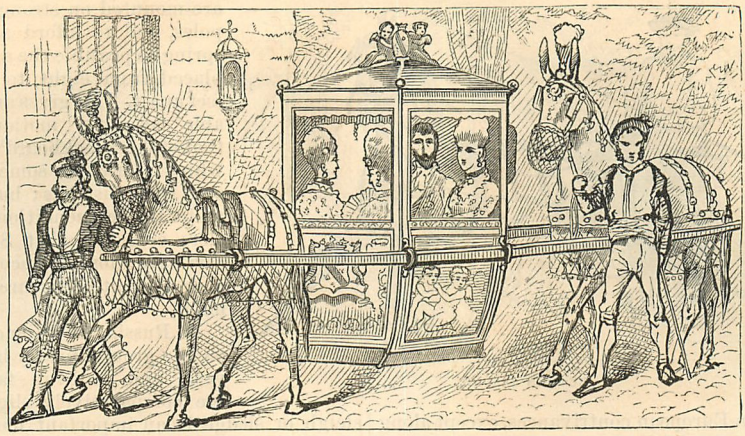
was being carried home on a sort of cradle placed on a horse's back, and supporting six sheaves on each side. Twenty years ago no other mode of conveyance was possible, for what were called roads were mere lanes, just broad enough to admit a horse and its burden. In the coach-house of the castle I saw the old family carriage. It is the body of a *vis-à-vis*, supported by four shafts extending before and behind, like a large Bath chair, only that two horses carried it instead of men."

One of the honest complaints against coaches and carriages was that they promoted effeminacy. Before their introduction men and women, unless invalids, made their journeys on horseback and delighted in the chase. In the good old days of chivalry the high-born lady, attended by knights and pages, rode to the field with the hooded falcon on her wrist—a picture which fills the imagination of poet and painter. But what artist or poet would the hunting chariot of the reign of Louis XIII. inspire to paint or sing? Could any thing be imagined more grotesquely prosaic?

Nearly contemporaneous with the introduction of hackney-coaches into England was that of the sedan-chair, by Sir Sanders Duncomb, in 1634. Sir Sanders, who had seen the vehicle abroad, obtained a patent for it in his own country, and prepared forty or fifty specimens for public use. Previous to this general introduction a contrivance of this kind had been used by the favorite Buckingham, to the great disgust of his countrymen, who indignantly averred that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the work of beasts. As soon, however, as this convenient means of locomotion was placed within reach of the public, they cheerfully forgot their aversion to the servile employment of their fellow-creatures, and the sedan-chair came into popular use. In the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, says the editor of the "Book of Days," when the style of dress was highly refined, and the slightest derangement to the hair of either lady or gentleman was fatal, the sedan was in high favor in all European countries. Then was the exquisite fop, with his elegant silk clothes, nicely arranged toupee, and ample curls, as fain to take advantage of this luxurious carriage as any of the gentler (it would be incorrect to say softer) sex. The nobility and wealthy members of the middle class were accustomed to keep their own sedans, which were frequently of very elegant shape, and beautifully ornamented with carved or painted decorations. It must have been a fine spectacle when a train of these splendid sedans, filled with exquisitely dressed ladies and gentlemen, and attended by linkboys with flaring torches, passed at evening through the streets of London, Paris, or Madrid to some magnificent entertainment. When the party had alighted and vanished within-doors, the linkboys thrust their flambeaux into the large extinguishers which were placed beside the doors of the aristocratic mansions of that period, and withdrew to the nearest ale-house to wait until their services were required for the return home.



SEDAN-CHAIR ON WHEELS.

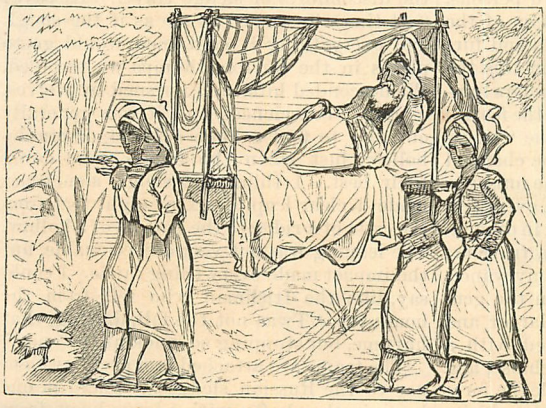


SPANISH MULE CHAIR.

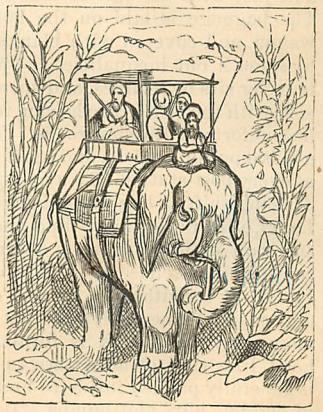
During the reign of Louis XIII. a modification of the sedan-chair was very popular among the ladies and fops of Paris. It was hung between two wheels, and drawn by a man. The door and steps were in front. In Spain the chair was made large enough to carry a party of four, and was borne by two gayly caparisoned mules, one before and one behind, as shown in our illustration. The detestable condition of the roads in Spain rendered this a much more comfortable means of going from place to place than the wheeled vehicles, and, if the writer is not mistaken, it is still to be met with in some parts of that country. The shafts on which it was slung being long and springy, the motion, even over the roughest roads, was easy and unfatiguing.

Owing to the general introduction of the more convenient hackney-coach, the sedan-chair gradually fell into disuse in London and other English cities, when, at the commencement of the present century, the sight of one was a rarity; but in Edinburgh they kept their hold upon public favor some time longer. In the steep streets and narrow lanes of the Scottish capital the sedan was found to be a more convenient mode of conveyance than the coach, and until long past the middle of the last century that city could boast of more sedans than carriages, and it was many years later before they were entirely driven out. These were for the most part in the hands of Highlanders, whose picturesque costume and uncouth jargon were the admiration and amusement of all strangers, as their constitutional irritability was frequently the occasion of much wrangling and confusion at the doors of inns and theatres.

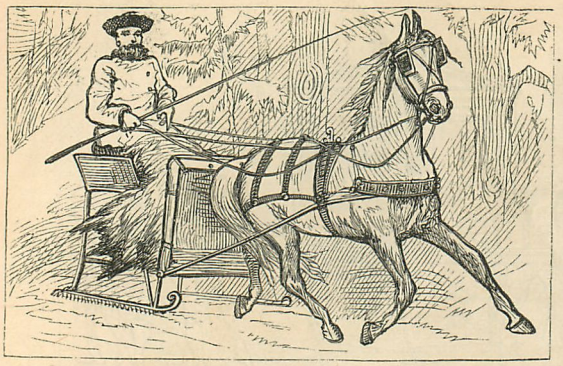
In China and India the palanquin, a sort of sedan-chair, still maintains its popularity as a safe, easy, and convenient mode of travel; indeed, in all Eastern countries, where the science of road-building has made but little progress except in the vicinity of the larger cities, the use of wheeled vehicles is out of the question, and the palanquin, the howdah, and the saddle furnish the only means of journeying from place to place; and many years, perhaps generations, must elapse before these modes are superseded by



THE PALANQUIN.



THE HOWDAH.



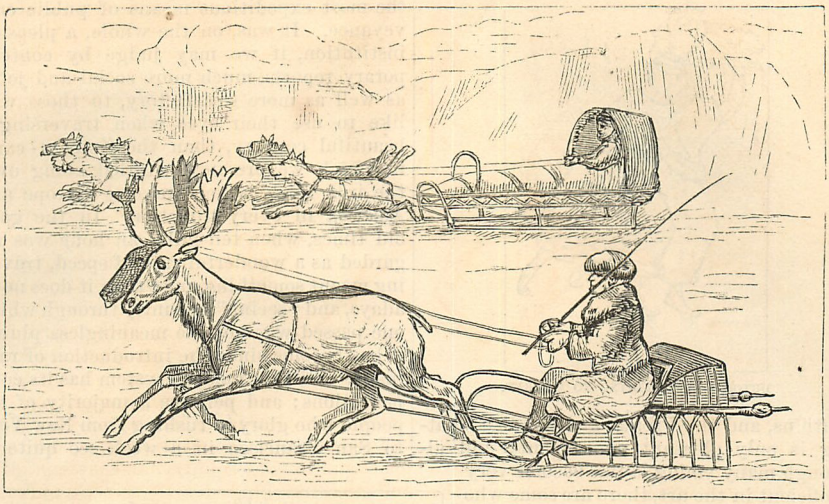
RUSSIAN SLEDGE.

modern European contrivances, except along those great highways of travel and traffic where European enterprise and capital have forced the construction of railroads. In the Japanese towns a contrivance very similar to the sedan-chair, on wheels, but ruder and more clumsy in construction, takes the place of the "hack" in European and American cities. It is drawn by a man harnessed between shafts, and is called by the euphonious name of "jin riki sha."

In no civilized country of the present day are the modes of travel more primitive or exasperating than in Russia. Her railway system is still comparatively undeveloped; and whenever the traveler leaves the iron highways, he is subjected to inconveniences and discomforts from which other countries have been free for several generations. In Germany and Switzerland the roomy and comfortable "stellwagen" affords a pleasant mode of traversing the rural districts to those whose means do not permit them to travel by private post; but in Russia, and especially in the Siberian provinces of that vast empire, nothing of the kind is to be found. There the unfortunate traveler is bundled into a rude four-wheeled vehicle, called a "telyaga," seven or eight feet long, and just wide enough to seat two persons. The baggage is laid on the bottom of the wagon, and covered with blankets and furs to smooth out inequalities. Upon this the traveler sits or reclines, and surrenders himself, with the best grace he can, to the fearful discomforts of Russian roads. The "telyaga" is a public vehicle, and must be changed at every post-station. To avoid the nuisance of being shifted, bag and baggage, every few hours, often in the night-time, and in drenching rain or blinding snow storm, travelers sometimes purchase a private conveyance, called a "tarantass," a vehicle on the general plan of the "telyaga," but larger and more convenient. It is furnished with a hood, like that of an American chaise, and is generally padded inside to break the force of sudden jolts and bumps. Both vehicles are mounted on strong elastic poles, and to afford as much spring as possible the axles are placed from eight to twelve feet apart. This gives an agreeable swaying motion, like that of the "buckboard" wagon which is used in some of our own rural districts; but, even under the best conditions, travelers complain that Siberian carriages afford an unconscionable amount of torture to the mile.

In Russia, where snow lies on the ground nearly half the year, and railway facilities are comparatively slight, the sleigh or sledge is an important means of locomotion. In fact, winter is the best time for travel in that country, and merchandise and other freight are mostly transported over snow roads. Private sledges are light but of very strong make, and very rarely exhibit the grace and elegance displayed in the American sleigh. The public sledge is of a very rude and clumsy construction, but immensely strong, in order to stand the wear and tear of the horrible roads. Of the traveling sleighs there are several kinds, the best of them being the *vashak* and the *kibitka*. The former is shaped something like a common hackney-coach; it is about seven feet long, varies in width according to the builder's fancy, and has a door at the sides. The driver sits in a box in front, and there is generally a sheltered place for a postilion. The *kibitka* is more like the tarantass in construction, and is open in front, which affords the advantage of flying views of the country. To an American there is something ludicrous in the clumsy construction of these vehicles; but they are adapted to the roads of the country, and withstand joltings and thumpings that would wreck a Broadway fancy "cutter" in five minutes. The author of "Traveling in Siberia" writes bitterly of the discomforts of sledge travel. He says: "At times it seemed to me as if the sleigh and every thing it contained would go to pieces in the terrible thumps we received. We descended hills as if pursued by wolves, or guilty consciences, and it was generally our fate to find a huge *oukhaba*, or cradle-hollow, just when the horses were doing their best. I think the sleigh sometimes made a clear leap of six or eight feet from the crest of a ridge to the bottom of a hollow. The leaping was not very objectionable, but the impact made every thing rattle. I could say, like the Irishman who fell from the house-top, 'Twas not the fall, darling, that hurt me, but stopping so quick at the end.'"

The teams are attached in a peculiar manner to the Russian sledges. There is one horse in the shafts, with a large hoop, from



REINDEER AND DOG SLEDGES.

which swings a bell, above his back, and on each side one or more extra horses attached to the sledge by traces only. The driver urges them to their utmost speed by blows and shouts, and they display an amount of patient endurance which is simply marvelous.

In the northern regions of Sweden and Norway, and in Lapland, the reindeer and the dog furnish almost the only means of travel through the greater portion of the year. The sledges present several modes of construction, from the runnered sledge, like those shown in our illustration, to the ruder canoe-like primitive form found chiefly in Lapland. The latter are exceedingly difficult to manage. A stranger, trying one for the first time, has hard work to keep his balance, and is generally ignominiously upset, to the great delight of the natives.

As a draught animal, its speed, endurance, and its special adaptation to traveling on snow, make the reindeer the most valuable of creatures to people in the latitudes of almost perpetual winter. The ordinary weight drawn with ease by a single reindeer is about 240 pounds; but it can travel with over 300. Its speed is very great. When put to its utmost it has been known to travel, for a short distance, at the rate of nearly 19 miles an hour; but its power of endurance is still more remarkable. It is not an unusual feat for a reindeer to perform a journey of 150 miles in 19 hours; and the portrait of one is preserved in the palace of Drotinghölm, Sweden, which traversed 800 miles in 48 hours, conveying an officer with important dispatches. This was at the rate of nearly 17 miles an hour; and we are not surprised to learn that at the end of this cruel journey the poor creature dropped dead.

The arctic researches of the last few years have familiarized us with the habits and usefulness of the Esquimaux dogs, which in Labrador and Greenland are the only animals used for draught. They are hardy, bold, and strong, and will drag the native sledges for a long time at a speed of several miles an hour. The mode of attaching them is by leather traces, or thongs, fastened to a neck collar, and they are managed by the driver's whip and voice. A mongrel race of dogs is also used for draught during the winter season in the regions about Lake Superior. Like the Esquimaux dogs, they are hardy, easily managed, and strong, and bear fatigue, abuse, and hunger without losing their good temper. When the snow lies deep over wide stretches of country, they furnish the only means of transporting provisions, merchandise, and the mails; and in many parts of Canada and the Lake Superior mineral districts the inhabitants would be utterly shut off from the rest of the world during several months of the year were it not for these invaluable creatures.

Skates, used only for pastime in most countries, may be classed among important means of locomotion in Holland during the winter season, when the innumerable canals which intersect that country in every direction are frozen over. There skating is more than a pleasant accomplishment, to be indulged in on moonlight nights,

> when beaux and sweethearts meet
> To chase the frosty hours with flying feet,

as Byron might have written. In that eminently practical land the strapping country girls skate to market, carrying on their heads jugs of milk, baskets of eggs, or other articles for sale, or push before them a sled loaded with commodities of various kinds.



DUTCH GIRLS SKATING TO MARKET.

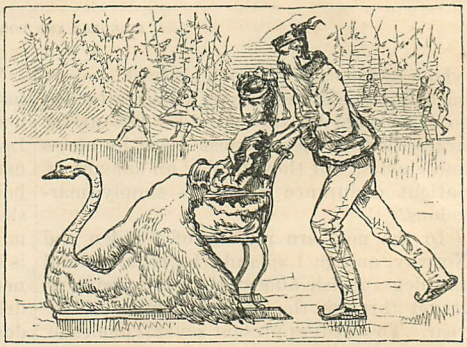
With us, and the French and English, skating is only pleasant amusement; and although many young ladies become very proficient in the art, there are some who prefer the more comfortable but less exhilarating ice-sled ride. No young lady of true spirit would stoop to such tame amusement.

It might, at first thought, seem rather forced to include the iron-shod "stock," or staff, of the Alpine chamois-hunter among means of locomotion; but when the important uses to which it is put during his perilous excursions are considered, its claim to be so regarded must be conceded. In many cases it becomes to its owner both bridge and vehicle, with whose assistance frightful chasms are crossed which would oppose insuperable obstacles to the hunter's unassisted steps. Almost every book of Alpine adventure contains anecdotes which show the value of this simple implement. In his exciting chase after the chamois the hunter frequently encounters deep and wide crevasses, over which he might as well try to fly as to leap; in this emergency his long and sharply ironed staff supplies the place of wings. Planting it firmly near the edge of the chasm, he makes the flying leap in perfect safety, alighting on the other side with the sure-footedness of the animal he pursues.

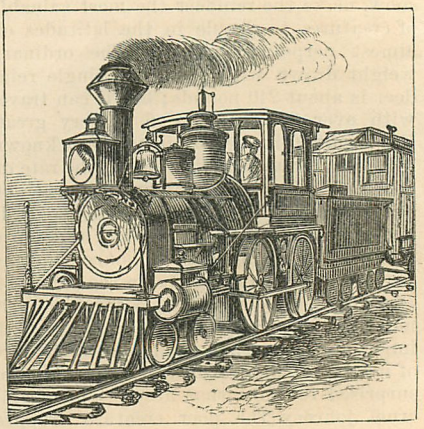


"ALPENSTOCK."

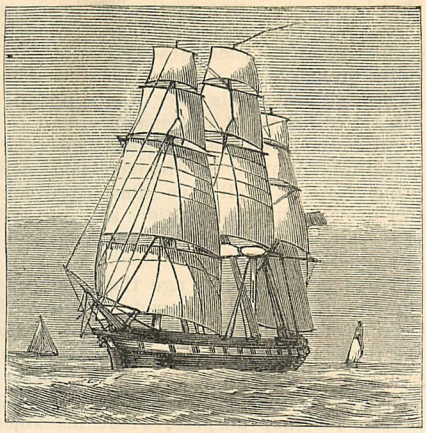
The immediate precursor of modern modes of land travel was the English mail-coach, which forty or fifty years ago afforded the most expeditious means of public conveyance. It was, on the whole, a pleasant institution, if we may judge by contemporary reports, much more social and jolly, as well as more satisfactory, to those who like to use their eyes when traversing a beautiful country, than the "steam-cars" in which we are now whirled along over the iron roads which traverse Europe and America in every direction. In the good old times, when ten miles an hour was regarded as a wonderful rate of speed, traveling meant something more than it does nowadays, and "seeing" a country through which one passed was not the meaningless phrase it has become since the introduction of railroads. Still the modern system has its compensations; and perhaps a majority of the people who glory in rushing from New York to San Francisco in a week see quite as much as they would if they took six months for the trip. It makes all the difference in the world whether you see with the eyes of a Ruskin or with those of a —— (let the millions who are not Ruskins finish the sentence to their own taste). Thousands of people travel through strange and inter-



ICE-SLED.

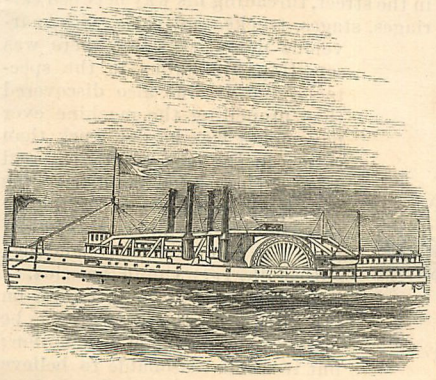


A RAILROAD TRAIN.



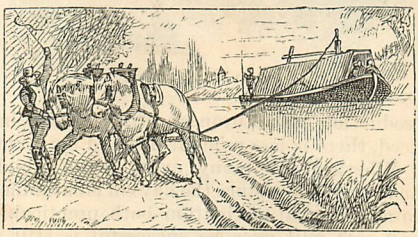
UNDER FULL SAIL.

esting countries every year, who, for all the good it does them, might just as well be shot round the world through a pneumatic dispatch tube, or, like Don Quixote, sit blindfolded on a wooden horse and be told that they are passing through regions of glorious scenery. Not that railroads, steam-ships, and other modes of rapid travel are to be condemned. They came at the call of civilization; and although the beautiful ships gradually give place to the less sightly but more profitable steamer—although our river steamboats every year present further departures from all that is noble and distinctive in naval architecture, it must be remembered that all these innovations are made in the interest of the great mass of the human family. They not only make travel cheaper, and increase the facilities for the transportation of merchandise, but carry the advantages of civilization to regions where they might not otherwise penetrate for generations to come. Utopians who, like Ruskin, sigh for the good old times, who believe in a golden age of the past but not in one of the future, waste their breath in a vain cause. The world will never turn its



AMERICAN RIVER STEAMBOAT.

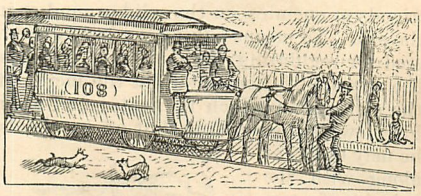
back on steam, unless some still more potent motive power be discovered. Ever since the world was made, man has sought by artificial methods to supplement his natural means of locomotion. He tamed the horse, the camel, the elephant; he invented litters, wagons, boats, ships; and every age has witnessed some improvement in the ways and modes of travel and transportation. No period of the world's history has witnessed greater improvements than the last thirty years. Many of our readers can remember when the stage-coach and the canal packet-boat were the principal means of travel throughout the United States; but probably a great majority of them never saw ei-



CANAL-BOAT.

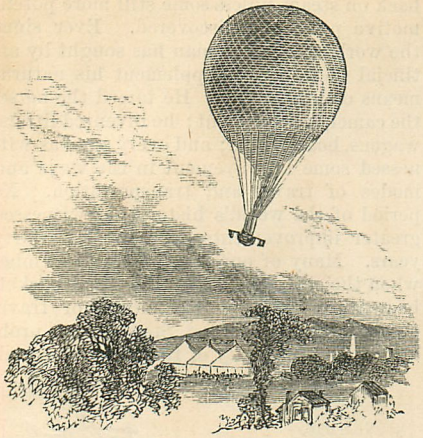
ther coach or canal-boat, and know them only by tradition or prints in school-books.

There is now scarcely a city in America without that great public convenience, the street railroad. Railroads were long used in England with horse-power only, chiefly for the transportation of coal and other heavy freight; this method of working them has been generally abandoned in that country; but in the United States their peculiar adaptation to city travel was early perceived, and they have nearly driven out the old-fashioned omnibus, except in thoroughfares where the rails would offer such obstructions to business as to make their introduction impracticable. New York city



STREET CAR.

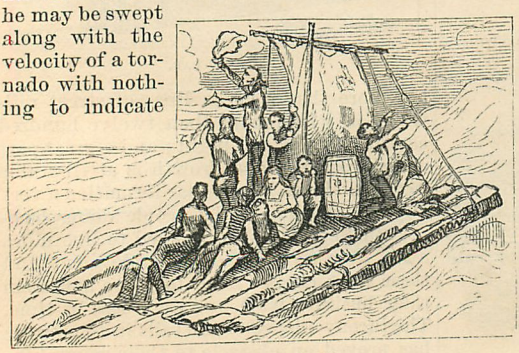
has more than a dozen lines of street railways, on which more than twelve hundred cars are run day and night; and a great part of its prosperity and growth is attributable to them. From its peculiar formation a very large proportion of the people doing business in New York are obliged to live miles away from their places of employment, and these lines enable them to go to and from their business with but little loss of time. The inconvenience of the rails in the streets has proved an obstacle to their general in-



AERIAL NAVIGATION.

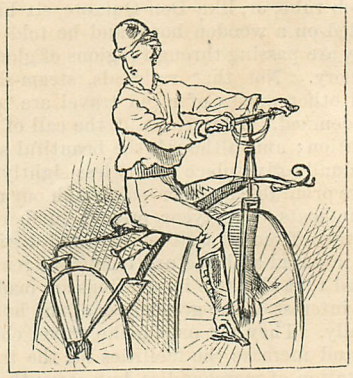
troduction into European cities, where, indeed, there is less popular demand for them.

Whether the many experiments which have been made since the days of Montgolfier to make aerial navigation both practicable and safe will ever be successful is still a matter of speculation and experiment. Every year some sanguine and enthusiastic inventor brings forward a new scheme, which is "certain to succeed," but which just as certainly ends in utter failure. It would be hazardous to predict that man's inventive genius will never be able to overcome the obstacles offered by the "powers of the air;" but physical conditions are certainly against the success of such experiments, and men will probably have to be content with the present modes of annihilating time and space. During the siege of Paris balloons were used for the transmission of messengers and mails beyond the limits of the beleaguering army; but once in the air, it was a matter of chance whether they alighted among friends or enemies, on the solid ground or in the sea. No means having yet been discovered for regulating the motion of balloons, the aeronaut is completely at the mercy of the element in which he floats; and when his view of the earth is shut off by clouds, he may be swept along with the velocity of a tornado with nothing to indicate that he is not resting motionless in a perfect calm. As helpless as shipwrecked mariners drifting on a rudderless and oarless raft in the middle of the ocean, the aeronaut has no power to select his place of landing. He can select his point of departure, and can regulate the ascent and descent of his aerial machine; but until he discovers some new principles that shall give him partial control over the fluctuating tides and currents of the air, he will never be sure of arriving at a fixed destination.



AFLOAT ON A RAFT.

Three or four years ago the velocipede threatened to create a revolution in artificial locomotion. For many months it was the rage in Europe and America. Old and young were smitten with the fever to become skillful velocipede riders, and training schools for that purpose, where machines of every variety were to be procured, were established in every city. Horseback riding was to become obsolete. The problem of rapid transit from New York to its suburbs



VELOCIPEDE.

was to be solved by the construction of an elevated velocipede double track roadway, on which merchants, clerks, and working-people could trundle themselves back and forth. Now and then a daring and skilled velocipede rider would make his appearance in the street, threading his way between carriages, stages, trucks, and carts with marvelous dexterity. But there was something ludicrous in the spectacle, and it was also discovered that propelling the machine over pavements was harder work than riding in the cars or stages; and after a short-lived popularity the velocipede went out of fashion in this country as suddenly as it had risen into favor, and was abandoned entirely to very young America.

It were useless to speculate on the progress which may yet be made in the means of locomotion; but it seems reasonable to believe that the maximum of speed at

which travelers can be transported with safety on sea and land has been attained in our best steam-ships and lines of railway, and that the chief improvements will be in the direction of comfort and security. If we are sometimes inclined to be impatient even of our "lightning express" trains and to wish for more rapid means of travel, let us look back a hundred years or so, when the stage occupied three days between New York and Philadelphia! In 1766 some one startled the community by advertising a stage line, which was christened "The Flying-Machine," which made the trip in the unprecedented time of two days! An express made the trip between New York and Boston in seven days, which was regarded as marvelously quick time. Let those who grumble at seven days on the road between New York and San Francisco be comforted, in view of what their great-grandfathers considered rapid traveling.

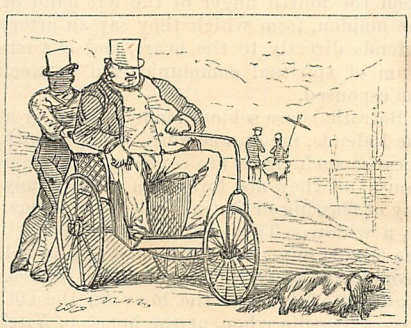


BABY'S TRUNDLE.

One of the prettiest sights in the world for parents, and all who are fond of young humanity, is the baby's trundle, in which the little toddler learns to make use of its legs; and our artist has very properly included this nursery machine among his illustrations.

The invalid's chair is less a feature of American watering-places than of those of Europe, and especially of England, where they are much in vogue for gouty and rheumatic old gentlemen, and for nervous old ladies, who prefer this safe, languid, and easy mode of enjoying the out-door air to riding in carriages.

It is not intended in this rather discursive article to include all the means of locomotion which have been contrived by the ingenuity of civilized or barbarous men, but only to indicate a few salient points of contrast between the advantages enjoyed by travelers at the present day and the cumbrous, uncomfortable modes of journeying in vogue even so late as the beginning of the present century. Much might be said, did space allow, of the higher influences of rapid means of communication — influences which outweigh all that can be said against them from a romantic point of view. They do, indeed, as Ruskin querulously complains, "make the world smaller;" but in doing so they bring the nations together, promote international amity, and hasten on the era of universal intelligence, civilization, and peace.



INVALID'S CHAIR.

OUTCAST.

Was it a dream?
I walked one day down through a city's street:
The sun was shining dimly overhead,
While filth and vileness were beneath my feet,
And the houses on either side seemed red
To the bricks' core with wickedness untold:
And there were sights so drear and manifold
Of want and suffering, of wretchedness
In young and old, of hunger pitiless,
And stenches foul, the very soul was sick,
And dared not harbor questions, crowding thick,
Of God's beneficence, and of His love.

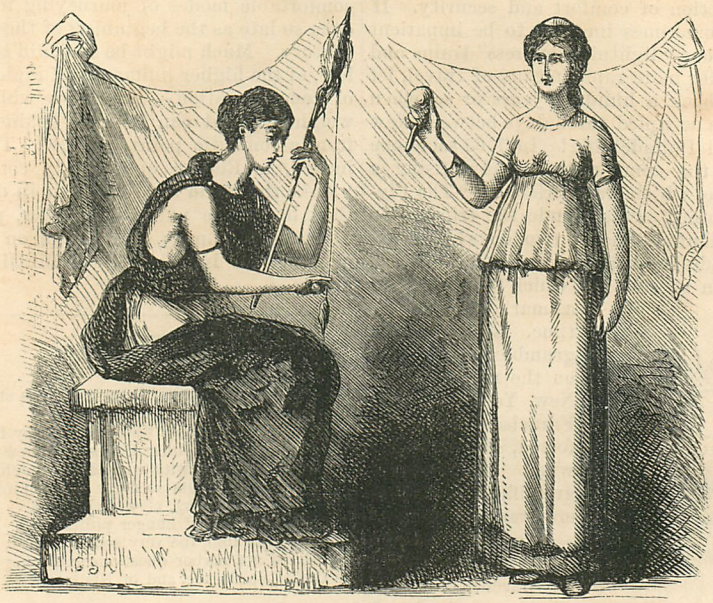
And there, as through those sad'ning sights I strove,
E'en there, upon a garbage heap, I spied
A rose-bud, thrown by scornful hands aside—
A rose-bud that few days before had hung
Upon its parent tree, purest among
Its sisters sweet and fair. The dew had blessed
Its opening morn; its odors had caressed
The ambient air, and kissed the lips of those
Who bowed their lips to kiss the budding rose.
And then one said he loved it more than all,
And tore it from its stem (did I see fall
A rain-drop?), and bore it on his breast away.

Ah! how it joyed to lie there through the day,
Bright with fragrant beauty, sweetly asking
Love for its love—sure 'twas no hard tasking.
But soon, its freshness gone, it knew its fate—
Alas! how many learn it late, too late!
And he who wore it merely that it shed
Its first sweet odors circling round his head,
And with its beauty graced him as he walked,
Nor loved it for its sake alone, when balked
Of these, soon tore it from his breast away,
And, careless of its fate, left it the play
And toy of who should care a moment's space
To please him with its fleeting, fading grace.
And so 'twas soon, when festering and forlorn,
And soiled and torn, of all pure men the scorn:
This bud so fair, so sweet, so loved the while,
This withered bud, so faded, bruised, and vile,
Was thrown upon the garbage heap, to yield
Its little earth to enrich some Potter's field.

With reverent hand I took it from the pile
(I thought the heavens gave me back a smile)—
With reverent hand I brushed the filth away;
I gently pulled apart its petals fair,
And, even then, an odor faint but rare
Breathed from its inner heart and seemed to pray,
And colors bright and pure that heart disclosed—
The rose-bud even yet contained the rose!
And then I thought 'twas wafted from my hand,
And blossomed full and sweet in Heaven's own land.
Was it a dream?

THE OLD ROMANS AT HOME.

[Letter II.]



SPINNING.—[SEE PAGE 184.]

CADALLAN IN ROME TO PENDA IN BRITAIN.

XIXth day of September,
Year of Rome DCCCXXXV.

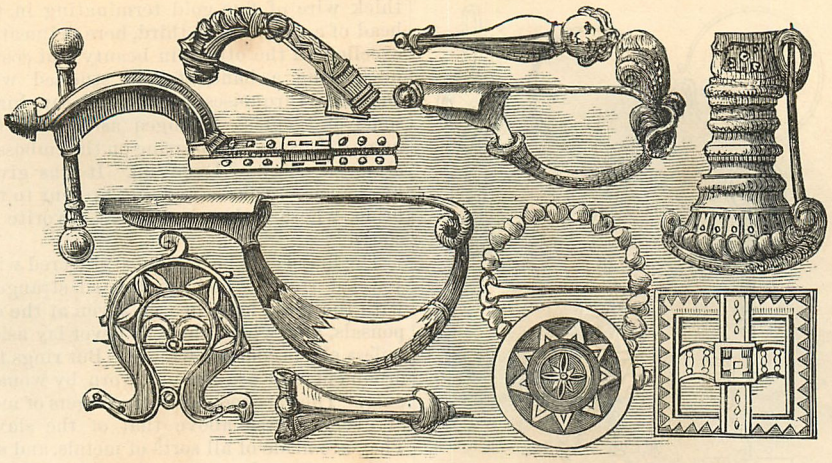
BELOVED FRIEND,—Petronius, one of the sexillarii of the Seventh Legion, arrived two days ago with dispatches for the emperor, salutations for me from Agricola, affectionate messages from my aged father and mother, and a precious love-token from Cymbelena, who is in camp with her brother. I was disappointed in not hearing from you aught else but tidings that you are earning fame as a soldier, and when Petronius left were with a cohort of the Tenth Legion far away in the land of the Damnii. The messenger will soon return; so on this beautiful autumnal morning I begin another letter to you, to tell you more about the home life of these wonderful Romans. They are indeed a wonderful people. Our country will greatly profit by their rule if our people shall be wise in acting upon the lessons taught by what has seemed to be our adversity.

To-morrow I am to take part in the nuptial ceremonies, when Lesbia, the eldest daughter of Decius Vitellius, the questor, and the son of the rich Licinus will be wedded. To-day I will write only about wooing and betrothing, and leave the description of the wedding until another time.

Once the law forbade Romans marrying any but Romans. The statute was repealed long ago, and many Britons have already wedded some of the best of the Roman maidens.

As with us, so here men woo. The moral restraints of society are frightfully loose here, yet custom ranks a wooing woman among the harlots. Her sex holds the veto power. Man proposes, woman disposes. She soon decides the question. The wooing season is short and definite. When the suitor has won, and obtained the consent of parents or guardians, then follows the espousals. Mutual friends meet at the home of the maiden and arrange the marriage contract. It is written upon tablets by a notary, stamped with his official signet, and signed by the contracting parties. The betrothal is made complete when the man places a token of fidelity, in the form of a plain iron ring, upon the fourth finger of the left hand of the maiden, from which they say an artery extends directly to the heart, and is a medium of spiritual communication between the espoused.

Betrothals are seldom made in May, or at the kalends, nones, and ides of any month, because such times are considered unpropitious, and they are forbidden on any holyday of feasting or fasting unless the woman be a widow. They are generally made in the night, but now extremely fashionable people have the ceremony at dawn, or cock-crowing. Such was the hour on the 20th day of Sextilis when, at the house of Vitellius, Lesbia and Licinus the younger were



BUCKLES.

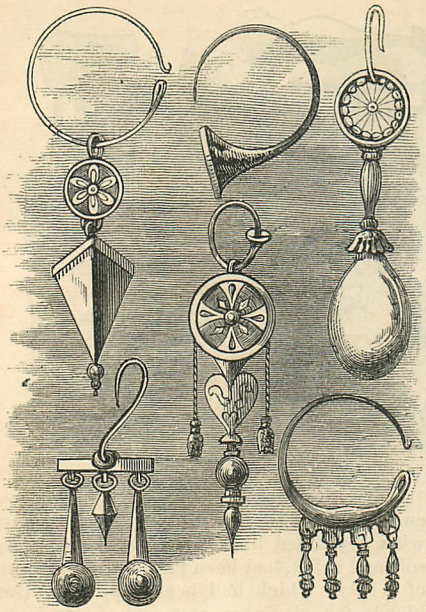
espoused. When the tablets were signed, and the pledge-ring was upon the white finger, sweetened wine, and cakes full of raisins and dried fruit from Corinth, were brought in by black eunuchs from Nubia upon silver salvers, and offered to the espoused and their friends. Then the company sang the Talasius, while damsels in white robes played the flute and lyre, and upon a small altar incense was burned and a bird was sacrificed to render the gods propitious, and to obtain presages concerning the success of the marriage.

XXIIId day.

The wedding is over, and so is the storm of the autumnal equinox, which came fiercely on the day after the nuptials. Omens and weather were auspicious during the ceremony, for the voice of a turtle-dove at sunrise, and the flight of a crow, with pure air and bright sunshine, made all hearts glad. The ceremonies began at early dawn, and ended long after darkness had fallen, when the wife was conducted to the house of her husband.

The bride is twenty years of age. She was dressed in a long white robe that reached from her neck to her feet. It was adorned with purple fringe and many colored ribbons, and was bound about the waist with a crimson girdle, which was secured in front by a graceful knot and a glittering buckle in the form of a bent bow, made of gold and precious stones. Many of the other ladies wore similar buckles on the fillets that bound their hair, and on shoulder-knots and girdles. I send you drawings of some of the buckles to show you the variety of their forms.

From the head of the bride hung a veil of a bright yellow color. Her feet were covered with high soft shoes of the same tint, made of the dressed skin of a kid, and trimmed at top with falls of fine white linen. These shoes sparkled at each instep with a jeweled buckle. Her golden hair, soft and thick, had been parted by the point of a spear which had been dipped in the blood of a gladiator, as a sort of prophecy that she would be a mother of valiant children. Her hair was disposed in six curled tresses, after the manner of that of the vestal virgins, indicative of her chastity. She had also been crowned with a chaplet of vervain, which she had gathered with her own hands, and carried under her robe until the moment when it was to be put on her head. From her ears hung jewels, rich and rare. So also were many of the other ladies adorned. Large sums are spent for these ear jewels. Indeed, they rank as one of the greatest extravagances of the time among the Roman women. A satirist has lately said, "If I had a daughter, I would cut off her ears;" and added, "What plenty we should have of all things if there were no women!" A grave scribe has just written that "women go to seek for pearls at the bottom of the Red Sea, and search the depths of the earth for emeralds, and all to adorn their ears." Sneering Juvenal, who derides the empress and the courtesan with equal sharpness of wit, in satires which he dare show only in private to his friends, has written within a month that "there is nothing a woman will not allow herself, nothing she holds disgraceful, when she has encircled her neck with emeralds, and inserted earrings of great size in her ears, stretched with their weight." Just before he died Seneca wrote that some ear-rings worn by women were so costly that a single pair was worth the revenue of a large estate. All women wear them, and so do many men. Some are of cheaper substances, such as the baser metals, amber, and glass. The drawings I here send will give you an idea of their forms. That showing a circular top and



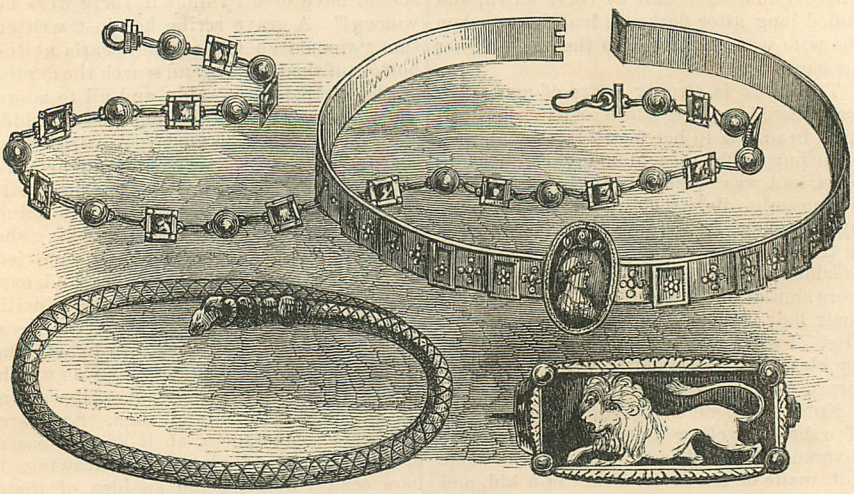
EAR-RINGS.

pear-shaped pendant (the latter being an enormous pearl) is of one worn by the bride, whose necklace was also charming and very costly, it being composed of large pearls and emeralds, made into a string by links of pure gold.

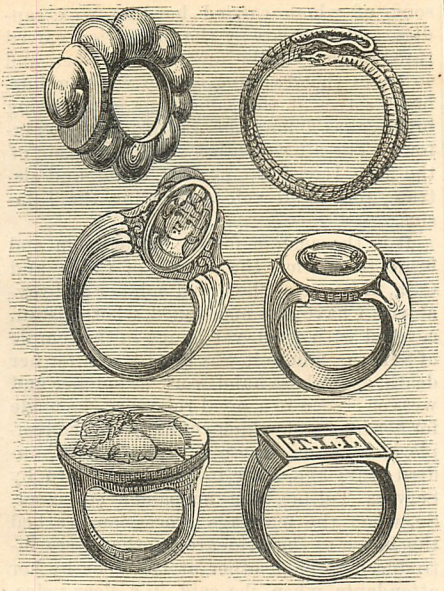
The bride's arms were bare almost to the shoulders when her veil was thrown back, and were encircled with bracelets above and below the elbows. These were made of gold, some plain, and others set with precious stones. One of them represented a coiled serpent, glittering with jewels, and passing three times around the arm. Another, of which I give you a drawing, was a thick wire of fine gold terminating in the head of a ram; and a third, here delineated, excelled all the others in beauty and costliness, being a band of gold studded with emeralds, turquoises, rubies, and sapphires, some of them so arranged as to form the name of LESBIA, and bearing on the embossed clasp an effigy of Domitian. It was given by the emperor as a wedding present to the bride, whose father is a great favorite at court.

The fingers of the bride also glittered with jeweled rings, which contrasted strangely with the plain hoop of iron given at the espousals, and which she will never lay aside unless she becomes a widow. But rings for ornament and use are not worn by women only. They are seen upon the fingers of men of every degree above that of the slave. They are made of all sorts of metals, and set with gems, such as agate, jasper, carnelian, turquois, sapphire, garnet, emerald, topaz, beryl, amethyst, onyx, and other stones of less value, upon which seals are often engraved. The emperor has a ring of gold bearing a gem brought from the East, as brilliant as a star, and so hard that it can not be cut by any other substance. The Greeks call it diamond, and it is very rare. Rings are given as rewards of valor, and noblemen bestow them upon their freedmen in acknowledgment of their good deeds.

Fops, in these degenerate times, are plentiful, and wear rings in abundance, sometimes covering every finger with them. Some have carried their folly so far as to wear the same rings only a week, and then replace them with new ones. Oh, Penda! were it not for the sturdy, virtuous provinces, what would become of imperial Rome? Men here, in the great city, are turning first into women, and then into birds and beasts. They dote on trinkets like women, on fine



NECKLACE, BRACELETS, AND BROOCH.



FINGER-RINGS.

dress as the bird does upon its plumage, and by excessive lust become beasts. The fops disgust you at every turn. They wear scarlet tunics and blue cloaks, and sometimes the feminine toga, clasped with rich buckles that serve as brooches. They defy the sun with parasols brought from India, paint their eyelids and faces like the Corinthian harlots, curl their hair into ringlets glossed with perfumed oils, and even display the bodkin among their tresses. They lisp in soft whispers, and in every way they ape silly women in manners and personal ornaments. Flattery of the rich and powerful has taken the place of manly conversation. Only yesterday Fabricius, a courtier, laid a turbot at the feet of Domitian, and declared that the fish insisted upon being caught for the royal table. But I am wandering a little, yet not beyond the domain of the home life of these Romans. I have told you about the bride, her attire, and her ornaments; now I will tell you of the wedding and what followed.

The nuptial rites were few and simple, and were performed in the peristylum of Vitellius's house, among the flowers and under the blue sky, just at the break of day. Near a fountain stood a little altar, at which a priest sacrificed a sheep, and spread its skin over two chairs. Upon these the bride and groom were seated on the soft wool, with heads covered, and with one habited like Juno Pronuba, the divine marriage-maker, laying her hands upon their shoulders in a gentle embrace, denoting their unity. Then the company sang the Talasius, accompanied by the sweet music of the double flute. The priest, with uncovered head, invoked the blessings of the gods upon the wedded pair, and then sacrificed a lamb. So ended the religious ceremonies, and so the young Licinus and Lesbia were united as husband and wife. The bride was then divested of her ornaments, and the day was



NUPTIAL CEREMONY.



TOGA PRÆTEXTA.

spent by the whole company in feasting and amusement until the twilight had faded, when the final and more imposing ceremonies were begun.

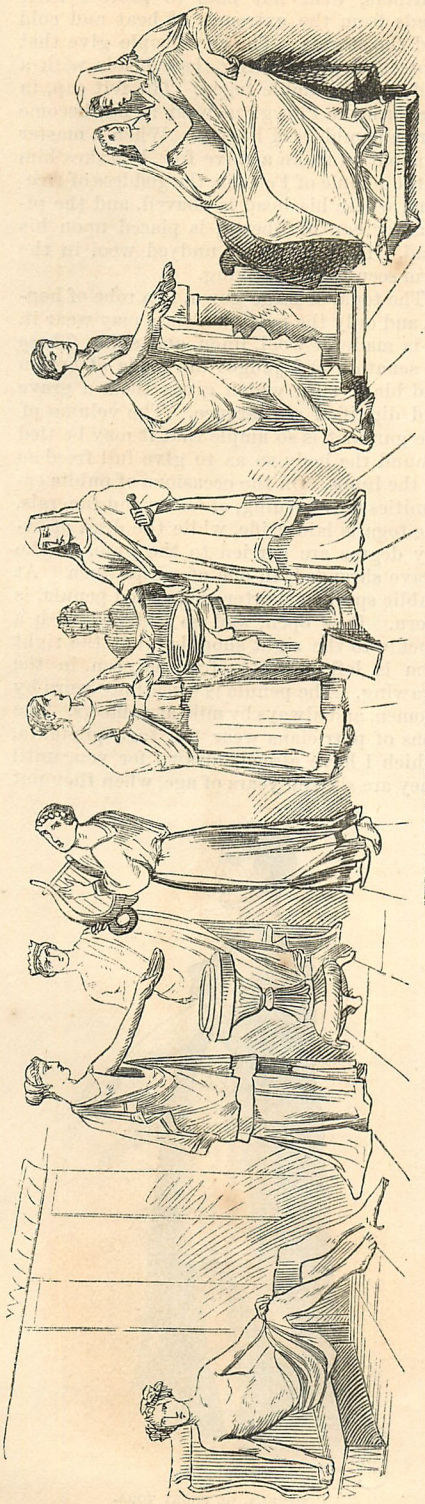
At sunset preparations were made for conducting the bride to the house of her husband. During the gathering twilight a procession was formed in the peristylum, composed of the bride's nearest relations and guests who had participated in the pleasures of the day. Then the bride, who was sitting in her mother's lap, was forced from her maternal embrace and carried out to the head of the procession, where she was closely veiled, and had rich sandals placed upon her feet. On each side of her was a boy whose father and mother were both living. They were robed in the white toga prætexta, with purple borders. These supported the bride by her arms. Before her was another boy dressed in the same manner, and who was of the same social condition, who bore a torch of white thorn. Behind the bride followed a boy carrying a covered vase, in which were her jewels and other trinkets, and also toys for children. Another carried a distaff and spindle, in memory of Caia Cæcilia, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, who is held to be a pattern of conjugal fidelity and skilled industry. These implements signified that she was to preside over the household and labor with her hands.

The white thorn torch was now lighted, and so also was one of pine that was carried by the mother of the bride. These were followed by the whole wedding company, some of whom carried burning wax-candles, and in this way the procession moved through the vestibulum to the street, and so on to the dwelling of the waiting husband, slaves at the same time distributing bride-cakes among the multitude of spectators. The air was filled with the music of the flute, lyre, harp, cymbal, drum, and sistrum, and of all voices chanting the Talasius.

It is the custom for the bridegroom and bride to assume the names of Caius and Caia, in honor of the noted spinner and royal wife I have just mentioned, whose distaff, covered with wool, yet hangs in the temple of Sanctus, where it was deposited after her death, and whose handiwork as spinner and weaver is seen in a royal robe that she made for her husband, which yet hangs in the temple of Fortune, where it was put six hundred years ago, after it had been worn by Servius Tullius, her husband's successor. So, when the marriage procession reached the house of the bridegroom, they were introduced to each other at the door by her attendants, when she said, in a clear voice, "Where you are Caius, I am Caia," signifying that she entered the house as an equal partaker in the government of the family. It was as much as to say, "Where you are paterfamilias, I am materfamilias." Then fire and water, placed at the door, were



THE BRIDE VEILED.

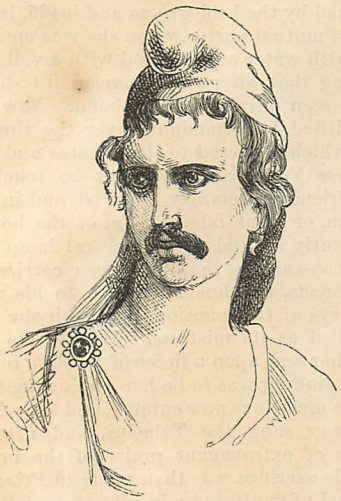


NUPTIAL CEREMONIES IN THE ATRIUM.

touched by the bridegroom and bride, in token of mutual purity, when she was sprinkled with water and covered with a veil, signifying that after these ceremonies she is to be seen only by her husband. Now she was lifted by attendants over the threshold, which is sacred to the penates and the goddess Vesta, and may not be touched. The friends reverently followed, and in the atrium, or great family room of the house, brilliantly lighted with a central lamp and the wax-candles that had been carried in the streets, the husband gave to his wife the keys of the mansion, by which she was installed as its mistress. With these she took her seat upon a fleece of wool, in token that spinning was to be her employment.

The musicians now entered, and the whole company sang the Talasius, and uttered words of extravagant praise of the bride. A little sacrifice was then made to Priapus, the god of fruitfulness in all nature, followed by a sumptuous feast, at which the emperor and several nobles were guests. During the supper little clay medals, impressed with images of the bride and bridegroom, were distributed among the company. At a late hour we all retired, each saluting the bride with a parting kiss.

In the elder times, before the republic, and when kings ruled over Rome—the times of Tarquinius Priscus and the good Caia—other ceremonies followed the departure of the guests. The custom still prevails in certain ancient families. In the atrium the veiled bride, seated at one end of the room, and the bridegroom, crowned with grape leaves, at the other, were subjects of some final religious rites, which the drawing I send you will better explain than much writing. I copied it from a painting on a wall in the lesser palace of Augustus Cæsar. You see the veiled bride seated upon a triclinium, or couch, caressed by an attendant, who is crowned with laurel and partially disrobed. The bridegroom is seen at the other end of the room, half reclining upon a sort of footstool before a couch. Not far from the bride and her attendant is a young woman leaning upon a short column, performing some ceremony to avert witchcraft and enchantments. Near the centre of the room are three women standing by a short column, on which is a basin of water and a napkin. One of them is a veiled priestess, performing acts of lustration and expiation. Another appears to be an assistant. Leaning against the foot of the column is a tablet bearing the marriage record. A little further on you see three other women at a small family altar. One, with a radiated crown, is the Regina Sacrorum, or Queen of the Sacred Nuptial Sacrifice, and represents the chaste Vesta—the family deity—the goddess of fire, or the personified sun, which the radiated crown typifies. An attendant is pouring a sacri-



PHRYGIAN CAP.

ficial libation upon the altar, while another makes music with a lyre. So ended the marriage ceremonies in the time of the old monarchs, when the Talasius was first sung, for that is a very ancient nuptial song, the origin of which is clear. At the time the Sabine women were seized in Rome for wives for the Romans, there was a citizen named Talasius, who was renowned for his valor and other virtues. A plebeian, assisted by his friends, the better to secure a beautiful maiden he had seized, cried out in the streets that he was carrying her to Talasius. The people shouted their approbation. The damsel married the plebeian, and the union proved to be a very happy one. It became a custom to sing a song at nuptials, called Talasius, as the Greeks do their Hymenæus.

I will now tell you how men and women in Rome dress on ordinary occasions, first remarking that each class, from the slave to the senator, has its peculiar fashions, and that the patrician class has different kinds of dresses for different occasions, such as feasts, the sports, weddings, and funerals.

Slaves, common people, and children wear only a woolen tunic or shirt that falls from the neck to the knees, with long or short sleeves. It is girded about the waists of the common people with a cord; but the higher classes use sashes or girdles made of silks or other rich stuffs dyed with gay colors. In winter the common people wear a shorter woolen tunic next the skin, and long woolen hose for their legs, and heavy shoes for their feet. Some of the outer tunics of the patricians are of fine white linen, ornamented with a purple stripe that extends down from the throat to the lower hem of the garment.

It is fashionable in the city to go bareheaded, but the common people, who labor all day here, or work in the country, and mariners, wear felt hats to protect their heads from the extremes of heat and cold and the storms. The city people give that protection by covering their heads with a fold of their ample togas. The felt cap, in the form the Phrygians wear it, has become here an emblem of liberty. When a master is about to make a slave free, he takes him to the temple of Feronia, the goddess of freedom, where his head is shaved, and the pileus, or cap of liberty, is placed upon his head. It is made of undyed wool in the form seen in the drawing.

The toga, or large gown, is a robe of honor, and only the patrician class may wear it. It is made of wool, linen, and silk. Those of senators and judges are made of brown and black silk, which gives them a grave and dignified appearance. The volume of the garment is so ample that it may be tied around the body so as to give full freedom to the limbs. On the occasions of public calamities or mourning, of feasts and funerals, the toga is laid aside, while the dead of every degree are carried to the pyre, or the grave shrouded, in one of white linen. At public sports a shorter one, called penula, is worn. It is open, and so fastened with a buckle to the right shoulder that the right arm is left perfectly free, as seen in the drawing. The penula is sometimes worn by women, and always by military officers. The sons of patricians wear the toga prætexta, which I have already drawn for you, until they are sixteen years of age, when they put



PENULA, OR SHORT TOGA.

on the toga virilis. This varies from the other only in not having a purple border.

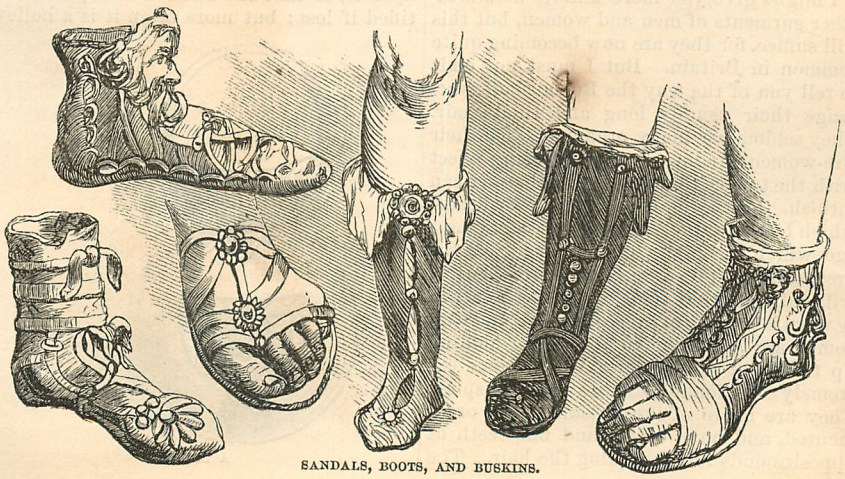
The feet and legs of men are dressed in various forms, having a general resemblance, from the sandal—a simple sole, made of wood, palm leaves, leather, brass, iron, and copper, fastened to the bare foot and leg by thongs—to the highly ornamented shoe and boot, made of soft deer-skin. Some of these boots or buskins, worn by both men and women, are very costly, for they are ornamented with gold and precious stones. They are dyed with bright colors, and often have high heels. Senators wear a boot the foot of which is red and the leg black. There is a very pretty buskin made of soft white leather, which is worn by women and effeminate men, in the same form of that of the bride which I have written about. In the drawing of sandals, shoes, and boots here given it is distinguished by the jeweled buckle at the middle of the foot and of the leg.

The women wear long outer garments of wool, linen, and silk, which fall to their feet, and are so arranged by the more modest persons that they nearly cover their arms as if with broad sleeves. These robes are of various hues, the most fashionable just now being murrey-colored, or the tint of the vine leaves in autumn. In the drawing I here give you of a senator and his wife you may see the prevailing costume of the sensible people of the better sort here. She has a modest fillet formed of her own hair, and wears plain sandals on her feet. Her husband has the tight shoe or boot. Over her tunic, which falls in thick folds to her feet, and is bound by a plain girdle at the waist, she wears an open cloak. The external tunic of women is often made of the finest linen, and displays the form in every motion. It is sometimes bound at the waist by a gold chain, with handsome ornaments at its falling ends



SENATOR AND WIFE.

The fops of both sexes here run into great extravagances in dress in form and colors; and just now some of the foolish sons of rich men are spending much time and money with the gay chlamys, a kind of long scarf borrowed from the Greeks, which is often made of many colors, embroidered with gold and silver, and fastened to the shoulder with costly buckles. It is made of dyed wool, and is worn in a score of ways according to the caprice of the wearer. It is usually so fastened to the shoulder that the shorter end may hang down behind to the



SANDALS, BOOTS, AND BUSKINS.



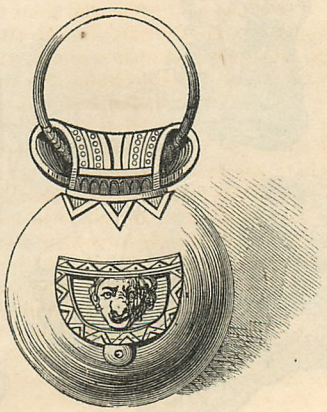
HEAD-DRESSES.

calves, and the longer be thrown over the arm in graceful folds, and displayed with jeweled hands. It is sometimes made thin, so that it flutters in the wind. In the drawing of dancers which I send you the man and one of the women have the chlamys, which floats out with their motions, and makes the wearer a most conspicuous object. Women of loose morals sometimes wear an almost transparent robe made of silk, and ornamented with stripes of gold, called coa vestis.

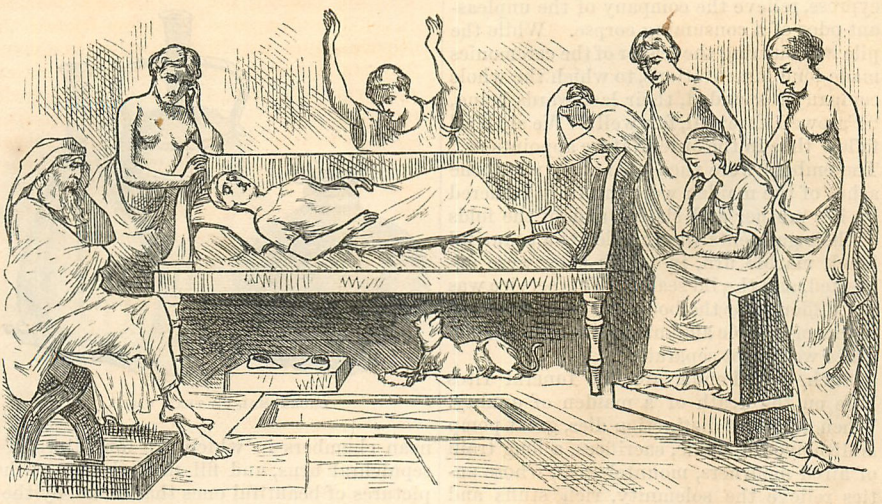
I might give you more minute details of other garments of men and women, but this will suffice, for they are now becoming quite common in Britain. But I must not omit to tell you of the way the Roman ladies arrange their usually long and thick hair. They seldom use many ornaments, for their tire-women produce a more pleasing effect with the tresses than any thing that art can furnish. I send you drawings of four heads, which I made at the Amphitheatre a few days ago, which will give you a better idea of the prevailing fashions than any words can. I will only add that the simple fillet generally worn is usually of some gay color, and that combs are beginning to be used for holding up the great pile of curls which some extremely fashionable ladies now display. They are made of ivory, handsomely ornamented, and have coarse and fine teeth at opposite ends for smoothing the hair. The wits are making fun of this new fashion. Juvenal read a piece to a few friends the other evening, in which he satirizes a court favorite in this wise: "Into so many tiers she forms her curls, so many stages high she builds her head: in front you will look upon an Andromache, behind she is a dwarf: you would imagine her another person. Excuse her, pray, if nature has assigned her but a short back, and if, without the aid of high-heeled buskins, she looks shorter than a pigmy's maiden, and must spring lightly up on tiptoe for a kiss."

I must also say a few words about the babies and young children. They are made bond-slaves at birth, for the first thing the nurse does after the ablution is to wind around the infant—arms, body, and legs—swaddling-cloths, and these usually indicate the rank of the parents. Some are wrapped in very costly stuffs tied with a golden band; others with a purple scarf fastened by a glittering buckle; others with a fine white shawl, such as the wealthy ladies wear in cold weather in their houses, fastened with scarlet strings; while the poor wrap their babes in broad fillets of common cloth. The old Lacedemonians seem to have been wiser, for they only wrapped a broad fillet of linen around the body, and left the arms and legs full liberty.

These Romans put their babies into cradles of various forms. The most common are those of a boat and a hollow shield. Josephus, the Jew I have mentioned, tells me that the infant life of the great law-giver of his people was saved by his having been concealed among the osiers of the Nile by his mother in a boat-cradle. Sometimes, when the baby is a year old, the mother shaves its head and puts jewels in its ears, if it be a girl; and so soon as it begins to walk an ornament called *bulla* is hung about its neck. This is often only a disk of metal, with the name of the child's family engraved upon it, so that the little one may be identified if lost; but more often it is a hollow



A BULLA.



THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

metal case, sometimes highly ornamented, which contains charms against evil spirits. The children of the poor have disks of leather so marked that the babe may be identified. These bullæ (of one of which I have given you a drawing the size of the original) were at first given only to the little sons of noblemen, but now they are used by all classes. They are generally laid aside when the boy puts on the toga prætexta; but sometimes a gold one is given to a youth because of some virtuous or valorous act of his, and he wears it as a badge of honor until he puts on the toga virilis. A bulla in the form of a disk of lead or wax, and stamped with the emperor's seal, is now suspended to all royal proclamations and diplomas and new statutes. In my drawing of the boy with the toga prætexta you may see how the bulla is worn.

Yesterday I attended the funeral of a charming maiden, daughter of a wealthy friend of this family, who died seven days ago. I was one of the few who went to condole with the family immediately after her death. She was laid upon a couch, with her ordinary dress of white linen, the weather being yet very warm, and had the appearance of one in a sweet slumber. At the head of the bed sat her father, upon a folding-chair, his head covered with a portion of his toga. At the foot sat her mother, in a large backed chair, with her head covered. Around the couch were sorrowing relations, friends, and domestics, weeping bitterly, for she was an extremely amiable and virtuous girl. On a footstool were her slippers, and under the bed was her favorite dog, with a paw upon a chaplet of olive leaves with which she was about to be crowned, in accordance with the injunction of the Twelve Tables, which directs such honor to be paid to those who have led virtuous lives. The rings had already been removed from her fingers, and her body anointed with perfumed oil.

The body was kept seven days, awaiting signs of life. Meanwhile every thing necessary for the funeral had been purchased in the temple of Libitina, and at the time appointed for the body to be carried from the house to the pyre it was placed with its feet near the threshold, the attitude in which it was to be borne. Then it was decorated with cypress boughs. A vase of pure water stood near, with which all who came to the house of mourning were sprinkled as they went out.

The funeral procession moved from the house at twilight. The body was borne upon a mattress by eight young men. The face, sweet in expression even in death, was uncovered, and was fully revealed by the lighted wax-candles carried before and after the bier. Hired mourning women followed, making loud lamentations, and shedding tears accustomed to flowing when bidden. Relations, dressed in white, the women veiled, showed signs of great grief by gestures and disheveled hair, until the funeral pile, on the borders of the Via Appia, outside the city, was reached, when all gathered around the structure in silence. It was made of four courses of yew and pine alternate, and surrounded by cypress-trees. The body was laid upon it as it was borne with the mattress from the bier. The eyes were then opened, a small coin for ferriage fee at the Styx was put into the mouth, and then, from a crater filled with wine, milk, and honey, libations were poured over the body. At the same time two vases of perfumed oil were emptied upon the body and the wood to facilitate the burning, and, with the scorched

cypress, relieve the company of the unpleasant odor of a consuming corpse. While the pile was burning the leader of the ceremonies made loud lamentations, to which the whole company responded, their last words being, "Farewell, farewell, farewell! We shall all follow thee in the order Nature appoints us." The embers were then quenched, when the ashes of the maiden were carefully gathered by her mother and sisters, and in the folds of their garments were carried to a beautiful black marble urn, in which they were deposited, and the lid sealed. This service was not difficult, for the body had been wrapped in incombustible amianthus linen, and so the ashes were kept separate.

Such, dear Penda, are the funeral rites here on the death of a maiden of quality. When a man of distinction dies, great pomp is displayed. Music, sacrifices, a long train of hired mourners, mountebanks, whose antics relieve the solemnity, rich stuffs and costly liquors and perfumed oils cast upon the body and the often costly wood of the pile, are the accompaniments of the simple act of disposing of the dead. The bodies of the poor are burned in walled inclosures outside of the city, and the ashes are buried in shallow graves. Such was the fate of Nero's corpse.

Games and banquets for the people sometimes follow the public funeral rites. They are often attended with great expense, and none but the very rich or the monarchs can afford them. To the games the people all come dressed in black; to the banquets they come in white garments. On some occasions of this kind all Rome has been invited. It is said that when Julius Cæsar gave a public banquet in honor of his dead father he ordered twenty thousand tables to be set for the Romans.

Much care is taken for the preservation of monumental urns and their contents. Heavy curses upon violators of them are inscribed upon them, such as, "If any one shall take away this monument, or cause it to be taken away, let there be none of his race to succeed him." They are often inscribed with the usual prayer for the dead, "May the earth lie light upon thee," and also the wish that the dead may have cold water to drink. The epitaphs are sometimes curious, for they make the dead speak of themselves. Here is one which I copied this morning:

"To the gods, Manes. My name is Olympia. I died at the age of twenty-two, and was laid in this tomb. I am a Greek by nation; my country is Apamea; I have injured nobody; I have offended neither any great nor mean person. I, Sotus, have made this epitaph to my dear wife Olympia, whom I married a virgin; I speak it, weeping; our mutual love never decreased; it continued in its full vigor till the Parcæ took her from me. Out of love to you, dear wife, I have erected this monument, and give water to thy thirsty soul."

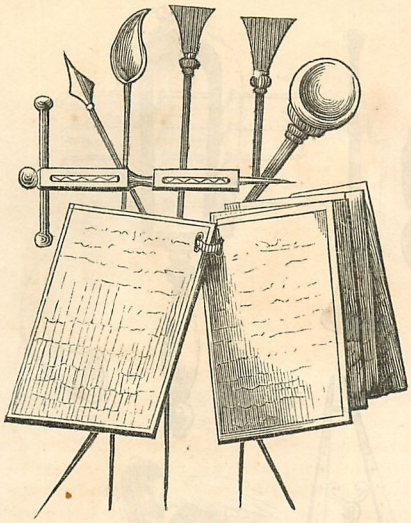
I might tell you of vaults and subterranean chambers in which are long lines of sepulchral urns, and fill many leaves with pictures of beautiful ones that stand by the highways, but I should make my letter too long and tiresome, and so I will forbear, after telling you that little lachrymal vases and vials, that hold the tears of relations shed at the funeral, are usually mixed with perfumes, and placed in the urns holding the ashes of the dead.



LACHRYMAL OR TEAR VASES.

In Rome labor is honorable and idleness a shame. The women of every degree are patterns of industry. The chief employments of a matron and grown daughters of the better class are spinning and weaving, and sometimes plain embroidering; and in almost every house you may see a distaff, spindle, and loom, especially in the country. The method of spinning is simple. Into a loose ball of flax or wool the broad, flat end of the distaff—a light stick or reed three feet long—is inserted. The distaff is held in the left hand and steadied by the arm, while with the fingers of the right hand the fibre is drawn out and twisted spirally into a thread. This first thread is fastened to a spindle made of light wood or reed, with a slit at one end into which the thread is placed. By twirling this spindle as the fibres are drawn out the thread is hard twisted. The work is continued until the lengthening thread allows the spindle to touch the ground, when the former is wound upon the latter. This spinning and winding are repeated until the spindle is full, when the thread is cut off, the spindle laid in a basket for use in a loom, and another one employed. The drawing on page 174 shows you how spinning is done in Rome. The weaving is by a simple method much like ours.

The educated women here are all fond of writing letters to their friends and copying books. It is a passion. They are the chief teachers of their children in the art, yet there are writing-schools for boys. Paper, pen, ink, penknife, and stylus may be seen in every house of the citizen classes, for edu-



TABLETS AND STYLI.

cation is compulsory. The paper is made from the inner bark of the papyrus plant, carefully peeled off by needles, and made thinner or thicker, under pressure, by alternate layers of the bark placed transversely to each other. The black ink is made chiefly from the soot of various burned substances, mixed with gum and the liquid of the cuttle-fish, and vinegar is used to make the color permanent. Vermilion, cedar, and cinnabar compose red inks, with which titles, capital letters, and the royal signatures are written. Sometimes gold is used for letters, and in books you may often see drawings of things and events in different colors; and on parchment diplomas really very fine pictures may sometimes be seen.

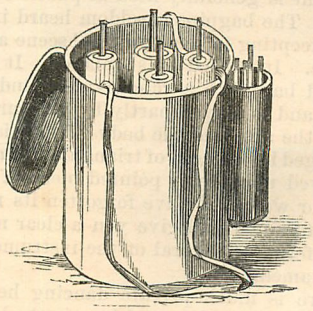
The pen is generally made of the reed called calamus, but of late the quill of the goose has been used by some. I have used one of the latter for my drawings.

The stylus is an instrument made of bone, ivory, or hard wood, with a sharp point for tracing upon a tablet of wood, ivory, or lead, covered with wax. These, tied together as I have represented them, like the famous Twelve Tables, form a volume. The blunt end of the stylus is used for erasures. This implement was once made of metal; but the serious accidents with them which occurred among school-boys caused them to be made of bone. Sometimes they are very plain, and sometimes highly ornamented, as seen in the drawing. It was doubtless a heavy metal one with which Julius Cæsar, when attacked, pierced through the arm of Casca. These implements, with rolls of paper, are all kept in a cylindrical box with lock and key, which every boy carries with him to school. This box, called scrinium, is also used for keeping rolls of writing in exclusively.

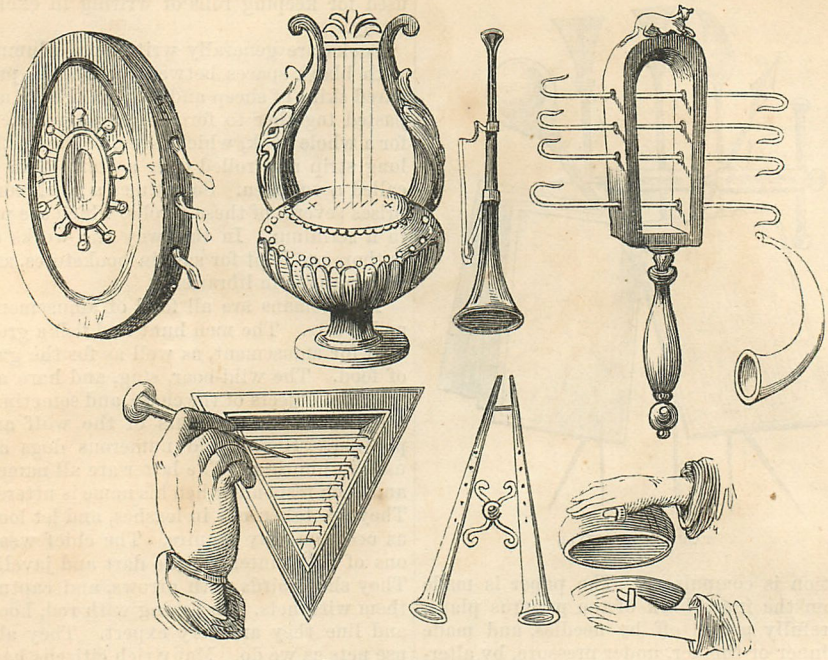
Books are generally written in columns, with blank spaces between, upon the prepared skins of sheep and calves. Pieces are pasted together to form a length sufficient for a whole book, which is written upon the long strip and rolled over a staff. This is called a volumen. Sometimes a work comprises several of these scrolls, which are put in a scrinium. In this way the works of authors are kept for sale in bookstores, and are arranged in libraries.

The Romans are all fond of amusements and sports. The men hunt and fish a great deal for amusement, as well as for the gain of food. The wild-boar, stag, and hare are the chief objects of the chase, and sometimes there are exciting hunts of the wolf and panther. Horses and numerous dogs are used in hunting. The latter are all named, and each responds when his name is uttered. They are taken out in leashes, and let loose as occasion may require. The chief weapons of the hunter are the dart and javelin. They shoot birds with arrows, and capture them with nets. In fishing with rod, hook, and line they are very expert. They also use nets as we do. Many rich citizens have fish-ponds at their country-seats, and some are of salt-water that flows in from the sea through canals, often dug at great expense. The value of these seats is often determined by the size and productiveness of the fish-pond.

The Roman women have in-door amusements for the family and friends, consisting chiefly of games of chance played with dice. The favorite game is latrunculi, and has a warlike aspect in the method of playing. A table is checkered with two colors, and upon nearly every square is placed a counter or figure. These are called men, and are thirty in number, and divided equally by two colors. The game is played by two persons, each having fifteen men. Each party has a king, who is never moved excepting on urgent occasions. The rest of the men are moved in attitudes of contention, and when those of a king have all fallen into the hands of his enemy he is considered as conquered,



A SCRINIUM.



DRUM, LYRE, TRUMPET, SISTRUM, FLUTE, AND CYMBAL.

and the game is won by the other. This was the game that Nero played, it is said, while Rome was burning.

The Romans are very fond of music and dancing. They have a variety of wind instruments, such as the flute, pipe, horn, trumpet, bagpipe, and syrinx. The principal stringed instruments are the lyre and harp; and they have a variety of others, which are beaten, such as the cymbal, drum, and crotalum. The syrinx is called "Pan's pipe," or organ. It is made of seven reeds of different lengths placed parallel, and is played upon by wind from the mouth. The crotalum is made of split reeds that clatter in harmony with the motion of the dancer, who holds them between her fingers and shakes them. The sistrum is a sort of oval-shaped instrument with four loose rods, which give out musical sounds when shaken. This instrument is generally used at public solemnities. The bagpipe is seldom heard in the city, excepting in some pastoral scene at the theatre. It is used by shepherds. It is an inflated bag with a mouth-piece and two flutes, and is played partly by pressure between the arm and the body. There is also a stringed instrument of triangular form that is played upon by a pointed piece of iron, bone, or wood. I have forgotten its name. The drawings will give you a clear notion of the forms of several of the instruments I have named.

There is much private dancing here, to the music of the flute and lyre, in the houses of the citizens; but this amusement is principally displayed in the circus, where it is seen in every variety of motion of men and women, boys and girls. Some of the public dancing is decent and attractive, and some is indecent and revolting. The latter is most common, for it better suits the depraved public taste. I give you a drawing of two decent dancers (young man and woman), and one of another sort. The modestly dressed maiden holds the crotalum in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other, which has been cast upon the stage by some admiring spectator. The other is beating the hollow disks of the cymbal. I might give you a long description of the several dances in the circus, such as the scenic, adapted to either a tragic, comic, or satiric tone. These also accompany the plays at the theatre, and the kind last named is the most popular, for the performers sing out toward the spectators on all sides taunts and sarcasms, sometimes witty, sometimes coarse, and too often indecent; and yet, strange as it may seem, these dancers are often employed at the funerals of the rich, when their satires exceed in extravagance and vulgarity those thrown out at the circus or theatre.

I should be glad, dear Penda, to tell you all about the more public customs of these Romans (which are but a part of their home life) in carrying on their worship of the many gods and goddesses, and their amusements, for I have been busy in making notes



PUBLIC DANCERS.

and drawings of all these in much detail; but I fear I shall weary you, and so I will forbear. I might tell you about the inner arrangement of their temples, and how their solemn rites are performed; reveal to you the secrets of nature as represented in their symbols; tell you how the priests lead the people in the chains of superstition; how oracles and divines make predictions without knowledge, and lay up money by their craft; of the grand Amphitheatre and its dreadful sports, such as the deadly fights of gladiators, and of men with bulls and wild beasts; of the sports of the circus, where may be seen almost every day races of horses and chariots, and of men afoot, and sometimes of elephants, dromedaries, and the tall, swift ostrich from Africa; of the wrestlings and other athletic performances; of bear, dog, and cock fights; after which the victors, men or beasts, are crowned with laurel and cheered by the acclamations of the multitude; of the great public shows in the circus, where sometimes trained lions, tigers, and leopards draw chariots; and of many games of strength and skill conducted by champions, whose friends or factions are distinguished by the colors green, red, white, and blue. Perhaps I may send you another letter, telling you all about these things. If not, I will describe them when we meet in the spring. Until then, Vale!

CADALLAN.

PRISCILLA.

My little Love sits in the shade
Beneath the climbing roses,
And gravely sews in a half-dream
The dainty measures of her seam
Until the twilight closes.

I look and long, yet have no care
To break her maiden musing;
I idly toss my book away,
And watch her pretty fingers stray
Along their task confusing.

The dews fall, and the sunset light
Goes creeping o'er the meadows,
And still, with serious eyes cast down,
She gravely sews her wedding-gown
Among the growing shadows.

I needs must gaze, though on her cheek
The bashful roses quiver—
She is so modest, simple, sweet,
That I, poor pilgrim, at her feet
Would fain adore forever.

A heavenly peace dwells in her heart;
Her love is yet half duty.
Serene and serious, still and quaint,
She's partly woman, partly saint,
This Presbyterian beauty.

She is so shy that all my prayers
Scarce win a few small kisses—
She lifts her lovely eyes to mine
And softly grants, with blush divine,
Such slender grace as this is.

I watch her with a tender care
And joy not free from sadness—
For what am I that I should take
This gentle soul and think to make
Its future days all gladness?

Can I fulfill those maiden dreams
In some imperfect fashion?
I am no hero, but I know
I love you, Dear—the rest I throw
Upon your sweet compassion.

THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.



THE SUNNY CORNER.

"THIS is rather a cold morning, isn't it?"

"Cold, Sir? She's a *biter*. Bless me if my toes ain't a'most a-comin' off with cold!"

This was rather a curious remark, seeing that it came from a person whose lower extremities consisted of two wooden sticks from the knees down. I suppose that my countenance betrayed my astonishment at it, for the old sailor smiled, and, looking down at his sticks, continued:

"You see, Sir, somehow or other the cold weather always loosens my straps, and I feel as if the pins were goin' to shake me off. My old uns, of the real stuff, were left at San Juan d'Ulloa, in the Mexican war, and since then I have been hoppin' around on pedestals. But there's the Harbor now, Sir, and that's where I have been anchored these twenty years. Nice place, commodore. Was you ever there?"

I told the old man that it was just the object of my visit at the present time, and that I had come down on the boat for no other purpose. I also told him that I had a letter to Governor Melville, and that I should be obliged to him if he could show me where to find that gentleman.

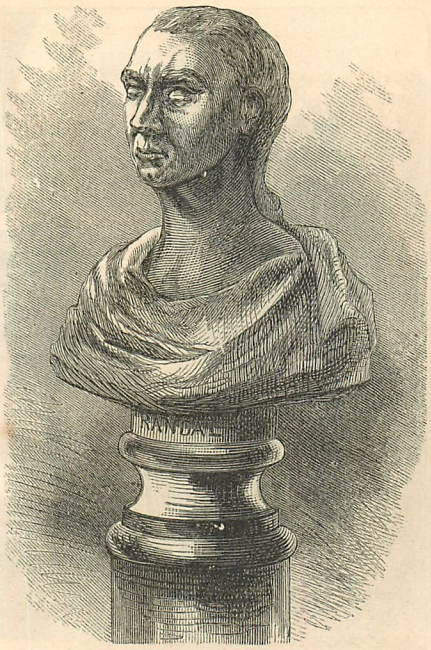
Meanwhile the boat approached the landing, the gang-plank was drawn ashore, and heavy boxes, barrels, and bundles, containing provisions for the Harbor, were being carried on shore. Huge carcasses of beef and mutton came next, and after that came the living freight for the Harbor. My friend seized his crutches, and coming up close to me, whispered into my ear: "Say, commodore, you are goin' to call upon the gov'nor, ain't you? Now, Sir, I will tell you how you could do a service to an old salt, if you wanted to. There's Jack Stubbs; he rooms with me, and has got a wooden leg like me (but only one), and has been *tabooed* acause he came home half-seas-over the other night. It was his old man's birthday, you see, and he had been celebratin' it up in the city. Now, Sir, if you could lay in a good word for him with the gov'nor, saying that he didn't mean to do it, but that he was overtook suddenly, or somethin' of that sort, I think that the gov'nor would let 'im off cheap. Do what you can, commodore; Jack is a good boy, although he *does* love the bottle!"

I promised to do as asked, and we went together through the iron gate, and up the smooth walk leading to the centre or main building of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor." On our way thither I learned that the "boy," Jack Stubbs, for whose benefit I had promised to interfere, was eighty-two years old, and that "celebrating the birthday of the old man" was only a slang term for getting a little the worse for liquor, "which will," my friend with the wooden legs said, "occasionally happen to some of 'em."

Ascending the broad marble steps, we entered a large hall in the main building, lighted from above by a large oval window in the cupola, and occupied with chairs and benches placed across the floor, and leaving a narrow passage-way along the wall on either side. Just inside the door, and fronting the benches, was a reading-desk of oak with a red velvet cushion, and in the rear stood, on either side of the opposite door, two vases of terra cotta, filled with shrubs and flowers. A gallery went round the hall on all sides, at the height of the second floor, and above that was the cupola and sky-light. A large portrait of Captain John Whitten, who had once gone from Albany direct to China in a small sloop, and who subsequently was the first governor of the Harbor (from 1833 to 1844), faces the main entrance from the gallery; and above that is a well-executed bust, in marble, of the founder of this grand institution, Captain Robert Richard Randall.

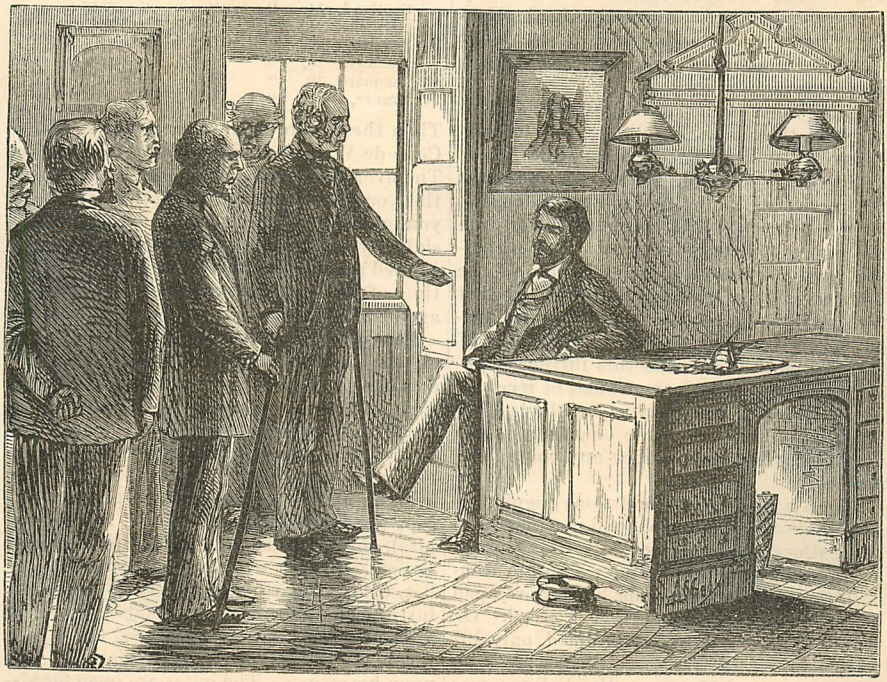
"This way, Sir, to the gov'nor's office!" and my friend hobbled round to the right, and knocked at a door facing the hall; "and don't forget to lay in a word for Jack Stubbs, now, commodore, *if* you please," he had just time to repeat, in a whisper, when a loud "Come in!" summoned me to enter. It was a snug and comfortable office, seated in which, before a bright fire, was the genial governor of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Captain Thomas Melville.

After the usual salutations, I delivered my letters and credentials, and had at once a cordial welcome extended to me. Feeling comfortable and at ease after my rough and cold trip down on the boat, I did not forget my promise to my fellow-passenger with the wooden legs, but related to the governor the promise that had been exacted from me. He laughed, and promised to forgive old Stubbs for this once, "although," he said, "he is one of the worst we have, on account of his intemperance, notwithstanding his age. By making baskets he earns enough to go on a regular spree every fortnight, and if we put no restrictions upon him, the probability is that he would 'celebrate the old man's birthday' some two dozen times a year. By 'tabooing' him is meant that he is not permitted, for a certain term, to go outside the iron railing. There is only about a week left of his term, and, as you desire it, I shall willingly forgive the old man that, and put him upon his good behavior."

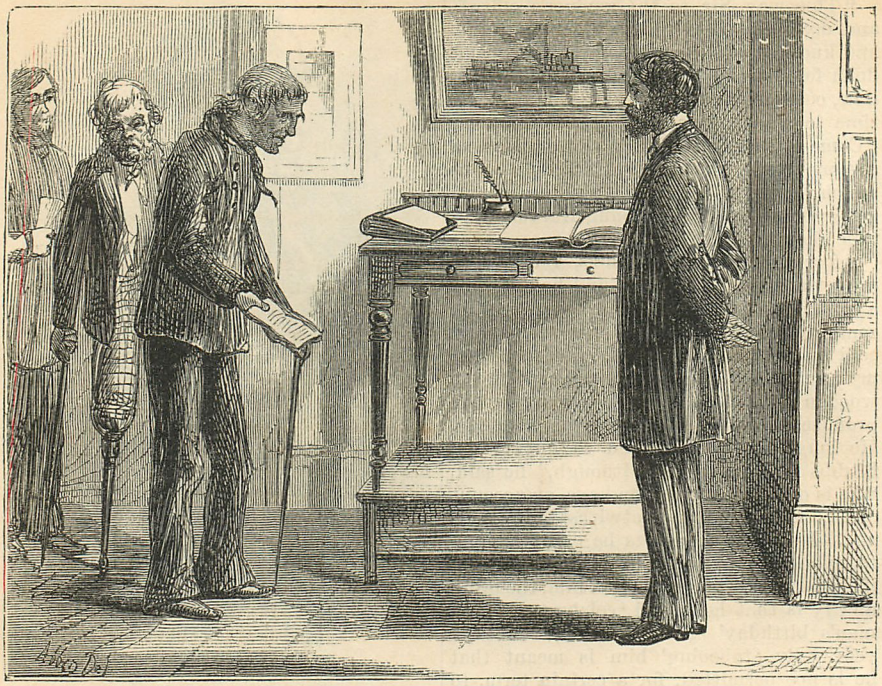


RANDALL'S BUST.

It must be said, however, in justice to the inmates of the Harbor, that their conduct, with but very few exceptions, is irreproachable in every respect. It but seldom becomes necessary to *taboo* any body, and a



"THE COMPLAINT."



ADMISSION OF AN OLD SAILOR TO THE HARBOR.

still rarer occurrence is the expulsion of any. This last measure is only resorted to in cases where repeated drunkenness or disorderly and violent conduct renders it absolutely necessary. Out of a population in the Harbor of more than four hundred inmates, only five or six cases of expulsion occur in a year.

There were, at the time of my visit, 396 inmates in the Harbor, of all ages and belonging to all nationalities. Paragraph XI. of the by-laws of this institution declares: "All mariners, including captains and mates, if aged, decrepit, and worn-out sailors, are the proper objects of this trust. But no person shall be admitted as an inmate of the institution (if a foreigner born) who can not furnish satisfactory proof of his having sailed for at least five years under the flag of the United States;" and this further stipulation is made: "No person shall be received as a member of this institution who is a habitual drunkard, or whose character is immoral, or who labors under any contagious disease."

These are the only conditions regulating the admission of worn-out old mariners into the Sailors' Snug Harbor. By the charity and generosity of the founder, Captain Randall, the gates of this snug harbor are open to every nationality and every creed. Of the 396 inmates above mentioned, only 197 were native Americans, and these were of an average age of 57 years; the balance was mostly made up from the following nationalities:

England,	44,	of an	average	age of	54 years.
Ireland,	33,	"	"	"	48 "
Scotland,	14,	"	"	"	53½ "
Germany,	24,	"	"	"	55 "
Sweden,	26,	"	"	"	57 "
Norway,	10,	"	"	"	50½ "
Denmark,	10,	"	"	"	53 "
France,	5,	"	"	"	41½ "

Then there were some from Poland, Malta, Cape de Verd, and the Cape of Good Hope. The average age of the inmates is 55 years; the youngest man in the institution was a young sailor of about 23, who had lost his sight by an accident, and the oldest was a colored man named Jacob Morris, who, at the time of my visit, had attained the ripe old age of 103 years.

Every morning at seven o'clock a bell calls all the inmates down to breakfast, which consists of a quart of excellent coffee for each, and an abundant supply of home-made bread and butter. Dinner is on the table at twelve, and supper at half past five or six P.M., according to the season. At nine in the evening all the lights must be put out, except the lamps in the halls and in the hospital, and the inmates are expected to retire to rest. Except when *tabooed* or on the sick-list, every inmate is at liberty to leave the institution, and visit his friends in the city or elsewhere. All he is required to do is to report to the governor before leaving and upon his return. The gates are open for vis-

itors every day during the week from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, except on Sundays, when no visitors are received.

The inmates were at their dinner in the large and attractive dining-hall when we entered it. This is situated on the ground-floor of a large building in the rear of the main or central building, with which it communicates by a wooden bridge, raised about ten feet above the ground. The largest dining-room contains twelve long tables, each of which can accommodate thirty-two diners. In another dining-room opposite there are four tables, each capable of accommodating the same number. The dinner on this particular day consisted of mutton-stew, which was served up in large tin tureens. The spoons and forks were of the best white metal, each bearing the stamp "Sailors' Snug Harbor," and the quality of the dinner was excellent. Each man had a tumbler of water in front of his plate, and of bread and meat as much as he desired. The table-linen was perfectly white and clean, and altogether the appearance of the dining-hall was more like that of a good substantial hotel than of a charitable institution.

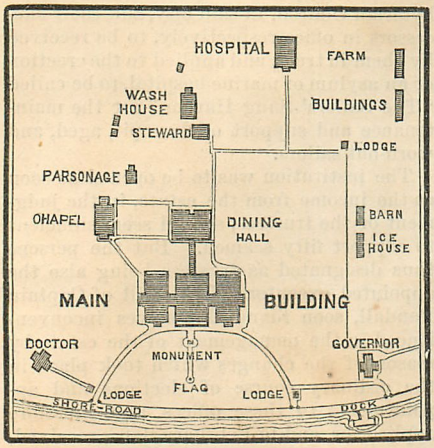
Grace was said before dinner, and thanks were also offered after meals. Waiters, in long white aprons, were busily engaged among the tables in removing empty dishes and substituting filled and steaming ones in their places. Satisfaction and happiness shone in the face of every one; and I have no doubt that many an old sailor, at the bottom of his heart, on this cold and wintry day, silently blessed the memory of his benefactor.

There is nowhere another institution conceived in the same spirit of liberal and unlimited benevolence, the famous Greenwich Hospital not excepted; nowhere else does the old sailor, after having braved many a storm and frequently faced death, find so safe and snug a harbor. There, seated in a warm and comfortable room, he can through the window look out upon the scenes of his former life as a mariner; there is the deep blue sea, covered with numerous craft, reminding him of the time when he himself braved its dangers, and recalling adventures in foreign climes, that, sitting there by the window in his easy-chair, he is fond of relating.

Captain Robert Richard Randall, of the city of New York, by his last will and testament, dated June 1, 1801, after leaving certain specific legacies, bequeathed all the residue of his estate, real and personal, to the Chancellor of the State, the Mayor and Recorder of the city of New York, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the president and vice-president of the Marine Society, the senior minister of the Episcopal Church, and the senior minister of the Presbyterian Church, in said city, and their successors in office respectively, to be received by them in trust, and applied to the erection of an asylum or marine hospital, to be called "The Sailors' Snug Harbor," for the maintenance and support of decrepit, aged, and worn-out sailors.

The institution was to be opened as soon as the income from the estate, in the judgment of the trustees, should seem sufficient to support fifty seamen. But the persons thus designated as trustees being also the appointed executors of the will of Captain Randall, soon found themselves inconvenienced in the management of the estate by reason of the changes which took place in the ordinary course of elections and appointments to these offices, and therefore applied for, and in February, 1806, received, an act of incorporation from the Legislature. The first trustees were John Lansing, Jun., Chancellor of State; De Witt Clinton, Mayor; Maturin Livingston, Recorder of the city; John Murray, president of the Chamber of Commerce; James Farquar and Thomas Farmar, president and vice-president of the Marine Society; the Rev. Benjamin Moore, senior minister of the Episcopal Church; and the Rev. John Rodgers, senior minister of the Presbyterian Church. At their first meeting they elected officers, adopted by-laws, and appointed a committee to prepare a suitable design for a seal for the corporation, the device of which, when subsequently adopted, represented a harbor formed by two points of land projecting into the sea, in which a ship appears riding safely at anchor, and on the shore, in the background, a view of the hospital, with the motto, *Portum petimus fessi.*

In October, 1806, the reported income of the whole estate was $4243. Eight years later the annual income had increased to about $6000; and in the same year the New York Legislature, owing to some difficulties which had arisen in determining who were the senior ministers of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, decided that the rector of Trinity Church and the minister of the Presbyterian church then located in Wall Street were of the trustees of said corporation. An act also was appended requiring the trustees to make an annual report of the state of the funds held by them to the Legislature of the State, and to the Common Council of the city. Thus the State and the city of New York were constituted the guardians of the trust. In 1817 the total income of the estate was $6659 92; and during that year the trustees petitioned the Legislature for permission to change the site of the hospital. Instead of erecting it on the twenty-one acres of ground in the upper part of the city, as had been contemplated by the testator, which plan would absorb a large portion of their revenues, de-



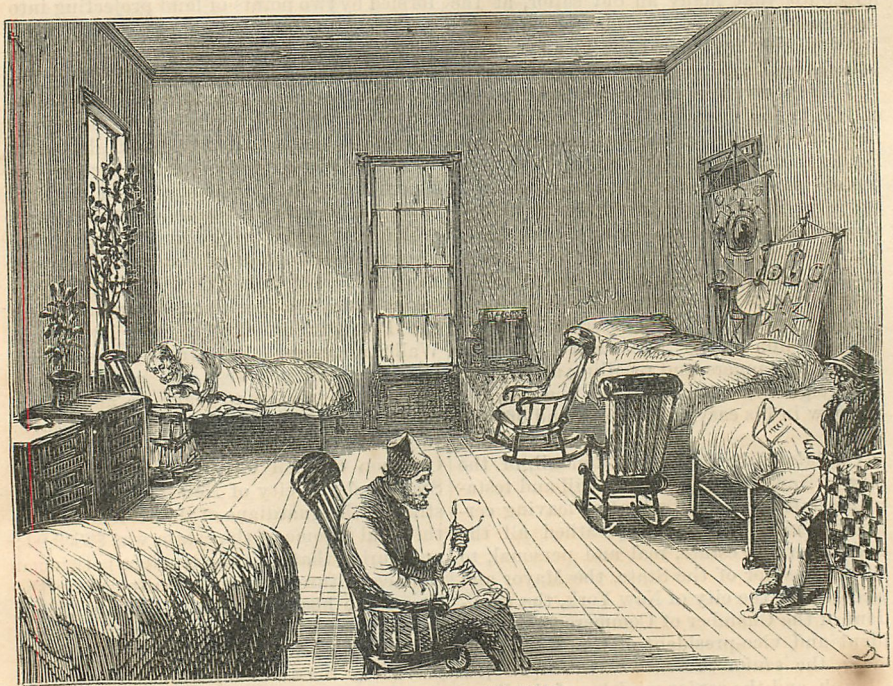
PLAN OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

preciate the value of the adjoining lots, and necessarily confine the inmates to narrow limits, they asked to be authorized to purchase ground for the hospital at the entrance to, or in sight of, the harbor of New York. A short time previous they had been tendered the liberal offer of a conveyance gratuitously of a lot of land, not less than ten acres, on Staten Island, situated on the bay between Point Diamond and the quarantine grounds, then belonging to, and offered by, Daniel D. Tompkins.

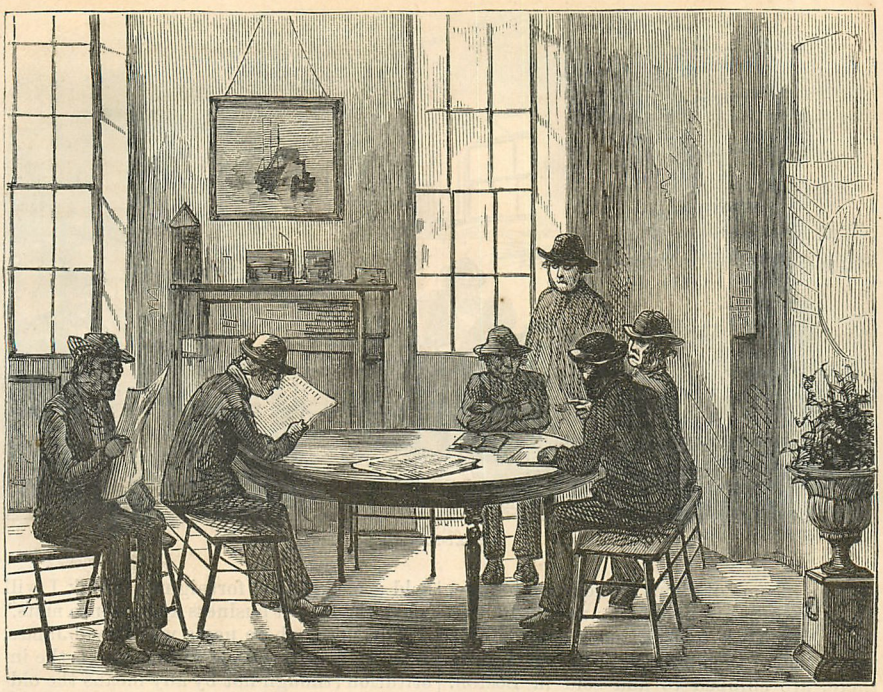
This permission was, however, not granted by the Legislature until 1828, after a delay of eleven years, the result of numerous lawsuits against the trustees by various parties that claimed to be the legal heirs of Captain Randall. Troubles and suits seemed to involve the estate upon all sides, and large sums of money were expended in disposing of them. It was not until March, 1830, that a final decision in this matter, by the Supreme Court of the United States, in favor of the trustees, set at rest all doubts as to the validity of the disputed will.

In May of the following year (1831) the trustees purchased their present site upon Staten Island, consisting of a farm containing 130 acres of land, for the sum of $10,000. Subsequently they purchased 21 acres more, with a water-privilege, which had been originally a part of this farm, but had been sold, and was used for manufacturing purposes, the price paid for this part of the property being $6000. These two parcels of land now constitute the farm and grounds of the Sailors' Snug Harbor. At a still later period the trustees added to the farm, by lease, 36 acres of excellent woodland.

In October, 1831, was laid the corner-stone of the main building, which, over a marble foundation, was built of brick, two stories high, with a portico supported by eight Doric pillars in Vermont marble. A broad flight of marble steps leads to the main entrance, and the centre of the roof supports a low cupola of an oval shape. This building, embracing all of what was then the Sailors' Snug Harbor, was completed in 1833.



ONE OF THE SLEEPING-ROOMS.



THE READING-ROOM.

and formally opened on the 1st of August of that year with great festivities, furnishing a home for thirty aged and worn-out sailors.

Subsequently two wings were added to the main building, and connected with this by two covered corridors of one story each. These wings are built of the same material, and are of the same height as the main building, and are wholly occupied by sleeping apartments. The centre or main building has a frontage of 65 feet, with a depth of 100 feet; each of the two wings is 51 feet by 100; and the connecting corridors are each 39 feet 6 inches in length. Later yet the rear building was erected, of dimensions nearly similar to those of the main building, but three stories in height, the two upper stories being partitioned off into lodging and sleeping rooms.

In front of the main building is the marble monument erected over the remains of the founder, which were, in August, 1834, removed hither from their original place of interment.

After the successful termination of the numerous lawsuits and intrigues that had for such a long time embarrassed the trustees, the revenues of the estate increased at an extraordinary ratio; and as at the same time the value of the real estate owned by the corporation in the upper part of New York had more than trebled in value, it is not surprising that the income of the estate in 1855 amounted to the handsome sum of $75,000, while the institution at that time supported three hundred inmates. And since then the annual income has kept on increasing, making for 1870 a total amount of about $127,000.

The greater part of the ground-floor in the main building is occupied by the hall already described, which is used in the winter months for religious services every morning and night, thus obviating the necessity of heating the chapel except on Sundays. All the buildings are heated by hot air from furnaces in the basements. To the left of the hall is the reading-room, where all the leading dailies, weeklies, and magazines can be found; and behind that is the library, well stocked with books, mostly consisting of narratives of travel and adventure, and books of voyages and exploring expeditions. On the opposite side, to the right of the entrance, are the office and private room of the governor, and up stairs are the sleeping apartments, facing on the gallery. In the basement are long airy corridors and workrooms, where a great part of the inmates are occupied in basket-making. This industry is carried on to a very great extent in this institution, as it is easy work, requiring no strength or special skill, and a pursuit in which the blind can also engage. The importance of this industry may be estimated from the fact that during a single year baskets were made by the inmates that sold in the market for very nearly $30,000, avera-



BASKET-MAKING.

ging an income of about $75 for each inmate. These baskets are bought up mostly by two large New York houses, and a considerable proportion of them, as also of the mats made there, are shipped to and sold in Boston. The materials used in the manufacture of mats and baskets (Spanish palm leaf and rattan) are bought by the inmates themselves, and the whole profit belongs to them individually, and is for the greater part spent for tobacco and in the purchase of minor comforts. One old salt from New Hampshire had acquired a private library, numbering some forty odd volumes, which he had in his room, nicely arranged in a bookcase of his own manufacture, with glass doors. His latest acquisition was the "History of Julius Cæsar," by the ex-Emperor Napoleon, bound in green and gold.

In the basement are also some of the washrooms, furnished with iron basins and large towels on rollers, where the old sailors perform their daily ablutions and make their toilet, as washing in the rooms is prohibited. Passing through the wide and airy corridors, we found about sixty old men, some of them blind, engaged in basket-making, while at one end of the hall sat a blind man preparing the palm leaf for use, by splitting it and drawing it between two sharp knives fastened into a block of wood before him, by which it is cut into a uniform thickness and width. At the foot of the stairs sat a man, apparently not very old, and in good health, busily engaged in finishing the centre piece of a knife-basket.

"Hallo, Davy!" Governor Melville hailed him, "how are baskets to-day?"

Davy, turning his lustreless eyes upon us, answered,

"Dull, gov'nor—a'mighty dull; haven't sold a basket this fortnight. Think I will leave the basket business and go into mats."

This man, whose name was David James, was, I learned, the oldest inmate in the institution (though not by any means the oldest man), he being one of the thirty original inmates. He was then twenty-seven years old, and has been an inmate of the Harbor for thirty-seven years.

Here we also found, engaged in basket-making like the rest, a veteran from the war of 1812, named Daniel Collins, who had been twice captured in American merchantmen by the English cruisers. Nearly opposite him, with a large mat upon his knees, with which he was busily engaged, sat Cornelius Rose, an old white-haired and white-bearded sailor, who joined the American navy in 1812, belonged to the schooner *Enterprise* when she was captured by the English brig *Boxer*, and was one of the crew of the frigate *President* when, under the command of Decatur, that gallant ship fought three English frigates. He belonged to the old *Constitution* for nine years, and took an active part in the Mexican and Florida wars. His records and papers show that he has participated in no less than *twenty-seven* conflicts.

Besides basket-making the old sailors have other means of making money, one of the most common of which is fishing. A large proportion of the money which they accumulate, as we have already said, goes for tobacco. Of course no sailor can be *tabooed* for smoking.

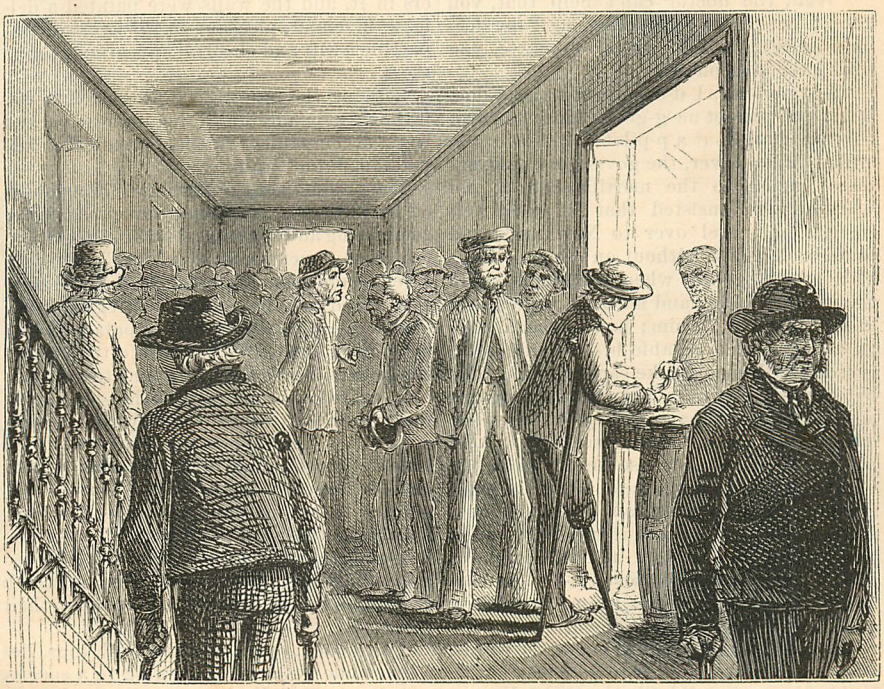
On our way up stairs again the governor pointed out to me the "Swedish lawyer," so called from his nationality, and the fact of his being, or considering himself as being, the bright particular star, concentrating within himself the erudition of the whole

community. He seemed to be not unlike our friend Jack Bunsby, and at the very time when we passed him he was engaged in laying down his opinion to another sailor, and I seemed to hear the familiar words, "Whereby —if so—why not? The bearings of the observation lies in the application of it—awast, then!"



OLD SAILORS FISHING.

Crossing the bridge, we again enter the rear building, the basement of which is occupied by the kitchen, the store-room, steward's office, colored men's mess, and blind men's mess. Here, also, are the apartments in which the assistants and employés of the institution take their meals. The blind men have two waiters to attend to their wants and assist them; but beyond some help at table, they require no aid, but navigate the whole building, up stairs and down stairs, assisted only by a cane, with which they feel their way. Here we meet one of the most interesting of the blind men just coming from his dinner. It is Captain John M'Ewen, who in 1813, while belonging to the privateer *Vengeance*, of New York, assisted at the capture of twenty-one British vessels. Afterward he became the captain of an East Indiaman, and was for many years a prominent, successful, and well-known master of ships in the East India trade. But misfortunes overtook him; he lost his sight, and consequently became unable to follow his profession, and he is now a much-esteemed inmate of the Harbor. Passing from this building, we cross the grounds to the hospital, stopping on the way to have a look at the steam-laundry and bakery.



DRAWING TOBACCO.

The hospital is a magnificent and solid building of gray sandstone, built in the same style as the main building, with massive pillars supporting a portico over the entrance. In the basement are the kitchen and work-rooms for the convalescent patients who desire to work at their usual occupation —basket-making. On the first floor is a large hall with a gallery or promenade overhead, and also the mess-rooms; and the upper story is occupied by the wards, which are all large, light, and airy, and have five or six iron bedsteads in each. On entering we were met at once by old Webster, who is now in the ninety-fourth year of his age. He was admitted an inmate of the Sailors' Snug Harbor in 1844, then sixty-seven years old. It must be confessed that age has—as he said himself—"rather brought him down." His mouth is toothless, his eyes watery and dim; but his white hair and long white beard give him a venerable appearance. He speaks with difficulty, and is perfectly helpless at table.

"Well, Webster, how goes it?" the governor said, approaching him and wiping off his beard, full of crumbs of bread from his dinner, with his pocket-handkerchief.

"A-a-all ri-ght, gov'-nor; b-but why don't the d-doctor c-come to see m-me?"

"Why, Webster, are you sick? If so, the doctor shall, of course, come to see you, and I will send for him at once."

"N-no, gov'-nor, I a-ain't sick; but I'm a-getting old!"

"Well, the doctor can't help that, you know; but if you feel sick or need the doctor's assistance, why, then, of course, you shall have it at once."

"No, gov'-nor, I d-don't want the d-doctor, if you will let me g-go out alone; I c-can t-tr-travel without a p-pilot!"

To this, however, the governor would not assent, much to the mortification of old Webster, who insisted that he was well enough to travel over to New York and come back again without an escort. He is at liberty to go out whenever he pleases if the weather is fair and nothing particularly is the matter with him; but he has always an assistant or a reliable brother inmate to accompany him and take care of him. This old man is, however, notwithstanding his age, of a very belligerent disposition; thus, a short time ago it became necessary to *taboo* him for a month because he knocked one of the patients on the head with his cane, getting excited during an argument over some small matter; and it was but a week previous to my visit that he challenged one of the younger boys of seventy-five outside to a personal combat as a means of settling a little difficulty between them.

We found lying in bed, in one of the wards, with a bowl of chicken soup on a small table beside him, an invalid, Charles Risby, Norwegian by birth, and seventy-seven years old. He arrived in this country at Boston on the day that the long embargo went into operation. During the war of 1812 he belonged to the *Constitution*, on board of which he participated in the fight with the *Guerrière*. In the same ward was Ebenezer Lakemann, who, while serving in the American privateer *Buckskin*, of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1813, captured the English schooner *Marianne*, which was recaptured, with him on board as prize-master, by the English frigate *Maidstone*. He was taken to England and imprisoned there, and afterward exchanged for one of the crew of the *Guerrière*.

In a ward on the opposite side of the hall, looking bright and cheerful, and ornamented with several bird-cages containing chirping and twirling canaries, we found old Jacob Morris (colored), who entered the Sailors' Snug Harbor in the year 1848, then at the age of eighty He was now in the 104th year of his age, and had, until very lately, been well and up every day, walking around the grounds as one of the youngest. "But, gov'nor," he said, "me getting feeble, sah; bery feeble! Me can not now leave bed, sah; bery weak in de joints, sah; and bosom pangs here—*here!*" and he pressed his hands against the left side of his breast. It was evident that he could not live long.

The wards for the sick were all well lighted by windows reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and well heated and ventilated. Nearly every room had bird-cages and flowers in it, and the walls were painted a delicate lavender, pleasant to the eye, and imparting a soft and cheerful appearance to the room.

Leaving the hospital we proceeded to visit the farm belonging to this institution, and were accompanied thither by another old veteran, John Strain.

The products of the farm in 1870 amounted to $9067 60. Allowing for expenses for conducting and stocking it—$3768 87—there remained a net profit of $5298 73, which is a very handsome exhibit. Among the articles raised may be named 5465 eggs, 20,662 quarts of milk, 1722 bushels of potatoes, 5627 heads of cabbage, 2990 heads of lettuce, 16,410 cucumbers, besides great quantities of carrots, radishes, beets, corn, string-beans, onions, sweet-potatoes, squashes, water-melons, etc., etc. The live stock consisted of 12 milch cows, 4 young heifers, 1 Albany bull, and 90 hogs, besides oxen and horses. Of poultry there are kept about 70 chickens, mostly for the use of the hospital. An ice-house is also erected here, in which is stored away the ice for the use of the Harbor, which is obtained from a pond situated on their property.

Away back, south of these buildings, lies a fine stone building, belonging to a society of ladies in New York and on Staten Island,

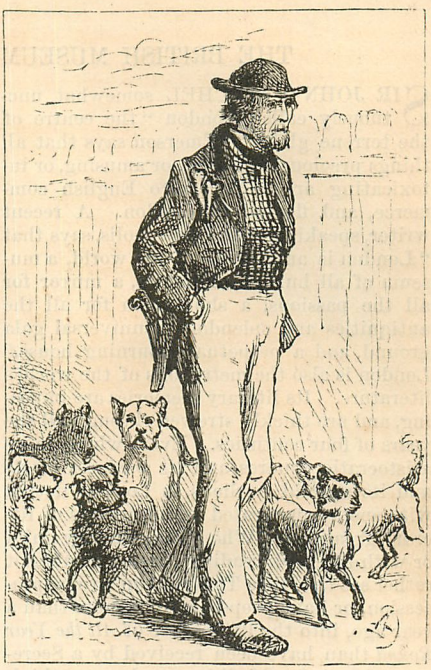
but erected upon ground belonging to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, which is occupied as a "Home for Destitute Seamen's Children." These ladies work in silence; there is no ostentation about the distribution of their charities. But they labor earnestly, and in a good cause.

The chaplain belonging to the Sailors' Snug Harbor lives with his family in a large and comfortable house situated on the premises, in the rear of the chapel, which was erected in 1855. Here services are held every Sunday during the winter, and every day, morning and night, during summer. The chapel is a plain but handsome brick building, without any cupola or belfry, but with large stained windows. The interior is plain, but scrupulously neat and tastefully decorated; and upon two long tablets, one on each side of the altar, are inscribed the names of all the trustees and officers that have been connected with the Harbor since its first opening.

The doctor also lives upon the premises, in a fine house situated near the road and facing the Kills, far in advance and to the right of the main buildings. The governor's house occupies a similar position on the opposite side, to the left of the main buildings; and from both of these dwellings a flagged walk leads to the main entrance of the centre building. Directly in front of this, surrounded by an iron railing, is the plain marble monument that covers the remains of the founder of this noble charity.

The old sailors are not allowed to keep dogs. To some of them this is a great deprivation. These lovers of the canine species are obliged to gratify their peculiar tastes outside the limits of the institution. With one of them, known as "the bone man," the passion for dogs amounts to a monomania. In order to render himself attractive to his favorites he fills his pockets with bones and wanders off into obscure haunts and by-ways, where he may often be seen surrounded and followed by his not entirely disinterested clients.

That the revenues of the Sailors' Snug Harbor in the course of time will be largely increased when the long leases shall have expired, and their up-town property be released on more favorable terms than at present, there can be no doubt; and this will, of course, admit of a still further extension of the institution, and the accommodation of a still greater number of aged, decrepit, and worn-out sailors. The greater part of Mr. Stewart's store, situated on Broadway and Tenth Street, in New York, is erected upon leased ground owned by the Sailors' Snug Harbor, as are also many other costly stores and buildings in the upper part of the city. The resources of the institution are very ample, and they are honestly and judiciously applied in accordance with the



THE BONE MAN.

design of the testator, being in the hands of gentlemen well known for their integrity, and of the highest social standing.

As I left I was accompanied to the gate by an old veteran, who told me that his name was John Perz, and that he had been captured and taken to England as a prisoner in 1814 by the British ship of the line *Elizabeth*, of seventy-four guns; and just as I got outside the gate somebody seized my hand and said, "Thank you, Sir, thank you; much obliged, Sir!" and turning round I beheld my friend of the morning on his two stumps, in company with the delinquent Jack Stubbs, who held his hat in his hand, looking somewhat sheep-faced, and staring at the knob at the end of his wooden leg. The governor had kept his promise: he was outside the iron railing, and consequently no longer *tabooed*.

SONNET.

FAIN would I quaff the wondrous wine of sleep,
That wizard wine so rich with Morphean spells:
I drink! and lo! the dawn of twilight dells,
Dew-laden, calm; along whose pathways deep
Glide shadowy phantoms; some with eyes that weep
Slow tears, and voices of forlorn farewells;
And some on whose sweet presence purely dwells
The love-light none but blissful hearts can keep.

Then widens the strange landscape, thronged with forms
Familiar once as morning: here, arch looks
Flash through heat lightnings of a summer mirth;
There, tones more musical than woodland brooks,
When o'er their waves the murmurous May-fly swarms,
Make lovelier still sleep's charméd heaven and earth!

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS READING-ROOM.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL somewhat unctuously called London "the centre of the terrene globe." Emerson says that all things precious, or useful, or amusing, or intoxicating are sucked into English commerce, and floated to London. A recent writer, speaking of the metropolis, says that "London is an epitome of the world, a museum of all human anatomies, a mirror for all the passions, a show-room for all the antiquities and splendors, a universal gala ground, and a perpetual mourning house." London is also the metropolis of the world's literature. Its literary memories are imposing, and are thickly strewed through all the years of four centuries. Every where, in its aristocratic squares and its business marts and its squalid purlieus, is London dotted with spots consecrated as the haunts of literary greatness. Who of the literary guild or with the book-reading passion would not rather see the Mitre Tavern than a royal procession, or have peeped, a little more than a year ago, into the little office of *All the Year Round* than have been received by a Secretary of State? Of all its wonders, we think most reverently of all of its antiquarian and literary wonders; and chief among these is the British Museum.

The British Museum is not only the resort of the curious in antiquities and the studious in ancient and modern lore—it is also a great popular resort, an inestimable boon to the masses. On Christmas-day in 1871 no less than 11,000 persons wandered through its corridors and gazed upon its treasures; ninety-nine out of every hundred of these were artisan laborers, their wives, and their children; and the police reported that, as was proper to a temple consecrated to letters and the arts, "the people were sober, orderly, and exceedingly well-behaved." The Museum has been thrown open to the general public for many years on every day excepting Saturdays, and during certain brief periods required for repairs, cleaning, and rearranging the contents. It occupies the site, in Great Russell Street, of two famous mansions which bore the name of Montague House, having been the residence of the Dukes of Montague; and the first nucleus of what is now the British Museum was the second of these edifices. It was considered at the time of its erection the most splendid private residence in London; and we may imagine the courtiers and wits of the Restoration and of Queen Anne thronging the hospitable ducal halls, which were not many years thence to be purchased by the nation, and to receive the earliest contribution to a national museum in the shape of Sir William Hamilton's Roman vases and curiosities.

Although Sir William Hamilton's collection was the first national possession which formed the beginnings of a museum, the credit of inaugurating the present noble institution must be given to a wealthy and benevolent disciple of Æsculapius. In 1753 Sir Hans Sloane died, leaving behind him not only a library comprising 50,000 volumes, but also an extensive museum of antiquities and rare works of art. He directed by his will that these should be sold to the government for twenty thousand pounds. A lottery was opened, with official sanction, to raise funds for establishing a national museum, and the sum of £95,194 produced thereby, and £20,000 of this was devoted to the purchase of the Sloane collection. To this was added the Hamilton collection, the Cotton and Harleian manuscripts—rich mines of wealth to the historian and biographer, in several thousand volumes—and such other unclassified antiquities as lay in the government offices.

Among the subsequent contributions were the Townley marbles (in 1805), the Gallery of Antiquities, the Greville minerals, the Elgin and Phigalian marbles, the libraries of King George III. (70,000 volumes, including some of the rarest and most precious of old tomes and volumes), of Sir Joseph Banks (16,000 volumes), of Dr. Burney (father of Fanny D'Arblay), of Lord Guilford, of M. Ginguené, of Mr. Grenville, and many others, the superb collection of Egyptian antiquities, and vast ornithological, mineral, antiquarian, and scientific collections, which now bewilder the eye to weariness as the vista of corridor after corridor opens to the sight.

The Museum, as it was in its Montague House days, is described as a charmingly cozy nook, surrounded by pleasant fields and gardens, and not, as now, shut in by closely packed brick squares and streets. Those fields were historic, in a manner. There not only were the cows of the nobility pastured, but the young bloods of the nobility were "pinked" in many a hot-headed duel; there Lord Eldon found refuge when, during the Corn-law riots of the Regency, the mob attacked his house near by; and there, on Sundays, the young men and women of two generations ago were wont to take their after-dinner strolls, coming thither from all directions. Among the *habitués* of the Museum when Cary, the translator of Dante, was one of the librarians, were Coleridge, Lamb, and Rogers, about whose visits there many stories are told. But even the magnificent house of the Dukes of Montague was soon found insufficient to hold the treasures that rapidly accumulated, and about forty years ago it gave place to the present structure.

The Museum of to-day appropriately harmonizes in its exterior with the extent and value of its contents. Its frontage on Great Russell Street—which, by-the-way, is one of the dirtiest and narrowest of London streets despite its sounding name—is no less than three hundred and seventy feet. Between the building and the street is a spacious paved court, bounded by high gilded railings. At the gate is a little porter's lodge, and here stands a very British-looking porter, to observe that those who enter are respectable and orderly in behavior. The building itself comprises a centre and two very broad wings; the whole is surrounded by a lofty colonnade of forty-four plain columns, with sculptured capitals, beneath which, in the central section, is a spacious portico, reached by a wide flight of steps. Over the main entrance is to be observed a large pediment, upon which appears an allegorical group representing "The Progress of Civilization," the work of Sir Richard Westmacott. This immense building is so dimmed, begrimed, and made sombre by the fogs and gusts and long, dreary storms of London that unless one looks closely he is not likely to observe the materials which compose it. These are immense blocks of stone, of which an English writer says: "Since the days of Trajan or Hadrian no such stones have been used as those employed at the British Museum, where eight hundred stones, of from five to nine tons' weight, form the front. Even St. Paul's Cathedral contains no approach to these magnitudes." It is only when you have entered the court and approached near to the edifice that you realize how vast it is; then it seems to dwarf the palaces and cathedrals, the public offices and club-houses, which have before seemed so imposing to the wanderer among London monuments. The extent of the building can not, however, be judged from the front view, and the seven acres which it covers can only be appreciated after the tour of the many galleries has quite exhausted the sight-seer in legs, eyes, and mind. Entering the hall from the portico, you find it to be constructed in the Doric style, and to be richly decorated in encaustic, and adorned by busts and statues of patrons of the Museum. There stands, also, the famous statue of Shakspeare, presented by Garrick, and Chantrey's statue of Sir Joseph Banks. In the hall are the offices of the custodians, stands for the sale of guide-books and catalogues, and repositories for canes and umbrellas. The ground-floor is divided into four sections: the hall, the galleries of sculpture on the left of the entrance, the library and manuscript apartments on the right, and immediately in front the corridor leading to the vast circular reading-room, which will be presently described.

It gives but an inadequate idea of the Museum collection to say that it is the finest sculptural and antiquarian gallery in Great Britain; in some departments it is the rarest in the world. On turning to the left, after entering the vestibule, one finds a series of curiosities which have a peculiar interest as illustrating remote English history. This is the "Anglo-Roman Gallery." Here are seen the remains of the Roman works of useful and ornamental art which have been excavated from beneath modern London. During the economic and sanitary improvements which have been going on through the past forty years, mute witnesses of the ancient occupation of London by the Roman invaders have been from time to time discovered. These relics have been regularly accumulated at the Museum. Perhaps the most interesting are some old Roman tombs, strikingly like those which still stand on the Appian Way and in the Street of the Tombs at Pompeii, and Mosaic pavements, which Roman art could alone devise, and Roman skill alone execute. These relics are corroborative proof that London was a capital city very early in, or preceding, the Christian era. It is a tradition that Cæsar, coming to conquer the aborigines, found a colony of Flemings on the banks of the Thames; that these, from the width of the river at that point, called the place "Llyn-Dyn"—that is, "City of the Lake"—which name Cæsar Latinized to "Lundinium," or "Londinium," whence the modern appellation. A Roman bath was found in Billingsgate; on the hill where St. Paul's stands once stood the temple of Diana; and the Roman citadel, it is believed, reared itself on Tower Hill. The Museum exhibits not only tombs and mosaics, but lamps, weapons, amulets, urns, coins, and beads, whose appearance and inscriptions indicate in no doubtful manner the presence of a settled Roman civilization on the banks of the Thames. Passing further along, a most interesting series of busts of the Roman emperors, brought from Italy, is discovered; these take you back, with almost the vividness of a saunter through Pompeii, to the Cæsarian era, and reproduce the heroes and villains of the imperial city very clearly to the mind's eye. There is Cæsar Augustus, with his noble long head, his broad brow and thin lips, and his bold, strong nose; Nero, with gross, coarse face, fierce and brutal; Domitian, fat-chinned and bull-necked; Trajan, intellectual and bland; Antonine, with gently aquiline nose and genial smile; and handsome Marcus Aurelius, curly of hair, not unlike the busts of Alcibiades—the faces all so exquisitely cut by the sculptor's chisel that they seem living, and their lips about to part and speak. The next gallery, passing always around leftward, consists of the "Græco-Roman Saloons," where are many ancient sculptures of remarkable beau-

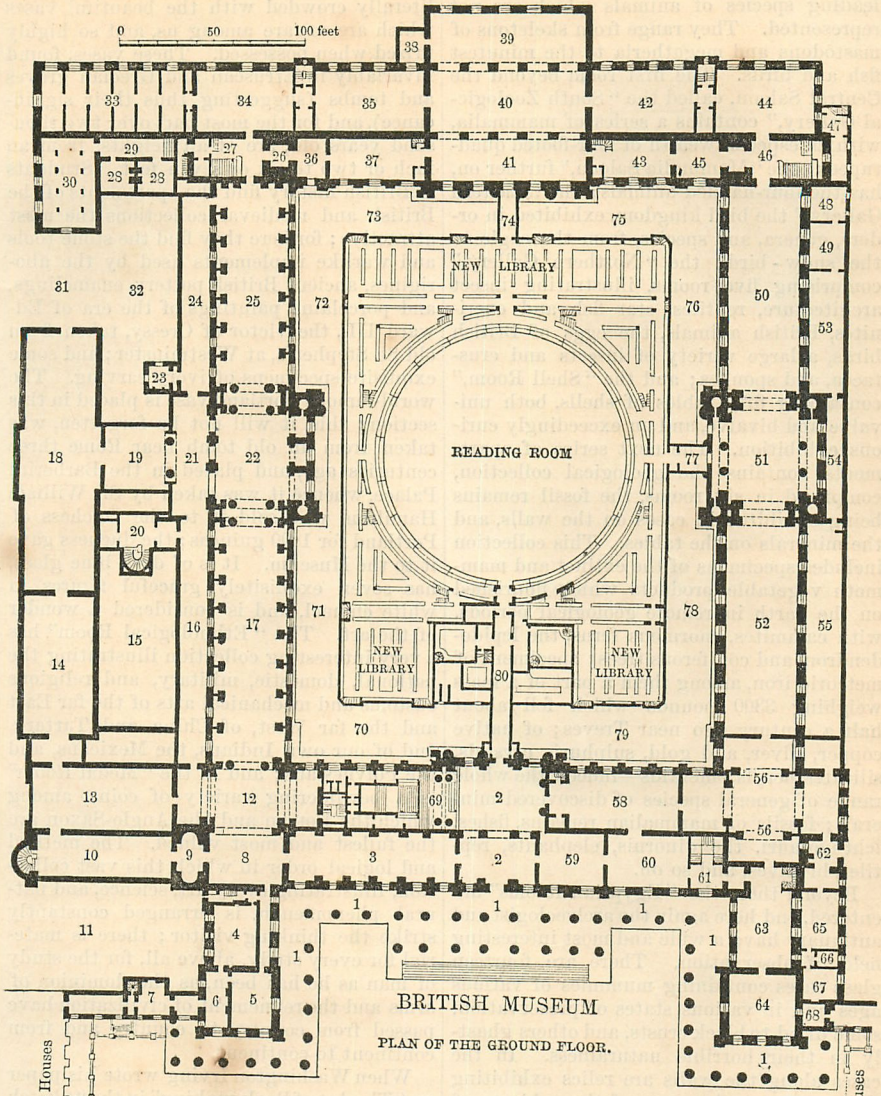
ty, as well as a bewildering multitude of military and domestic utensils, bejeweled, chased, and enameled ornaments, bass-reliefs, and coins. The most striking of these antiquities is the sculpture of the quoit-player (Discobolus) found among the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tibur, which is again and again reproduced in our own parlors in Parian and plaster. "The Lycian Gallery" comes next in order, and thus we pass from remote to yet remoter civilizations—from Roman London to old Rome and Greece, and from these to that of Asia Minor. The antiquities of this gallery were brought from the Lycian cities, especially from Xanthus, whose splendid ruins Sir Charles Fellowes discovered some thirty years ago. He removed its most valuable treasures to London, among them two great dome-shaped tombs of Lycian satraps. The "Egyptian Gallery" and the "Assyrian Gallery" are yet more replete with curiosities which at once symbolize and illustrate remote African civilization. In the former there are colossal idols—the Sphinx, Isis, and Osiris a hundred times repeated, sarcophagi and monuments, tombs of the Ptolemys and the Ramiseses, sepulchral tablets and statues of remote sovereigns, funeral vases and pillars—all crowded with the hieroglyphics which still puzzle the archæologist as well as amuse the merely curious. Memphis and Thebes are plentifully represented; there stands the colossal granite statue of Ramises II., from Thebes, and the granite lions from Nubia. In the Assyrian transept and gallery are to be found the treasures with which the perseverance of Layard has endowed the nation; the relics from Nineveh are of most important interest to the archæologist, and give clearer hints of the wonderful era of its grandeur than any thing hitherto discovered. Among them may be noted the bass-reliefs from Sennacherib's palace, the winged and human-headed lions and bulls of Nimroud, the monuments of Sargon, who led the Ten Tribes into captivity, contemporary hieroglyphics describing the exploits of Sardanapalus, and inscriptions recounting the story of Nebuchadnezzar! Not less suggestive in the Assyrian galleries are the glass and the ivory, the bronzes, mosaics, and musical instruments, the seals and playthings in common use among the Assyrians of old; here, too, you see the products of the religious fancies of this great people—the winged figures, the sacrificing monarchs, the half-eagle, half-lion monster who typified the struggle between the powers of good and evil, and that winged circle which is supposed to have been a symbol of the Assyrian God.

In 1802 Lord Elgin, then embassador to the Sublime Porte, received permission from the Sultan to ransack the Parthenon at Athens, which city happened to be under temporary Turkish dominion, and to carry off therefrom whatsoever he might choose. The privilege was made the most of: the eager embassador proceeded not only to strip the Parthenon of the treasures it still contained, but to take down and ship off parts of the edifice itself. These are now to be seen in the "Elgin Saloon" in the British Museum, and are familiarly known as the "Elgin Marbles." The pediment of the Parthenon, with its splendid bass-reliefs and its perfect proportions, is there, and may be compared with a model of the temple which is placed on a table just by it. There, too, are the metopes and the frieze, the latter representing the battles of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. The sculptures in the Elgin Saloon confirm the highest judgment of the perfection which sculpture as an art reached among the Greeks; even the fragments speak to us of their wonderful skill and taste, and the refinement of their conceptions of the beautiful. One of the most precious privileges of the Museum is that we are able to compare races and ages by their works; and a comparison, even by a superficial modern eye, between the Assyrian or Lycian and the Greek antiquities here preserved is enough to convince one of the immeasurable superiority of the latter in delicacy of imagination and cunning of execution.

The last of the antiquarian galleries on the ground-floor is the "Phigalian Saloon," containing curiosities discovered by Chandler at Phigalea, an Arcadian city, in 1765.

These ground-floor apartments present a most attractive panorama of the arts and usages of the older nations, with their sculptures, their articles of ornament, their bronzes, vases, terra cottas, medals, bass-reliefs, tools, weapons, garments, wax figures, paintings, tablets, furnitures—collections illustrating the customs and manners, the military science, the religious ceremonies, and the thrifty arts of the Chinaman and the African, the Indian and the Mexican, the Greek, Roman, and Egyptian; and coins of all metals—histories themselves in suggestive epitome.

Ascending the broad staircase in the vestibule, the upper story is reached. Here, first of all, one enters the spacious apartments which embrace a noble and wonderfully comprehensive collection of zoological specimens. Darwin must have reveled in the choice varieties of the ancestors of his race which here glare out from the glass cases on every side, and paid especial deference to the immense black, and certainly *almost* human, gorilla who occupies a conspicuous position in the middle of the "Central Saloon." He has stately company in two enormous stuffed giraffes, and many varieties of apes, monkeys, antelopes, goats, and bears. The zoological apartments, which comprise five or six long rooms, are scientifically classified, and there are few known



1. Front Colonnade.
2. Entrance Hall.
3. Roman Gallery.
4. Antiquities.
5. Antiquities.
6. } New Staircases.
7. }
8. First Græco-Roman Saloon.
9. Second Græco-Roman Saloon.
10. Third Græco-Roman Saloon.
11. Area.
12. Assyrian Transept.
13. Lycian Gallery.
14. First Elgin Room.
15. Assyrian Basement Room.
16. Nimroud Side Gallery.
17. Southern Egyptian Gallery.
18. Second Elgin Room.
19. Hellenic Room.
20. Passage and Staircase.
21. Nimroud Central Saloon.
22. Egyptian Central Saloon.
23. Area.
24. Kouyunjik Gallery.
25. Northern Egyptian Gallery.
26. Northwest Stairs altered.
27. Vestibule.
28. Passage.
29. Entrance to Lower Gallery.
30. Entrance to West Gallery.
31. West Gallery for Antiquities.
32. Basement Gallery for Antiquities.
33. Arched Library.
34. North Library.
35. North Library.
36. Northwest Lobby.
37. Cracherode Room.
38. Study.
39. North Central Library.
40. Centre of North Library.
41. South Central Library.
42. North Library.
43. Banksian Room.
44. North Library.
45. Northeast Lobby.
46. Northeast Staircase.
47. Transcribers' Room.
48. Study.
49. Sorting-Room.
50. North End of Royal Library.
51. Centre of Royal Library.
52. South End of Royal Library.
53. East Additional Library.
54. East Additional Library.
55. East Additional Library.
56. Manuscript Saloon.
57. Assistant Keeper's Room.
58. Grenville Library.
59. Waiting-Room.
60. South Manuscript Room.
61. Passage and Staircase.
62. Study.
63. Manuscript Room.
64. Manuscript Room.
65. Sorting-Room.
66. Washing-Room.
67. Dusting Room.
68. Lobby.
69. Principal Staircase.
70. Area round New Library.
71. Area round New Library.
72. Area round New Library.
73. Area round New Library.
74. Connecting Passage.
75. Area.
76. Area.
77. Connecting Passage.
78. Area.
79. Area.
80. Entrance to Reading-Room

leading species of animals which are not represented. They range from skeletons of mastodons and megatheria to the minutest fish and birds. The first room beyond the Central Saloon, called the "South Zoological Gallery," contains a series of mammalia, with an especial wealth of four-footed quadrupeds; the "Mammalia Saloon," further on, has the four-handed animals; the "Eastern Gallery," the bird kingdom, exhibited in orders, genera, and species, from the eagle to the snow-bird; the "Northern Gallery," comprising five rooms, illustrating insect architecture, reptiles, star-fish and encrinites, British animals, the eggs of British birds, a large variety of insects and crustacea, and sponges; and the "Shell Room," containing fifty tables of shells, both univalve and bivalve, and an exceedingly curious exhibition. The next series of apartments contains the geological collection, comprised in six rooms, the fossil remains being exhibited in cases on the walls, and the minerals on the tables. This collection includes specimens of the extinct and mammoth vegetable products which flourished on the earth in remote geological periods, with calamites, enormous ferns, the lepidodendron, and coniferous trees; specimens of meteoric iron, among them a part of a mass weighing 3300 pounds which fell about half a century ago near Treves; of native copper, silver, and gold, sulphuric crystals, silicates, beryls, emeralds—indeed, the whole range of general species of discovered minerals; fossils of mammalian remains, fishes, ichthyosauri, the dinornis, elephants, reptiles, bivalves, and so on.

Beyond these the "Egyptian Rooms" are entered, and here again the archæologist and antiquary have a wide and most interesting field of observation. There are fourteen glass cases containing mummies of various ages and in various states of preservation, some dried to black crusts, and others ghastly in their horrible naturalness. In the cases along the walls are relics exhibiting the customs and usages of the subjects of the Ptolemys and Ramiseses, among them ornaments, domestic utensils, official and priestly costumes, works of art, and idols, porcelain and stone figures, articles of toilet, mirrors, dye-cases, and *hair-pins;* here, too, are boxes with paints, palettes, ink-bottles, pen-cases, writing tablets; trade implements, such as a carpenter's mallets, drills, and chisels; the Egyptian housewife's needles and thread, and Egyptian infants' dolls. Bricks, terra cotta figures, Greek and Etruscan bronze-works, and mural paintings from Pompeii, with some precious pieces of Greek and Roman sculpture, are to be found in the "Temple Room," this collection having been formed and given to the Museum by Sir William Temple. Lovers of antique *vertu* would delight in the "Etruscan Rooms," which are literally crowded with the beautiful vases which are so rare among us, and so highly prized when possessed. These vases, found invariably in Etruscan and Grecian graves and tombs (suggesting thus their significance), and for the most part over two thousand years old, are of all heights, from an inch or two to six or seven feet. Students of British history find the apartments of the British and medieval collections the most attractive; for here they find the stone tools and warlike implements used by the aborigines, ancient British pottery, enamelings, and porcelain; paintings of the era of Edward III., the victor of Cressy, taken from old St. Stephen's, at Westminster; and some exquisite specimens of ivory carving. The world-famous Portland vase is placed in this section; this, it will not be forgotten, was taken from an old tomb near Rome three centuries ago, and placed in the Barberini Palace, whence it was taken by Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duchess of Portland for 1800 guineas; the duchess gave it to the Museum. It is of dark blue glass, has seven exquisitely graceful figures in white enamel, and is considered a wonder of the art. The "Ethnological Room" has a very interesting collection illustrating the national, domestic, military, and religious customs and mechanical arts of the far East and the far West, of China and Tartary, and of our own Indians, the Mexicans, and the Polynesians; and in the "Medal Room" is a bewildering variety of coins, among which the Roman and the Anglo-Saxon are the fullest and most valued. The method and logical order in which this vast collection, illustrating every art, science, and natural phenomenon, is arranged constantly strike the thinking visitor; there is material for every study, above all, for the study of man as he has been, as the dominion of arms and the refinement of civilization have passed from country to country and from continent to continent.

When Washington Irving wrote his paper on "The Art of Book-making" in the "Sketch Book," and said of the British Museum Library that it was "an immense collection of volumes of all languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read," the library contained about 115,000 volumes; in 1835 the number had swelled to over 200,000; and to-day the sum total of volumes exceeds a million. The beginning of the library was the Sloane collection, in 1757, said to be 50,000 volumes. To this King George II.—perhaps because he, a dapper little German, couldn't read English, or, if he could, cared nothing for books, nor for anything except his horses and his fat old mistresses from Faderland—added the royal library, which had been accumulating at the palaces ever since the days of Henry VII., miserly but valiant Richmond of the play.

This royal library is very curious: it consists of English theological and historical works, some Latin classics, and many Spanish and Italian works, besides rare vellum-bound and illuminated volumes, presentation copies to their majesties. A yet nobler royal gift was made to the Museum by George IV., seven years before his death (1823), of the splendid library of his poor old father, George III. This was the library which had thrown Samuel Johnson into such an ecstasy on a memorable occasion. One of the Museum librarians says of it: "The library of George III. is not confined to any particular class of literature, but embraces almost every species of human knowledge. It is a judicious selection of the best authors in all departments of literature and science, particularly in history, and comprises a rich collection of the earliest and rarest productions of the press." It would take up more space than is at our disposal to enumerate the precious curiosities of this library; Caxton's books abound, and so do Wynkyn de Wade's, and Pynson's. Here is Le Fevre's "Troy" (Caxton, 1470); the "Book of St. Alban's," 1486; many books with the autographs of the famous owners or authors, among them Lord Bacon, Michael Angelo, Charles I., Essex, Katherine Parr, Ben Jonson, Luther, Milton, Newton, Voltaire, Swift, and Sir Walter Scott; the "first Reformed Prayer-Book of Edward VI.," printed in 1549; and a multitude of others not less curious. It may be added that this collection includes the first edition of several of Shakspeare's plays, and that in the general catalogue of the Museum the heading "William Shakspeare" fills *two folio volumes*. There are first editions of almost every famous English work extant. The Museum contains seventy-five different editions of "Pilgrim's Progress" in English, and twenty-nine in other languages, including Arabic and Bengalee; seventy-two of "Paradise Lost" in English, and fifty-two in other tongues; seventy-four of "Robinson Crusoe" in English, and twenty-six in other tongues—and so on for many pages, had we the pages to spare in which to include all that is curious under this head. From the two royal libraries one may observe the literary tastes of the English sovereigns. Elizabeth seems to have been an attentive reader; Henry VIII. read very little, but had enough sense to preserve his father's books; Charles I., as well as his pedantic father, James I., liked religious, political, and philosophical works; Charles II., what little he read, evidently preferred light literature; George III. probably read a great deal of history; the other Brunswickers nothing at all.

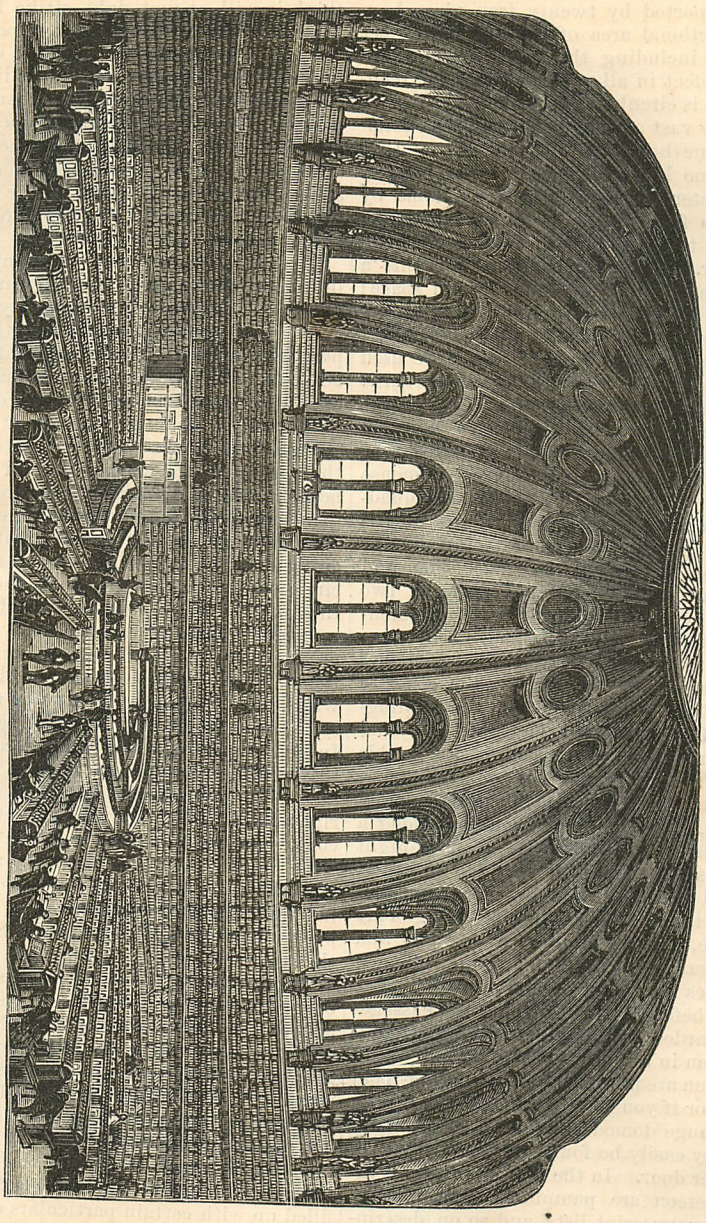
To the libraries thus united at the Museum were added gradually many private collections, some of which have already been generally mentioned. Of these the most important, perhaps, was that of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, who died in 1846, at the age of ninety-one, after a stirring public career. Mr. Grenville was a relative of Pitt's, and was the English plenipotentiary who negotiated the peace between America and England, after the Revolution, with Dr. Franklin; he was afterward First Lord of the Admiralty in Fox's "cabinet of all the talents," of which his brother was Premier. His library comprised about 20,000 volumes, and included rare editions of Homer, Æsop, the Bible, the Latin classics (among them the Aldine Virgil, 1505), and of the older English poets and historians. The contributed libraries of Dr. Burney, Dr. Tyrwhitt, Sir R. Musgrave, and Sir Joseph Banks added many valuable works and series, while the annual purchases of foreign works, and the law requiring every English publisher to furnish copies of all publications gratis to the Museum, increase the library by about 20,000 volumes a year. Besides the collection of bound volumes, there are immense masses of pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals, and manuscripts. The newspaper files are replete with interest. The earliest of these bears the date of 1601, seven years before Milton's birth, and when Shakspeare was in his prime. Therein may be found accounts of Elizabeth's state balls, where gallant Raleigh and astute Bacon attended; the discontents of Charles I.'s time may be traced—at first obscurely hinted, then growing always more distinct, until the catastrophe comes; the sanctimoniousness of the Commonwealth, the relapse of the Restoration, may be noted; you may find echoes of the wars of factions and churches in the days of the last Stuart, and court circulars in which Addison is presented to majesty, and "literary notis" announcing the completion of a new poem by "A. Pope, Esquire," or a biting satire by "the Reverend Jonathan Swift;" how "last night Duke Hamilton and my Lord Mohun fought in Hyde Park—my lord is dead of his wound;" and then you come to the name of Pitt, *pitting* page after page with the brief, pregnant name, and the Napoleonic hurly-burly; Waterloo, in the biggest of types known half a century ago; and so on, down to the American civil war, and the fierce battles of Frank and Teuton in 1870.

The manuscript department has made many a secret and sealed book of the past a living letter in the hands of such historians as Hallam, Froude, Stanhope, and Leckey. Many of its contents are contributions by the state of unofficial memoirs and correspondence which before had lain musty and neglected in the State Paper and other offices. To these have been gradually added private collections of manuscripts left by statesmen, chroniclers, and antiquarians, of which the chief are, the Cottonian manu-

scripts, collected by Sir Robert Cotton, bought by the nation in 1701; the Harleian manuscripts, in 7639 volumes; the Lansdowne, 1245 volumes; the Royal, 1950 volumes; the Sloane, 4100 volumes; the Arundel, 550 volumes; the Burney, 524 volumes; the "Additional" (miscellaneous), 15,000; and 4000 "Oriental" manuscripts. The exhibition of some of the manuscripts and letters of which the Museum is the repository, in the library apartments on the left of the entrance hall, is one of the most interesting in the building. There are choice specimens of the original works and handwritings of the famous in war, literature, politics, and royalty, carefully preserved in glass cases, and visible to all the world. The believer in the theory that handwriting is an index of character has here a fertile field for study. Here is an old mortgage deed, bearing the quaint and almost illegible signature, "William Shakespeare;" and just by, an agreement, written and signed by John Milton, in which he disposes of "Paradise Lost" (April, 1667) to Samuel Simmons, the terms of sale being five pounds down, five pounds more when thirteen hundred were sold, and five pounds additional for each additional thirteen hundred sold. Samuel Rogers, who bought this document for one hundred guineas, presented it to the Museum. The old feudal days are vividly reproduced by the original charters granted to the barons by William Rufus and Henry I.; and more curious than all is the identical Magna Charta, wrung from John Lackland, old and yellow, the writing almost gone, torn, musty, but still bearing the marks of royal assent in the illumination and a pitiful remnant of the royal seal. There is a legal document signed by Edmund Spenser, the original manuscripts of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," Scott's "Kenilworth," Pope's "Iliad," Macaulay's History, and one of Ariosto's longer poems; a dispatch written in Wellington's own hand on the field of Waterloo; and in the same case a plan of the battle of the Nile, drawn with pen and ink by its victor, Lord Nelson and Brontë; the original "Basilikon Doron," the literary "royal gift" of James I. to a grateful nation; the will of poor Mary Queen of Scots; the wise diary, in a very handsome hand, of John Locke; Frederick the Great's pedantries, written in atrocious French, and in a small, nervous, cramped hand; the journal, in an ill-spelled, soldierly scrawl, of unfortunate young Monmouth, who tried to conquer the crown of England; a poem of Tasso's; autographs of almost every English sovereign from Richard the Lion-Hearted to her present majesty, of Peter the Great, Catherine de Medicis, Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., and a host of French Henrys and Louises; characteristic letters of Raleigh, Wolsey, Knox, Leicester, Montrose, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, Voltaire, Marlborough, and Rupert; of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Hogarth; of Leibnitz, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Goethe, and Schiller; of Racine, Corneille, and Molière; of Dryden, Addison, Swift, and Pope; the Pitts and the Foxes, Sheridan and Burke, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott. The curiosities of this and the contiguous apartments, in the shape of illuminated books, prints, engravings, illustrations, specimens of decoration and binding, are an epitomized history by example of the progress of the various arts which enter into the science of book-making, and the reproduction of painting and sculpture on paper.

The great reading-room of the Museum is the almost daily resort of many of the men and women whose names are famous here as there, yet such is the democracy of its government, the humblest and obscurest of authors, would-be authors, amateur dabblers in books, and mere pleasure-seeking novel-readers may, by complying with certain forms, jostle the world-renowned poet at the threshold, or sit cheek by jowl with an essayist and reviewer in the luxurious, leather-bound arm-chairs provided for all the world. One, as he sits there, is sometimes startled, as he refreshes his eyes a moment by glancing off his book and round upon his neighbors, to see just beside him a familiar face—a face that has many a time looked out on him from frontispieces of half-calf volumes, or in the windows of photographers and bookstores. So, cozily ensconced in a spacious fauteuil, with a pile of books which have been summoned from the vasty ocean of surrounding shelves scattered about the desk, have I many times recognized these historic faces. More than once the rotund figure and fat, red, Falstaff features of Mark Lemon bustled by; I have seen the tall, boyish form, deathly white and thoughtful, yet youthful face, of Swinburne, sitting close over his books; Browning, true poet's face, calm, deep, large, dark eyed, gray-haired, and gray-bearded; Lewes, the philosopher, and his illustrious wife, George Eliot; Froude, seeming more like a scholarly New Englander than like an Old Englander, with fine, contemplative, pale, thinnish features, and a sharp, penetrating, brown eye; once, the venerable and never-to-be-forgotten head and form of Carlyle, with large brow, deep-sunken eyes, and shaggy white hair and beard; Charles Reade, with his full face, small eyes, and bald crown; and Wilkie Collins, with full beard and mustache, large, round, blue eyes, and quick, prompt manner.

The small collection at Montague House was not accessible to the literary world without much red tape and difficulty. In July, 1759, there were only five readers who enjoyed the privilege of the reading-room. Only the privileged few could reach it. As



INTERIOR OF THE NEW READING-ROOM.

the accumulations of curiosities and books went on, the aristocratic old mansion became crowded to excess. But no steps were taken to improve the accommodations until 1845, when, after much agitation of the conservative British mind, Montague House was leveled to the ground, and the present palace erected on its site, the building being completed in 1847. Even this was found too small to properly accommodate the now greatly increased library. The room was all taken up by the antiquities, the arts, the sciences. It was not till 1854 that Parliament was induced to make a grant of over £100,000 for new buildings and fittings, which included £61,000 "for the erection of a building within the interior quadrangle" (the Museum being built as a hollow square), "for the purpose of affording *increased* accommodation."

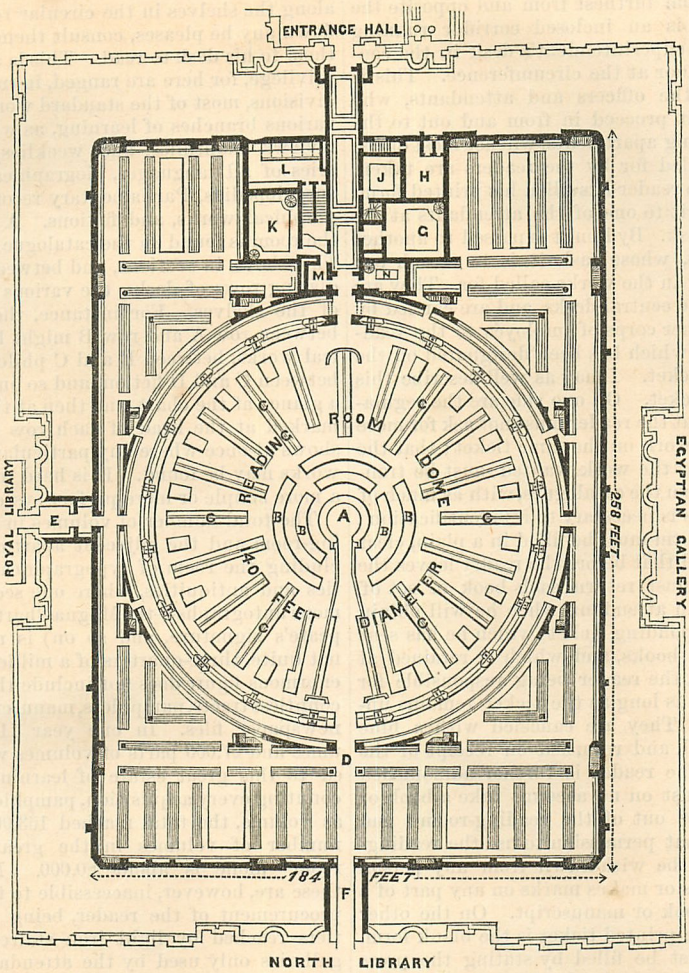
The new reading-room was thereupon begun, and completed in three years, receiving additional grants, which brought the expense of its erection up to the sum of £150,000. It was constructed mainly of iron, with brick arches between the main

ribs, supported by twenty iron piers, having a sectional area of ten superficial feet to each, including the brick casing—two hundred feet in all. The form of the reading-room is circular; it is crowned by a magnificently vast and noble dome, whose diameter is one hundred and forty feet, and its height one hundred and six, being inferior in diameter to the Pantheon at Rome by only two feet, and of larger dimension by one foot than the dome of the basilica of St. Peter. The circular room contains a million and a quarter cubic feet of space; and the outlying rooms, used for book depositories, contain 750,000 cubic feet more. Over two thousand tons of iron were used in the construction of the apartment, the weight of the materials comprised in the dome being four thousand two hundred tons, giving a weight of two hundred tons resting upon each pier. This immense apartment does not entirely fill the quadrangle formed by the four wings of the Museum building, spaces of twenty-five or thirty feet being left for ventilation and air on all sides. The roof contains two separate spherical and concentric air-chambers, extending over the whole surface, one to equalize the temperature during extremes of heat and cold out-of-doors, the other to carry off the vitiated air from the reading-room. The sky-lights, lanterns, and windows throughout the building are double glass, to avoid the effects of condensation.

Entering the front yard of the Museum by the high, gilt-tipped gate, you pass along a paved walk, and ascend the spacious flight of stone steps leading to the main entrance. You pull open the swinging door, and find yourself in the high, gray, somewhat gloomy vestibule, whence branch off to right and left the galleries, crowded with the collected curiosities and wonders of the world. But directly before you is a long, matted passage-way, guarded at the nearer end by two red-faced men in uniform. These permit you to pass if you are provided with a reading-room ticket; or if you merely wish to take a peep at the huge domed room, a superior custodian may easily be found to conduct you to the inner door. In the passage-way is a table, whereon are pamphlets, guides, catalogues, manuscript lists, and so on, descriptive of the library, for sale at trifling prices. A little further is a little apartment opening on the corridor where a highly respectable old functionary, with the (in England) rather ornamental red nose and white neck-tie, and having a large metal label hanging on his breast, receives and tickets the hats, cloaks, umbrellas, and canes of the incomers, a significant notice on the wall forbidding any one to fee him for this service.

At the glass door you stand still, amazed at the scene before you. Whatever one may have imagined that reading-room to be, I think it will, at first sight, strike him with wonder. The other side of the room seems literally a great distance off; the dome impresses with real awe, so high is it, so vast its proportions, so perfect its gigantic symmetry. Then the bewildering, unconceived multitude of books—shelves on shelves, tier after tier, section after section, story on story—rising from the floor to the curve of the dome; compact, complete through the whole immense circle!

The arrangements and fitting up of the interior of the reading-room appear to have taxed and rewarded the ingenuity of some master planner, so perfectly adapted to the purpose are they. In the very centre of the circle is a circular inclosure, within which, on a raised platform, are the desk of the superintendent, and the counters where are stationed the clerks and attendants. Along these counters you may see piles of books, to be delivered in due order to the readers, or to be returned in due order to the shelves. Outside these circular raised counters, with an interval of space between, is another circle of counters on the floor, and outside this, with another interval, a third circle of counters. These have open shelves underneath, where, in long rows, are the ponderous tomes, ranged completely around the circles, which comprise the catalogue of the library. These are at first bewildering enough. Indeed, one has to learn the science of using this reading-room before he can use it at all. The mysteries of pitching upon the right tome, and of learning the at first incomprehensible numbers and hieroglyphics with which they are filled, require time and patience; indeed, it is a sort of preliminary drilling to teach one how to study the books themselves with method. Several of these large tomes are catalogues to the catalogues; and by them, in process of time, one gets to learn how to find a subject or author with little difficulty and delay. Some of the shelves under the counters contain gazetteers, dictionaries, and indexes of many sorts. On the counters are placed pens and ink, and printed tickets, having on one side the regulations to be observed by readers in applying for and returning the books or manuscripts, and on the other a form to be filled up with certain particulars describing the works sent for, and stating the number of the desk the reader has chosen. The readers' seats and tables diverge as radii from these central counters toward the circumference. There are thirty-five of these tables; eight, thirty-four feet long, accommodate each sixteen readers on either side; nine, thirty feet long, fourteen readers; two, thirty feet long, eight readers (these two being reserved for the exclusive use of the lady readers); sixteen, six feet, accommodating two readers each. There is in the reading-room ample and comfortable pro-



PLAN OF NEW READING-ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

A. Superintendent.
B. Catalogue Tables.
C. Readers' Tables.
D. Access for Attendants.
E. Entrance from Royal Library.
F. Entrance from North Library.
G. For Registration of Copyrights.
H. Ladies' Cloak Room.
J. Attendants' Room.
K. Gentlemen's Cloak Room.
L. For Gentlemen.
M. Umbrella Room.
N. Assistants' Room.

vision for about three hundred readers at one time; each desk gives a space of over four feet to its occupant. A division or screen runs longitudinally across the desks, dividing one row of readers from the opposite row; both rows facing toward the screen. This screen is provided with a hinged desk, graduated on racks, and a leather-covered shelf, which folds into the screen, for holding books. An inkstand is fixed in the screen next this shelf, with penholders containing quills freshly distributed every morning. The desk is broad and covered with black leather. It is made of iron, and its frame-work contains air-distributing channels, contrived so that the ventilation is at the top of the screen, above the heads of the readers; this apparatus is freely controlled by valves. Beneath the feet is a tubular foot-rail passing from end to end of the rows of desks, wherein, in cold weather, is introduced a current of warm water, of great comfort to the damp feet just out of the snow. The catalogue counters are supplied with a similar ventilating and heating apparatus, their pedestals themselves being tubes, which communicate with the air-chamber below. The whole reading-room is fitted with hot-water pipes, set in radiating lines. A shaft, sixty feet high, supplies the fresh air, and the apparatus admits a supply of fresh air for five hundred persons at the rate of ten cubic feet per minute. Summer ventilation is provided for by steam-pipes, which on the roof and dome are heated, and extract the foul air. On the side

of the room furthest from and opposite the entrance is an inclosed corridor running from the superintendent's desk in the centre to a door at the circumference. This is used by the officers and attendants, who through it proceed in from and out to the surrounding apartments, whence most of the books called for by the readers are taken. When the reader has filled his printed form, he hands it to one of the attendants at the central desk. By him it is passed to another attendant, whose task it is to search out and bring in the works called for. They are laid on the central desks, and are carried by still another corps of employés to the reader's desk, which has been designated on the printed ticket. I may as well describe this printed ticket. On one side are the regulations—that the reader must not ask for more than one work on the same ticket; that the heading of the work wanted must be transcribed from the catalogues, with as much of the title as is necessary to its identification; that the form must be filled in a plain, clear hand; and that before the reader leaves the room he must return each book or set of books to an attendant, when he will obtain the corresponding ticket (which he has sent in for the books, and which is retained at the desk), the reader being responsible for the books as long as the ticket remains uncanceled. They are canceled with a blue lead-pencil, and returned on receipt of the books. The reader is further admonished that he must on no account take a book or manuscript out of the reading-room; and further, that permission to use the reading-room will be withdrawn from any person who writes or makes marks on any part of a printed book or manuscript. On the other side of the printed ticket is the blank form, which must be filled by stating the press mark, heading, and title of the work wanted, place and date of its publication, its size (whether 8vo, or 12mo, or what), the date, signature, and number of desk. I may add that the reader may choose any desk which he may find vacant; and that the rows of desks are designated by letters, A, B, C, etc., while each desk is numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.; and the desk is identified, say, as D 3, or G 6, which enables the attendant to find it without difficulty.

The process is, then, simply this: the reader first selects his desk, and notes its number, and the letter designating its row. He then goes to the catalogues, which are in manuscript, and constantly added to, and as he finds the books that he wishes to consult, fills up for each work (no matter how many its volumes) one of the printed forms. He may thus order as many books as he chooses. He hands the forms in, returns to his desk, and waits. It usually takes about half an hour before the books are laid before him. Meanwhile he may, if he chooses, wander along the shelves in the circular room, take down any he pleases, consult them, or carry them to his desk to read. This is a precious privilege, for here are ranged, in methodical divisions, most of the standard works on the various branches of learning, as well as the reviews, monthlies, and weeklies, dictionaries of all languages, biographical works, encyclopedias, Parliamentary records, topographical works, and fictions. A chart of the room is found on the catalogue counters. This shows in sections, and between the radiating rows of desks, the various divisions of the shelves. For instance, the shelves between row A and row B might be historical works, between B and C philosophical, between C and D fiction, and so on; so that a glance at the chart, and then at the letters marked at the head of each row of desks, shows at once where any particular class of works may be found. It is hard to imagine a more simple or more perfect system.

The total number of volumes in the reading-room and the adjacent apartments (including the room of typographical curiosities and antiquities, where one sees the famous autographs—the Magna Charta, Shakspeare's signature, and so on) is nearly, if not quite, three-quarters of a million. This enormous figure does not include the almost countless tracts, pamphlets, manuscripts, and newspaper files. In one year 11,000 volumes and 27,000 parts of volumes were added to this great estate of learning; while counting every acquisition, pamphlet as well as volume, the total reached 163,000! The number of volumes in the great "dome room" alone is about 80,000. Many of these are, however, inaccessible to the direct procurement of the reader, being in upper tiers reached by light iron staircases and galleries only used by the attendants. Of the volumes within the reach, and accessible to the free use, of the reader there are some 20,000. The structure of the book-cases is, to one interested in interior architecture, one of the most curious of the many marvels of the Museum. They are very simply built, the uprights being formed of malleable iron, galvanized and framed together, having beechen wood fillets inserted between the iron to receive the brass pins on which the shelves rest. The frame-work sustains the iron perforated floors of the light galleries, a part of which is a clear space between the back of the shelves and the flooring, by which the light of the rear sky-lights is thrown down the backs of the books on each tier, so that the lettering may be distinct through the book ranges. The shelves themselves are of galvanized plate, edged with wainscot, covered with russet-colored leather, and having attached a "book-fall." Wadded pads are set at either end of the shelves to prevent injury to the binding when the books are taken out or restored to their places.

Except in the case of the external walls, the book-cases are double, the books being placed on both sides, and an iron-work lattice fixed for their separation longitudinally. A curious statistician has discovered that the edifice contains three lineal miles of book-cases eight feet high, and twenty-five miles of shelves; and descending to a still minuter detail, calculated that the leaves of the volumes therein, placed edge to edge, would extend 25,000 miles, or more than thrice the globe's diameter.

The decoration of this great reading-room has been well cared for, and is throughout characteristic of that sort of substantial and solid elegance in which the English delight, and which is an "English trait." The superb interior dome—the architectural marvel of the place—is relieved by light colors, and adorned with pure and tasteful gilding; this gives a cheerful tinge to the whole vast apartment. The concave of the dome is divided into twenty broad stripes by moulded ribs, gilded with unalloyed gold-leaf, the edges fringed with a leaf-pattern scalloped edge. Each stripe, or section, has a circular-headed window, with three panels above (the central medallion-shaped), bordered with gilt mouldings, the field of the panels being sky-blue, and the margins a deep cream-color. The central medallion at the top has the royal monogram, alternated with the imperial crown. The lower cornice is massive and gilded; and the compartments of the dome, the ribs and bases, the book-cases and galleries, the panels and railings, are all richly adorned with cheerful colors, the purest gilding, and elaborate (but not gingerbread) ornamentation.

Thus is this splendid boon, given to the nation by the nation, surrounded by every accessory to render its use easy and practicable, its occupancy cheerful and comfortable, and its sphere harmonious with the purpose for which it exists. That it is appreciated, one only needs to look through the glass door and observe the human busy bees sucking in the sweets which they find in books. In the course of a year between seventy-five and one hundred thousand persons make use of the reading-room. An average day's attendance comprises some two hundred persons. The utmost order, decorum, and quiet method prevail. One of the superior officers of the library has the general supervision over the reading-room, who is always to be found at the superintendent's desk in the centre of the hall. To him is confided not only the general task of overseeing that the attendants perform their duty with order and celerity, and preserving the decorum of the room—he also is charged with the special duty of assisting the readers in their researches.

The rules of admission as a reader to the reading-room are broad and liberal, and interpose no obstacle to any student, however humble and obscure, who honestly desires to use its privileges. Those privileges are quite as accessible to foreigners as to Londoners.

The reading-room is open on every week-day except certain church holidays, and the first weeks in January, May, and September (for putting in order and repairs), from nine till four in the winter, five in fall and spring, and six in summer.

With all the English conservatism and hesitation in establishing *popular* institutions, and love of restricting and hedging about with conditions and qualifications great public privileges, no city of our republic can show a more substantial or more liberally managed public benefit than this reading-room. The reality of its freedom, its order, and its entire adaptability to answer its purpose, impress one. Here is one place where, without fee or favor, the humble student and the foreign scholar may partake of, and luxuriate in, the wealth of England; may participate in the marvelous range of lore, in every tongue, of every art and science, which her wealth, nobly bestowed, has collected. I can think of no happier destiny for the ardent lover of books, for a historian, a man of science, a statistician, a novelist, or a mere student absorptive but not fruitful, than to have cozy lodgings in the vicinity of Russell Square, a satisfactory English landlady, and a ticket—daily used—to the reading-room. He may sit in one of the roomy fauteuils as luxuriously as the West End lord in his velvet-lined mahogany, and may look round with a sense of ownership (for their use and fruits are freely his) upon a far prouder possession of learning than the greatest West End lord can boast. He is in goodly company; for here burrow, almost invariably, the scholars, romancers, philosophers of England. He sits, coequal in his privileges, with the British aristocracy of brain. He is served as faithfully and as quickly as is the minister of state by his favorite private secretaries. There is the whole day long to revel, uninterrupted if he will, in his beloved studies, in a tranquil and studious sphere, out of hearing of the bustle of the streets, though here is busiest London roaring all about him. If he grows weary for the while of his books and the quiet, he may walk out and wander through those seemingly endless corridors where are literally crowded the antiquities of Egypt and of Phœnicia, of Antioch and Afghanistan, of Athens and Rome; where are collected the marvels of geology and of mechanical science, of biology and the arts, ancient, medieval, and modern. He may read up his subject in the reading-room, and stepping into a neighboring corridor, find it practically illustrated in the glass cases which surround him.

No. 289—A VISION.

I HAD lost all hope of inheriting my uncle's estate at Martinique when, through some mysterious freak, he left it in his will to an utter stranger, Paul Wade by name, who had lived with my uncle since the death of my cousin Athalie in New York. This stranger seemed to be beloved as a son by my uncle, and it was probable that this beautiful inheritance would be forever estranged from the name and family of Gervase. It was therefore a delightful surprise to me to receive a letter from Mr. Wade, inviting me to visit him at Martinique, stating that his health was failing, and he would be glad if, as his rightful heir, I would remain with him and take charge of the estate. I lost no time in hastening to him, and finding him, although very reticent and preoccupied in his manner, a most excellent fellow at heart, was careful not to pester him with intrusive questions.

We got on very well together, and he was even good enough to tell me that he entertained a sincere regard for me, for which I was, in good truth, very grateful.

This happened one night in the library at Martinique. We had been sitting there silently together. About us there was every luxury conceivable; the grounds outside were in themselves an earthly paradise; but somehow I had fallen into a singular reverie. I looked for a while at the ghostly shadows of the trees upon the garden walk outside. They seemed in the weird moonlight to be dancing an elfish measure to the melancholy cadence of the waves breaking upon the distant shore. The silence became oppressive.

"Perhaps you'll laugh at me, Paul," I said, "but in a sentimental way I believe in ghosts. Not the fellows that stalk about in white sheets, you know, but the communion of a heavenly spirit with an earthly one."

He started, and looked at me earnestly. Then he stretched out his hand to me across the library table.

"I like you very much, Antoine," he said, "and have great reason to be thankful you are to inherit the estate. I became its owner through just such a communion as you spoke of—through the agency of a spirit."

I dropped his hand, and poured out for myself some wine.

"Come with me," he cried, snatching up a candle; and following him through the spacious corridor, I entered the bed-chamber of my host. It fronted the sea, and, although plainly furnished, was perhaps the most attractive room in the house. Immediately over the mantel was a large picture covered with some fleecy drapery, through which I could see the faint outline of a dead woman lying upon a velvet pall. Without raising the curtain that concealed the picture, he thrust his hand under it, and grasping some letters that were put into the frame, hurried me out of the room again, and back to our table in the library.

"I need these," he said, seating himself, and placing the letters before him, "to complete the history of the picture you saw just now."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "You forgot to allow me to see it. I must confess," I added, yielding to a reasonable curiosity, "I should like to very much."

"It is of no interest to any one but me," he rejoined, quickly, "as you will see when you hear the following story:"

I entered the city of New York (Mr. Wade continued) one cold night in December. Under the black, cold, infinite sky that night there was not a creature more absolutely friendless than I. Between me and starvation there rested a very little money, a crude idea of color, some talent in drawing, and a resolute will to become a painter. I was in search of a studio in the great metropolis. All that I needed was a garret with an upper light, and this I stumbled upon in an old house in West Broadway. It was difficult to induce the miserable old Frenchman that kept the store below to let me have the room. He wanted to thrust me into every nook in the old barrack but the garret, the very one that was necessary to me. The man was old, with little piercing gray eyes, skin like a piece of parchment, and a nose and chin that almost met. Greed of the most rapacious and repelling kind was written upon every line of his face. I offered him a month's rent in advance for his garret, and the sight of the money finished the bargain. He signed the receipt with his shaky skeleton claws. His name was Baptiste Perrèt.

Having procured possession of my room, I proceeded to explore it. A matter of five minutes finished the research. It was large and square, and gloomy to desolation. A dim light struggled in from the upper window through the dirt and grime of ages. The dingy boards were full of cracks and holes; the old black rafters concealed an army of spiders, and the immense festoons of webs were so ingeniously contrived as to call forth a species of admiration. An old wooden bedstead leaned up against the wall in one corner; in another reclined a chair minus a back. This comprised the furniture of the room. An open fire-place yawned before me, suggestive of the genial warmth that poverty denied me. I looked about me dejectedly. What a horrible future loomed up before me! To pass day after day in this dingy den, perhaps in the end to die here of starvation! I, who loved light and warmth and luxury, to be condemned to the desolation of this abominable garret! I started up and fled from the house. I went

out in the cold December night, and walked restlessly up and down, arguing with myself manfully. At the end of an hour I went back to my garret with a few candles and some crackers. I resolved firmly that, come what might, that garret for the time should be my home. It was after ten when I lay down upon the bed in the corner and strove to sleep. I found it impossible. It was too cold. There was but one blanket, and that of the thinnest and most miserable quality. A fierce wind rattled at the windows and swept through the room. My very bones ached, and shaking as if with an ague, I strove in vain to chafe a little warmth into my limbs. I lay thus wide awake for a couple of hours.

Suddenly I felt a singular numb sensation creeping over me. A delicious warmth spread itself about me, crept into my lungs, and lifted the oppression from my chest. I felt as if transported from that terrible region in Dante's "Inferno," where the lost are imbedded in eternal fields of ice, to the realms of paradise. The thought struck me that I had gone through with the preliminary torture of freezing, and had reached that fatal stage of numbness which had been described to me as a blissful reaction. I resolved not to struggle against it in the least. If death had come to me in this shape, it was too comfortable to resist.

I became, however, gradually conscious of a feeling that startled me. *I was certain there was something or somebody in that room with me!*

This fancy was a troublesome one, for to prove the truth of my conviction I was compelled to get out of bed and search the room. I aroused myself from my trance reluctantly, and strove to reach the mantel, where I had left my candle and matches. As I groped along the floor my hand suddenly came in contact with something like drapery. I started back wondering, and recalled to myself the utter bareness of the room when I went to bed. Then I again stretched forth my hand. I distinctly felt a hard substance —a square beam of wood, with folds of cloth hanging about it. Resolving to see this strange article of furniture, I got upon my feet and walked directly to the wall, feeling my way around the room until I reached the mantel. Lighting my candle, I looked eagerly about me. Not a trace of any thing could be seen. The room was as bare and desolate as ever. More bare and desolate, for it was colder than before. I went back to bed again, and shivered there till morning. The next day I passed in a futile effort to paint. I arranged my easel, stretched my canvas, laid out my colors, and endeavored to sketch out the outlines of a picture. The effort was a wretched one, and I went out for a walk.

Passing my landlord on the rickety stairs, it occurred to me to ask of him the meaning of the singular piece of furniture I had found in my room the night before.

"Tell me, Mr. Perrèt," I said, "do you keep a ghost up in my garret?"

He started back, an ashy pallor in his face.

"Don't get frightened," I hastened to add; "it's only the ghost of a table or couch, or something in the furniture line; I can swear I felt two posts of wood in the middle of the floor, with some sort of drapery about them."

Mr. Perrèt did not reply, and I went through the store out into the street. It appeared to me that my landlord did not do a very thriving business, as the most abject poverty and wretchedness seemed to reign in the great barren room. It was something in the pawnbroker way, as there were bundles and boxes with tickets upon them; but a look of mould and desolation was upon every thing.

Getting back about nightfall, I lighted my candle, with a bustling attempt at cheer that was pitiably abortive. The fact was, I was never made to rough it in solitude of this miserable kind. Then it was impossible to fight against the cold that reigned in my garret. It made the teeth chatter in my head, the blood congeal in my veins, and I looked back with longing to the feeling of relief I had felt upon the previous night. I was glad when the time came for me to creep under my wretched blanket. My delight may be imagined when, after suffering an agony of cold, I felt suddenly again the delicious warmth of the night before—the soft air, the impalpable, vague luxury of my former trance. I remained perfectly quiet, resolving this time not to move.

But against my will, although I resolutely strove against it, I became conscious that the something of the night before was in the room with me again; and although I would much rather not have investigated the mystery, I was in a manner compelled to again get out of bed and grope about the floor.

Suddenly my hand touched the drapery of cloth, and in withdrawing it I felt again the beam of wood.

I confess I was startled. I resolved to grasp it, whatever it was, and drag it with me to the light. But upon endeavoring to move it, I found it was impossible—either it was too heavy, or it was fastened to the floor. I passed my hand along the folds of cloth, and found they extended for several feet. The beams of wood seemed to support a few boards at the top, over which this cloth was thrown. I got upon my feet, and placed my hand upon the top of the boards. I drew back suddenly. An icy chill struck to the very marrow of my bones. I retreated to the wall again, and, reaching the mantel, lighted my candle and looked about me.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, was to be seen!

I remained in the chair all night.

The next night I left my candle burning, and saw nothing but the bare room, felt nothing but the cold.

I suffered so much with cold, disappointment, and baffled curiosity that when night came again I resolved to put away my candle. If darkness was necessary for the investigation of this mystery, there should be the most Stygian obscurity.

Nevertheless, when, upon shivering for a time, I felt suddenly the familiar warmth envelop me, the luxurious atmosphere creep in at my mouth and nostrils, I trembled. I confess it, I was seized with a nameless terror. Chill after chill crept down my back, a peculiar sensation went through my scalp. I felt, so to say, my hair rising upon my head.

This physical cowardice did not, however, deter me from pursuing my task, nor did it detract from my eagerness and anxiety to solve the whole mystery of that presence in the room.

I got out of my bed and crept softly over the floor. Some intuitive instinct impelled me to use no haste, make no noise. Gentleness and courtesy, reverence and chivalry, were needed here, not coarseness, nor rude strength, nor brutality. I reached the drapery, and extended my hand along the substance which it covered. Suddenly the drapery stopped. My hand fell an inch or two, and touched a face colder than marble.

It was a dead body which that drapery covered, and which lay upon those boards in my room.

I had known it the night before. I had looked forward to it confidently, but could not subdue the ague that seized upon my limbs. An icy sweat covered me. I was again overcome with fear, and retreated to the mantel. When I lighted the candle, I was, of course, alone, and I cursed my cowardice bitterly.

A week after I had become familiar with the presence, and had grown, horrible as it may seem, to look forward to its coming. Why not? Desolate, abandoned, despairing as I was, it saved me from madness. It brought me warmth and dreamful ease. It was food for my mind, consolation to my heart. If the living had cast me off, the dead had come to comfort me. I passed hour after hour alone with it, and grew familiar with it as with a companion. It was the body of a young girl. The outlines of the face were smoothly rounded, the features delicate and small; the lids of the eyes were large and full, and the lashes fine and long. The teeth were regular and perfect; and even the tiny ear was a marvel of exquisite form. The hair I felt must be of a soft golden color: it had not the vigor of black or brown, and passed through my hand like meshes of silk or floss. I could not see it. I could see nothing; but instinct—fancy—who can tell what it was?—taught me every line of the form, every color, every grace, of my nightly companion.

Ah, how gracious and good was that poor dead girl to me! Thus early deprived of life and the gladness of being, she wandered back and brought her sweet spirit to minister to mine. Some divine womanly pity led her to seek out the most wretched creature upon earth, to shed light and joy upon his path.

At last a divine inspiration seized upon me. Since all her loveliness was mine, why not copy it? I resolved to paint her, to have her for my own forever.

Then, behold a happy man at last! My dingy garret was transformed into a palace of light. Day after day I lingered at my work, forgetting to eat or drink in my gladness. Day after day the picture grew, until at last I saw her! A sweet pale face, the soft low brow shadowed with a cloud of golden hair, a delicate sensitive mouth and rounded chin, the glory of her eyes hidden by the transparent lids, a face and form beautiful as a woman's and holy as an angel's, abided upon my easel. The day upon which I finished it I was wild with delight. I waited for the night with feverish eagerness, for I wanted to tell my pale cold girl all that I had done for her.

But alas! when night came I sought her, and she was not. My hand wandered in vain for the familiar drapery: it had vanished with its sweet burden forever. I sought my candle, and lighted it with trembling fingers. If she had gone from my picture, I must have died with sorrow, but she was there to gladden my eyes and comfort my heart.

What if it was the picture of a dead woman with her pall about her! To me she might have been lying asleep upon a couch of velvet in an atmosphere of luxury and perfume. I had painted her as she came to me, all cold and pale, but filling me with warmth and gladness.

But I was starving—literally starving. I had not a penny left with which to buy food, and my greedy old landlord was clamoring for his rent. He forced his way into my room one morning, and cast his sacrilegious eyes upon my picture. He was cowardly enough to be afraid of it, and put out his hands in an agony of terror.

"Why, you miserable man," I said, "are you afraid of a picture?"

He staggered out upon the landing.

"Trust me for a little while, Mr. Perrèt," I said, "and I will pay."

He wrung his hands, and declared he wanted no money, but begged of me, for the love of God, to go and leave him in peace. He called Heaven to witness he was poor, miserably poor.

"All that you see below is not mine," he

cried, piteously; "they are my customers', on the faith of a man!"

"Then let me also be a customer," I said, taking from my pocket a silver watch. "What will you give me for this?"

To my surprise, he wrung his hands together, and held them up to me pleadingly.

"What do you want for it?" he whined. "I am so miserably poor! It is worth nothing. What do you want for it?"

"It's worth ten dollars," I said, and followed him down into the store. He seemed in a terror of excitement; and after giving me the ten dollars appeared to hesitate about taking the watch. I left him watching me as I went down the street to get my frugal provisions for the week.

When I returned, a grim silence prevailed in the house, but I was too much preoccupied to notice it.

I had resolved to place my picture in the Academy. If you should ask me why, I could not tell, but something determined me to ask for its admittance, and it was received. They even praised it, and ticketed it with a number.

"What name?" they asked.

"Ah! I do not know," I replied.

The obliging gentlemen looked at it a while, then at me, wonderingly. "Suppose we call it 'A Vision?'" said one of them.

"But does not a vision imply something seen?" I asked.

"Well, won't they see your painting?" he replied. "At all events, it's a nice fanciful name, and I'm a judge of these things."

He seemed, in a grandiloquent sort of way, good-natured enough, and I thanked him for his suggestion.

Presently I stood before my picture, and found it was called, "No. 289—A Vision." Beside it was a dreamy landscape, a bit of island scenery, all soft and glowing and beautiful, as befitted some region of the sun. I know not how it was, but I fancied my poor child enjoyed the nearness of that dream of an enchanted island.

I left her there, and went back to my old home. The store upon the ground-floor was closed, the shutters were up, and as I passed the door of the back-room I saw that it was empty. I went through into the store, and that also was empty. All the bundles and tickets were gone; but upon the counter lay my silver watch. I looked upon it in bewilderment. What did it all mean? If the old Frenchman had fled with the goods of his customers, why not take mine also? He had paid me its nominal value. What could be the meaning of this spasmodic honesty? What fearful mystery enveloped every thing in this dreary old house? Why did he shrink from me with terror? and why was he wild with fear at the sight of a picture?

I went up to my garret, and found the desolation there insupportable.

Since the sweet phantom refused to come to me again—since all that remained to me of her rested in that great, warm, luxurious gallery—since that wretched man had fled, why should I cling to the old habitation? I felt that excitement and semi-starvation had already done enough for my brain, and determined to shake this dust and phantasy from me. I would go out in the clear, cold sunshine, and labor and hope and live like the human creatures about me. That day I left the house in West Broadway, and took a cheap lodging up town. For—shall I confess it?—I was unable to get to work in earnest until I had again with me all that I could have of my friend. Let me once have her picture, the very coinage of my love for her, as my daily companion, and I felt that I could do any thing. I haunted the Academy night and day, waiting anxiously for the time when I could carry away my prize. I parted with a valuable ring, and lived frugally again—in poverty, loneliness, almost in despair. For at times a bitter agony assailed me. How insatiable is man! I began to regret that she was dead. I felt a vague yearning when I thought of the sweet, cold face, the still hands. Bitter sobs rose in my throat. I felt my heart bursting within me. She was the only woman I had ever loved, and I did not even know her name. She could not tell me, for she was dead. Without doubt she was dead!

I knew I was losing flesh and spirits day by day. I knew that in the old village where I was born no one would recognize the gaunt, shabby, wild-eyed man for the joyous, hopeful youth that only a few years ago seemed filled with the ruddiness of life. I felt at times a desperate longing to rid myself of my reveries and dreams. This strife for gold seemed to me a manly thing then, full of vigor and common-sense and courage. I envied the waiter at the cheap eating-house, the negro that carried in coal; and going down upon the dock one day, I joined a body of men who trundled barrows to and fro a great ship that lay near by, and shouted and strained my muscles with the rest. All in vain; my physical power was too weak, the tension upon my nerves too strong. All I gained by my day's labor were blistered hands, aching joints, a singular dizziness in my head, and a dollar and fifty cents!

When I entered my room that night I found this note upon my table:

"*Mr. Paul Wade:*

"Dear Sir,—I have learned that your picture in the Academy, 'No. 289—A Vision,' is in the possession of the artist. I desire to purchase it. An early reply will much oblige, Yours very truly,

"Blank Hotel." "Antoine Gervase.

The idea of parting with my picture for gold was ludicrous enough to make me laugh,

if I had not forgotten how. I immediately sent this reply:

"*M. Antoine Gervase:*
"DEAR SIR,—The picture, 'No. 289—A Vision,' is not for sale. Yours truly, PAUL WADE."

Within an hour I received the following reply:

"*Mr. Paul Wade:*
"DEAR SIR,—Will you do me the kindness to grant me an early interview at my hotel? I would not ask this favor if my health permitted me the pleasure of calling upon you. As it is of the greatest importance to me to see you soon, I will take the liberty of asking you to come at the hour of four this evening, and shall await your coming with anxiety.
"Yours very sincerely, ANTOINE GERVASE.
"BLANK HOTEL."

A lingering respect for the rules of civilization compelled me to comply with this last request, and punctually at four I went to the hotel. I asked for M. Gervase, and was shown into a private parlor. Almost immediately there entered, from an adjoining room, a tall, thin gentleman, with an air of subdued grief that relieved the otherwise haughty and severe expression of his face. There was something familiar to me in his large brown eyes. He wore a velvet dressing-robe, trimmed with fur, for which he apologized, stating that his health was delicate, and that he came from a warm climate.

"I am from the island of Martinique," he said, "and I hope soon to return, and, with your permission, take with me your picture."

"That can not be," I replied. "I will not part with it."

"Oh, pardon me," he exclaimed, with emotion; "I must have it. I could not leave it in the possession of another."

"I can not part with it," I repeated.

"Will you pardon me," he said, "and not deem me impertinent, if I ask why?"

"Because it is dear to me," I replied, frankly. "It is, I may say, necessary to me."

"As—as a thing of art?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; "and as a thing of affection."

He started, and looked at me earnestly.

"Will you do me the favor, the very great favor, to explain what you mean?" he said.

"No," I replied; "for the simple reason that you would not understand me, and would consider me a madman."

"Ah, Sir," he said, "if I could induce you to give me your confidence! Tell me. Is—is the picture a portrait?"

"No—yes," I said, scarcely knowing how to reply. "It is, and yet it is not. I assure you, Sir," I added, impatiently, "the original of that picture can be nothing to any one but me—to me she is every thing!"

"Ah, great Heaven!" he said, grasping a cane and leaning heavily upon it. "You say 'she—' Tell me, then, who is she? What is her name? where did you first find her? and where is she now? Let me look upon her, in the name of God!"

"That would be impossible," I said. "I can not."

"You can not!" he said, rising from his seat and approaching me. "Are you, then, determined that my life shall be the sacrifice to your obstinacy and cruelty? Since I have seen your picture I have neither tasted food nor slept, and you will not in pity answer these few simple questions!"

"Sir," I replied, also rising from my seat and confronting him, "I will do that which you desire of me; but I warn you it will only lead you to consider me a madman. I do not know who is the original of my picture. I do not know her name or her country. I found her first in the dead of night, in a dark, bare, gloomy garret, lying upon a few boards in the middle of the room, and covered with a heavy drapery of some kind. It seemed like cloth, but I can not describe it accurately, for I could not see it—I could only feel. She lay quite still and motionless, for she was dead."

The old gentleman trembled, and fell back into his chair. He looked at me with horror that seemed tempered with pity.

"Did I not tell you," I said, interpreting the expression of his face, "that you would think me a madman?"

"Nay," he replied, gently, "we are all a little mad. Is it not so? You have a good and noble face, and will not, I think, refuse me your picture, when I tell you why I desire it. Listen, I beg of you, and you will see that you can not withhold it from me. My name is Antoine Gervase. I live at the island of Martinique. Twenty years ago Heaven, in giving me a daughter, took from me a beloved wife. This little one was the only tie that bound me to life. We lived together in our beautiful home as the blessed are said to live in paradise. But we may not be too happy here, lest we find life too sweet to resign it. My daughter fell into delicate health, and the air of our island was not found beneficial for her in summer. We determined to spend the hot months at the North. Four years ago we embarked for New York. The voyage was unusually long and tedious, and upon our arrival I was afraid to take my poor Athalie to a public hotel. A fellow-passenger directed me to a quiet place near the landing. It was kept by a Frenchman, and although his appearance was calculated to inspire distrust, he was afterward of great service to me. Although the place was a poor one, I was enabled, with plenty of money, to give my daughter every luxury and care that her health demanded. All in vain; she grew worse, and died."

M. Gervase was silent for a time. Overcome with emotion, he leaned his head upon his cane. I looked upon him with unspeakable yearning.

"Tell me," I said. "Were you enabled to remain with your daughter during her illness? Was she under your immediate care?"

"I never left her for a moment," said M. Gervase, "until—until she left me. Then I became for a time utterly helpless, and was confined to my bed, while they prepared my child for her last sad journey—for I took her home with me to Martinique: her last words, her dying prayer was to sleep there under her own sunny sky. She rests there now, in a strip of land by the sea that she loved well. But before she was shut away from my sight forever I was carried to see her, and I swear to you, Sir, as she lay there upon her velvet shawl, pure and beautiful as an angel, just so she lies in your picture. The dead girl created by a fantasy of your brain is the exact prototype of my daughter Athalie. Will you, then, still refuse to me the portrait of my daughter?"

"No," I said, slowly getting upon my feet and leaving the room; "you shall have it."

Then I stumbled out into the street. Staggering along like a drunkard or a madman, faint with hunger and excitement, I saw suddenly before me a little mean shrunken figure of a man. His parchment-like skin, his loose, thin lips, his long, hooked nose, loomed upon me like a figure in a magic lantern. He moved like an automaton.

"I have been waiting for you," he said, clutching my arm with his long, bony fingers. "If I tell you where you may find her, will you swear not to harm me? That is her father in there. Does he know I took away the body of his daughter? Has he come after me?"

"He knows nothing, Baptiste Perrèt."

"But you are the devil," he went on; "you put her in a picture."

"Tell me where I may find her," I demanded.

"Yes," he said, eagerly; "what harm did I do? Wasn't it a wicked thing to put away all those jewels? When folks were poor and starving—she was covered with gems, and the shawls were worth fortunes of money—what matters it after one is dead, so long as enough ground covered her? I sent the box and I kept the body, but I buried it afterward decently in a cemetery. I'll tell you where, if you promise not to hurt me."

A silence fell upon the library at Martinique. The face of Paul looked so cold and pale in the moonlight that I hastily poured out for him a goblet of wine. He put it aside with his hand.

"You see," he said, calmly, "she was stolen by this miserable man for the jewels she wore—stolen, and put away among strangers, while her father took the empty casket to the dear land she loved so well. It was more than she could bear. She came to me for help, and that is all, Antoine. I brought her to her father. He was good enough to call me his son, and beg of me not to leave him. When he died I placed him by her side—over there, where you hear the sea. There is room there for another—only me—and I have it for a certainty that I shall not wait long. That is why I have told you all this, so that you may hold sacred the resting-place of the dead."

A fortnight later Paul died. Whether by some mysterious agency, or that he put it away quietly, I do not know, but when we found him dead upon his bed, the picture had disappeared from over the mantel, and could not be found. I confess I was not sorry.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TRUST ME.

THE much-talked-of tea was standing, black as the waters of oblivion, in the tea-pot when they rejoined Mrs. Palmer. Philippa was sitting tête-à-tête with Raban, and seemed chiefly perturbed at having been kept waiting, and because John Morgan had carried off Rhoda.

"I can't think why he did it," said Mrs. Palmer, crossly; "it is much pleasanter all keeping together, and it is too silly of that little Rhoda to make such a disturbance. As if George would have said any thing to annoy her, with all of us present! Tell me what did really happen, Robert. Why was I not sent for?"

"I am afraid George was a good deal to blame," said Robert, in a confidential voice. "I only came up after the fracas, but, from what I hear, I am afraid he had been drinking at the bar. Dolly can tell you more than I can, for she was present from the beginning."

Dolly was silent: she could not speak. Frank looked at her, and saw her blush painfully. He was glad that Miss Vanborough should be spared any farther explication, and that Mrs. Palmer beckoned him into a window to tell him that the Admiral had the greatest horror of intemperance, and that she remembered a fearful scene with a Kitmaghar who had drained off a bottle of her eau-de-Cologne. "Dear George, unfortunately, was of an excitable disposition. As for the poor Admiral, he is perfectly ungovernable when he is roused," said Mrs. Palm-



er, in her heroic manner. "I have seen strong men like yourself, Mr. Raban, turn pale before him. I remember a sub-lieutenant trembling like an aspen leaf: he had neglected to call my carriage. Is it not time to be off? Dolly, what have I done with my little blue shawl? You say George is *not* coming?"

"Here is your little blue shawl, mamma," said Dolly, wearily. She was utterly dispirited; she could not understand her mother's indifference, nor Robert's even flow of conversation; she forgot that they did not either of them realize how serious matters had been.

"It is really too naughty of George," was all that Mrs. Palmer said; "and, now that I think of it, he certainly told me he might have to go back to Cambridge to-night, so we may not see him again. Mr. Raban, if you see him, tell him— But I forgot," with a gracious smile, "we meet you to-morrow at the Middletons'. Robert tells me my brother and his family are come to town this week. It will be but a painful meeting, I fear. Dolly, remind me to call there in the morning. They have taken a house in Dean's Yard, of all places. And there is Madame Frisette at twelve. How tiresome those dress-makers are!"

"Is Madame Frisette at work for Dorothea?" asked Robert, with some interest.

Dolly did not reply, nor did she seem to care whether Madame Frisette was at work or not. She sat leaning back in her corner with two hands lying listless in her lap, pale through the twilight. Frank Raban, as he looked at her, seemed to know, almost as if she had told him in words, what was passing in her mind. His jealous intuition made him understand it all; he knew, too, as well as if Robert had spoken, something of what he was *not* feeling. They went rolling on through the dusk, between villas and dim hedges and nursery gardens, beyond which the evening shadows were passing; and all along the way it seemed to Dolly that she could hear George's despairing voice ringing beyond the mist, and, haunted by this echo, she could scarcely listen with any patience to her companion's ripple of small-talk, to Mrs. Palmer's anecdotes of Captains and Colonels, and anticipation of coming gayety and emotions. What a season was before her! The Admiral's return, Dolly's marriage, Lady Henley's wearing insinuations—she dreaded to think of it all.

"You must call for us to-morrow at half past seven, Robert, and take us to the Middletons'. I couldn't walk into the room alone with Dolly. I suppose Joanna, too, will be giving some at-homes. I shall have to go, however little inclined I may feel."

"It is always well to do what other people do," said Robert; "it answers much the best in the long-run."

He did not see Dolly's wondering look. Was this the life Dolly had dreamed of? a sort of wheel of commonplace to which poor unquiet souls were to be bound, confined by platitudes, and innumerable threads, and restrictions, and silences. She had sometimes dreamed of something more meaningful and truer, something responding to her own nature, a life coming straighter from the heart. She had not counted much on happiness. Perhaps she had been too happy to wish for happiness; but to-night it occurred to her again what life might be—a life with a truth in it, and a genuine response and a nobler scheme than any she had hitherto realized.

Frank heard a sigh coming from her corner. They were approaching the street where he wanted to be set down, and he, too, had something in his mind, which he felt he must say before they parted. As he wished Dorothea good-night he found a moment to say, in a low voice, "I hope you may be able to tell Lady Sarah every thing that has happened, without reserve. Do trust me. It will be best for all your sakes;" and then he was gone before Dolly could answer.

"What did he say?" said Robert Henley. "Are you warm enough, Dolly? Will you have a shawl?"

He spoke so affectionately that she began to wonder whether it was because they were not alone that he had been cold and disappointing.

They reached the house, and old Sam came to the door, and Robert helped to unpack the wrecks of the day's pleasures—the hampers and umbrellas and armfuls of crumpled muslins. Then the opportunity came for Robert to be impulsive if he chose, for Mrs. Palmer floated up stairs with her candle to say good-night to Lady Sarah.

She was kissing her hand over the balusters, and dropping all the wax as she went along.

Robert came up to Dolly, who was standing in the hall. "Good-night," he said. "It might have been a pleasant day upon the whole if it had not been for George. You must get him to apologize to Rhoda, Dora. I mean to speak very plainly to him when I see him next."

His calmness exasperated her as he stood there with his handsome face looking down a little reproachfully at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Speaking won't do a bit of good, Robert," she said, hastily. "Pray don't say much to him—"

"I wonder when you will learn to trust me, Dora," said her cousin, taking her hand. "How shall we ever get on unless you do?"

"I am sure I don't know," Dolly answered, wearily; "we don't seem to want the same things, Robert, or to be going together a bit."

"What do you mean?" said Henley. "I think you are tired and out of spirits to-night;" and he turned away, looking hurt.

With a sudden reaction Dolly caught hold of his arm with both hands. "Robert! Robert! Robert!" she said, holding him fast, and looking as if she could transform him with her eyes to be what she wanted.

"Silly child," he answered, "I don't think you yourself know what you want. Good-night. Don't forget to be ready in time to-morrow."

Then he was gone, having first looked for his umbrella, and the door banged upon Robert and the misty stars, and Dolly remained standing at the foot of the stairs. Frank Raban's words had borne fruit, as sensible words should do. "Trust me," he had said; and Henley had used the same phrase, only with Robert "Trust me" meant believe that I can not be mistaken; with Frank "Trust me" meant trust in truth in yourself and in others. Dolly, with one of those quick impulses which come to impressionable people, suddenly felt that all along she had been mistaken. It would have been better, far better, from the beginning to have told Lady Sarah every thing. Marker came up to shut bolts and put out the lights. Dolly looked up, and she went and laid her tired head on the old nurse's shoulder, and clung to her for an instant.

"Is any thing the matter, my dearie?" said Marker.

"I don't know," Dolly said. "George is not come home. I have so much to say to him! Don't bolt the door, Marker, and please leave a light."

But George did not come home that night, although the door was left unbolted, and the light kept burning on purpose. When the morning came his bed was folded smooth, and every thing looked straight and silent in his room, which was orderly as places are when the people are away who inhabit them.

Dolly was uneasy, but the others thought but little of his absence. It was not the first time he had gone off without taking leave. Mrs. Palmer was absorbed too, and disquieted by other preoccupations. Philippa, who had dozed away her first few months in England, suddenly began to feel the necessity of a wider scope and more varied society; the tranquil monotonies of the old place seemed to weigh upon her; the Admiral's return was approaching, and she determined, for Dolly's sake, she said, to make an effort to see something of the world before her tyrant appeared.

"You can not imagine what it is, Dolly, to be linked to one completely uncongenial, you who are so fortunate in our dear Robert's perfect sympathy and knowledge of London life. He quite agrees with me in my wish that you should be introduced. Admiral Palmer hates society, except to preach at it—such a pity, is it not! I assure you, strange as it may seem, I quite dread his return."

There had been a remarkable transformation in Mrs. Palmer since this new phase had come over her—flinging aside her peignoir and coffee-cups, she now appeared with renewed vigor, devotedly dressed in the very height of fashion, and prepared to make the most of remaining liberty, and to welcome any number of acquaintances to Church House. They came—Indian ladies, Yorkshire ladies, and dressy middle-aged men, former partners of the lovely Philippa's, now full Captains, Colonels, and even Generals. Mrs. Palmer had the gift of attracting people about her when she chose. The old house seemed crazed; cards coming in, notes, milliners waiting in the hall (Indian fashion, Mrs. Palmer sent to bazars for all she wanted), hansoms were drawn up in the Lane—it was all an abomination to poor Lady Sarah. Even Robert was not near so well pleased as when he used to come and find a tranquil silence, Dolly gathering the roses in the garden, and Philippa dozing tranquilly under a tree. People like to travel about themselves, and for others to do their consistency for them. When one returns time after time to a place and finds it unchanged, there comes a not unagreeable sense of calm and serenity, of which one is apt to take the credit to one's self. There is little self-satisfaction to be got out of an ever-varying row of strangers installed in one's own domain; in the ringing of bells; in the distractions of one's friends no longer all absorbed in our affairs. Robert remonstrated one day, greatly to his aunt's annoyance. Lady Sarah, for her part, suffered in silence. For years back she had avoided her friends, and lived with her chickens and her poor people. Mrs. Palmer

hated chickens and poor people, but she liked her former partners, who had, after all, no less right to an individual existence than Lady Sarah's protégés.

So Dolly, for the first time under her mother's chaperonage, penetrated into the mysterious circles that people call the world. It was a sort of fairy-world, Dorothea thought, when she first stepped into it. It twinkled all through the long summer nights; the fairies in their brilliant gossamer robes went dancing about Belgravia and Tyburnia, and in rings and mazes to music hidden by flowers. They danced, laughing and chattering, or rested, sipping sweet food. Dolly did not care whether or not it was crème de la crème that the respectable waiters were handing about on the plated trays. She danced with Robert and any body who asked her, perfectly happy and delighted to beat time in the maze with her white satin shoes. Mrs. Palmer also danced, in a curious floating style quite her own; it was graceful and somewhat out of time. She was generally invited by the very youngest man in the room, who would retire weary, and yet triumphant, after the encounter; Robert, in duty bound, asked her for the quadrilles, but could never be prevailed upon to attempt a waltz.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

For some days past Mrs. Palmer and Julie had been absorbed in the preparation of two beautiful garments that were to be worn at Mrs. Middleton's, and at a ball at Bucklersbury House, for which Mrs. Palmer was expecting an invitation. Lady Sarah had written at her request to ask for one. Meanwhile the dresses had been growing under Julie's art; throwing out fresh flounces and trimmings and ribbons hour by hour, until they had finally come to perfection, and were now lying side by side on the bed in the spare room, ready to be tried on for the last time.

"Must it be *now*, mamma?" said Dolly. "Breakfast is just ready, and Aunt Sarah will be waiting."

"Julie, go down stairs and beg Lady Sarah not to wait," said Mrs. Palmer.

Julie came back saying that Miss Rhoda was with Lady Sarah below, and asking for Miss Dolly.

"She can not go to them now," said Mrs. Palmer. "Now, Julie, stick in your pins. Stand up, Dolly, and don't stoop, dearest;" and Mrs. Palmer sank back into a big chair, where she reclined superintending the trial.

Dolly stood bolt upright, scarcely conscious of the dress or the pins. She was still thinking over the great determination she had come to. George had not come back, but all the same Dolly had made up her mind to tell Lady Sarah every thing. She was not afraid; it was a relief to have the matter settled. She would say no word to injure him. It was she who had been to blame throughout the past. Her reflections were oddly intermingled with snips and pricks other than those of her conscience. Once, as Julie ran a pin into her elbow, she thought how strange it was that Mr. Raban had guessed it all along. What would Aunt Sarah say? Dolly only feared the pain she might give her.

"Have you nearly done? Let me go down, Julie," said Dolly, becoming impatient at last.

But Julie still wanted to do something to the set of the sleeve.

And while Julie was pinning poor Dolly down the clock struck nine, and the time was over, and Dolly's opportunity was lost forever. It has happened to us all. When she opened the dining-room door at last she knew in one instant that it was too late.

The room seemed full of people. Lady Sarah was there; Mrs. Morgan bristling by the window; Rhoda was there, kneeling at Lady Sarah's knee, in some agitation: her bonnet had fallen off, her hair was all curling and rough. She started up as Dolly came in, and ran to meet her.

"Oh, Dolly?" she said. "Come, come," and she seized both her hands. "I have told Lady Sarah every thing; she knows all. Oh, why did we not confide in her long ago?" and Rhoda burst into tears. "Oh, I feel how wrong we have been," she sobbed.

"Rhoda has told me every thing, Dolly," said Lady Sarah in a cold voice—"every thing that those whom I trusted implicitly saw fit to conceal from me."

Was it Aunt Sarah who had spoken in that cold, harsh-sounding tone?

"Rhoda has acted by my advice and with my full approval," said Mrs. Morgan, stepping forward. "She is not one to look back once her hand is to the plow. When I had seen George's letter—it was lying on the table—I said at once that no time should be lost in acquainting your aunt, Dolly. It is inconceivable to me that you have not done so before. We started immediately after our eight-o'clock breakfast, and all is now clearly understood, I trust, Lady Sarah. Rhoda's frankness will be a lesson to Dolly."

Poor Dolly! she was stiff, silent, overwhelmed. She looked appealingly at her aunt, but Lady Sarah looked away. What could she say? how was it that she was there a culprit while Rhoda stood weeping and forgiven? Rhoda who had enforced the silence, Rhoda now taking merit for her tardy frankness! while George was gone, and Dolly in disgrace.

"Indeed, Aunt Sarah, I would have told

you every thing," cried the girl, very much agitated, "only Rhoda herself made me promise—"

"Dolly, you never promised!" cried Rhoda. "But we were all wrong," she burst out, with fresh penitence: "only, Lady Sarah knows all, and we shall be happier now," she said, wiping her eyes.

"Happy in right-doing," interrupted Mrs. Morgan.

"Have we done wrong, Aunt Sarah? Forgive us," said Dolly, with a touching ring in her voice.

Lady Sarah did not answer. She was used to her nephew's misdeeds, but that Dolly—her own Dolly—should have been the one to plot against her cut the poor lady to the heart. She could not speak. "And Dolly knew it all the time," she had said to Rhoda a minute before Dolly came in. "Yes, she knew it," said Rhoda. "She wished it, and feared—" Here Rhoda blushed very red. "George told me she feared that you might not approve of and do for him as you might otherwise have done. Oh! Lady Sarah, what injustice we have done you!"

Poor stupid Dolly! it never occurred to her to ask what account Rhoda had given of the whole affair. It was part of her nature to have faith in other people, and to take their loyalty for granted. For months past her one idea had been to shield her beloved scape-grace, and she was still thinking more of him than of herself.

"Perhaps Dolly would wish to see the letter," said Mrs. Morgan, offering her a paper: there was no mistaking the cramped writing. There was no date nor beginning to it.

"I have been awake all night thinking over what has happened. It is not your fault that you do not know what love is, nor what a treasure I have wasted upon you. I have given you my best, and to you it is worthless. You can't realize such love as mine. You will not even understand the words that I am writing to you; but it is not your fault, any more than it is mine, that I can not help loving you. Oh, Rhoda, you don't care so much for my whole life's salvation as I do for one moment's peace of mind for you. I see it now—I understand all now. Forgive me if I am hurting you, for the sake of all you have made me suffer. I feel as if I could no longer bear my life here. I must go, and yet I must see you once more. You need not be afraid that I should say any thing to frighten or distress you. Your terror of me pains me far more than you have any conception of. God bless you! I had rather your hands smote me than that another blessed."

"It is most deplorable that a young man of George's ability should write such nonsense," said Mrs. Morgan.

Poor Dolly flushed up and began to tremble. Her heart ached for her poor George's trouble.

"It is not nonsense," she said, passionately; "people call what they can not feel themselves nonsense. Aunt Sarah, you understand, though they don't. You must see how unhappy he is. How can Rhoda turn against him now? How can she, after all that has passed? What harm has he done? It was not wicked to love her more than she loved him."

"Do you see no cruelty in all this long deception?" said Lady Sarah, with two red spots burning in her cheeks. "You must both have had some motive for your silence. Have I ever shown myself cold or unfeeling to you?" and the flushed face was turned away from her.

"It was not for herself, Lady Sarah," said Mrs. Morgan, wishing to see justice done. "No doubt she did not wish to injure George's prospects."

Dolly was silent. She had some dim feeling of what was in Lady Sarah's mind; but it was a thought she put aside—it seemed unworthy of them both. She was ashamed to put words to it.

If Dolly and her aunt had only been alone, all might have been well, and the girl might have made Lady Sarah understand how true she had been to her and loyal at heart, although silent from circumstances. Dolly looked up with wistful, speaking eyes, and Lady Sarah almost understood their mute entreaty.

The words of love are all but spoken, when some one else speaks other words; the hands long to grasp each other, and other fingers force them asunder. Alas! Rhoda stood weeping between them, and Mrs. Palmer now appeared in an elegant morning wrapper.

"My dearest child, what is the matter?" said Dolly's mamma, coming in with a rapid rush, and enfolding her. "Sarah, what have you been saying to my child?"

But Lady Sarah, freezing up again, rose and left the room.

So Rhoda, tearful and forgiven, remained for some time giving her version of things to Mrs. Palmer. She had come to speak to Lady Sarah by her aunt's advice. Aunt Morgan had opened George's letter as it lay upon the breakfast-table, and had been as much surprised as Rhoda herself by its contents. They had come to talk things over with Lady Sarah, to tell her of all that had been making Rhoda so unhappy of late.

"I thought she and you, Mrs. Palmer, would have advised me and told me what was right to do," said the girl, with dark eyes brimming over. "How can I help it if he loves me? I know that he might have looked higher."

"The boy is perfectly demented," said Mrs. Palmer, "to dream of marrying. He has not a sixpence, my dear child, barely enough to pay his cab hire. He has been most ridiculous. How we shall ever persuade Lady Sarah to pay his debts I can not imagine! Dolly will not own to it, but we all know that she does not like parting with her money. I do hope and trust she has made her will, for she looks a perfect wreck."

"Oh, mamma!" entreated poor Dolly.

Mrs. Palmer paid no heed, except to say, crossly, "I do wish you had shown a little common-sense. Dolly, you have utterly injured your prospects. Robert will be greatly annoyed; he counts so much upon dear Sarah's affection for you both. As for me, I have been disappointed far too often to count upon any thing. By-the-way, Dolly, I wish you would go up and ask your aunt whether that invitation has come to Bucklersbury House. Go, child; why do you look so vacant?"

Poor Dolly! One by one all those she trusted most seemed to be failing and disappointing her. Hitherto Dolly had idealized them all. She shrunk to learn that love and faith must overcome evil with good, and that this is their reward even in this life, and that to love those who love you is not the whole of its experience.

Rhoda's letter, miserable as it was, had relieved Dolly from much of her present anxiety about George. That hateful dark river no longer haunted her. He was unhappy, but he was safe on shore. All the same, every thing seemed dull and sad and undefined that afternoon, and Robert, coming in, found her sitting in the oak-room window with her head resting on her hand and her work lying in her lap. She had taken up some work, but as she set the stitches it seemed to her—it was but a fancy—that with each stitch George was going farther and farther away, and she dropped her work at last into her lap, and reasoned herself into some composure; only when her lover came in cheerfully, and talking with the utmost ease and fluency, her courage failed her suddenly.

"What is the matter; why do you look so unhappy?" said Robert.

"I don't know," Dolly answered, gently, "at least not quite."

"Then what is the use of making yourself miserable?" said Robert, impatiently, "you are a great deal too apt, Dolly, to trouble yourself unnecessarily. You must forgive me for saying so. As for this business between George and Rhoda, it is simply childish, and there is nothing in it to distress you."

"Do you think that nothing is unhappiness," said Dolly, hurt, "unless it has a name and a definite shape? Even Mr. Raban understood how anxious I was yesterday."

Robert did not answer for some time; then he said, "Raban is a man I do not like. I beg you will draw no comparisons between us. What is this about the invitation—you don't mean to say the Duchess has not sent one yet?"

"There is only the card for Aunt Sarah. I am afraid mamma is vexed, and it is settled that I am not to go."

"Not to go?" Robert cried; "my dear Dolly, of course you must go; it is absolutely necessary you should be seen at one or two good houses, after all the second-rate society you have been frequenting lately. Where is your mother?"

When Mrs. Palmer came in, in her bonnet, languid and evidently out of temper, and attended by Colonel Witherington, Robert immediately asked, in a heightened tone of voice, whether it was true that Dolly was not to be allowed to go to the ball.

Philippa replied in her gentlest accents that no girl should be seen without her mother. If an invitation came for them both, every thing was ready; and, even at the last moment, she should be willing to take Dorothea to Bucklersbury House.

"Too bad," said the Colonel, sitting heavily down in Lady Sarah's chair. "A conspiracy, depend upon it. They don't wish for too much counter-attraction in a certain quarter."

"One never knows what to think," said Mrs. Palmer, thoughtfully. "I have left a card this afternoon, Robert, upon which I wrote a few words in pencil, to explain my connection with Sarah. I wished to show that I at least was not unacquainted with the usages of civilized society. Kindly hand me that 'Peerage.'"

"My dear Aunt Philippa," cried Robert, walking up and down in a state of the greatest perturbation, "what induced you to do such a preposterous thing? What will the Duchess think of us all?"

Mrs. Palmer, greatly offended, replied that she could not allow Robert to speak to her in such disrespectful tones. The Duchess might think what she chose; Dolly should not go without her.

Dolly tried in vain to smooth the angry waters—she only made things worse.

"I don't care about it a bit," she said.

"After all the trouble you have given us in the matter," said her mother, "it is scarcely gracious of you, Dolly, to say that you no longer care for the ball."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHITE ROSES.

SOME one sent Dolly a great bunch of white roses that afternoon; they came in with a late breath of summer—shining white with dark leaves and stems—and, as Dolly bent her head over the soft zones, breathing their sweet breath, it seemed to carry her away into cool depths of fragrance. The roses seemed to come straight from some summer garden, from some tranquil place where all was peace and silence. As she stood holding them in her two hands, the old garden at All-Saints came before her, and the day when Robert first told her that he loved her. How different things seemed

already; the roses only were as sweet as she remembered them. Every one seemed changed since then—Robert himself most of all; and if she was herself disappointed, was she not as changed as the rest?

But these kind, dear roses had come to cheer her, and to remind her to be herself, of all that had gone before. How good of Robert to think of them! She wished they had come before he left, that she might have thanked him. She now remembered telling him, as they were driving down to the river, that no roses were left in their garden.

"Very pretty," said her mother. "Take them away, Dolly; they are quite overpowering. You know, Colonel Witherington, how much better people understand these things at Trincomalee: and what quantities of flowers I used to receive there! Even the Admiral once ordered in six dozen lemon shrubs in tubs for my fête. As for the people in this country, they don't do things by halves, but by quarters, my dear Colonel."

Mrs. Palmer was still agitated, nor did she regain her usual serenity until about six o'clock, when, in answer to a second note from Lady Sarah, the persecuted Duchess sent a blank card for Mrs. Palmer to fill up herself if she chose.

When Dolly came to say good-night to Lady Sarah she held her roses in her hand. Some of the leaves shook down upon her full white skirts. It was late in the summer, and the sweet heads hung languid on their stalks. They were the last roses that Dolly wore for many and many a day.

"So you are going," said Lady Sarah.

"Yes," said Dolly, waiting for one word, one sign, to show that she was forgiven. She stood with sun-gilt hair in the light of the western window.

"Dear Aunt Sarah, you are not well. You must not be left all alone," Dolly said, trying to melt the ice.

"I am quite well—I shall not be alone," said Lady Sarah. "Mr. Tapeall is coming, and I am going to make my will, Dolly;" and she looked her niece hard in the face. "I shall not change it again, whatever may happen. You will have no need in future to conceal any thing from me—"

Dolly blushed up, hurt.

"Dear Aunt Sarah, you do not mean what you say."

"I wish I did not mean it, Dolly," said Lady Sarah, coldly still. "I can only judge people by their deeds. You and Robert shall judge me by mine whether or not I have loved you;" and the poor old voice failed a little, and the lips quivered as she held up her cheek for Dolly to kiss.

"Dear, dearest," said Dolly, "I don't know what you mean. If you mean that you are going to leave me money, I shall not be grateful. I have enough. What do I want? Only that you should love me always. Do you think I would marry Robert if he did not think so too?"

"Mademoiselle, madame is ready," cried Julie, coming to the door and tapping.

"George, too, would say the same: you know he would," Dolly went on, unheeding Julie's call. "If you give him what you meant for me, dear Aunt Sarah, indeed that would make me happiest, and then I should know you forgive me. Indeed you would understand, if only you knew all. I have been miserable."

The door creaked, opened, and Mrs. Palmer stood there impatient in her evening dress.

"My dear Dolly, what have you got to say to Aunt Sarah? We shall be dreadfully late, and dear Robert is fuming. *Do* pray come. Good-night, Sarah—so sorry to leave you."

Rather than keep dinner waiting people break off their talk, their loves, their prayers, their sincerest emotions. The Middletons' dinner was waiting, and Dolly had to come away. Some of the rose leaves were lying on the floor after she had left, and the caressing fragrance still seemed to linger in the room.

Dolly left home unforgiven, so she thought. Aunt Sarah had not smiled nor spoken to her in her old voice once since that wretched morning scene.

But, in truth, Lady Sarah was clearer-sighted than people gave her credit for. She was bitterly hurt by Dolly's want of confidence; but she began to understand the struggle which had been going on in the girl's mind, and, so far, things were not so sad as she had imagined at first. They were dismal enough.

When Marker came to tell Lady Sarah that Mr. Tapeall and his clerks were below, she got up from her chair wearily, and went down to meet the lawyer. What did she care now? She had saved and pinched and laid by (more of late than any one suspected), and Dolly was to benefit, and Dolly did not care; only Robert seemed to count upon the money. It is often the most cautious people who betray themselves most unexpectedly. Something in Henley's manner had annoyed Lady Sarah of late. He had spoken of George with constant disparagement. More than once Robert had let slip a word that showed how confidently he counted upon Dolly's inheritance.

One day Mrs. Palmer had noticed Lady Sarah's eyes upon him, and immediately tried to cover his mistake. Not so Dolly, who said, "Robert! what are you thinking of? How should we ever be able to afford a country house if you go into Parliament?"

"Robert thinks he is marrying an heiress, I suppose," said Lady Sarah.

"No, he doesn't," Dolly answered; "that would spoil it all."

This was all the gratitude poor Lady Sarah had saved and pinched herself to win.

Lady Sarah, as I have said, might have been a money-lover, if her warm heart had not saved her. But she was human, and she could not help guessing at Robert's comfortable calculations, and she resented them. Did she not know what it was to be married not for herself, but for what she could bring? Was *that* to be her Dolly's fate? Never, never! Who knows? Let her have her own way; it may be best, after all, thought Lady Sarah, wearily. She was tired of battling. Let George inherit, and Dolly after him, if it so pleased them. To please them was all she had wished or hoped for, and now even the satisfaction of pleasing them in her own way was denied her. But her girl was true; this she felt. No sordid thoughts had ever come between them, and for this she thanked God in her heart.

"You may burn it, Mr. Tapeall," said Lady Sarah, as the lawyer produced a beautiful neatly written parchment, where Miss Dorothea Vanborough's name was emblazoned many times. "I want you to make me another. Yes, make it directly, and I will sign it at once, and old Sam can bear witness."

"I shall be happy to receive any further instructions," said the lawyer. "I shall have to take the memorandum home with me to prepare—"

"I will sign the memorandum," said Lady Sarah. "You can have it copied, if you like, Mr. Tapeall; but I wish to have this business settled at once, and to hear no more of it. There is a pen and some ink on that table."

"Where did you get your roses?" said Robert to Dolly; "I thought you told me they were over."

"Did not you send them?" said Dolly, disappointed. "Who can have sent them? *Not* Colonel Wilkinson?"

"Mr. Raban is more likely," said Mrs. Palmer. "Julie tells me he came to the door this afternoon."

"How kind of him!" cried Miss Vanborough.

"It was quite unnecessary," said Robert. "Nobody in society carries bouquets now."

"Then I am not in Society," said Dolly, laughing; but although she laughed, she felt sad and depressed.

When the door opened and Mrs. Palmer, followed by her beautiful daughter and Henley, came into the room at Mrs. Middleton's, Colonel Witherington declared, upon his honor, they quite brightened up the party. White and gracious with many laces and twinklings, Mrs. Palmer advances, taking to society as a duck takes to the water, and not a little pleased with the sensation she is creating. Dolly follows, looking very handsome, but, it must be confessed, somewhat absent. Her mother had excellent taste, and had devised a most becoming costume, and if Dolly had only been herself, she would certainly have done credit to it; but she had not responded to Mademoiselle Julie's efforts—a sudden fit of dull shyness seemed to overpower her. If Frank Raban had been there, she would have liked to thank him for her flowers, but Mrs. Middleton began explaining to Robert how sorry she was that his friend Mr. Raban had been obliged to go off to Cambridge. Dolly was a little disappointed. The silvery folds of her dress fell each in juxtaposition, but Dolly sat silent and pale and far away, and for some time she scarcely spoke.

"That girl does not look happy," said some one.

Robert overheard the speech, and was very much annoyed by it. These constant depressions were becoming a serious annoyance to him. He took Dolly down to dinner, but he devoted himself to a sprightly lady on his left hand, who with many shrieks of laughter, and wrigglings and twinklings of diamonds, spurred him on to a brilliance foreign to his nature. Young as he was, Robert was old for his age, and a capital diner-out, and he had the art of accommodating himself to his audience. Mrs. Palmer was radiant, sitting between two white neckcloths; one belonged to the Viscount Portcullis, the other to the faithful Witherington; and she managed to talk to them both at once.

Dolly's right-hand neighbor was an upright, rather stern, soldierly looking man, with a heavy white mustache. He spoke to her, and she answered with an effort, for her thoughts were still far away, and she was preoccupied still. Dolly was haunted by the sense of coming evil; she was pained by Robert's manner. He was still displeased, and he took care to show that it was so. She was troubled about George; she was wondering what he was about. She had written to him at Cambridge that afternoon a loving, tender, sisterly little letter, begging him to write to his faithful sister Dolly. Again she told herself that it was absurd to be anxious and wicked to be cross, and she tried to shake off her depression, and to speak to the courteous though rather alarming neighbor on her right hand.

It was a dinner-party just like any other. They are pretty festivals on the whole, although we affect to decry them. In the midst of the Middleton dinner-table was an erection of ice and ferns and cool green grass, and round about this circled the entertainment—flowers, dried fruit, processions of cut glass and china, with entrées, diversities of chicken and cutlet, and then ladies and gentlemen alternate, with a host at one end and a hostess at the other, and an outermost ring of attendants pouring out gold and crimson juices into the crystal cups.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that other people

are not silent always because we are sad. With all its objections—I have read this in some other book—there is a bracing atmosphere in society, a Spartan-like determination to leave cares at home, and to try to forget all the ills and woes and rubs to which we are subject, and to think only of the present and the neighbors fate has assigned for the time. Little by little Dolly felt happier and more reassured. Where every thing was so commonplace and unquestioning, it seemed as if tragedy could not exist. Comedy seems much more real at times than tragedy. Three or four tragedies befall us in the course of our existence, and a hundred daily comedies pass before our eyes.

Dolly, hearing her mother's silver laugh and Robert's cheerful duet, was reassured, and she entered little by little into the tune of the hour, and once, glancing up shyly, she caught a very kind look in her neighbor's keen dark eyes.

He knew nothing of her, except a sweet girlish voice and a blush; but that was enough almost, for it was Dolly's good fortune to have a voice and a face that told of her as she was. There are some smiles and blushes that mean nothing at all, neither happy emotion nor quick response; and, again, are there not other well-loved faces which are but the homely disguises in which angels have come into our tents? Dolly's looks interested her neighbor, nor was he disappointed when he came to talk to her; he felt a kindness toward the girl, and a real interest when he discovered her name. He had known her father in India many years before. "Had she ever heard of David Fane?" Colonel Fane seemed pleased when Dolly brightened up and exclaimed. He went on to tell her that he was on his way to the Crimea: his regiment was at Southampton, waiting its orders to sail.

"And you are going to that dreadful war!" said Dolly, in her girlish tones, after a few minutes' talk.

Colonel Fane looked very grave.

"Your father was a brave soldier," he said; "he would have told you that war is a cruel thing; but there are worse things than fighting for a good cause."

"You mean *not* fighting," said Dolly; "but how can we who sit at home in peace and safety be brave for others?"

"I have never yet known a woman desert her post in the time of danger," said Colonel Fane, speaking with gentle, old-fashioned courtesy. "You have your own perils to affront; they find you out even in your homes. I saw a regiment of soldiers today," he said, smiling, "in white caps and aprons, who fight with some very deadly enemies. They are under the command of my sister, my brother's widow. She is a hospital nurse, and has charge of a fever ward at present."

Then he went on to tell Dolly that his brother had died of small-pox not long before, and his wife had mourned him not in sackcloth and ashes, but in pity and love and devotion to others. Dolly listened with an unconscious look of sympathy that touched Colonel Fane more than words.

"And is she quite alone now?" said Dolly.

"I should like you to know her some day," he said. "She is less alone than any body I know. She lives near St. Barnabas's Hospital; and if you will go and see her some time when she is at home and away from her sick, she will make, not acquaintance, but friends with you, I hope."

Then he asked Dolly whether she was an only child, and the girl told him something—far more than she had any idea of—about George.

"I might have been able to be of some little use to your brother if he had chosen the army for a profession," said Colonel Fane, guessing that something was amiss.

Dolly was surprised to find herself talking to Colonel Fane as if she had known him all her life. A few minutes before he had been but a name. When he offered to help George, Dolly blushed up, and raised two grateful eyes.

There is something in life which is not love, but which plays as great a part almost—sympathy, quick response—I scarcely know what name to give it; at any moment, in the hour of need, perhaps, a door opens, and some one comes into the room. It may be a commonplace man in a shabby coat, a placid lady in a smart bonnet: does nothing tell us that this is one of the friends to be, whose hands are to help us over the stony places, whose kindly voices will sound to us hereafter voices out of the infinite? Life has, indeed, many phases, love has many a metempsychosis. Is it a lost love we are mourning—a lost hope? Only dim, distant stars, we say, where all was light. Lo, friendship comes dawning in generous and peaceful streams!

Before dinner was over Colonel Fane said to Dolly: "I hope to have another talk with you some day. I am not coming up stairs now; but, if you will let me do so, I shall ask my sister, Mrs. William Fane, to write to you when she is free."

Robert was pleased to see Dolly getting on so well with her neighbor. He was a man of some mark, and a most desirable acquaintance for her. Robert was just going to introduce himself, when Mrs. Middleton bowed to Lady Portcullis, and the ladies began to leave the room.

"Good-by," said Dolly's new friend, very kindly; "I shall ask you not to forget your father's old companion. If I come back, one of my first visits shall be to you."

Then Dolly stood up blushing, and then she said, "Thank you very much; I shall

never forget you. I, too, am going away—to India—with—" and she looked at Henley, who was at that moment receiving the parting fire of the lively lady. There was no time to say more; she put out her hand with a grateful pressure. Colonel Fane watched Dolly as she walked away in the procession. For her sake he said a few civil words to Henley; but he was disappointed in him. "I don't think poor Stan Vanborough would have approved of such a cut-and-dry son-in-law," said the Colonel to himself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"ONLY GEORGE."

THOUGHTS seem occasionally to have a life of their own—a life independent; sometimes they are even stronger than the thinkers, and draw them relentlessly along. They seize hold of outward circumstances with their strong grip. How strangely a dominant thought sometimes runs through a whole epoch of life!

With some holy and serene natures this thought is peace in life; with others it is human love, that troubled love of God.

The moonlight is streaming over London; and George is not very far away, driven by his master thought along a bright stream that flows through the gates and by the down-trodden roads that cross Hyde Park. The skies, the streets, are silver and purple; abbey towers and far-away houses rise dim against the stars; lights burn in shadowy windows. The people passing by, and even George, hurrying along in his many perplexities, feel the life and the echo every where of some mystical chord of nature and human nature striking in response. The very iron rails along the paths seemed turned to silver. George leaps over a silver railing, and goes toward a great sea of moonlight lying among the grass and encircled by shadowy trees.

In this same moon-lit stream, flowing into the little drawing-room of the bow-windowed house in Old Street, sits Rhoda, resting her head against the pane of the lantern-like window, and thinking over the events of the last two days.

On the whole, she feels that she has acted wisely and for the best. Lady Sarah seemed to think so—Uncle John said no word of blame. It was unfortunate that Aunt Morgan's curiosity should have made her insist upon reading George's letter; but no harm had come of it. Dolly, of course, was unreasonable. Rhoda, who was accustomed to think of things very definitely, begun to wonder what Frank Raban would think of it all, and whether Uncle John would tell him. She thought that Mr. Raban would not be sorry to hear of what had occurred. What a pity George was not more like Mr. Raban or Robert Henley. How calm they were; while he—he was unbearable; and she was very glad it was all over between them. Lady Sarah was evidently deeply offended with him. "I hope she will leave him *something*," thought Rhoda. "He will never be able to make his way. I can see that; and he is so rough, and I am such a poor little thing;" and Rhoda sighed. "I shall always feel to him as if he were a brother, and I shall tell Mr. Raban so if—" Here Rhoda looked up, and almost screamed out, for there stood George, rippling with moonlight, watching her through the window from the opposite side of the street. He looked like a ghost as he leaned against the railings. He did not care who noticed him, nor what other people might think of him. He had come all this way only to see Rhoda once more, and there she was, only separated from him by a pane of glass. When Rhoda looked up, George came across and stood under the window. The moonlight stream showed him a silver figure plain marked upon the darkness. There she sat with a drooping head and one arm lightly resting against the bar. Poor boy! He had started in some strange faith that he should find her. He had come up all the way only to look at her once more. All his passionate anger had already died away. He had given up hope, but he had not given up love; and so he stood there, wild and haggard, with pulses throbbing. He had scarcely eaten any thing since the evening before. He had gone back to Cambridge he knew not why. He had lain awake all night, and all day he had been lying in his boat hiding under the trees along the bank, looking up at the sky and cursing his fate.

Rhoda looked up. George, with a quick movement, pointed to the door, and sprang up the steps of the house. He must speak to her, now that she had seen him. For what else had he come? She was frightened, and did not move at first in answer to his signs. She was alone. Aunt Morgan and the girls were drinking tea at the schools, but Uncle John was in the study. She did not want him to see George. It would only make a fuss and an explanation—there had been too much already. She got up and left the window, and then went into the hall and stood by the door undecided; and as she stood there she heard a low voice outside say, "Rhoda! let me in."

Rhoda still hesitated. "Let me in," said the voice again, and she opened the door a very little way, and put her foot against it.

"Good-night, George," she said, in a whisper. "Good-night. Go home. Dolly is so anxious about you."

"I have come to see you," said George. "Why won't you let me in, Rhoda?"

"I am afraid," said Rhoda.

"You need not be afraid, Rhoda," he said,

going back a step. "Dear, will you forgive me for having frightened you?" and he came nearer again.

"I can't—go, go," cried Rhoda, hastily. "Here is some one;" and suddenly, with all her might, she pushed the door in his face. It shut with a bang, with all its iron knobs and locks rattling.

"What is it?" said John Morgan, looking out of his study.

"I had opened the door, Uncle John," said Rhoda. Her heart beat a little. Would George go away? She thought she heard footsteps striking down the street. Then she felt more easy. She told herself once more that it was far better to have no scenes nor explanations, and she sat down quietly to her evening's task in a corner of her uncle's study. She was making some pinafores for the little Costellos, and she tranquilly stitched and tucked and hemmed. John Morgan liked to see her busy at her womanly work, her little lamp duly trimmed, and her busy fingers working for others more thriftless.

And outside in the moonlight George walked away in a new fury. What indignity had he subjected himself to? He gave a bitter sort of laugh. He had not expected much, but this was worse than any thing he had expected. Reproaches, coldness, indifference—all these he was prepared for. He knew in his heart of hearts that Rhoda did not care for him; and what further wrong could she do him than this injury that people inflict every day upon each other? She had added scorn to her indifference; and again George laughed to himself, thinking of this wooden door Rhoda had clapped upon his passion, and her summary way of thrusting him out.

At one time, instead of banging the door, she used to open it wide. She used to listen to him, with her wonderful dark eyes fixed on his face. Now what had happened? He was the same man, she was the same woman, and nothing was the same. George mechanically walked on toward his own home—if Church House could be so called. He went across the square, and by a narrow back street, and he tried the garden gate, and found it open, and went in, with some vague idea of finding Dolly, and calling her to the bench beside the pond, and of telling her of all his trouble. That slam of the door kept sounding in his ears, a sort of knell to his love.

But George was in no vein of luck that night. The garden was deserted and mysterious, heavy with sweet scents in the darkness. He went down the dark path and came back again, and there was a rustle among the trees; and as he walked across the lawn toward the lighted window of the oak room, he heard two voices clear in the silence, floating up from some kitchen below. He knew Sam's croak; he did not recognize the other's voice.

"Mademoiselle is gone to dance. I like to dance too," it said. "Will you come to a ball and dance with me, Mr. Sam?"

Then followed old Sam's chuckle. "I'll dance with you, mademoiselle," he said.

George thought it sounded as if some evil spirit of the night were mocking his trouble. And so Dolly was dancing while he was roaming about in his misery. Even Dolly had forgotten his pain. Even Rhoda had turned him out. Who cared what happened to him now?

He went to the window of the oak room and looked in. Lady Sarah was sitting there alone, shading her eyes from the light. There were papers all round about her. The lamp was burning behind her, and the light was reflected in the narrow glass above her tall chimney-piece.

He saw her put out her hand and slowly take a paper that was lying on the table, and tear it down the middle. It looked like a will, he thought. Poor Aunt Sarah! she looked very old and worn and sad. How ill he had repaid her kindness! She should be spared all further anxiety and trouble for him. Then he put out his two hands with a wild farewell motion. He had not meant her to see him, but the window was ajar and flew open, and then he walked in; and Lady Sarah, looking up, saw George standing before her. He was scarcely himself all this time: if he had found Dolly, all might have ended differently.

"George?" said Lady Sarah, frightened by his wild looks; "what has happened, my dear?"

"I have come to say good-by to you!" he wildly cried. "Aunt Sarah, you will never have any more trouble with me. You have been a thousand thousand times too good to me!" And he flung his two arms round her neck and kissed her, and almost before she could speak he was gone.....

A few minutes later Marker heard a fall, and came running up stairs. She found Lady Sarah lying half conscious on the ground.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SLOW SAD HOURS.

DOLLY and her mother had left the Middletons' when John Morgan drove up in a hansom, with a message from his mother to bring them back at once. The servant told him that they were only just gone, and he drove off in pursuit. Bucklersbury House was blazing in the darkness, with its many windows open and alight, and its crowds pouring in and its music striking up. Morgan sprang out of his cab and hurried across the court, and under the horses' noses, and

pushed among the footmen to the great front-door, where the inscribing angels of the *Morning Post* were stationed. The servants would have sent him back, but he told his errand in a few hasty words, and was allowed to walk into the hall. He saw a great marble staircase all alight, and people going up; and, by some good fortune, one of the very first persons he distinguished was Dolly, who had only just come, and who was following her mother and Robert. She, too, caught sight of the familiar face in the hall below, and stopped short.

"Mamma," she said, "there is John Morgan making signs. Something has happened."

Mrs. Palmer did not choose to hear. She was going in; she was at the gates of Paradise: she was not going to be kept back by John Morgan. There came a cheerful clang of music from above.

Dolly hesitated; the curate beckoned to her eagerly. "Mamma, I must go back to him," said Dolly, and before her mother could remonstrate she had stopped short and slid behind a diplomat, a lord with a blue ribbon, an aged countess; in two minutes she was at the foot of the staircase, Robert meanwhile serenely proceeding ahead, and imagining that his ladies were following.

In two words John Morgan had told Dolly to get her shawl, that her aunt was ill, that she had been asking for her. Dolly flew back to the cloak-room; she saw her white shawl still lying on the table, and she seized it and ran back to John Morgan again, and then they hurried through the court and among the carriages to the place where the hansom was waiting.

"And I was away from her!" said Dolly. That was nearly all she said. It was her first trouble—overwhelming, unendurable, bewildering, as first troubles are. When they drove up to Church House, the front looked black, and closed, and terrible somehow. Dolly's heart beat as she went in.

Every thing seemed a little less terrible when she had run up stairs, and found her aunt lying in the familiar room, with a faint odor of camphor and chloroform, and Marker coming and going very quietly. Mrs. Morgan was there, with her bonnet cocked a little on one side; she came up and took Dolly's hand with real kindness, and said some words of encouragement, and led her to the bedside. As Dolly looked at Aunt Sarah's changed face, she gulped for the first time one of life's bitter draughts. They don't last long, those horrible moments; they pass on, but they leave a burning taste; it comes back again and again with the troubles of life.

Lady Sarah seemed to recognize Dolly when she came to the bedside, then she relapsed again, and lay scarce conscious, placid, indifferently waiting the result of all this nursing and anxious care. The struggles of life and its bustling anxieties had passed away from that quiet room, never more to return.

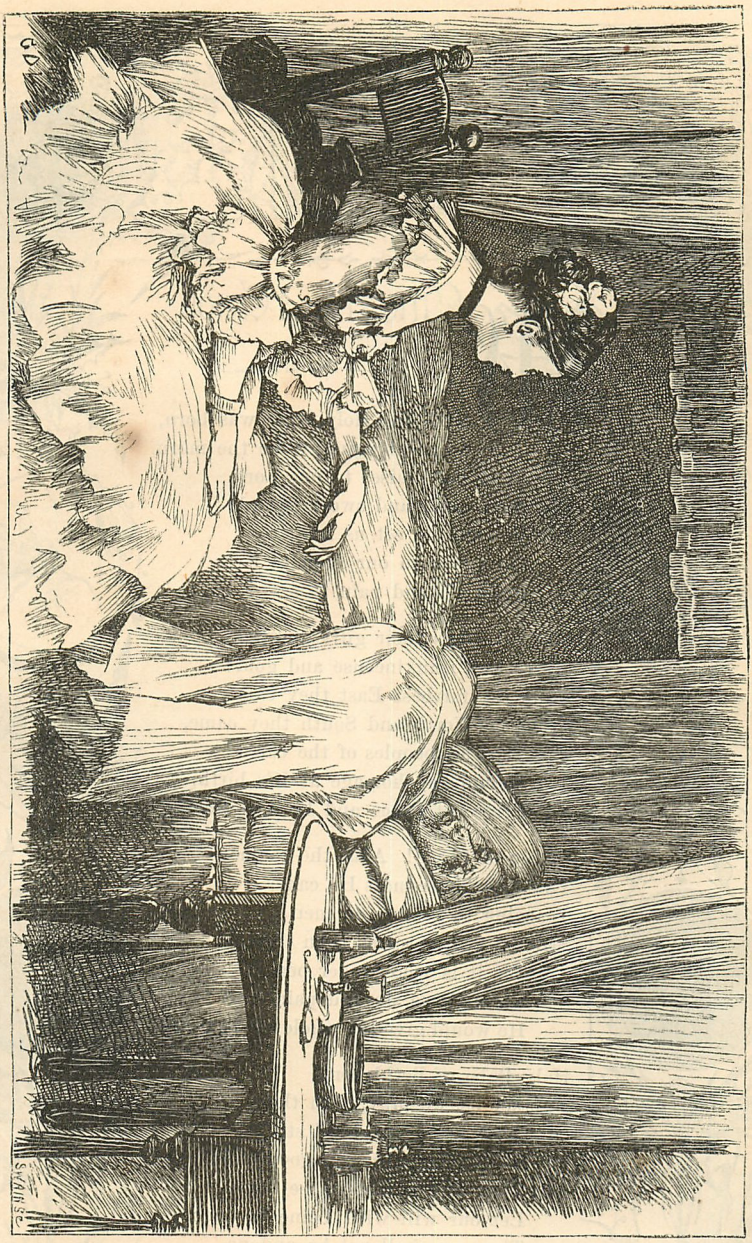
Dolly sat patiently by the bedside. She had not taken off her evening dress, she never moved, she scarcely breathed, for fear of disturbing her dear sick woman. If Frank Raban could have seen her then he would not have called her cold! Those loving looks and tender ways might almost have poured new life into the worn-out existence that was ebbing away. The night sped on as such nights do pass. She heard the sound of carriage wheels coming home at last, and crept down stairs to meet the home-comers.

Dolly did not ask her mother what had delayed her when the two came in. She met them with her pale face. She was still in her white dress, with the dying roses in her hair. Henley, who had meant to reproach her for deserting them without a word, felt ashamed for once before her. She seemed to belong to some other world, far away from that from which he had just come. She told her story very simply. The doctors said there had been one attack such as this once before, which her aunt had kept concealed from them all. They ordered absolute quiet. Marker was to be nurse, and one other person. "Of course that must be me, mamma. I think Aunt Sarah would like me best," she said, with a faint smile. "Mrs. Morgan! No, dear mamma, not Mrs. Morgan." Then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, mamma, I have never seen any one so ill!" she said; but the next minute she had overcome her emotion, and wiped her eyes.

"My dearest child, it is most distressing, and that you should have missed your ball, too!" said Philippa. "I said all along, if you remember, that she was looking a perfect wreck. You would not listen to me. Robert, turn that sofa out of the draught. I shall not go to bed. Julie can come down here and keep me company after you go."

"I must go," said Robert. "I have still some work to finish. Take care of yourself, Dora. Remember, you belong to me now. I hope there will be better news in the morning."

From one room to the other all the next day Dolly went with her heavy heart; it seemed to drag at her as she moved, to dull her very anxiety. It was only a pain; it did not rise to the dignity of an emotion. Mrs. Palmer felt herself greatly neglected; she was taken ill in the afternoon, and begged to see the doctor, who made light of her ailment; toward evening Mrs. Palmer was a great deal better. She came down into the drawing-room, and sent Eliza Twells over for John Morgan. Lady Sarah still lay stricken silent; but her pulse was better, the doctor said; she could move her arm a little; it had been lying helpless before. Faithful Marker sat by her side rubbing her cold hands.



"'AUNT SARAH, DO YOU KNOW ME?' WHISPERED DOLLY."

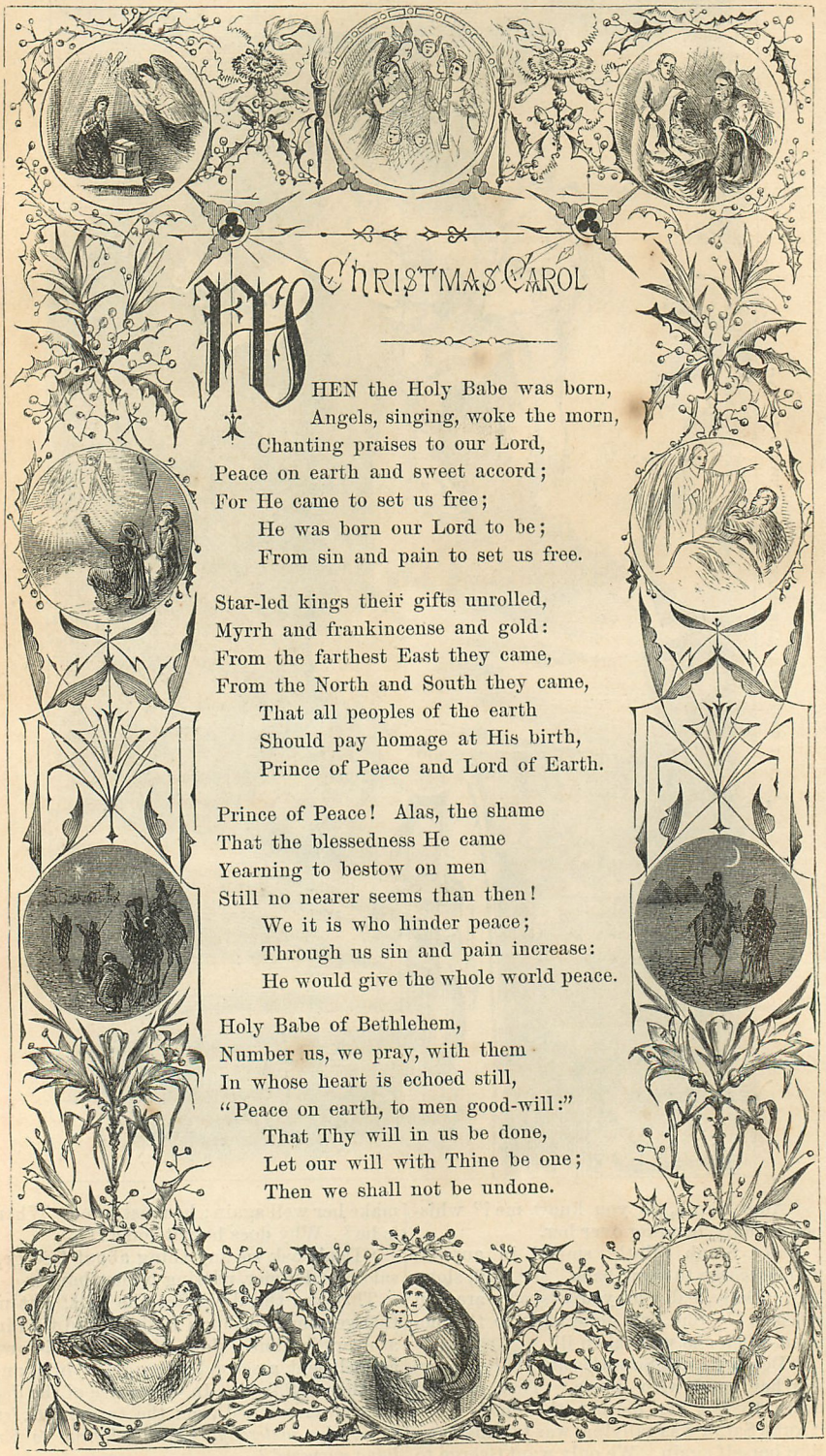
"Aunt Sarah, do you know me?" whispered Dolly, bending over her.

Lady Sarah faintly smiled in answer. "Tell George to come back," she said, slowly. "Dolly, I did as you wished; are you satisfied?" She had gone back to the moment when she was taken ill.

"Dearest Aunt Sarah!" said Dolly, covering her hand with kisses. Then she ran down to tell her mother the good news. "Aunt Sarah was rallying, was talking more like herself again. We only want George to make her well again; he must come. Where is he? Why does he not come?"

"Don't ask *me* any thing about George," said Mrs. Palmer, putting up her hands.

This was the day after the ball; but no George came, although Dolly looked for him at every instant. John Morgan, of his own accord, sent a second message to him, and another to Raban. In the course of the day an answer arrived from the tutor: "*G. left Cambridge yesterday. Your telegram to him lying unopened.*"



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

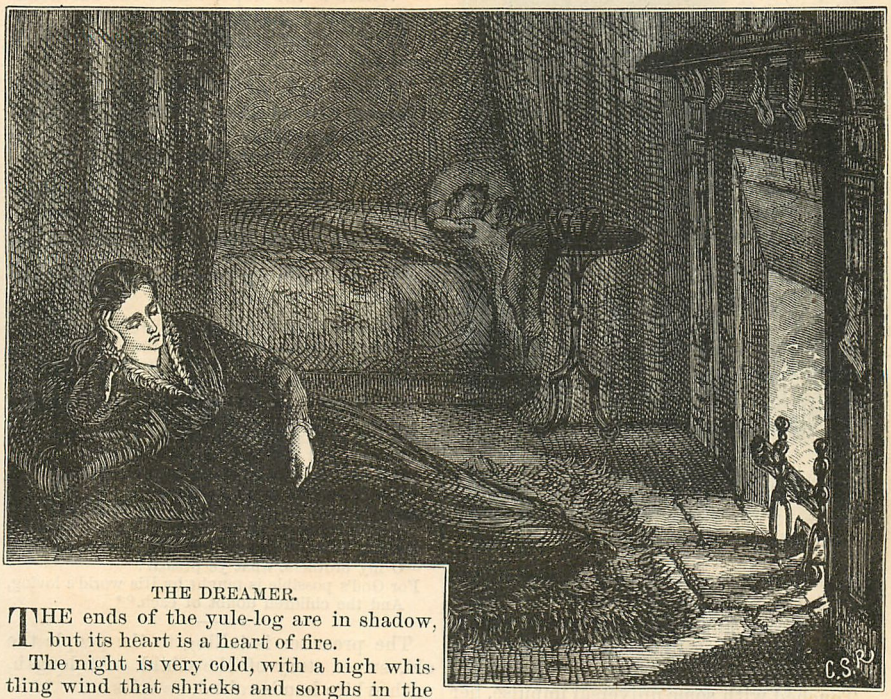
WHEN the Holy Babe was born,
Angels, singing, woke the morn,
Chanting praises to our Lord,
Peace on earth and sweet accord;
For He came to set us free;
He was born our Lord to be;
From sin and pain to set us free.

Star-led kings their gifts unrolled,
Myrrh and frankincense and gold:
From the farthest East they came,
From the North and South they came,
That all peoples of the earth
Should pay homage at His birth,
Prince of Peace and Lord of Earth.

Prince of Peace! Alas, the shame
That the blessedness He came
Yearning to bestow on men
Still no nearer seems than then!
We it is who hinder peace;
Through us sin and pain increase:
He would give the whole world peace.

Holy Babe of Bethlehem,
Number us, we pray, with them
In whose heart is echoed still,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will:"
That Thy will in us be done,
Let our will with Thine be one;
Then we shall not be undone.

WHERE IS THE CHILD?



THE DREAMER.

THE ends of the yule-log are in shadow, but its heart is a heart of fire.

The night is very cold, with a high whistling wind that shrieks and soughs in the old chimney, and wildly rushes like a thing pursued against the window-panes, and only at long intervals ebbs suddenly away with the sound as of a human voice plaining in solitary woe.

There are cushions on the rug before the fire, and couched upon them is a woman, leaning her cheek upon her hand. The children's stockings hanging at the chimney-side flash out and fade uncertainly in the flicker of the fire-light; the clock ticks on the mantel, though she hears it only in the pauses of the blast.

This woman is a *Dreamer*, with a rich and free imagination. Her thought is star-like in its clearness, and sky-like in its breadth, and like the sea in its strength and continuous activities. She is a *Worker*, with the industry and force of a machine, but with the divine unfailing impulse of a heart as warm and true and trustful as a child. She is not ignorant of guile, but she is guileless.

She has lived not long, but she has made no waste of life, and so life has laid its crown at her feet. She is but one woman—and there are millions of women; but in her—for she has been true to herself—womanhood has had its perfect opportunity, and, therefore, its perfect unfolding and fulfillment. She thinks—and feels the sweetness of the thought—that every true triumph, every high success, is won not for the victor only, but for all. And life's crown at her feet is not the glory of one woman only, but of all womanhood.

To the dreamer who can work, to the worker who can dream, life surrenders all things, and life yields all to this woman.

Her thought is at flood-tide; her heart glows with fresh desire and fervent longing to see more clearly the issues of life, to realize its meaning.

The earth is her children's rich, exhaustless inheritance. Her bosom overflows with nourishment, her lap with plenty; yet with profusion at their lips her children starve, and on the brink of sparkling currents die of thirst, in sad prefiguration of life's vaster tragedy!

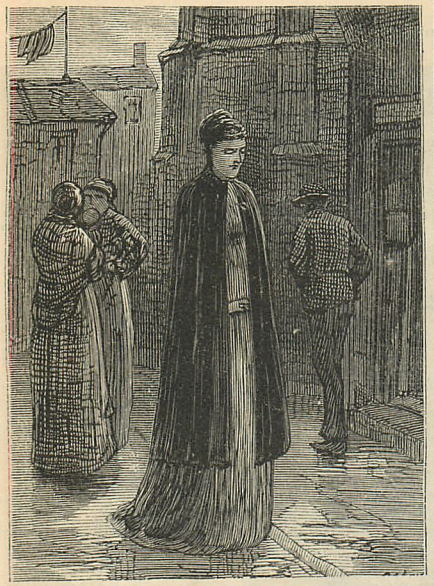
The weariness of the world, the sorrow of life, the emptiness and hunger of the heart—in the midst of tender, yearning, all-sufficing love—

> "Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
> Flashed through her as she sat alone."

The day and its work are done, and now, in solitude and deep repose, this woman, hearkening to her own white thought, is the true Dreamer, whose dreams are as the risen soul of labor past, whence will be born the mightier purposes of loving work to come.

HER DREAM.

A city lying golden-brown in latest twilight, stars palely peeping in the eastern



"AMID THEM ALL THE DREAMER WENDS HER WAY."

sky, and tower and dome and steeple silvering faintly in the gibbous moon.

The street lamps sparkle every where, and to her utmost limits the great city is awake.

Touched with some universal impulse, her waves of life ebb from the fireside and the threshold; from gutter, hovel, silken couch, and chariot they grow and mingle in her thoroughfares, and sweep with ever-loudening murmurs centreward. Amid them all, unheard, unseen, and gently as a passing breath of air, the Dreamer wends her patient, watchful, solitary way.

Here, in the city's heart, the church, a vast cathedral, stands. Like golden eyes its lofty windows look upon the throng, and like a ruddy chasm in the mountain's side its huge doors yawn to the incoming tide.

Full, full, from gilded altars to the carven doors, till all the nations of the earth are there. The fretted nave gives back the glitter of the scene; and now no foot falls in the shining marble aisle, only soft draperies roll out upon it from the seated throng.

The preacher leans upon his velvet desk, cultured and calm, accustomed to his place, his thoughts within the walls and lower than the ceil. The choir and organ steal upon the hush, deep, sweet, and penetrant—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

Slowly the music thrills to silence.

The spirit of search is upon the Dreamer. Face after face through all the countless multitude she reads, with eyes all pure, that, like Ithuriel's spear, can bear no falsehood. Old and young are there, yet she can find no youth, no truth. Fashion and wealth and idleness and ease are there—the polished empty husk of life.

"Where is the hope, where the salvation of the world," murmured the Dreamer, "if its beautiful and stainless childhood it hath put away?"

"Except ye be as little children," says the preacher, with elegant and conscious hand his bosom touching. "Let us pray."

The Dreamer hears him, shuddering;

For without poor, lost, degraded childhood calls;
O sloth-tranced church! it clamors, clutching feebly
at thy walls.
The foul and stainful ripple creeping from the hut
and slum
Reaches swelling to thy threshold, and refuses to be
dumb.

"'Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
"Our Father," looking upward in the chamber,
We say, softly, for a charm.
"Our Father!" If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
"Come and rest with me, my child!"
But no!' say the children, weeping faster,
'He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us of His image is the Master
Who commands us to work on.'
Do you hear the children weeping, and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each." *

The preacher is telling to the people the old, sweet story of the Child. At length, with white hands raised, he cries:

"Oh, hear the children, the little children crying on
a heathen strand!
The naked, homeless, Christless wanderers in a
godless land!
Stretch out your hands, my brothers, from your
plenty freely give,
That these lost lambs of the Father's may freely
eat and live!"

Now the door swings gently outward,
And a little child comes in,
Up the shining marble pathway
Gliding, woful, dark, and thin,
Till his footsteps flag and falter,
Failing wholly at the altar,
Where he sinks with struggling sighs,
Thence lifts hollow, burning eyes
To the Preacher, to the Teacher,
Who is surely good and wise!

Every sin seemed to have touched the little creature,
Every sorrow to have crowded in his breast;
Every want had pinched and drained each tiny feature,
All of burden on his puny shoulders pressed.
Nor wave nor glisten in his faded hair,
Nor smile nor dimple in his ashen face,
Nor sign of childhood in his lifeless air,
Nor dim suggestion of its simple grace;
But from the deep eyes, burning, lifted, wild,
Outraged!—commanding answer—looks the child!

Through the yet swinging door the Dreamer sees the night is mirk with children's faces, packed closely as the sky with stars, or, rather, as the earth with graves. Thousands of children's faces, like the child's who crouches at the altar; save—as if their souls

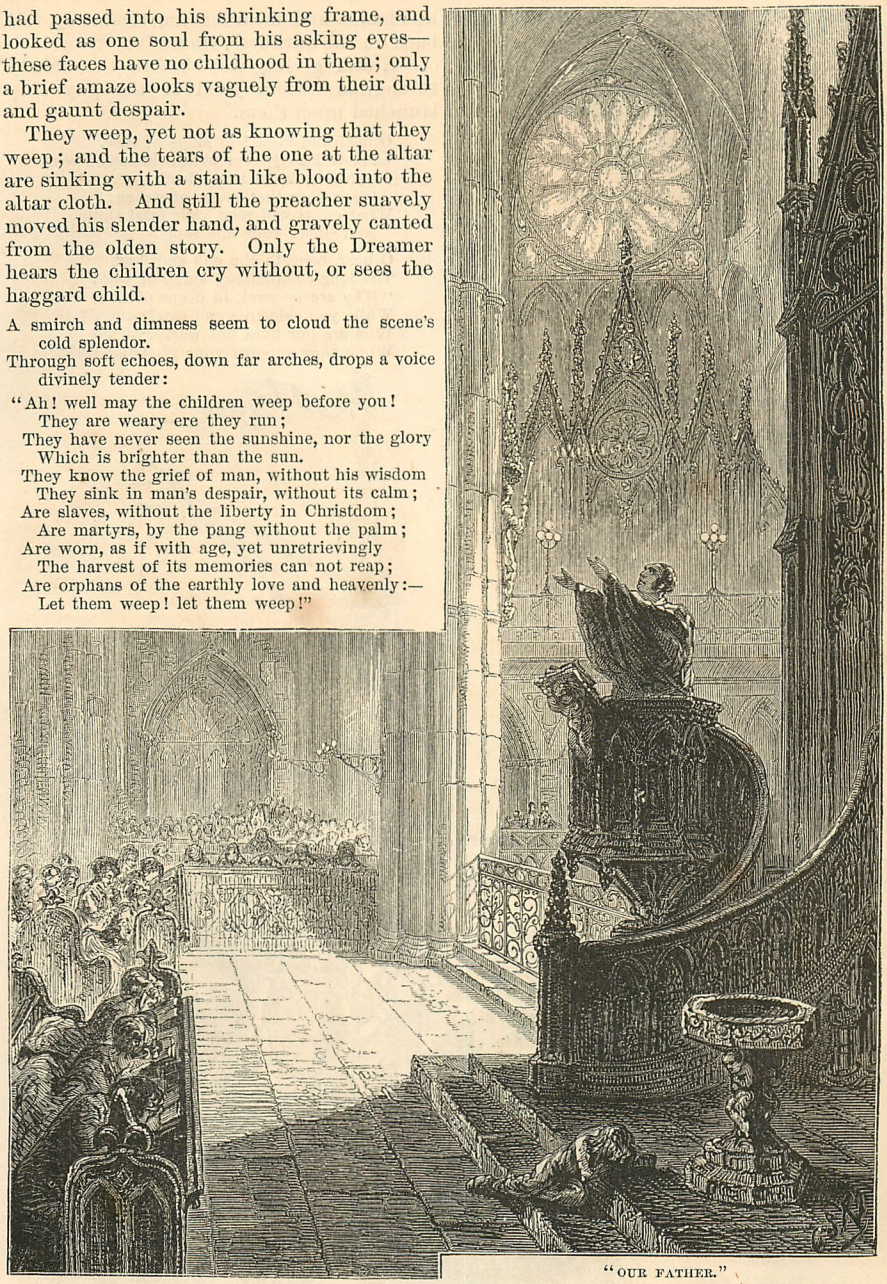
* From Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," from which also stanzas are quoted on pages 231 and 238.

had passed into his shrinking frame, and looked as one soul from his asking eyes—these faces have no childhood in them; only a brief amaze looks vaguely from their dull and gaunt despair.

They weep, yet not as knowing that they weep; and the tears of the one at the altar are sinking with a stain like blood into the altar cloth. And still the preacher suavely moved his slender hand, and gravely canted from the olden story. Only the Dreamer hears the children cry without, or sees the haggard child.

A smirch and dimness seem to cloud the scene's
cold splendor.
Through soft echoes, down far arches, drops a voice
divinely tender:

"Ah! well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories can not reap;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:—
Let them weep! let them weep!"



"OUR FATHER."

"Amen!" said the preacher, not knowing what he said, but with a low and pleasant sigh, for the hour of worship is past.

He hears no hapless children weep;
For him no lifeless faces throng the air;
He thinks, "I will go home and sup and sleep;"
And runs a languid hand through scented hair.
(He has a home, a supper, and a bed;
The child—he has not where to lay his head!)
The while the congregation rustles forth,
And curves about him at the altar stair.

The meagre child arises. With his hands upon his
breast
He walks up to the preacher, drawing nearer than
the rest;
And in a voice of thunder, if they had ears to hear,
From lips that trembling sunder this question cometh
clear:

"*Whose house is this?* I prithee tell."
And sweeter than a silvern bell
The Dreamer's ear it thrills.
But no one hears, no one replies,
Though all the air it fills.

Yet unto the preacher he lifts the child-like eyes,
The while a smile most rare to see
Beams from his sad lip radiantly.
"I, passing, weary, heard my name,
And I was glad, and hither came.
Where is your host? He knoweth me—
I am His favorite guest;
And, tired and hungry, sweet will be
The bread He brake and blest."

And in great horror the Dreamer perceived that neither the preacher nor the people saw the child or heard his prayer.

The child stood for a moment weeping very bitterly, then raised again its stricken head, and cried aloud with a new voice:

"I thought it was my Father's house,
But now, its threshold crossed,
I see it can not be His house
Wherein His child is lost!

"It was my Father's house, for here
A little Child once said,
'Come, hungry, burdened, sorrowing world,
Be comforted and fed.'
It was my Father's house, but now
His homeless children cry
And starve unheeded at the doors
Where thieves fare sumptuously.

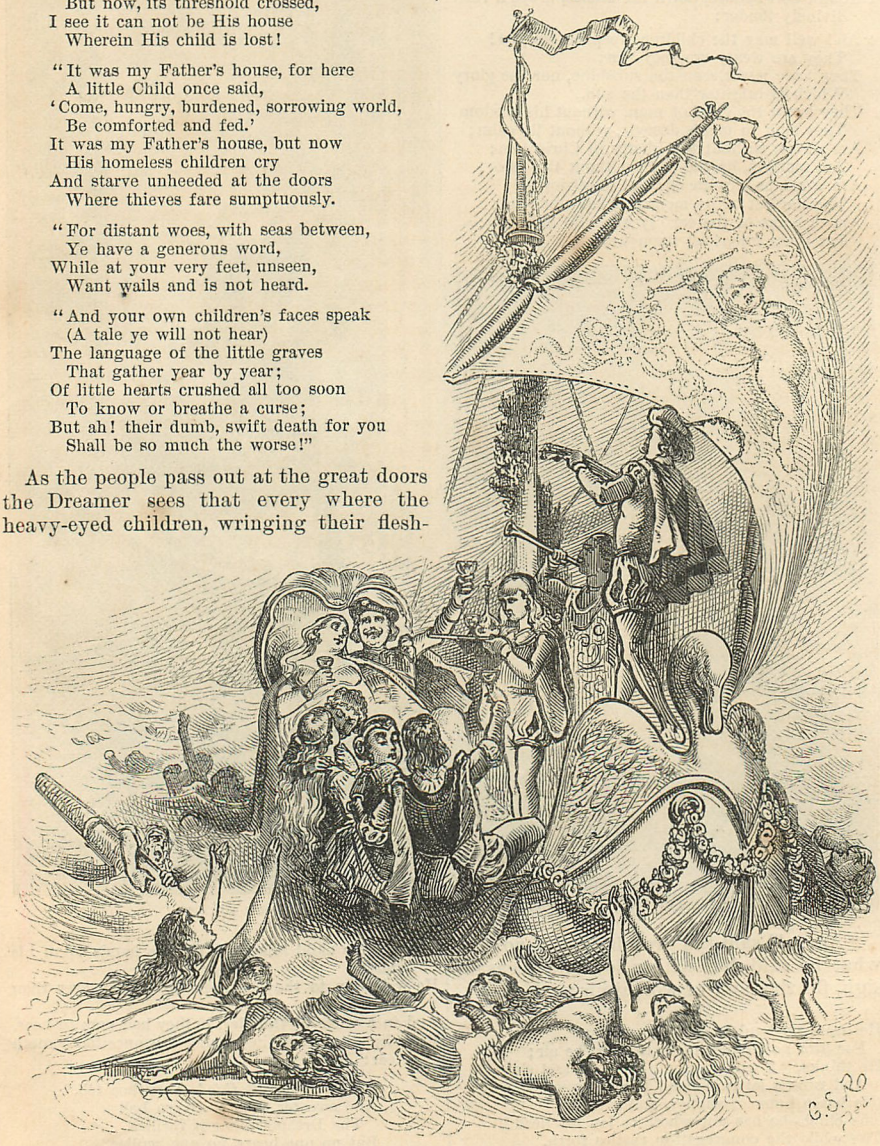
"For distant woes, with seas between,
Ye have a generous word,
While at your very feet, unseen,
Want wails and is not heard.

"And your own children's faces speak
(A tale ye will not hear)
The language of the little graves
That gather year by year;
Of little hearts crushed all too soon
To know or breathe a curse;
But ah! their dumb, swift death for you
Shall be so much the worse!"

As the people pass out at the great doors the Dreamer sees that every where the heavy-eyed children, wringing their fleshless hands and moaning inarticulately, fall back in the darkness, trampling upon each other, and giving way before the steady throng, as waters yield to the gay ship launched upon them.

O deaf and blind! in ships of ease,
Launched gayly o'er wreck-thickened seas,
Disporting in an irised froth
O'er waves that moan of wrong,
What curse will rend your fatal sloth,
And break your idle song?

O hear, beneath the ebb and flow,
The long-complaining surge of woe!
"*Why* are *we* sunk in deeps of care,
While you ride free and safely there?
Why are our lives but waves, to feel
While they support your grooving keel?"



"WHY ARE WE SUNK IN DEEPS OF CARE, WHILE YOU RIDE FREE AND SAFELY THERE?"

O see the wrecks of hope and home,
The mute yet questioning despair
Of countless glassy eyes, that stare
From ghastly faces in the foam!

O reckless voyagers, beware!
Thy festal ships are frail,
And voices of unheeded prayer
Lurk thick in every sail.
The shroudless shadows of the tide,
Sad phantoms of the long-denied,
Surround thee, gaunt and pale,
And Nemesis leans down the air
To drive the coming gale.

Too long, too lightly, on the breast
Of boundless agonies
Ye eat and drink and sink to rest
In languid ecstasies.
Why does it yawn beneath thee so?
Too late thy startled cries;
"Woe to the negligent of woe!"
The goaded sea replies.
It whelms thee by a simple creed,
Of worth in faultless eyes:
"In disregard of any need
The guilt of safety lies."

The child at the deserted altar let the people pass, nor sought to stay them, following them only with a sorrowful but patient and far-seeing gaze.

"For they know not what they do," rose softly palpitating to the Dreamer's ear.

"Come with me," said the child. And they went out and stood together on the great threshold, alone in the starlight. A sweet, strong awe fell upon the Dreamer, for the child, loosed alike from his wretched guise and his sorrow, stood before her transfigured, in the radiance of childhood free and undefiled.

A slender aureole, almost viewless in the air,
Descended brightening on his lustrous hair,
And o'er his open brow soft brilliance threw,
While in his glorious eyes a deeper glory grew.

"I see thou knowest me," said the child, divinely smiling on the Dreamer. "Thou seest also that the world is pressed with age. Ignorance, the fruitful womb of sin, hath bound her youth and strength. Guilt disputes the very cradle with Innocence. Sorrow lies bleeding in the lap of Joy; and in the bosom of Love, Misery festers leprously. The fountain is sealed, and at its frozen source the child sleeps long. Thou wouldst save the world, O loving Dreamer with the wise heart of a child! There is but one thing thou canst do—seek the sealed fountain in the world's chilled heart, lay thy hand thereon, and awake the child."

Kindling with love's most vivid intuitions, the Dreamer went down into the city, passing whither she would, for no person hindered her, nor gate, nor door, nor wall impeded her.

She pauses at a rich man's door, enters, and ascends the polished stair. Music and feasting in the banquet-hall below; garlands sway above and around her, perfumes envelop her, and the flashes of myriad swinging jets of flame bear down her dazzled eyes.

"Here's to the heir!"

And glasses clink, and shouts resound, and music swells again.

On through the long vista, thrilled with ever-lessening echoes, the Dreamer passes, till she reaches the birth-chamber, bowered in voluptuous elegance, softness, and repose.

She enters the silk-lined, scented, faintly illumined silence. After the sacred common pain that makes all women sisters and all men their debtors, the mother sleeps. In her room, and at her bedside, nothing that wealth could transmute to the uses of utter indolence and ease is wanting.

A man enters, coming from the revelry below, with face, figure, and costume festal like a bridegroom's. He lays upon her toilet-stand a case of costly jewels, inscribed, "To the Mother." Pressing between the attendants, he leans over and smiles at the pale sleeper, wafts a kiss, bends a moment above the cradle, the luxurious nest of his little son and heir (it is a twin birth, girl and boy, but the boy is hearty and the girl is frail, and she is so far forgiven for *being*—since she did not affect the advent of her brother—as to be forgotten), and goes down to the feast again, where his guests greet him with fresh clink of glasses "*to the heir!*"

And the infant woman! Heir of false subjection from her birth, as he of tyrannous supremacy, is she not co-heir with her brother in their vast heritage of stunted possibilities?

Close in that shadow of the mother's sumptuous bed that runs to meet the shadow of the infant's couch it is given to the Dreamer to behold a different scene—a life that is the very threatening shadow of their own, though not beheld for the impassable gulf of lovelessness between.

Stretched on her draggled bed of straw another mother lies—a fearful, woful spectacle in her exhausted sleep.

The infant by her side sleeps also, with features like a ghastly caricature of age, the awful impress of accumulated wrong stamped on its latest generation.

The place is but a kennel; the neglected wall and the decaying roof are so narrow and so low, they seem to repulse her labored breathing almost at her lips.

Here to this mother, lying all alone, came her sad struggle, guided by no care, soothed by no love, and sweetened by no hope: her birth-throes were the throes of her despair.

Night comes down, and stars and moonlight (shut out by the rich mother's damask curtains) peep through the hovel's chinks.

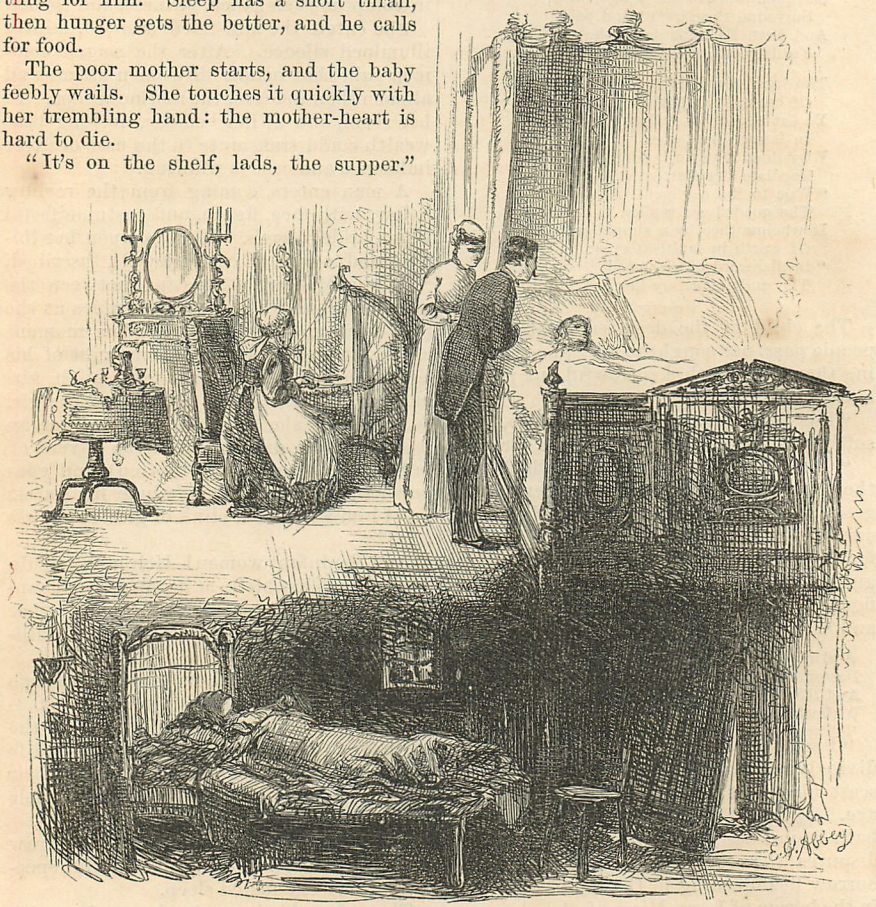
And with the night comes home the weary husband and father, followed wearily by two old-faced children. The smut and pallor of the mine are on the faces of them all,

and silence on their lips, and deadness in their hearts.

The children first descrying the newborn, glance at each other strangely, unsurprised, with a moment's curious self-forgetting pity at the babe, then with half-stolid fear at the gaunt father crouched at the fireplace, chin in hand, sleep and hunger battling for him. Sleep has a short thrall, then hunger gets the better, and he calls for food.

The poor mother starts, and the baby feebly wails. She touches it quickly with her trembling hand: the mother-heart is hard to die.

"It's on the shelf, lads, the supper."



THE BIRTH-CHAMBER—RICH AND POOR.

Then to her husband, deprecatingly, yearningly: "It's come while ye wur gone—ye's spared that," with a pitiful smile, "an' the wurst's over for all 'n us. Ye looked at her while I was dead wi' sleep—did ye now?" searching wistfully the face that haply once had turned a lover's eyes upon her.

The man stares stupidly.

"It's a girl — and we've never had no girls."

"Tha's no good." But he stoops and looks at the little creature, drawing so near, the poor wife lays her hand upon his shoulder, saying, in a lower voice,

"Happen she'll be some good. Her mother wur a girl, ye know, once. An' I'm most wored out. She'll be good to get the bit an' sup when I'm gone."

The man groans, and a moment's passion bursts from his lethargy—a mingled feeling, having but a partial expression in the words:

"I want no more brats. What fur should we ha' brats? we've naught to give 'm! We ought to die, all on us, and be done wi' it!"

"God knows—" begins the woman, partly from habit, partly from the blind faith that dies a little harder in a woman's heart than in a man's.

"Nat He!" the man breaks out again. "It's the wurst lie o' all! I don't believe in 'm!—how ken I? It's a poor cheat to make us go willin'er to our graves — an' the sooner the better for we!"

Something in the unwonted violence of his speech, and something in his wild face that he does not say, has made the mother look about her at the children, then at him, with a new gaze difficult to meet. Her fingers clinch upon his arm; she drags herself upon her knees, and hoarsely whispers,

"Where is he—the other one?"

He tries to draw her face upon his breast, but he could bend a statue sooner; then, mastered and brutalized by the mercilessness of life, he rends his arm away.

"Where should he be but in the mine, where 'e's bin ev'ry bit o' the sunlight uv 's life! But he'll come no more. He's dead! crushed so there's naught ye'd know 'm by!"

He sits down, gnawing absently at his poor fare, and muttering rather to himself than her, "He wur a bright lad, an' the first that come; but it's a' the same—or short or long we goes like dogs to the same spot! We digs 'r own graves an' tumbles in, and that's the end o' we."

Here is the light and shadow, the double, never-separable tragedy of rich and poor!

Poverty, gloom, tears, and the shadow of death for the poor mother's birth presents; while the jewels on the toilet-cushions of the rich mother repeat their sparkle in the mirror.

A picture of the Christ-child looks down with heavenly aureoled face upon her sleeping little ones, and a pictured Madonna folds her hands and lifts the still ecstasy of her lovely eyes above the pillow of their mother.

And it is given to the Dreamer to see that the lives this glowing scene prefigures, and which seem to want for nothing, are defrauded of love's blessedness and life's fulfillments by just so much as the sad lives in its shadow are defrauded of love's rights and life's free opportunities; that life comes full-handed, offering a bounty sufficient for all; that in emptying one hand to overflow the other lies the waste of life and love and hope—the gulf between the rich and poor, dividing either from life's best, and both from love's diviner, unities—the gulf which sinks the childhood and the brotherhood of man: the rich beholding it with the stunting callousness of ease, the poor with an equal callousness of woe.

Already the little heads are afilm with sheeny rings of golden hair. The birth-present jewels have sparkled many a day upon the mother's breast. Another kind of jewel sparkles dully on the hollow cheek of the shadow that follows her by night and day.

She does not see the shadow, yet she is guilty of it.

She knows that misery is, and that it need not be; and no pulse quickens to the awful knowledge or urges to its loving opportunities.

And all that for herself this mother casts away; the thousand sweet activities of love, the tender uses which expend while they sustain the principle of life, she casts away for her children also.

The Dreamer has watched and waited long, and the watch has been a fruitful one.

The little heir has grown and thriven well. He looks a fair and handsome child, as clinging to his mother's hand he passes with his sister down the stair.

Out in the sunlight the luxurious carriage waits. Hours ago the listless mother gave her languid order for it, and now as languidly remands it. She will walk.

To eat or drink or not to eat and drink, to ride or not to ride, to walk or not to walk, to go any whither that she will or to remain at home—such is her life, its only labor being to choose, till she has come to find the choice a labor!

Out of the shadow of her discarded carriage as it rolls away totters a wretched figure—a woman, in rags and foulness, doubling under a burden twice her size.

She too will walk.

Bleared eyes, with little speculation in them, stare before her. Even the sting of contrast fails to penetrate her stolid misery. Once to her had death seemed like a promise, and the grave a goal; but "misery's crushing presses" have crushed conception from her mind, emotion from her heart, and the racked machine will rattle to pieces in dull unconsciousness at last.

The little heir looks from one to the other—the lethargy of womanhood in porcelain and in potter's clay, and with the unerring instinct of the child-heart sees something of the ghastly wrong of it, and gazes with a moment's heavenly wistfulness and pity; but the fountain is quickly sealed. The habit of his life has taught him that poverty is the one special and vulgar offense against happiness and refinement, self-wrought and self-inflicting its punishment of degradation and pain.

Long ago, young as he is, he ceased to question his mother. Early the child-nature sought vainly for response; early the sweet impulses, weak by inheritance, were chilled, and the diviner manhood stunted in the germ.

"Alas for the world!" sighs the Dreamer, "born of a drained, crippled, stunted womanhood. Alas for thee, O woman! capable of the best and completest. *Nature* exalts thee beyond the questionings of *man;* Life trusts to thee her incipiencies, for to thee only can she look for the continuity and fulfillment of her grand designs. The mother can not give what she has not, and from the world's beginning has woman hitherto been every way defrauded of the highest, every where fettered to the lowest, and as an unconscious Nemesis has she transmitted the far-extending curse."

The little girl has looked on silently, feeling a transient timidity and disgust.

Thought has been carefully quenched in her. She is nice and pretty, and to be taken care of; she is to depend, submit, and follow. Her brother will lead and protect. Thought

and responsibility are for him; for her, a little feeling and much submission.

This tutelage benumbs her and brutalizes him, early and lastingly.

It will defraud each of life's fullness, of love's joy, of labor's perfectness, manhood and womanhood of recognition and completeness, and the world of growth.

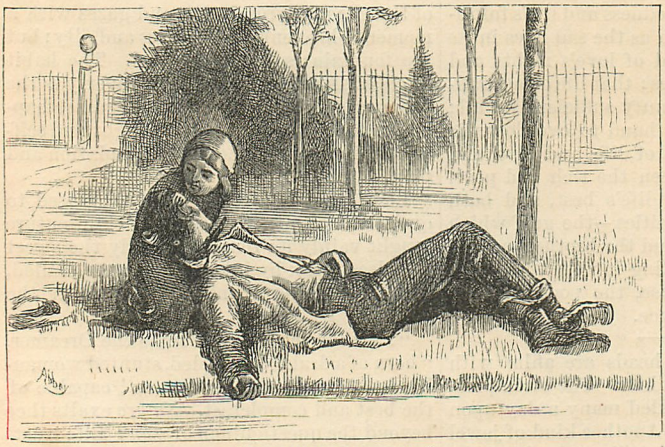
The Dreamer thinks these things very sorrowfully, yet not without hope, as she follows the further developments of these little lives.

A drunken man lies helpless on the sward at the gateway of the park. He has a blotched and bloated face, sadly degraded from its best estate, and his wretched sleep is deep.

The people who pass see him with loathing or indifference, or sometimes with an irritated sense of him merely as being a blot upon the beauty of the scene.

Beside him kneels a little girl, outcast with him, and utterly forlorn, who has managed to draw his heavy sodden head into her lap.

There must be something sweet in this poor man's nature, some bloom of goodness and gentleness in his life, for the child—and childhood is never won by mere beastliness—the child loves him, hiding his face tenderly



"THE CHILD LOVES HIM."

with her little hands, and weeping long and desolately.

The heir, whose heart seemed touched so short a time ago (the stream which may not run one way is sure to flow another), looks on a moment, laughs, and kicks away the ragged hat, and lastly stones the child. She looks at him an instant wildly, then turns to shield her father.

The boy soon tires, and they pass on. The drunkard's child looks after that other little girl, so gayly dressed, so happy, and so fair, a flitting, mocking vision of the harmony and joy of which she vaguely dreams, but which to her can be only a dream.

Theft, hatred, and murder thrill in embryo as she looks, and check the sacred tears of love's sorrow, filling the child-eyes with a wicked glitter, and the child-heart with the sudden incipience of crime.

"Dear leddy, be kind;
I'm poor an' I'm blind,
An' I has but one leg, as ye see;
My father is dead,
My marm's sick abed,
An' no one to help her but me,"

monotones a half-nude, sightless cripple, as they turn the corner in sight of their grand home.

The heir examines him curiously; then with his little cane he whips the cap extended for alms out of the wretched hands, that clutch after and grope for it in affright. Even the little girl comes out of her languor long enough to laugh at the grimaces and contortions and helpless misery of the beggar-child.

At length the heir, surfeited with even this brisk pleasure, seizes some of her sweetmeats, and drops them, with a coin or two, into the cap, which he kicks toward its owner.

The Dreamer sees another boy and girl who have watched this scene. They have waited silently and gazed meaningly upon these contrasts. They are meanly clad but cleanly; types of that lower middle class which is the rich soil of the elements of radical reforms. They are poor, with just enough to keep them from poverty's worst, but not from knowing well what that worst may mean. They are rich in just enough opportunity to quicken their intelligence into seeing what the fullness of opportunity may mean.

In their natures womanhood and manhood draw near, the sources of mutual recognition are subtly thrilled; in their bosoms the child is not sleeping, nor is the fountain sealed; and the very religion of hope, impassioned and profound, stirs in the bosom of the Dreamer.

They pass on, neither interfering nor speaking, but they take the problem with them, and some later day love's simple wisdom will have solved it.



"THE SUN IS SETTING."

The sun is setting, and the heir stands in the ruddy glory of its rays. Leaning from the window that overlooks the city toward the changing west, he turns his handsome, discontented face.

He is just eight years old, and this his birthday has been spent in insatiable exactions, and closes in irritable dissatisfaction.

The room on which he turns his back, spacious and full of luxury, is strewn with his presents—costly toys more or less destroyed. A new and choice selection of such books as would have secured a month of varied delights to many children lies scattered and disdained.

There is a long red mark on his cheek, for under the goad of inoccupation he had bullied his sister till she turned upon him. Punishment and banishment in disgrace following for her, he has nothing left either to do or to desire, and looks out sullenly, old-eyed and tired of life—verily and really tired of it!

Across the sumptuous room his shadow trails.

Again it is given to the Dreamer to see a shadow's vast significance.

A large room in a factory, where the deafening racket of machinery murders the silence from dawn to dusk.

In this room are a dozen spinning frames, and little children, boys and girls, are tending them.

Pale children, prematurely old, whose clothes and persons reek of sweat and oil and grime.

The air—it is a long, hot, summer's day—is a dry, stifling mist of shifting, penetrating cotton dust, that spreads like a mesh between the children's eyes and the square bits of brook and field and hill the windows give them.

At one of the spinning frames a little boy is standing, the fragile blossom of eight summers. If he is, or if he could be, pretty or graceful, can not be told; but dearth and exaction are keenly sculptured in his sharpened frame and face.

Hour after hour his little figure moves as the machine is moving; his little hands push out, draw in, go up and down and on again; and hour by hour the daisies open in the pleasant fields, birds wing and sing, and green leaves rustle in the pure, sweet air, and the cool river runs and plashes softly down below.

And still the tiny and the great machine go on together dizzily; and while the child works he is thinking, for his soul is a rare fusion of incorruptible sweetness and finest intelligence—a harp that may be broken, but will give only music while a string remains.

Much of his thought is formless, much of it is vague; but the principle of life is in it, and if he lives it will result beneficently. There is an eager reaching out to grasp the meanings that he dimly sees of life's extremes and sorrowful perplexities.

Weariness weighs down the corners of his sensitive mouth, but his heart does not contract over his own woe; it expands and glistens in the dark, wonderfully sweet eyes he turns upon his panting mates; his lips are tremulous with it as he shouts to them some little message through the unceasing din.

The burning day draws on, and still he works, and over the surface of his deeper thought steal dreams; the restful movements of an airier fancy sway his mind.

To and fro, and up and down, and on and on. Below, the river woos him with her laughing, liquid voice; the sky invites him with the curtains of her clouds; the sunny fields invite with flowers and coolness and beds of verdure in soft iterations of appeal.

"Come, poor child!" say the flowers;
"We have made you a little bed;
Come, lie with us in the showers
The summer clouds will shed.
Don't work for so many hours:
Come hither and play instead!"
"Come!" whispers the waving grass;
"I will cool your feet as you pass;
The daisies will cool your head."

And "Come, come, come," is sighing
The river against the wall;
But "Stay!" in grim replying,
The wheels roar over all.
By hill and field and river,
That hold the child in thrall,
He sees the long light quiver,
And hears faint voices call.

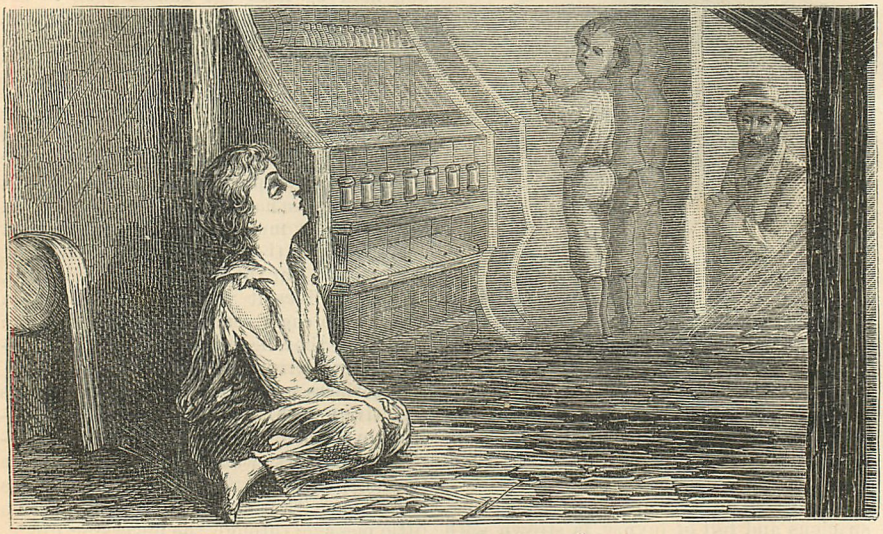
Bright shapes flit near in numbers;
They lead his soul away—
"Oh, hush! hush! hush! he slumbers!"
He dreams he hears them say.

And, just for one strained instant,
He dreams he hears the wheels,
But smiles to feel the flowers,
And down among them kneels.
Over his weary ankles
A rippling runlet steals,
And all about his shoulders
The daisies dance in reels.

Up to his cheeks and temples
Sweet blossoms blush and press,
And softest summer zephyrs
Lean o'er in light caress.
Sleep in her mantle folds him,
As shadows fold the hill;
Deep in her trance she holds him,
And the great wheels are still!

On the sunken cheek the long dark lashes lie softly, as if his sleep were sweet; thick drops of sweat mingle with cotton dust and grime upon the temples that dream of flowers; the gently parted lips, even in their unconsciousness, are strong and sensitive and sweet. It is a very little heap to hold a human soul.

The superintendent thrusts out his foot and kicks the little creature as he lies—kicks at the puny body, doubly helpless in its pathetic sleep. The child starts up and staggers to his feet, sways for a few dizzy seconds in the swift transition from happy dreams to hard realities, wipes his pale forehead with his sleeve, and then resumes his task without a look or word.



"SLEEP IN HER MANTLE FOLDS HIM."

A man comes into the spinning-room.

He is the superintendent of the factory and of the village Sabbath-school. He is esteemed a kind man and a model Christian.

He breathes reservedly, in the heat and dust, for the few moments of his stay, looking sharply with an eye keen, *not* for need, but for delinquency.

The old-faced children fagging at their task look up and fix him with a strange and serious gaze.

"For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark under-ground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.
For all day the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning all the day, and we with all."

This man, who is his brother's keeper, suddenly espies the little one asleep.

"But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

There in the window stands the heir, surfeited with opportunities, yet trained in ignorance of their merest meanings; and in his fateful shadow the poor child wearies at the spinning frame, of tender heart and vital brain, his brother inheriting his portion of the one great wrong that so differently yet so mutually defrauds.

Could they but turn and see each other's little faces, and clasp their little hands in love together, how would sorrow's long mystery unravel, and life—fair, full, and free—unfold!

Pausing a moment at the cathedral doors, the Dreamer hears the preacher crying,

"Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel unto every creature."

And the people, hearing, send ostentatious largess beyond seas, purchasing honors and cheap indemnity for the neglect of

nearer ills, never heeding that the world begins at their very feet, forgetting that no good is good, wrought on a basis of omission.

Time passes, and the scenes of life crowd in the vision of the Dreamer.

She sees the heir grow up to manhood, having dallied with almost all excess and crime (for intelligence *will act*, if not in beneficence, then in malevolence), from whose external expiations wealth secures him; while the poor man, goaded by actual necessities, or by the simple sense of a gigantic wrong which he can neither fathom nor set right, works the same evils, and expiates with freedom or with life.

She sees that the almshouses, prisons, the asylums for the idiot and insane, and the hospitals for the sick and maimed, are the ostentation of a narrow charity that dies at its first gasp, instead of being the love-ruled, intelligently regulated *homes* of those against whom the church and the world have specially sinned.

She sees that the inmates of these places are the living witnesses and woful proofs that manhood and womanhood prey upon each other, outraging life and desecrating love, and that the world talks of charity and boasts of its *benevolent* institutions in behalf of those to whom it is in *debt* for more than it can ever pay.

She finds no fatherhood any where: there is too little motherhood for that. Men do not love, they know not how to love, their children; but they do love themselves, in the possible transmission of their names.

She sees that a monstrous incubus of unreal life rests upon the heart of the world, which labors beneath it to suffocation. Life every where lies smothering under a hideous travesty of itself. The great human heart is so minutely sundered and infinitely separated from itself that the finest, completest effectuation possible to life—the recognition, interdependence, and expansion of manhood and womanhood, and thence the perfecting of all life's purposes—is lost in the dismemberment of humanity.

The Dreamer sees the sister of the heir, she who was barely welcomed at her birth, whose life has been an idle, vapid day of meaningless pleasures, an unquestioning existence circumscribed in feeling, thought, and act.

A path was set for her, and she was hedged therein, a slave and plaything; denied an individuality, subordinated in all relations, schooled in tyrannous repressions, subjected in all her nature to the coarsest interpretations of it, her womanhood regarded as the merest complement of overshadowing manhood, its separate and grand significance ignored.

At last the mother of the race, victim of deprivation and desecration, is bidden



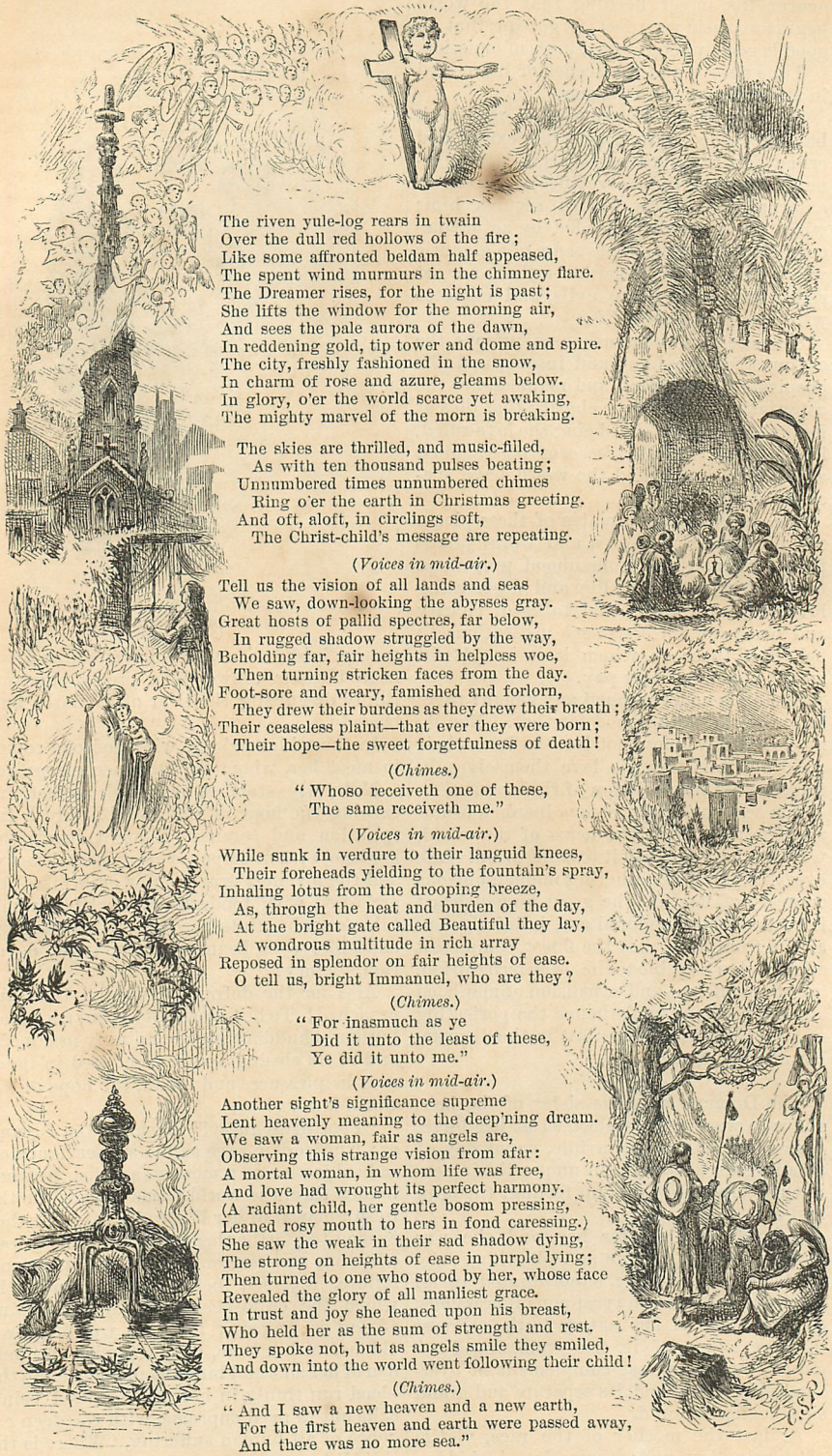
AT THE ALTAR.

to the bridal altar, robed, veiled, and orange blossom crowned—a pretty pageant, thinly disguising the sum of all farce and tragedy.

In the wider pale of wifehood one comes to meet her, whom the Dreamer recognizes —Maternity—tender, beautiful, august, incarning the hope of the world! Fresh inspiration and serenest thought inwreathe her brows; her shape reveals youth, beauty, and the loveliest grace. Her child-like lips are rosed with tenderness; health's inimitable carmine tints her cheek; her radiant, child-like eyes beam courage, trust, devotion, victory!

Alas for the defrauded woman thus approached! To her, maternity is but a loathed burden, shudderingly, repiningly assumed; and of its closing agonies, endured in ignorant helplessness and dread, the hope of the world is born!

"Poor little guest!" murmurs the Dreamer; "unbidden, save as the subservience of sad subjection to a moment's selfish lust has bidden thee, the world turns to thee for the fresh renewal of her life, to be lifted by thee ever a little farther heavenward. Poor guest, offspring and progenitor of feebleness and failure, repulsed before thou comest, in whom the child-heart is still-born, thine advent is tragedy; and the world, grown old before her time, weighed with the burden of her sins and late repenting, feeling the blood run thinly in her death-chilled veins, calls out in need supreme, with the deep cadence of all human suffering, 'Where is the child?'"



The riven yule-log rears in twain
Over the dull red hollows of the fire;
Like some affronted beldam half appeased,
The spent wind murmurs in the chimney flare.
The Dreamer rises, for the night is past;
She lifts the window for the morning air,
And sees the pale aurora of the dawn,
In reddening gold, tip tower and dome and spire.
The city, freshly fashioned in the snow,
In charm of rose and azure, gleams below.
In glory, o'er the world scarce yet awaking,
The mighty marvel of the morn is breaking.

The skies are thrilled, and music-filled,
As with ten thousand pulses beating;
Unnumbered times unnumbered chimes
Ring o'er the earth in Christmas greeting.
And oft, aloft, in circlings soft,
The Christ-child's message are repeating.

(*Voices in mid-air.*)

Tell us the vision of all lands and seas
We saw, down-looking the abysses gray.
Great hosts of pallid spectres, far below,
In rugged shadow struggled by the way,
Beholding far, fair heights in helpless woe,
Then turning stricken faces from the day.
Foot-sore and weary, famished and forlorn,
They drew their burdens as they drew their breath;
Their ceaseless plaint—that ever they were born;
Their hope—the sweet forgetfulness of death!

(*Chimes.*)

"Whoso receiveth one of these,
The same receiveth me."

(*Voices in mid-air.*)

While sunk in verdure to their languid knees,
Their foreheads yielding to the fountain's spray,
Inhaling lotus from the drooping breeze,
As, through the heat and burden of the day,
At the bright gate called Beautiful they lay,
A wondrous multitude in rich array
Reposed in splendor on fair heights of ease.
O tell us, bright Immanuel, who are they?

(*Chimes.*)

"For inasmuch as ye
Did it unto the least of these,
Ye did it unto me."

(*Voices in mid-air.*)

Another sight's significance supreme
Lent heavenly meaning to the deep'ning dream.
We saw a woman, fair as angels are,
Observing this strange vision from afar:
A mortal woman, in whom life was free,
And love had wrought its perfect harmony.
(A radiant child, her gentle bosom pressing,
Leaned rosy mouth to hers in fond caressing.)
She saw the weak in their sad shadow dying,
The strong on heights of ease in purple lying;
Then turned to one who stood by her, whose face
Revealed the glory of all manliest grace.
In trust and joy she leaned upon his breast,
Who held her as the sum of strength and rest.
They spoke not, but as angels smile they smiled,
And down into the world went following their child!

(*Chimes.*)

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth,
For the first heaven and earth were passed away,
And there was no more sea."

CHRISTMAS THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM.



THOR.

THE angels in the *Gloria in Excelsis* have probably given us the best definition of Christmas, "On earth peace, good-will toward men." This Christian idea of Christmas, with its love, charity, and forgiveness, has probably found its most striking realization in the *Julafred*, or Yule-peace of the Scandinavians — a custom, though ancient as the Runic stones, still existing in Sweden, by virtue of a Christian baptism, as a Christian institution. Extending from Christmas-eve to Epiphany, and solemnly proclaimed by a public crier, any violation of the Yule-peace is visited with double or treble punishment. The courts are closed; old quarrels are adjusted; old feuds are forgotten; while on the Yule-evening the shoes, great and small, of the entire household, are set close together in a row, that during the coming year the family may live together in peace and harmony.

To this pacific, Christian conception of the Christmas-time not a few pagan elements have been added, which are clearly traceable, as we shall see, to the old German "Twelve Nights" and the Roman Saturnalia. Hence its mirth and festivity, its jesting and feasting, its frolic and license. The decoration and illumination of our Christian churches recall the temples of Saturn radiant with burning tapers and resplendent with garlands. The "merry Christmas" responds to the "*bona Saturnalia*," and our modern Christmas presents to the *dona amicis*.

During the Saturnalia, which were intended to symbolize the freedom, equality, and peaceful prosperity of the golden or Saturnian age, all labor was suspended. The schools were closed; the Senate adjourned; no criminal was executed; no war proclaimed. Slaves exchanged places with their masters, or, seated at the banqueting tables wearing badges of freedom, jested with them familiarly as their equals.

All these customs have found their counterpart during the Christmas holidays in modern society. In Italy, at the present day, masters and servants not unfrequently meet and are seated at a common Christmas table; while among the English aristocracy the "huge hall table," at least in the times when Scott sang of the Christmas-tide,

> "Bore then upon its surface broad
> No mark to part the squire and lord."

Nor do we fail to find the outcroppings of the freedom and license of the old Saturnalia even in Protestant England and Puritanic Scotland. In the stalwart times of "good Queen Bess" the Christmas holidays lasted over a month. Those were the palmy days of the Christmas-tide, when the mystic mistletoe bough, as now, conferred upon amorous swains a charter for kissing as "broad as the wind," when the Christmas-

logs flamed and roared, when boars' heads and barbecues smoked, and fun and frolic and boisterous mirth raged furiously through the "wee short hours" until the sky turned round. Then it was that the Lord of Misrule or Abbot of Unreason was the autocrat of the Christmas-time, when, clothed with the same powers as the lord of the Feast of Asses in France, he enjoyed the right to say with impunity whatever he chose, to whomsoever he pleased, even to hooting the minister during divine service, when the congregation would frequently desert the church in a body to join the roistering revelers under his capricious command.

Although Epiphanius dates back the custom of commemorating the birthday of Christ to the days of the apostles, its origin is to be referred with greater probability to the latter part of the fourth century. The primitive Christians, it is true, celebrated the birthdays of Christian martyrs, only they selected the day of their death as their real birthday—the birthday of their eternal life. When, however, Constantine proclaimed the Christian faith as the predominating religion of the Roman empire, the Christian Church, relieved from persecution throughout both Orient and Occident, began to solemnize, under the ægis of imperial authority, Christmas as the birthday of Christ. One prominent feature, however, of Constantine's political propaganda of Christianity was the adoption under Christian forms not only of pagan rites and ceremonies, but also of pagan festivals. In order to reconcile heathen converts to the new faith, these relics of paganism, like antique columns transferred from ancient temples to adorn Christian churches, were freely incorporated into the Christian ceremonial. Thus it was that Christmas, though formerly observed on the 6th of January, was transferred to the 25th of December, the time of the Roman Saturnalia, and became invested with much of the paraphernalia of the heathen festival. This transfer became the more easy from the fact that, although the early Christians had fixed upon the 6th of January in their symbolic calendar as the day of Christ's birth, the date could never be satisfactorily determined. Piper, however, rather curiously explains the adoption of the day we now celebrate from the fact that the conception of the Virgin Mary was supposed to have taken place on the day corresponding to the creation of the world, which must have been upon the 25th of March, as the days and nights are then equal, and consequently that Christ must have been born on the 25th of December.



ODIN AS THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

The custom thus established in the Occident spread rapidly, particularly through the efforts of St. Chrysostom, who makes mention of it in one of his sermons as early as 386. Fifty years later it was introduced into Egypt. Here, however, it came into collision with the feast of Epiphany, which was already celebrated, as the feast of the birth and baptism of Christ, on the 6th of January, the birthday of Osiris, the Egyptian sun-god.

In Germany the Christmas holidays appear to have been substituted for the old pagan festival

of the "Twelve Nights," which extended from the 25th of December to the 6th of January. The Twelve Nights were religiously observed by numerous feasts, and were regarded by the ancient Germans as among the holiest and most solemn of their festivals. Regarding, in common with other pagan nations, the active forces of nature as living personifications, they symbolized the conflict of natural forces by the battle of the gods and giants. Thus in the old German mythology Winter is represented as the ice-giant, heartless, inexorable, the enemy of all life, and the relentless foe of gods and men. By the aid of his powerful steed Swadilfari, the all-stiffening north wind, he constructs a formidable castle of ice, which threatens to inaugurate the reign of Night and Winter, of Darkness and eternal Death. Then follows the conflict of giants and gods, of Winter with Spring, of North Wind with South Wind, until Thor, the god of the thunder-storm, demolishes with his thunder-stone the castle of the ice-giant, when Freija, the beautiful goddess of spring, resumes her former sway, and life and light and prosperity return.



FRAU HOLLE, OR BERCHTA, AND HER TRAIN.

But the restless giants ever invent new stratagems to regain their lost supremacy. Thrym, the prince of the giants, robs the sleeping Thor of his dreaded sledge-hammer, and hides it eight leagues under the earth. This insures the reign of Winter for the eight months of the year when the thunder-storm slumbers, until Thor, accompanied by Loki, the spring wind, again demolishes with his recaptured hammer the castle of the ice-king, when the Winter Storm is again compelled reluctantly to retire. This eternal conflict of the opposing forces of summer and winter frequently occurs under various forms in the German mythology, and constituted one of the most striking features of the old German poesy, as the beautiful legend of Idunna and her apples and the giant Thiassi, in the poem of "Edda."

In the midst of this struggle of the conflicting forces of nature the Germans and other Northern peoples celebrated the festival of the Twelve Nights. This festival, as already stated, commenced on the 25th of December. Though in the depth of mid-winter, when the ice-king was in the full flush of victory, it was nevertheless the turning-point in the conflict of natural forces. The sun-god having reached the goal of the winter solstice, now wheeled his fiery steeds, and became the sure precursor of the coming victory of light and life over darkness and death.

But while a pagan festival might be transformed into a Christian holiday, there was no place in a system of theism, unless in its poesy, for the pantheon of pagan gods. These were therefore either relegated to oblivion, or, metamorphosed into demons, witches, and ghosts, are now supposed to have special power to work mischief, particularly during the Christmas-time. Hulda, once the producing night of spring, now bewitches the distaff of lazy spinner-girls. Odin, the god of fecundity, who formerly pursued with impetuous ardor the fair and

beautiful Freija, now, as the wild huntsman of hell, sweeps through the air with his devilish crew, foretelling future wars or portending coming calamity. The once-resplendent Berchta, now a malevolent witch, hung with cow-bells and disguised with a horrid wooden mask, has become the bugbear of children, as she mutters from house to house,

"Children or bacon,
Else I don't go away."

A singular rumor of sea-birds, during the nights of November and December, in the island of Schonen, is still known as the hunting of Odin.

In the Bavarian and Styrian Alps the Twelve Nights are called "Rumor Nights," on account of their visions of ghosts and hobgoblins, when priests and prudent housewives, with prayer and invocation, holy-water and burning incense, fumigate dwelling and outhouse, and sprinkle their cattle with salt. Hence these nights were also called "Fumigating Nights." As an additional protection against "witches' feet" and "devils' paws," the initials of the holy magicians were formerly inscribed upon the door-posts. On the dreaded Twelfth-night, when Frau Holle, or Berchta, issues with her fearful train from her wild mountain home, where she dwells among the dead, she is generally preceded by the faithful Eckhart, an old man with a long beard and a white wand, who warns every one of her terrible approach.

There is a pretty legend related by Von Reinsberg in his "Festliche Jahr" (to which we are indebted for much of the material and a number of the illustrations for this article), that on one occasion the good Eckhart met two little children, who, coming out of a beer shop with a pot of beer, were overtaken by the fearful troop, who drank all the beer. Having no money to buy more, and apprehensive of punishment, they cried bitterly, when the faithful Eckhart comforted them with the assurance that if they would never tell what they had seen, their pot would always be brimful of beer. And so it was, until their parents prevailed upon the children to divulge the mysterious secret, when the miraculous gift disappeared.



THE FAITHFUL ECKHART.

As with Christmas as a holiday, so with many of its characters and customs. If not of pagan origin, they constitute a curious medley of paganism and Christianity. This is particularly true among the Germans, who were strongly attached to their old religious ceremonies. The Christ-child with his gifts and masked attendant all belong to the German antiquity. In the procession of the star-singers the three kings replace the pagan gods. Only the names have been changed, while the custom has received the rites of a Christian baptism. The German custom of some one going, in a state of nudity, at midnight on Christmas-eve, to bind the fruit trees with ropes of straw, or



Devil. Pharisees. Angel Gabriel. Star-bearer.

CHARACTERS IN THE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

of frugal housewives shaking the crumbs from the table-cloth around their roots in order that they become more fruitful, clearly points to the mysterious influence attributed by the ancient Germans to the time of the Twelve Nights. In the Tyrol the fruit trees, for a similar reason, are soundly beaten. In Bohemia they are violently shaken during the time of the midnight mass; while in other localities they are regaled with the remains of the Christmas supper, to which they had been previously and specially invited.

A similar custom, probably of German origin, still prevails in some parts of England. In Devonshire a corn cake and some hot cider are carried into the orchard, and there offered up to the largest apple-tree as the king of the orchard, while those who take part in the singular ceremony join lustily in the chorus,

"Bear good apples and 'pears enoug'—
Barns full, bags full, sacks full!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Mistletoe and holly, Yule-log and Yule-candle, belong to the same category. The mistletoe was regarded by the Druids with religious veneration, and its berries of pearl, as symbolic of purity, were associated by them with the rites of marriage. From this the transition was but slight to the lover's kiss beneath its mystic bough during the Christmas-tide. At this festive season also they kindle bonfires upon the hill-tops. Nor must we forget that our pagan progenitors burned a great log and a mammoth candle upon the 21st of December, which, being the shortest day in the year, was regarded as the turning-point in the conflict between the contending forces of winter and spring.

Advent is the herald of Christmas. In Protestant as well as Catholic countries choristers and school-boys during the "holy-nights" go from house to house singing songs or Christmas carols, with which to usher in the auspicious day. In the south of Germany they accompany the singing by knocking at the doors with a little hammer, or throwing pease, beans, or lentils at the windows. Hence the origin of the name of "knocking nights."

In Bohemia, Styria, Carniola, and other German provinces it is customary for a number of persons to associate themselves together in a dramatic company, and perform Christmas plays during Advent. The story of the Saviour's birth, his persecution by Herod, and the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt constitutes the simple plot. The *dramatis personæ*, as well as the performance, vary somewhat according to the locality. Usually, however, they consist of the Christ-child, St. Nicholas or St. Peter, St. Joseph and the Virgin, Herod, the varlet Ruprecht, several angels, together with shepherds and other less conspicuous personages. The devil is notably the merriest character in the play. Before the representation begins he capers about through the village—a sort of peripatetic play-bill—furiously blowing his horn, and frightening or bantering both old and young. During the performance, though figuring in the rather humble rôle of a messenger, he does not cease to joke with the players or rail at the public. A handsome youth of the strictest morals is usually selected to represent the Virgin Mary.

The rehearsal is usually accompanied by a certain rhythmical movement, the players going four steps to and fro, so that a metre or foot corresponds to every step, and on the fourth, which includes the rhyme, the

performer turns quickly around. The holy personages sing instead of rehearsing their parts, but accompany their singing with the same rhythmical movement. On the first Sunday in Advent the play is inaugurated by a solemn procession, headed by the master singer bearing a gigantic star, followed by the others drawing a large fir-tree ornamented with ribbons and apples; and thus they go singing to the large hall where the play is to be performed. On arriving at the door they form a half circle, and sing the star-song; then, after saluting sun, moon, and stars, the emperor, the government, and the master singer, in the name of all the "herbs and roots that grow in the earth," they enter the hall, and the performance begins.

The prologue and epilogue are sung by an angel. As the whole stage apparatus often consists of only a straw-bottomed chair and a wooden stool, every change of scene is indicated by a procession of the whole company singing an appropriate song; after which only those who take part in the next act remain standing, while the remainder go off singing.

These dramatic representations are often very simple, or only fragmentary, consisting, it may be, of a troop of boys and girls disguised as shepherds and shepherdesses, who go about singing shepherd songs, thus announcing the approaching advent of our Saviour. At other times they are performed from house to house, and are associated with the distribution of Christmas presents. In such cases they are made the occasion of a solemn inquest into the conduct of the children, and constitute in Germany—which appears to be at once the paradise and purgatory of Christmas-loving juveniles—a potential auxiliary of pedagogic and parental discipline.

The archangel Gabriel, it may be, first appears upon the scene, and thus announces his advent:

"May God give you a happy good-evening! I am his messenger, sent from angel-land. My name is Gabriel. In my hands I bear the sceptre which the Son of God has given me. On my head I wear the crown with which the Son of God has crowned me."

Thereupon the Christ-child, wearing a gilded paper crown, and carrying a basket full of apples and nuts, enters, singing the song commencing,

"Down from the high heaven I come,"

and greets the company with a similar salutation. In the course of his song he informs the children that the object of his coming is to learn whether they have been good and obedient, and if they "pray and spin diligently." If so, they are to be rewarded with gifts from his golden chariot which stands at the door; if not, their backs are to be belabored with rods. St. Peter or St. Nicholas, as the case may be, is then called in to furnish a faithful account of the children's deportment. If it be St. Nicholas, he enters with a long staff or crozier in his hand, and a bishop's mitre of gilt paper upon his head. His report is not usually a flattering one. On their way from school the children loiter in the streets, they tear their books, neglect their tasks, and forget to say their prayers; and as a penance for all this evil-doing, he recommends a liberal application of the rod. The Christ-child interposes, almost supplicatingly,

"Ah, Nicholas, forbear. Spare the little child. Spare the young blood!"

The two then join with the angel in singing a song, when St. Peter is summoned, who promptly enters, jingling his keys. The saint, who rather plumes himself on his high office of heavenly janitor, carries matters with a high hand. He examines the children's copy-books, it may be, bids them kneel down and pray, and then, by virtue of his high prerogative, pronounces sentence upon the unfortunate delinquents, and calls upon the black Ruprecht, who stands waiting outside the door, to execute his orders.

"Ruperus, Ruperus, enter!
The children will not be obedient."

The frightful bugbear, dressed in fur, and covered with chains, with blackened face and fiery eyes, and a long red tongue protruding out of his mouth, stumbles over the threshold, brandishing an enormous birch, and as he falls headlong into the room, roars out to the children, "Can you pray?" Whereupon they fall upon their knees and repeat their prayers at the top of their voices. The five heavenly visitors, standing in a half circle, then sing another song or two descriptive of the heavenly joys, or freighted with wholesome advice to both children and parents. The latter give them in return a few farthings, while the Christ-child scatters apples and nuts here and there upon the floor for the further edification of the children, and then Christ-child, St. Nicholas, St. Peter, the archangel Gabriel, and devil *exeunt*.

St. Nicholas, as all the world knows, is the patron of children, with whom he is the most popular saint in the calendar. Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, in the time of Constantine the Great, if we are to credit the Roman breviary, he supplied three destitute maidens with dowries by secretly leaving a marriage-portion for each at their window. Hence the popular fiction that he is the purveyor of presents to children on Christmas-eve. He usually makes his appearance as an old man with a venerable beard, and dressed as a bishop, either riding a white horse or an ass, and carrying a large basket on his arm, and a bundle of rods in his hand. In some parts of Bohemia he appears dressed

up in a sheet instead of a surplice, with a crushed pillow on his head instead of a mitre. On his calling out, "Wilt thou pray?" all the children fall upon their knees, whereupon he lets fall some fruit upon the floor and disappears. In this manner he goes from house to house, sometimes ringing a bell to announce his arrival, visits the nurseries, inquires into the conduct of the children, praises or admonishes them, as the case may be, distributing sweetmeats or rods accordingly.



ST. NICHOLAS.

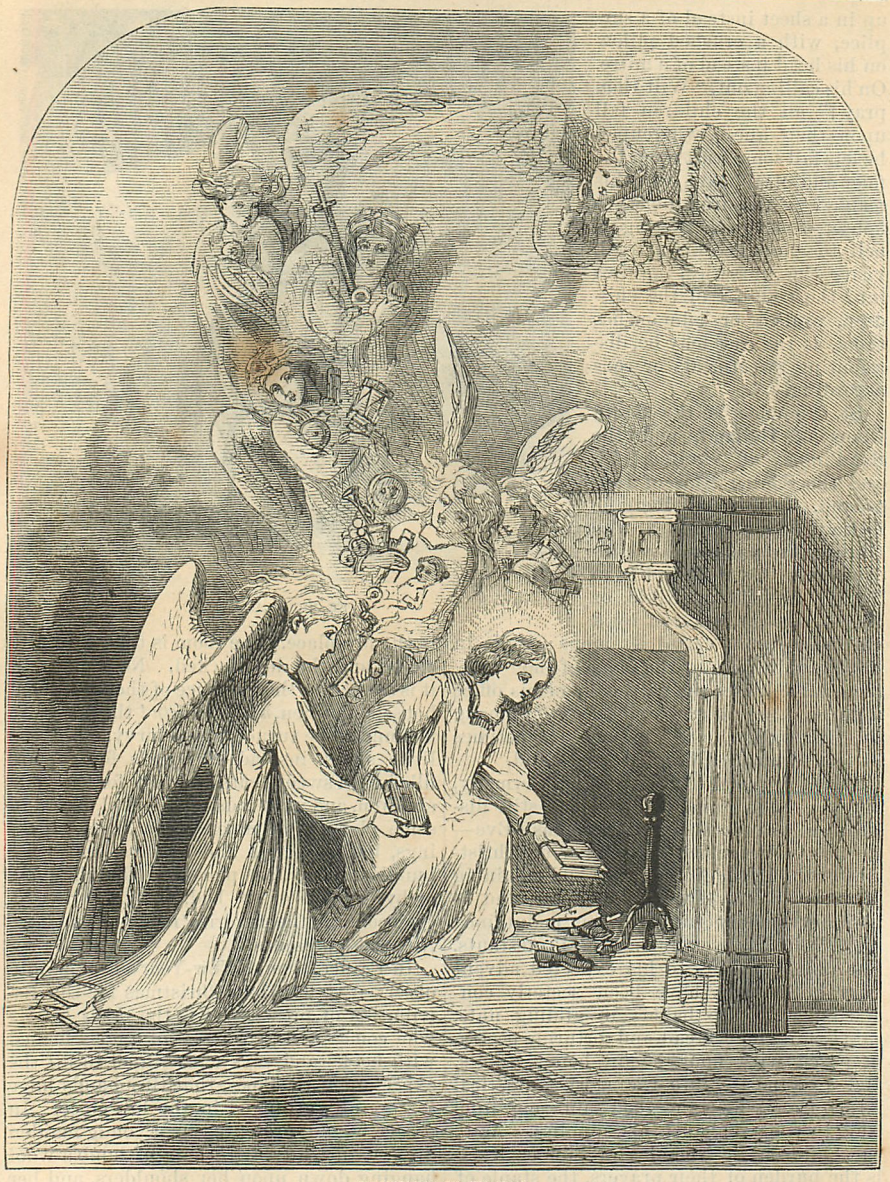
St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus of Holland, and the Samiklaus of Switzerland, and the Sönner Klâs of Helgoland. In the Vorarlberg he is known as Zemmiklas, who threatens to put naughty children into his hay-sack; in Nether Austria as Niklo, or Niglo, who is followed by a masked servant called Krampus; while in the Tyrol he goes by the name of the "Holy Man," and shares the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls, as he among the boys. Sometimes he is accompanied by the Christ-child.

In many parts of Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands St. Nicholas still distributes his presents on St. Nicholas's Eve—the 5th of December—instead of on Christmas-eve. In the Netherlands and adjoining provinces he is especially popular, and is perhaps the only saint who has maintained his full credit, even among the Protestants. For days previous to his expected advent busy housewives have been secretly conspiring with the bakers in gilding nuts, cakes, and gingerbread, and torturing pastry, prepared with flour, sugar, honey, spices, and sweetmeats, into the most fantastical forms, from which the good saint may from time to time replenish his supplies. As to the children, St. Nicholas or Sünder Klaas is the burden of their prayers, the staple of their dreams, and the inspiration of their songs. As they importune him to let fall from the chimney-top some pretty gift into their little aprons, they go on singing with childish fervor,

> "Sünder Klaas du gode Bloot!
> Breng' mi Nööt un Zuckerbrod,
> Nicht to veel un nich to minn
> Smiet in mine Schörten in!"

In Belgium, on the eve of the good bishop's aerial voyage in his pastoral visitation of his bishopric of chimney-tops, the children polish their shoes, and after filling them with hay, oats, or carrots for the saint's white horse, they put them on a table, or set them in the fire-place. The room is then carefully closed and the door locked. Next morning it is opened in the presence of the assembled household, when, *mirabile dictu!* the furniture is found to be turned topsy-turvy, while the little shoes, instead of horse's forage, are filled with sweetmeats and toys for the good children, and with rods for the bad ones. In some places wooden or China shoes, stockings, baskets, cups and saucers, and even bundles of hay, are placed in the chimney, or by the side of the bed, or in a corner of the room, as the favorite receptacles of St. Nicholas's presents.

In France, though New-Year's is generally observed rather than Christmas for the distribution of presents, it is the *Jésus bambin* who comes with a convoy of angels loaded with books and toys with which to fill the expectant little shoes, that tiny hands have so carefully arranged in the fire-place. In Alsace he is represented by a young maiden dressed in white, with hair of lamb's wool hanging down upon her shoulders, and her face whitened with flour, while on her head she wears a crown of gilt paper set round with burning tapers. In one hand she holds a silver bell, in the other a basket full of sweetmeats. She is the messenger of joy to all children, but that joy is usually changed into terror on the appearance of Hans Trapp, the Alsacian Ruprecht. The bugbear, on entering, demands in a hoarse voice which of the children have not been obedient, walking up toward them in a threatening manner, while they, trembling and crying, seek to hide themselves as best they may from the impending storm. But the Christ-child intercedes for them, and, upon their



CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

promising to become better in the future, leads them up to the brilliantly illuminated Christmas-tree loaded with presents, which soon make them oblivious of the frightful Hans Trapp.

In the Erzgebirge it is St. Peter who, dressed as a bishop, and accompanied by the dreadful Ruprecht, is impatiently expected by the children on Christmas-eve. The character of his visit does not differ materially from that of the Christ-child, only that, on leaving, he delivers a short sermon, lays on the table a rod dipped in chalk, and then departs as noiselessly as he came. The children, relieved from the presence of Ruprecht, now breathe free again. They hasten to take off their shoes, polish them, and then tie them together, when the most daring among them, after listening if Niglo's bell has ceased tinkling, runs out into the garden and puts them under a bush. The others, plucking up courage, follow his example. They now pass the time until the clock strikes ten in telling stories, in which the black Ruprecht plays a principal part, when, having reconnoitred the situation through the key-hole to see that the coast is clear, they go noise-



THE CHRIST-CHILD AND HANS TRAPP.

lessly on tiptoe to their shoes under the bush, to find them filled with apples, nuts, and all sorts of sweetmeats.

From what precedes, it will appear that the bugbear Ruprecht, under different names and disguises, plays a conspicuous part among German-speaking populations in the Christmas festivities. In the Tyrol the terrible Klaubauf accompanies St. Nicholas, who kidnaps naughty children and stows them away in his basket. In Lower Austria it is the frightful Krampus, with his clanking chains and horrible devil's mask, who, notwithstanding his gilded nuts and apples, gingerbread and toys, which he carries in his basket, is the terror of the nursery. In the Bohemian Netherlands Rumpanz figures as the bugbear in the train of the Christ-child. Three young men disguise themselves, one as an angel, another as the devil, and the third as a he-goat. The latter catches and holds wicked children, who do not say their prayers, upon his horns, in order that the devil may beat them with his rod. In Alsace Ruprecht, as already intimated, is represented by Hans Trapp. In Suabia the Christ-child is accompanied by the Pelzmaert, who carries an old bell, and an earthen pot containing the presents; while throughout Northern Germany it is customary in the rural districts for a black-bearded peasant, wrapped in straw, to go from house to house asking the children if they know how to pray, rewarding those who can with gingerbread, apples, and nuts, and punishing unmercifully those who can not. In Hanover, Holstein, and Mecklenburg he is known as Cläs. In Silesia his name is Joseph.

Sometimes the Christmas bugbear carries a rod, at the end of which is fastened a sack full of ashes, with which he beats the children, and is therefore called Ashy Claws. At others he rides a white horse, called in some localities the "Spanish stallion," and not unfrequently he is accompanied by a bear wrapped in straw. On the island of Usedom three figures belong to the procession of Ruprecht. One wrapped in straw bears the rod and cinder-bag, or ash-sack.



CHRISTMAS MASKS.

The second appears as the rider of the "Spanish stallion." The third carries the *Klapperbock*. This consists of a pole over which is drawn a buckskin. To the extremity of the pole a ram's head is attached, from the nether jaw of which a cord passes through the upper jaw and thence into the throat, so that when the bearer pulls the cord the jaws rattle or clatter. With this Klapperbock, which in Denmark, under the name of the *Julbock* or Yule-buck, is the unfailing accompaniment of the Yule-time, they threaten and frighten the children. In the Harz a similar scarecrow, called the Habersack, consists of a hay-fork, between the prongs of which a broom is attached so as to present the appearance of a head with horns, while the body is made up of a sheet with a man under it.

In former times there was also a female bugbear. In Lower Austria she was called the Budelfrau. In Suabia it was the Berchtel, who chastised children that did not spin diligently with rods, but rewarded the industrious with dried pears, apples, and nuts. In the environs of Augsburg the Buzebercht,

with her blackened face and streaming hair and flaunting rags, accompanied St. Nicholas, besmearing every one she met with the contents of her starch-pot; while in the Böhmerwalde, or Bohemian Forest, St. Lucy, under the form of a goat covered with a sheet, through which the horns project, is to this day the terror of lazy or undutiful children.

On Sylvester's-day or New-Year's Eve the procession of the "Spanish stallion," cinder-bag, and Klapperbock is supplemented in Faterland by the *Wêpelrôt*. This consists of a wheel made of willow, in the centre of which there is a gilded ornament that flashes like a star. At the extremity of the spokes on the exterior of the rim there is a succession of spikes, upon which apples are stuck. Just after midnight the bearer throws it into the house of his lady-love, demanding a token in return. He then fires a pistol, and runs away at the top of his speed, pursued by the inmates of the house, who, if he is caught and brought back, compel him to drink *Rôtwasser*, and ride astride of the pot-hanger. Christmas masks of a somewhat similar character are in vogue in Naples, and, unless we are mistaken, also in Sicily.

Time would fail to speak of the many singular customs and quaint superstitions associated with the Christmas holidays. In some places, as in Suabia, it is customary for maidens, inquisitive as to their prospective lovers, to draw a stick of wood out of a heap to see whether he will be long or short, crooked or straight. At other times they will pour melted lead into cold water, and from the figures formed will prognosticate the trade or profession of their future husbands. If they imagine they see a plane, or last, or a pair of shears, it signifies that he is to be a carpenter, or shoe-maker, or tailor; while a hammer or pickaxe indicates a smith or a common laborer. The maidens of Pfullingen, when they wish to ascertain which of them will first become a wife, form a circle, and place in their midst a blindfolded gander, and the one to whom he goes first will soon be a bride; while the Tyrolese peasants, on the "knocking nights," listen at the baking ovens, and if they hear music, it signifies an early wedding, but if the ringing of bells, it forebodes the death of the listener. Among many others a favorite method of forecasting the future is to sit upon the floor and throw one's shoe with the foot over the shoulder, and then to predict from the position it assumes what is about to transpire.

The superstition that cattle kneel at midnight on Christmas-eve, in recognition of the anniversary of the Saviour's birth, is still said to exist even in some parts of England; while the belief that water drawn at twelve o'clock on Christmas-night is miraculously turned into wine is no less widely diffused. In Mecklenburg it is not allowable to call certain animals by their right names, and he who does not say "long tail," for example, for fox, pays a forfeit.

In Poland, and elsewhere, it is believed that on Christmas-night the heavens are opened, and the scene of Jacob's ladder is re-enacted, but it is only permitted to the saints to see it. Throughout Northern Germany the tables are spread and lights left burning during the entire night, that the Virgin Mary, and the angel who passes when every body sleeps, may find something to eat. In certain parts of Austria they put candles in the windows, that the Christ-child may not stumble in passing through the village. There is also a wide-spread opinion that a pack of wolves, which were no other than wicked men transformed into wolves, committed great havoc upon Christmas-night. Taking advantage of this superstition, it was not unusual for rogues disguised in wolf-skins to attack honest people, rifle their houses, sack their cellars, and drink or steal all their beer. As a specific charm, no doubt, against these wolfish depredations, it was customary in Austria, up to a recent date, after high mass on Christmas-night, to sing in a particular tone, to the sound of the large bell, the chapter of the generation of Jesus Christ.

The Christmas-tree is doubtless of German origin. Though in its present form it is comparatively of recent date, yet its pagan prototype enjoyed a very high antiquity. The early Germans conceived of the world as a great tree whose roots were hidden deep under the earth, but whose top, flourishing in the midst of Walhalla, the old German paradise, nourished the she-goat upon whose milk fallen heroes restored themselves. Yggdnafil was the name of this tree, and its memory was still green long after Christianity had been introduced into Germany, when much of its symbolic character was transferred to the Christmas-tree. At first fitted up during the Twelve Nights in honor of Berchta, the goddess of spring, it was subsequently transferred to the birthday of Christ, who, as the God-man, is become the "resurrection and the life." The evergreen fir-tree, an emblem of spring-time, became the symbol of an eternal spring. The burning lights were to adumbrate Him who is the "light of the world," and the gifts to remind us that God, in giving His only Son for the world's redemption, conferred upon us the most priceless of all gifts. This symbolism extended also to the most usual of Christmas presents, apples and nuts; the former being considered as an emblem of youth, the latter as a profound symbol of spring, while the "boy's legs" relate to Saturn, who devoured his own children, and the *Kröpfel* to the thunder-stone of Thor.

Until within the present century the



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Christmas-tree was regarded as a distinctive Protestant custom. The Reformers, in order to separate themselves more completely from the Catholic Church, dispensed with its rites, ceremonies, and customs, and those of the Christmas holidays among the rest. The *Krippe*, or holy manger, which was considered a distinctively Catholic institution, strangely enough, was supplanted by an old pagan custom of immemorial antiquity and

kindred significance. To invest the festival with additional importance in the eyes of children, the distribution of holiday presents was transferred from the 5th to the 24th of December, or from St. Nicholas's Eve to Christmas-eve. Such was its origin. Now the Christmas-tree, radiant with light and loaded with its rich variety of golden fruit, is not only to be found every where throughout Germany, but has taken root and become acclimated from the Alps to the Ural, and from the Kiölen to the Apennines; beneath Italian suns and amidst Lapland snows; alike on the banks of the Neva and the Po, the Mississippi and the Thames—in truth, wherever German civilization has penetrated or German Protestantism prevails.

The *presepio*, or manger, has, however, maintained its pre-eminence in Roman Catholic countries. It is said to owe its origin to St. Francis, who constructed the first one in 1223. Subsequently the custom spread throughout Italy, and afterward Germany and the Netherlands. The *presepii* vary in size and expensiveness from the rude wooden figures of the Alpine goat-herd, cut out with his own hands during the long winter evenings, to the pretentious representation of the wealthy burgher, with its exquisite carving and gilding, velvet drapery and cloth of gold, costing thousands of crowns. In many churches the whole parish contribute to the expense of fitting up the *presepio*, while moribund misers do not forget to endow it with a legacy in their last will and testament.

One of these representations in a church of the Capuchins near by has become more familiar to the younger members of our household than the Christmas-stocking scene around the old familiar fireside. The Holy Family occupy the foreground. In the manger reposes the *Bambino*, over whom St. Joseph, holding a bouquet, and the Virgin, dressed in satin and lace, with blue veil and silver crown, bend admiringly. Around kneel sundry shepherds in the act of adoration; while overhead, angels with golden wings float among the clouds and chant the *Gloria in Excelsis*. A silver star with its comet-like



THE PRESEPIO.

trail directs the approach of the Eastern magi, who, with their brilliant retinue of horsemen and attendants, dazzle the eyes of the juvenile spectators with their Oriental pomp and pageantry. Here a ragged beggar stretches out a beseeching palm, and there a devout hermit kneels before a rustic chapel. In the background rise the mountains, dotted with villas and *chalets*, with flocks of sheep and goats grazing here and there upon their grassy slopes, while peasants are every where seen approaching, bearing the products of the farm, the dairy, and the chase as their simple offerings to the new-born child. Just opposite a tribune has been erected, from which dapper little boys and dainty little girls, greatly to the edification of indulgent parents, recite, or rather intone, selections of poetry and prose appropriate to the festive occasion.

In some places in Bohemia they use the *Krippe*, or manger, as the receptacle of the presents which the Christ-child, drawn through the air by four milk-white horses, is fabled to bring in his chariot laden with all sorts of toys and sweetmeats. So, too, the representation is frequently accompanied with dramatic performances, styled *Krippenspiele*, or manger plays. In the Bohemian Forest the Christ-child, after announcing his approach in the deepening twilight by the tinkling of his little bell, throws in the children's Christmas presents through the partially opened door, or else, in token of displeasure, he substitutes a rod, or a handful of pease, the former suggestive of punishment, the latter of penance. The kneeling on pease during prayer appears to be still in some Catholic countries a favorite method of doing penance, and an Italian friend relates as an unpleasant item of his boyhood's experience that it was formerly a cherished mode of administering discipline in the schools.

The *Bambino* is the Santa Claus of Italy. It is not unusual, however, among the Italians for the children to accompany their parents in their "shopping" during the week preceding Christmas, with a view of selecting their own presents. Meanwhile the streets are transformed into fairs, and every public square becomes a bazar. Then there is the *presepio* in the churches and private families, and the midnight mass on Christmas-eve, when the *Bambino*, held up in front of the high altar by the officiating priest, is devoutly kissed by the faithful, while old and young emulate the choir in singing that beautiful pastoral hymn, commencing,

> "Fra l' orrido rigor di stagion cruda
> Nacesti mio Gesù nella capanna."

Of the services in the churches, however, it is not our purpose to speak, unless incidentally, as our main object has been to illustrate Christmas in its social aspects.

One of the principal features of the holiday is the grand Christmas dinner, which begins early and lasts late, so that Christmas-night in Italy is fairly entitled to the not very elegant epithet of *Vollbauchsabend* as applied by the Holsteiners to their Christmas meal after the midnight mass. The rich feast right royally, and the poor, who can afford to eat meat but once a year, must have it for the Christmas dinner. In anticipation of this, it is customary for every one who has turned a hand for you during the year to call upon you in advance of the Christmas holidays for their *buona festa*. It is simply a generalization of what is true of our newspaper carriers on New-Year's Day. This a resident foreigner especially finds out to his sorrow. If he be a consul, so much the worse. He is not only expected to fee his own employés, but those of the health office, of the captain of the port, of the prefect, of the chief of police—in fact, of all the authorities with whom he has held official intercourse. Then come the telegraph messenger, the penny postman, the scavenger, the washer-woman, the baker's boy, who alone returns you an equivalent by bringing you a *pane dolce*, together with the servants of your friends, where you have called frequently, especially if you have dined with them at any time during the year. The *buona festa* varies from two to fifty francs, and occasionally more. Sometimes, instead of calling in person, the more aristocratic, as the *portiers* of the Bourse, will send you their *carte de visite*, with the compliments of the season, but they would consider it as rather a grim joke if you were simply to send yours in return.

A similar custom prevails in England. The bellman goes round at midnight ringing his bell, and rattling off a stanza or two, for the gratuity which he confidently anticipates; while watchmen, firemen, rate-collectors, postmen, chimney-sweeps, street scavengers, the errand-boys of your baker, butcher, poultry merchant, and green-grocer, even to the hired singers in the churches, all expect their Christmas-box.

In Spain Christmas is observed, we understand, very much as it is in Italy, the Christmas dinner playing a very conspicuous part. In Russia, though St. Nicholas is a special favorite, and they have the Christmas-tree, and services in the churches, all special ceremonies are reserved for the Easter holidays and Epiphany.

On the other hand, throughout the Scandinavian countries, the Yule-time is the gayest and merriest season of the year. It begins on Christmas and continues until Epiphany, and is given up, for the most part, to feasting, dancing, and merry-making. During this time no heavy work is to be done. The watch-dog is unchained. The cattle receive an extra allowance of fodder, and the birds some generous handfuls of

seed. In the rural districts the tables are spread and left standing, loaded with the substantial good cheer of the season, together with the indispensable national dishes, Yule-groats and Yule-buck or Yule-boar — a species of bread, on which is represented a boar or ram. Every visitor is expected to partake of something, otherwise he is believed to take away with him the Yule-joy. In many places the floor of the festive hall is strewn with rye straw, called Yule-straw, which possesses the miraculous property of preserving poultry from witchcraft and cattle from distemper. Over the dining-table hangs suspended from the ceiling an ornamental straw cock. The family go singing to and from the table, while a light is left burning the entire night, and should it accidentally go out, some one in the house will surely die during the coming year.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

In Lapland and Norway it is still customary to set out a cake in the snow as a Christmas offering, intended originally, in all probability, to propitiate some pagan divinity, as it dates back to the times of Thor the Thunderer. Nor must we omit to speak of the Yule-club, which was formerly suspended by a ribbon over the table, to be played by the guests in order to decide about the drink, nor of the Yule-cock, a cock made of the Yule-straw, which was played in a similar manner.

In Sweden and Denmark the *Julklapp*, or Christmas-box, inclosed in innumerable wrappers, and labeled with the name of the person for whom it is intended, is suddenly thrown into the room by some unseen, mysterious messenger, who accompanies it with a loud rap upon the door. No little ingenuity is frequently exhibited in the selection of the envelope inclosing the present. Sometimes an elegant vase is inclosed in a monster bale, or a costly brooch in a great straw boot, or some valuable ornament in an earthenware hen. During the evening all sorts of messengers, in all possible and impossible disguises, some in masks, some in female attire, some as cripples on crutches, others as postilions on horseback, hurry hither and thither, and deliver the presents in the most unexpected and mysterious manner. The Yule-klapp is not unfrequently accompanied by a biting epigram or satirical allusion, like the valentine. Thus, a lady extravagantly fond of dress is liable to be presented with a ridiculously dressed doll, or a newly married couple who are rather demonstrative in their billing and cooing with a pair of young turtle-doves.

In the larger towns and cities, as in Stockholm, they hold a great fair. The shops are richly decorated and splendidly illuminated. There are family reunions, where children receive their presents and adults their Yule-klapps, while in the midst of the festive scene rises a Christmas-tree with its rich burden of flowers, fruits, and sweetmeats, and brilliant with burning wax-lights.



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Christmas in England is scarcely the shadow of its former merry, brilliant self, when all classes of society, united around a common banquet-table, indulged in the most unrestrained joviality and merriment. The wassail* bowl, that once played so conspicuous a part at the Christmas banquet, has become obsolete, while the old-time toasts of "*Drine heil*," or "*Was hail*," from which the bowl derives its name, has given place to the modern "Come, here's to you," or "I'll pledge you." Then, too, the singing of Christmas carols, which was once so popular even at court, has greatly fallen into disuse, and is now principally confined to the lower classes. Even the traditional mistletoe, around which gathers so much of poesy and romance, and under which coy maidens coquettishly courted the kiss of their present or prospective lovers, now excluded from the churches as a relic of paganism, has been banished by slow degrees from its high post of favor; while the Yule-block, or Christmas-log, with its warm welcome, extending even to the poor and the stranger as they gathered around the hospitable board, is being gradually supplanted by the Christmas-tree, whose introduction into England is comparatively of recent date.

But if the Lord of Misrule has been the loser, Christian civilization has been the gainer, in a more rational observance of the Christmas festivities in England. The Christmas-tree sheds its mellow radiance over a more quiet but not less enjoyable scene. Churches and home sanctuaries robe themselves in evergreen holly, ivy, and laurel. Generous rations of beef and bread are distributed to the parish poor on Christmas-eve by jeweled hands, while the Christmas bells still ring out their silvery chimes on the crisp morning air joyfully and cheerfully. Nor is there wanting a spicy flavor of the old-time feasting and frolic, when there

> "was brought in the lusty brawn
> By old blue-coated serving man;
> Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
> Crested with bays and rosemary,
> * * * * * * *
> While round the merry wassail bowl,
> Garnished with ribbons, blithe did trowl."

To say nothing of the roast beef and plum-pudding, Christmas pies, furmity,* and snap-dragons, the Yule-log and the mistletoe have not finally abdicated, while the boar's head, decorated with rosemary or prickly holly, maintains its place at the English Christmas dinner, and is still served up in great state at the royal Christmas table.

The "bringing in of the boar's head" was formerly attended with no little ceremony. At Oxford it was carried in by the strongest of the guardsmen, singing a Christmas carol,

* *Wassail*—warm ale with apples floating therein.

* A kind of thick and highly flavored barley-water.

and preceded by a forester, a huntsman, and a couple of pages dressed in silk and carrying the indispensable mustard, which at that time was regarded not only as a great luxury, but an infallible digester. The following celebrated carol of the "Boar's Head" may be found in the book of "Christmasse Carolles" published in 1521 by Wynkyn de Warde:

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.
The bore's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

"The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande.
Loke wherever it be fande,
Servite cum cantico.

"Be gladde, lordes, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde,
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's head with mustarde."

A somewhat similar custom appears to have prevailed in Genoa in the times of the Dorias, since we learn from Carbone that a boar decorated with branches of laurel, and accompanied by trumpeters, was annually presented to the Doria family by the Abbot of San Antonio at Pré, at mid-day of the 24th of December.

Formerly the Yule-log, a huge section of the birch, was cut from a tree selected on Candlemas-day, which so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth was the last day of the Christmas holidays. On the following Christmas-eve it was dragged in and placed upon the hearth with great ceremony, the merry-makers pulling with a will, and singing the while the modernized Christmas carol commencing,

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boys,
The Christmas-log to the firing."

It was then kindled with a brand from last year's Christmas fire, which, if it was not thus kept continually burning, still linked the merry-making of one Christmas-time to that of another.

In Ramsgate, Kent, and the Isle of Thanet, the custom styled "hodening" is still in vogue. The "hoden," which appears to be a cross between the "white horse" and the Klapperbock of the Germans, is accompanied by a number of youths in fantastic dress, who go round from door to door ringing bells and singing Christmas carols.

The Christmas *mummers*, that carry us back to the old Morality Plays, the origin of the modern English drama, may yet be found in Cornwall and Gloucestershire. The players are for the most part plow-boys or country "bumpkins," variously masked and grotesquely dressed, who, tricked out with swords and gilt paper hats, go about on Christmas-eve from house to house, and, wherever received, giving a rude dramatic performance styled a Mystery.

Until the time of Charles I. it was customary in England to proceed in solemn state and present the king and queen with a branch of the celebrated Glastonbury thorn, which was said to bud on Christmas-eve and blossom on Christmas morning. A popular legend relates that this thorn-bush, which once flourished in the church-yard of Glastonbury Abbey, but was subsequently cut down during the time of the civil wars, was a shoot of the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, stuck into the ground with his own hands; that it immediately took root and put forth leaves, and the day following was covered all over with snow-white blossoms, and that it thus continued to bloom for a long series of years, great numbers of people visiting it annually to witness the miracle. When, however, in 1753, a shoot of the Glastonbury thorn in Buckinghamshire refused to blossom, though thousands of spectators with lights and lanterns had assembled as usual to see it, the people declared thereupon that the 25th of December, new style, was not the true Christmas, and refused to observe it as such, most of all as the white-thorn continued to blossom on the 5th of January as usual. To put an end to the dispute, the clergy of the neighborhood issued an order that both days, old style and new, were to be similarly kept.

Our limited space will not permit us to speak of Christmas customs in Scotland, which, however—making due allowance for difference in temperament—are quite similar to those of England. There are the Yule-log and carol singers, the mummers, or guisarts, the mince-pies and plum porridge, with the added "Yule-dow" and "wad shooting." Nor may we, for the same reason, enlarge upon those of the Emerald Isle, where "purty colleens" seek four-leaved shamrocks on "Christmas-ave;" where the haggard banshee, sure precursor of impending evil, with wrinkled visage and great melancholy eyes, and white hair streaming in the wind, sweeps through the glen or gleams out of the darkness; where parish priests brew the whisky punch and bless it with a grace, while the lads and the lasses "fut" the merry jig with mirthful uproar, until the burning lights grow pale and the glowing peat burns low.

Of Christmas in the New World we need not speak at all, since its customs, for the most part, have been transplanted from the Old. Even the negroes of Jamaica elect themselves a king and queen of misrule, and indulge in Christmas masks and mummers. Our own Christmas-tree comes from Germany, our Santa Claus from Holland; the Christmas stocking from Belgium or France; while the "Merry Christmas and happy New-Year" was the old English greeting shouted from window to street, and from street back to window, in the "long, long ago."

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTOPHER STAINES came back looking pained and disturbed. "There," said he, "I feared it would come to this. I have quarreled with Uncle Philip."

"Oh! how could you?"

"He affronted me."

"What about?"

"Never you mind. Don't let us say any thing more about it, darling. It is a pity, a sad pity—he was a good friend of mine once."

He paused, entered what had passed in his diary, and then sat down with a gentle expression of sadness on his manly features. Rosa hung about him, soft and pitying, till it cleared away, at all events for the time.

Next day they went together to clear the goods Rosa had purchased. While the list was being made out in the office, in came the fair-haired boy with a ten-pound note in his very hand. Rosa caught sight of it and turned to the auctioneer with a sweet, pitying face: "Oh! Sir, surely you will not take all that money from him, poor child, for a rickety old chair."

The auctioneer stared with amazement at her simplicity, and said, "What would the vendors say to me?"

She looked distressed, and said, "Well, then, really we ought to raise a subscription, poor thing!"

"Why, ma'am," said the auctioneer, "he isn't hurt: the article belonged to his mother and her sister; the brother-in-law isn't on good terms; so he demanded a public sale. She will get back four pun ten out of it." Here the clerk put in his word. "And there's five pounds paid, I forgot to tell you."

"Oh! left a deposit, did he?"

"No, Sir. But the Laughing Hyena gave you five pounds at the end of the sale."

"The Laughing Hyena, Mr. Jones?"

"Oh! beg pardon: that is what we call him in the room. He has got such a curious laugh."

"Oh! I know the gent. He is a retired doctor. I wish he'd laugh less and buy more: and *he* gave you five pounds toward the young gentleman's arm-chair! Well, I should as soon have expected blood from a flint. You have got five pounds to pay, Sir: so now the chair will cost your mamma ten shillings. Give him the order and the change, Mr. Jones."

Christopher and Rosa talked this over in the room while the men were looking out their purchases. "Come," said Rosa; "now I forgive him sneering at me; his heart is not really hard, you see." Staines, on the contrary, was very angry. "What!" he cried, "pity a boy who made one bad bargain, that, after all, was not a very bad bargain; and he had no kindness, nor even common humanity, for my beautiful Rosa, inexperienced as a child, and buying for her husband, like a good, affectionate, honest creature, among a lot of sharpers and hard-hearted cynics—like himself."

"It *was* cruel of him," said Rosa, altering her mind in a moment, and half inclined to cry.

This made Christopher furious. "The ill-natured, crotchety, old— The fact is, he is a misogynist."

"Oh, the wretch!" said Rosa, warmly. "And what is that?"

"A woman-hater."

"Oh! is that all? Why, so do I—after that Florence Cole. Women are mean, heartless things. Give me men! they are loyal and true."

"All of them?" inquired Christopher, a little satirically. "Read the papers."

"Every soul of them," said Mrs. Staines, passing loftily over the proposed test. "That is, all the ones *I* care about; and that is my own, own one."

Disagreeable creatures to have about one—these simpletons!

Mrs. Staines took Christopher to shops to buy the remaining requisites: and in three days more the house was furnished, two female servants engaged, and the couple took their luggage over to the Bijou.

Rosa was excited and happy at the novelty of possession and authority, and that close sense of house proprietorship which belongs to woman. By dinner-time she could have told you how many shelves there were in every cupboard, and knew the Bijou by heart in a way that Christopher never knew it. All this ended, as running about and excitement generally does, with my lady being exhausted, and lax with fatigue. So then he made her lie down on a little couch, while he went through his accounts.

When he had examined all the bills carefully he looked very grave, and said, "Who would believe this? We began with £3000. It was to last us several years—till I got a good practice. Rosa, there is only £1440 left."

"Oh, impossible!" said Rosa. "Oh dear! why did I ever enter a sale-room?"

"No, no, my darling; you were bitten once or twice, but you made some good bar-

gains too. Remember there was £400 set apart for my life policy."

"What a waste of money!"

"Your father did not think so. Then the lease; the premium; repairs of the drains that would have poisoned my Rosa; turning the coach-house into a dispensary; painting, papering, and furnishing; china and linen and every thing to buy. We must look at this seriously. Only £1440 left. A slow profession. No friends. I have quarreled with Uncle Philip: you with Mrs. Cole; and her husband would have launched me."

"And it was to please her we settled here. Oh, I could kill her: nasty cat!"

"Never mind; it is not a case for despondency, but it is for prudence. All we have to do is to look the thing in the face, and be very economical in every thing. I had better give you an allowance for housekeeping; and I earnestly beg you to buy things yourself while you are a poor man's wife, and pay ready money for every thing. My mother was a great manager, and she always said, 'There is but one way: be your own market-woman, and pay on the spot; never let the tradesmen get you on their books, or, what with false weight, double charges, and the things your servants order that never enter the house, you lose more than a hundred a year by cheating.'"

Rosa yielded a languid assent to this part of his discourse, and it hardly seemed to enter her mind; but she raised no objection; and in due course he made her a special allowance for housekeeping.

It soon transpired that medical advice was to be had gratis at the Bijou from eight till ten, and there was generally a good attendance. But a week passed, and not one patient came of the class this couple must live by. Christopher set this down to what people call "the Transition period:" his Kent patients had lost him; his London patients not found him. He wrote to all his patients in the country, and many of his pupils at the university, to let them know where he was settled: and then he waited.

Not a creature came.

Rosa bore this very well for a time, so long as the house was a novelty; but, when that excitement was worn out, she began to be very dull, and used to come and entice him out to walk with her: he would look wistfully at her, but object that if he left the house he should be sure to lose a patient.

"Oh, they won't come any more for our staying in—tiresome things!" said Rosa.

But Christopher would kiss her, and remain firm. "My love," said he, "you do not realize how hard a fight there is before us. How should you? You are very young. No, for your sake, I must not throw a chance away. Write to your female friends: that will while away an hour or two."

"What, after that Florence Cole?"

"Write to those who have not made such violent professions."

"So I will, dear. Especially to those that are married and come to London. Oh, and I'll write to that cold-blooded thing, Lady Cicely Treherne. Why do you shake your head?"

"Did I? I was not aware. Well, dear, if ladies of rank were to come here, I fear they might make you discontented with your lot."

"All the women on earth could not do that. However, the chances are she will not come near me: she left the school quite a big girl, an immense girl, when I was only twelve. She used to smile at my capriccios, and once she kissed me—actually. She was an awful Sawney, though, and so affected: I think I will write to her."

These letters brought just one lady, a Mrs. Turner, who talked to Rosa very glibly about herself, and amused Rosa twice: at the third visit Rosa tried to change the conversation. Mrs. Turner instantly got up and went away. She could not bear the sound of the human voice, unless it was talking about her and her affairs.

And now Staines began to feel downright uneasy. Income was going steadily out: not a shilling coming in. The lame, the blind, and the sick frequented his dispensary, and got his skill out of him gratis, and sometimes a little physic, a little wine, and other things that cost him money; but of the patients that pay, not one came to his front-door.

He walked round and round his little yard, like a hyena in its cage, waiting, waiting, waiting: and oh! how he envied the lot of those who can hunt for work, instead of having to stay at home and wait for others to come, whose will they can not influence. His heart began to sicken with hope deferred and dim forebodings of the future; and he saw, with grief, that his wife was getting duller and duller, and that her days dragged more heavily far than his own; for he could study.

At last his knocker began to show signs of life: his visitors were physicians. His lectures on "Diagnosis" were well known to them; and one after another found him out. They were polite, kind, even friendly; but here it ended: these gentlemen, of course, did not resign their patients to him; and the inferior class of practitioners avoided his door like a pestilence.

Mrs. Staines, who had always lived for amusement, could strike out no fixed occupation; her time hung like lead; the house was small; and in small houses the faults of servants run against the mistress, and she can't help seeing them, and all the worse for her. It is easier to keep things clean in the country, and Rosa had a high standard, which her two servants could never quite

attain. This annoyed her, and she began to scold a little. They answered civilly, but, in other respects, remained imperfect beings; they laid out every shilling they earned in finery; and this, I am ashamed to say, irritated Mrs. Staines, who was wearing out her wedding garments, and had no excuse for buying, and Staines had begged her to be economical. The more they dressed, the more she scolded; they began to answer. She gave the cook warning; the other, though not on good terms with the cook, had a gush of *esprit du corps* directly, and gave Mrs. Staines warning.

Mrs. Staines told her husband all this: he took her part, though without openly interfering; and they had two new servants, not so good as the last.

This worried Rosa sadly; but it was a flea-bite to the deeper nature and more forecasting mind of her husband, still doomed to pace that miserable yard, like a hyena, chafing, seeking, longing for the patient that never came.

Rosa used to look out of his dressing-room window, and see him pace the yard. At first tears of pity stood in her eyes. By-and-by she got angry with the world; and at last, strange to say, a little irritated with him. It is hard for a weak woman to keep up all her respect for the man that fails.

One day, after watching him a long time unseen, she got excited, put on her shawl and bonnet, and ran down to him. She took him by the arm: "If you love me, come out of this prison, and walk with me; we are too miserable. I shall be your first patient if this goes on much longer." He looked at her, saw she was very excited, and had better be humored; so he kissed her, and just said, with a melancholy smile, "How poor are they that have not patience!" Then he put on his hat, and walked in the Park and Kensington Gardens with her. The season was just beginning. There were carriages enough, and gay Amazons enough, to make poor Rosa sigh more than once.

Christopher heard the sigh, and pressed her arm, and said, "Courage, love; I hope to see you among them yet."

"The sooner the better," said she, a little hardly.

"And, meantime, which of them all is as beautiful as you?"

"All I know is, they are more attractive. Who looks at me? walking tamely by."

Christopher said nothing: but these words seemed to imply a thirst for admiration, and made him a little uneasy.

By-and-by the walk put the swift-changing Rosa in spirits, and she began to chat gayly, and hung prattling and beaming on her husband's arm, when they entered Curzon Street. Here, however, occurred an incident, trifling in itself, but unpleasant. Dr. Staines saw one of his best Kentish patients get feebly out of his carriage, and call on Dr. Barr. He started, and stopped. Rosa asked what was the matter. He told her. She said, "*We are* unfortunate."

Staines said nothing; he only quickened his pace; but he was greatly disturbed. She expected him to complain that she had dragged him out, and lost him that first chance. But he said nothing. When they got home he asked the servant had any body called.

"No, Sir."

"Surely you are mistaken, Jane. A gentleman in a carriage!"

"Not a creature have been since you went out, Sir."

"Well, then, dearest," said he, sweetly, "we have nothing to reproach ourselves with." Then he knit his brow gloomily. "It is worse than I thought. It seems even one's country patients go to another doctor when they visit London. It is hard. It is hard."

Rosa leaned her head on his shoulder, and curled round him, as one she would shield against the world's injustice; but she said nothing; she was a little frightened at his eye that lowered, and his noble frame that trembled a little, with ire suppressed.

Two days after this a brougham drove up to the door, and a tallish, fattish, pasty-faced man got out, and inquired for Dr. Staines.

He was shown into the dining-room, and told Jane he had come to consult the doctor.

Rosa had peeped over the stairs, all curiosity; she glided noiselessly down, and with love's swift foot got into the yard before Jane. "He is come! he is come! Kiss me."

Dr. Staines kissed her first, and then asked who was come.

"Oh, nobody of any consequence. *Only* the first patient. Kiss me again."

Dr. Staines kissed her again, and then was for going to the first patient.

"No," said she; "not yet. I met a doctor's wife at Dr. Mayne's, and she told me things. You must always keep them waiting; or else they think nothing of you. Such a funny woman! 'Treat 'em like dogs, my dear,' she said. But I told her they wouldn't come to be treated like dogs or any other animal."

"You had better have kept that to yourself, I think."

"Oh! if you are going to be disagreeable, good-by. You can go to your patient, Sir. Christie dear, if he is very, very ill — and I'm sure I hope he is—oh, how wicked I am!—may I have a new bonnet?"

"If you really want one."

On the patient's card was "Mr. Pettigrew, 47 Manchester Square."

As soon as Staines entered the room the first patient told him who and what he was, a retired civilian from India; but he had got a son there still, a very rising man;

wanted to be a parson, but he would not stand that; bad profession; don't rise by merit; very hard to rise at all—no, India was the place. "As for me, I made my fortune there in ten years. Obliged to leave it now—invalid this many years; no *tone*. Tried two or three doctors in this neighborhood; heard there was a new one, had written a book on something. Thought I would try *him*."

To stop him, Staines requested to feel his pulse, and examine his tongue and eye.

"You are suffering from indigestion," said he. "I will write you a prescription; but, if you want to get well, you must simplify your diet very much."

While he was writing the prescription, off went this patient's tongue, and ran through the topics of the day, and into his family history again.

Staines listened politely. He could afford it, having only this one.

At last the first patient, having delivered an octavo volume of nothing, rose to go; but it seems that speaking an "infinite deal of nothing" exhausts the body, though it does not affect the mind; for the first patient sank down in his chair again. "I have excited myself too much—feel rather faint."

Staines saw no signs of coming syncope; he rang the bell quietly, and ordered a decanter of sherry to be brought; the first patient filled himself a glass; then another; and went off, revived, to chatter elsewhere. But at the door he said, "I had always a running account with Dr. Mivar. I suppose you don't object to that system. Double fee the first visit, single afterward."

Dr. Staines bowed a little stiffly; he would have preferred the money. However, he looked at the Blue-Book, and found his visitor lived at 47 Manchester Square; so that removed his anxiety.

The first patient called every other day, chattered nineteen to the dozen, was exhausted, drank two glasses of sherry, and drove away.

Soon after this a second patient called. This one was a deputy patient—Collett, a retired butler—kept a lodging-house, and waited at parties; he lived close by, but had a married daughter in Chelsea. Would the doctor visit her, and he would be responsible?

Staines paid the woman a visit or two, and treated her so effectually that soon her visits were paid to him. She was cured, and Staines, who by this time wanted to see money, sent to Collett.

Collett did not answer.

Staines wrote warmly.

Collett dead silent.

Staines employed a solicitor.

Collett said he had recommended the patient, that was all; he had never said he would pay her debts. That was her husband's business.

Now her husband was the mate of a ship; would not be in England for eighteen months.

The woman, visited by lawyer's clerk, cried bitterly, and said she and her children had scarcely enough to eat.

Lawyer advised Staines to abandon the case, and pay him two pounds fifteen shillings, expenses. He did so.

"This is damnable," said he. "I must get it out of Pettigrew: by-the-bye, he has not been here this two days."

He waited another day for Pettigrew, and then wrote to him. No answer. Called. Pettigrew gone abroad. House in Manchester Square to let.

Staines went to the house-agent with his tale. Agent was impenetrable at first; but at last, won by the doctor's manner and his unhappiness, referred him to Pettigrew's solicitor; the solicitor was a respectable man, and said he would forward the claim to Pettigrew in Paris.

But, by this time, Pettigrew was chatting and guzzling in Berlin; and thence he got to St. Petersburg. In that stronghold of gluttony he gormandized more than ever, and, being unable to chatter it off his stomach, as in other cities, had apoplexy, and died.

But, long before this, Staines saw his money was as irrecoverable as his sherry; and he said to Rosa, "I wonder whether I shall ever live to curse the human race?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Rosa. "Oh, they use you cruelly, my poor, poor Christie!"

Thus for months the young doctor's patients bled him, and that was all.

And Rosa got more and more moped at being in the house so much, and pestered Christopher to take her out, and he declined; and, being a man hard to beat, took to writing on medical subjects, in hopes of getting some money from the various medical and scientific publications; but he found it as hard to get the wedge in there as to get patients.

At last Rosa's remonstrances began to rise into something that sounded like reproaches. One Sunday she came to him in her bonnet, and interrupted his studies to say he might as well lay down the pen and talk. Nobody would publish any thing he wrote.

Christopher frowned, but contained himself; and laid down the pen.

"I might as well not be married at all as be a doctor's wife. You are never seen out with me, not even to church. Do behave like a Christian, and come to church with me now."

Dr. Staines shook his head.

"Why, I wouldn't miss church for all the world. Any excitement is better than always moping. Come over the water with me. The time Jane and I went the clergy-

man read a paper that Mr. Brown had fallen down in a fit. There was such a rush directly, and I'm sure fifty ladies went out—fancy, all Mrs. Browns! Wasn't that fun?"

"Fun? I don't see it. Well, Rosa, your mind is evidently better adapted to diversion than mine is. Go you to church, love, and I'll continue my studies."

"Then all I can say is, I wish I was back in my father's house. Husband! friend! companion!—I have none."

Then she burst out crying violently; and, being shocked at what she had said, and at the agony it had brought into her husband's face, she went off into hysterics; and, as his heart would not let him bellow at her, or empty a bucket on her as he could on another patient, she had a good long bout of them, and got her way; for she broke up his studies for that day, at all events.

Even after the hysterics were got under she continued to moan and sigh very prettily, with her lovely, languid head pillowed on her husband's arm; in a word, though the hysterics were real, yet this innocent young person had the presence of mind to postpone entire convalescence, and lay herself out to be petted all day. But fate willed it otherwise. While she was sighing and moaning, came to the door a scurrying of feet, and then a sharp, persistent ringing that meant something. The moaner cocked eye and ear, and said, in her every-day voice, which, coming so suddenly, sounded very droll, "What is that, I wonder?"

Jane hurried to the street-door, and Rosa recovered by magic; and, preferring gossip to hysterics, in an almost gleeful whisper ordered Christopher to open the door of the study. The Bijou was so small that the following dialogue rang in their ears:

A boy in buttons gasped out, "Oh, if you please, will you ast the doctor to come round directly? there's a haccident."

"La, bless me!" said Jane; and never budged.

"Yes, miss. It's our missus's little girl fallen right off an i chair, and cut her head dreadful, and smothered in blood."

"La, to be sure!" And she waited steadily for more.

"Ay, and missus she fainted right off; and I've been to the regler doctor, which he's out; and Sarah, the house-maid, said I had better come here: you was only just set up, she said; you wouldn't have so much to do, says she."

"That is all *she* knows," said Jane. "Why, our master they pulls him in pieces which is to have him fust."

"What an awful liar!" "Oh, you good girl!" whispered Dr. Staines and Rosa in one breath.

"Ah, well," said Buttons, "any way, Sarah says she knows you are clever, cos her little girl as lives with her mother, and calls Sarah aunt, has bin to your 'spensary with ringworm, and you cured her right off."

"Ay, and a good many more," said Jane, loftily. She was a house-maid of imagination; and while Staines was putting some lint and an instrument case into his pocket, she proceeded to relate a number of miraculous cures. Doctor Staines interrupted them by suddenly emerging, and inviting Buttons to take him to the house.

Mrs. Staines was so pleased with Jane for cracking up the doctor that she gave her five shillings; and after that used to talk to her a great deal more than to the cook, which in due course set all three by the ears.

Buttons took the doctor to a fine house in the same street, and told him his mistress's name on the way—Mrs. Lucas. He was taken up to the nursery, and found Mrs. Lucas seated, crying and lamenting, and a woman holding a little girl of about seven, whose brow had been cut open by the fender, on which she had fallen from a chair; it looked very ugly, and was even now bleeding.

Dr. Staines lost no time; he examined the wound keenly, and then said kindly to Mrs. Lucas, "I am happy to tell you it is not serious." He then asked for a large basin and some tepid water, and bathed it so softly and soothingly that the child soon became composed; and the mother discovered the artist at once. He compressed the wound, and explained to Mrs. Lucas that the principal thing really was to avoid an ugly scar. "There is no danger," said he. He then bound the wound neatly up, and had the girl put to bed. "You will not wake her at any particular hour, nurse. Let her sleep. Have a little strong beef tea ready, and give it her at any hour, night or day, she asks for it. But do not force it on her, or you will do her more harm than good. She had better sleep before she eats."

Mrs. Lucas begged him to come every morning; and, as he was going, she shook hands with him, and the soft palm deposited a hard substance wrapped in paper. He took it with professional gravity and seeming unconsciousness; but, once outside the house, went home on wings. He ran up to the drawing-room, and found his wife seated, and playing at reading. He threw himself on his knees, and the fee into her lap; and, while she unfolded the paper with an ejaculation of pleasure, he said, "Darling, the first real patient—the first real fee. It is yours to buy the new bonnet."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said she, with her eyes glistening. "But I'm afraid one can't get a bonnet fit to wear—for a guinea."

Dr. Staines visited his little patient every day, and received his guinea. Mrs. Lucas also called him in for her own little ailments, and they were the best possible kind of ail-

ments: being almost imaginary, there was no limit to them.

Then did Mrs. Staines turn jealous of her husband. "They never ask me," said she; "and I am moped to death."

"It is hard," said Christopher, sadly. "But have a little patience. Society will come to you long before practice comes to me."

About two o'clock one afternoon a carriage and pair drove up, and a gorgeous footman delivered a card, "Lady Cicely Treherne."

Of course Mrs. Staines was at home, and only withheld by propriety from bounding into the passage to meet her school-fellow. However, she composed herself in the drawing-room, and presently the door was opened, and a very tall young woman, richly but not gayly dressed, drifted into the room, and stood there a statue of composure.

Rosa had risen to fly to her; but the reverence a girl of eighteen strikes into a child of twelve hung about her still, and she came timidly forward, blushing and sparkling, a curious contrast in color and mind to her visitor; for Lady Cicely was Languor in person—her hair whity-brown, her face a fine oval, but almost colorless; her eyes a pale gray, her neck and hands incomparably white and beautiful—a lymphatic young lady, a live antidote to emotion. However, Rosa's beauty, timidity, and undisguised affectionateness were something so different from what she was used to in the world of fashion that she actually smiled, and held out both her hands a little way. Rosa seized them and pressed them; they let her, and remained passive and limp.

"Oh, Lady Cicely," said Rosa, "how kind of you to come!"

"How kind of you to send to me," was the polite but perfectly cool reply. "But how you are gwown, and—may I say impwoved? —you la petite Lusignan! It is incwedible," lisped her ladyship, very calmly.

"I was only a child," said Rosa. "You were always so beautiful and tall, and kind to a little monkey like me. Oh, pray sit down, Lady Cicely, and talk of old times."

She drew her gently to the sofa, and they sat down hand in hand; but Lady Cicely's high-bred reserve made her a very poor gossip about any thing that touched herself and her family; so Rosa, though no egotist, was drawn into talking about herself more than she would have done had she deliberately planned the conversation. But here was an old school-fellow, and a singularly polite listener, and so out came her love, her genuine happiness, her particular griefs, and especially the crowning grievance, no society, moped to death, etc.

Lady Cicely could hardly understand the sentiment in a woman who so evidently loved her husband. "Society!" said she, after due reflection, "why, it is a boa." (And here I may as well explain that Lady Cicely spoke certain words falsely, and others affectedly; and as for the letter *r*, she could say it if she made a hearty effort, but was generally too lazy to throw her leg over it.) "Society! I'm dwenched to death with it. If I could only catch fiah like other women, and love somebody, I would much rather have a *tête-à-tête* with him than go teawing about all day and all night, from one unintwisting cwowd to another. To be sure," said she, puzzling the matter out, "you are a beauty, and would be more looked at."

"The idea! and—oh no! no! it is not that. But even in the country we had always some society."

"Well, dyah, believe me, with your appeawance, you can have as much society as you please; but it will boa you to death, as it does me, and then you will long to be left quiet with a sensible man who loves you."

Said Rosa, "When shall I have another *tête-à-tête* with *you*, I wonder? Oh, it has been such a comfort to me. Bless you for coming. There—I wrote to Cecilia, and Emily, and Mrs. Bosanquest that is now, and all my sworn friends, and to think of you being the one to come—you that never kissed me but once, and an earl's daughter into the bargain."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Lady Cicely actually laughed for once in a way, and did not feel the effort. "As for kissing," said she, "if I fall shawt, fawgive me. I was nevaa vewy demonstwative."

"No; and I have had a lesson. That Florence Cole—Florence Whiting that was, you know—was always kissing me, and she has turned out a traitor. I'll tell you all about her." And she did.

Lady Cicely thought Mrs. Staines a little too unreserved in her conversation, but was so charmed with her sweetness and freshness that she kept up the acquaintance, and called on her twice a week during the season. At first she wondered that her visits were not returned; but Rosa let out that she was ashamed to call on foot in Grosvenor Square.

Lady Cicely shrugged her beautiful shoulders a little at that; but she continued to do the visiting, and to enjoy the simple, innocent rapture with which she was received.

This lady's pronunciation of many words was false or affected. She said "good-murning" for "good-morning," and turned other vowels into diphthongs, and played two or three pranks with her "r's." But we can not be all imperfection: with her pronunciation her folly came to a full stop. I really believe she lisped less nonsense and bad taste in a year than some of us articulate in a day. To be sure, folly is generally uttered in a hurry, and she was too deplorably lazy to speak fast on any occasion whatever.

One day Mrs. Staines took her up stairs, and showed her from the back window her husband pacing the yard, waiting for patients. Lady Cicely folded her arms, and contemplated him at first with a sort of zoological curiosity. Gentleman pacing backyard, like hyena, she had never seen before.

At last she opened her mouth in a whisper, "What is he doing?"

"Waiting for patients."

"Oh! Waiting—for—patients?"

"For patients that never come, and never will come."

"Cuwious!—How little I know of life!"

"It is that all day, dear, or else writing."

Lady Cicely, with her eyes fixed on Staines, made a motion with her hand that she was attending.

"And they won't publish a word he writes."

"Poor man!"

"Nice for me, is it not?"

"I begin to understand," said Lady Cicely, quietly, and soon after retired with her invariable composure.

Meantime Dr. Staines, like a good husband, had thrown out occasional hints to Mrs. Lucas that he had a wife, beautiful, accomplished, moped. More than that, he went so far as to regret to her that Mrs. Staines, being in a neighborhood new to him, saw so little society; the more so as she was formed to shine, and had not been used to seclusion.

All these hints fell dead on Mrs. Lucas. A handsome and skillful doctor was welcome to her: his wife—that was quite another matter.

But one day Mrs. Lucas saw Lady Cicely Treherne's carriage standing at the door. The style of the whole turn-out impressed her. She wondered whose it was.

On another occasion she saw it drive up, and the lady get out. She recognized her; and the very next day this *parvenue* said, adroitly, "Now, Dr. Staines, really you can't be allowed to hide your wife in this way." (Staines stared.) "Why not introduce her to me next Wednesday? It is my night. I would give a dinner expressly for her, but I don't like to do that while my husband is in Naples."

When Staines carried the invitation to his wife she was delighted, and kissed him with childish frankness.

But the very next moment she became thoughtful, uneasy, depressed. "Oh dear! I've nothing to wear."

"Oh, nonsense, Rosa. Your wedding outfit."

"The idea! I can't go as a bride. It's not a masquerade."

"But you have other dresses."

"All gone by, more or less; or not fit for such parties as *she* gives. A hundred carriages!"

"Bring them down, and let me see them."

"Oh yes." And the lady who had nothing to wear paraded a very fair show of dresses.

Staines saw something to admire in all of them. Mrs. Staines found more to object to in each.

At last he fell upon a silver-gray silk, of superlative quality.

"That! It is as old as the hills," shrieked Rosa.

"It looks just out of the shop. Come, tell the truth; how often have you worn it?"

"I wore it before I was married."

"Ay, but how often?"

"Twice. Three times, I believe."

"I thought so. It is as good as new."

"But I have had it so long by me. I had it two years before I made it up."

"What does that matter? Do you think the people can tell how long a dress has been lurking in your wardrobe? This is childish, Rosa. There, with this dress as good as new, and your beauty, you will be as much admired, and perhaps hated, as your heart can desire."

"I am afraid not," said Rosa, naïvely. "Oh, how I wish I had known a week ago!"

"I am very thankful you did not," said Staines, dryly.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Staines was nearly dressed; at a quarter past ten she demanded ten minutes; at half past ten she sought a reprieve; at a quarter to eleven, being assured that the street was full of carriages, which had put down at Mrs. Lucas's, she consented to emerge; and in a minute they were at the house.

They were shown first into a cloak-room, and then into a tea-room, and then mounted the stairs. One servant took their names, and bawled them to another four yards off, he to another about as near, and so on; and they edged themselves into the room, not yet too crowded to move in.

They had not taken many steps, on the chance of finding their hostess, when a slight buzz arose, and seemed to follow them.

Rosa wondered what that was; but only for a moment; she observed a tall, stout, aquiline woman fix an eye of bitter, diabolical, malignant hatred on her; and, as she advanced, ugly noses were cocked disdainfully, and scraggy shoulders elevated at the risk of sending the bones through the leather, and a titter or two shot after her. A woman's instinct gave her the key at once; the sexes had complimented her at sight, each in its way—the men with respectful admiration, the women with their inflammable jealousy, and ready hatred in another of the quality they value most in themselves. But the country girl was too many for them: she would neither see nor hear, but moved sedately on, and calmly crushed

them with her Southern beauty. Their dry powdered faces could not live by the side of her glowing skin, with nature's delicate gloss upon it, and the rich blood mantling below it. The got-up beauties—*i. e.*, the majority—seemed literally to fade and wither as she passed.

Mrs. Lucas got to her, suppressed a slight maternal pang, having daughters to marry, and took her line in a moment; here was a decoy-duck. Mrs. Lucas was all graciousness, made acquaintance, and took a little turn with her, introducing her to one or two persons; among the rest, to the malignant woman, Mrs. Barr. Mrs. Barr, on this, ceased to look daggers, and substituted icicles; but, on the hateful beauty moving away, dropped the icicles and resumed the poniards.

The rooms filled; the heat became oppressive, and the mixed odors of flowers, scents, and perspiring humanity sickening. Some, unable to bear it, trickled out of the room, and sat all down the stairs.

Rosa began to feel faint. Up came a tall, sprightly girl, whose pertness was redeemed by a certain *bonhomie*, and said, "Mrs. Staines, I believe? I am to make myself agreeable to you. That is the order from head-quarters."

"Miss Lucas," said Staines.

She jerked a little off-hand bow to him, and said, "Will you trust her to me for five minutes?"

"Certainly." But he did not much like it.

Miss Lucas carried her off, and told Dr. Staines, over her shoulder, now he could flirt to his heart's content.

"Thank you," said he, dryly. "I'll await your return."

"Oh, there are some much greater flirts here than I am," said the ready Miss Lucas; and, whispering something in Mrs. Staines's ear, suddenly glided with her behind a curtain, pressed a sort of button fixed to a looking-glass door. The door opened, and behold, they were in a delicious place, for which I can hardly find a word, since it was a boudoir and a conservatory in one: a large octagon, the walls lined from floor to ceiling with looking-glasses of moderate width at intervals, and with creepers that covered the intervening spaces of the wall, and were trained so as to break the outline of the glasses without greatly clouding the reflection. Ferns, in great variety, were grouped in a deep crescent, and in the bight of this green bay were a small table and chairs. As there were no hot-house plants, the temperature was very cool compared with the reeking oven they had escaped; and a little fountain bubbled and fed a little meandering gutter that trickled away among the ferns; it ran crystal clear over little bright pebbles and shells. It did not always run, you understand; but Miss Lucas turned a secret tap, and started it.

"Oh, how heavenly!" said Rosa, with a sigh of relief; "and how good of you to bring me here."

"Yes; by rights I ought to have waited till you fainted. But there is no making acquaintance among all those people. Mamma will ask such crowds; one is like a fly in a glue-pot."

Miss Lucas had good nature, smartness, and animal spirits; hence arose a vivacity and fluency that were often amusing, and passed for very clever. Reserve she had none; would talk about strangers or friends, herself, her mother, her God, and the last buffoon singer, in a breath. At a hint from Rosa she told her who the lady in the pink dress was, and the lady in the violet velvet, and so on; for each lady was defined by her dress, and, more or less, quizzed by the showwoman, not exactly out of malice, but because it is smarter and more natural to decry than to praise, and a little *médisance* is the spice to gossip, belongs to it, as mint sauce to lamb. So they chattered away, and were pleased with each other, and made friends, and there, in cool grot, quite forgot the sufferings of their fellow-creatures in the adjacent Turkish bath, yclept Society. It was Rosa who first recollected herself. "Will not Mrs. Lucas be angry with me if I keep you all to myself?"

"Oh no; but I am afraid we must go into the hot-house again. I like the greenhouse best, with such a nice companion."

They slipped noiselessly into the throng again, and wriggled about, Miss Lucas presenting her new friend to several ladies and gentlemen.

Presently Staines found them, and then Miss Lucas wriggled away; and, in due course, the room was thinned by many guests driving off home, or to balls and other receptions, and Dr. Staines and Mrs. Staines went home to the Bijou. Here the physician prescribed bed; but the lady would not hear of such a thing until she had talked it all over. So they compared notes, and Rosa told him how well she had got on with Miss Lucas, and made a friendship. "But for that," said she, "I should be sorry I went among those people, such a dowdy."

"Dowdy!" said Staines. "Why, you stormed the town; you were the great success of the night, and, for all I know, of the season." The wretch delivered this with unbecoming indifference.

"It is too bad to mock me, Christie. Where were your eyes?"

"To the best of my recollection they were one on each side of my nose."

"Yes, but some people are eyes, and no eyes."

"I scorn the imputation; try me."

"Very well. Then did you see that lady in sky-blue silk, embroidered with flowers

and flounced with white velvet, and the corsage point lace; and oh! such emeralds?"

"I did; a tall, skinny woman, with eyes resembling her jewels in color, though not in brightness."

"Never mind her eyes; it is her dress I am speaking of. Exquisite; and what a coiffure! Well, did you see *her* in the black velvet, trimmed so deep with Chantilly lace, wave on wave, and her head-dress of crimson flowers, and such a *rivière* of diamonds; oh dear! oh dear!"

"I did, love. The room was an oven, but her rubicund face and suffocating costume made it seem a furnace."

"Stuff! Well, did you see the lady in the corn-colored silk, and poppies in her hair?"

"Of course I did. Ceres in person. She made me feel very hot too; but I cooled myself at her pale, sickly face."

"Never mind their faces; that is not the point."

"Oh, excuse me; it is always a point with us benighted males, all eyes and no eyes."

"Well, then, the lady in white, with cherry velvet bands, and a white tunic looped with crimson, and head-dress of white illusion, *à la vierge*, I think they call it."

"It was very refreshing, and adapted to that awful atmosphere. It was the nearest approach to nudity I ever saw, even among fashionable people."

"It was lovely; and then that superb figure in white illusion and gold, with all those narrow flounces over her slip of white silk *glacé*, and a wreath of white flowers, with gold wheat-ears among them, in her hair; and oh! oh! oh! her pearls, Oriental, and as big as almonds!"

"And oh! oh! oh! her nose! reddish, and as long as a woodcock's."

"Noses! noses! stupid! That is not what strikes you first in a woman dressed like an angel."

"Well, if you were to run up against that one, as I nearly did, her nose *would* be the thing that would strike you first. Nose! it was a rostrum! the spear-head of Goliath."

"Now don't, Christopher. This is no laughing matter. Do you mean you were not ashamed of your wife? I was."

"No, I was not: you had but one rival—a very young lady, wise before her age, a blonde, with violet eyes. She was dressed in light mauve-colored silk, without a single flounce, or any other tomfoolery to fritter away the sheen and color of an exquisite material; her sunny hair was another wave of color, wreathed with a thin line of white jasmine flowers closely woven, that scented the air. This girl was the moon of that assembly, and you were the sun."

"I never even saw her."

"Eyes, and no eyes. She saw you, and said, 'Oh, what a beautiful creature!' for I heard her. As for the old stagers, whom you admire so, their faces were all clogged with powder, the pores stopped up, the true texture of the skin abolished. They looked downright nasty whenever you or that young girl passed by them. Then it was you saw to what a frightful extent women are got up in our day, even young women, and respectable women. No, Rosa, dress can do little for you; you have beauty—real beauty."

"Beauty! That passes unnoticed unless one is well dressed."

"Then what an obscure pair the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis must be!"

"Oh! they are dressed—in marble."

Christopher Staines then smiled.

"Well done," said he, admiringly. "That *is* a knock-down blow. So now you have silenced your husband, go you to bed directly. I can't afford you diamonds; so I will take care of that little insignificant trifle, your beauty."

Mrs. Staines and Mrs. Lucas exchanged calls, and soon Mrs. Staines could no longer complain she was out of the world. Mrs. Lucas invited her to every party, because her beauty was an instrument of attraction she knew how to use; and Miss Lucas took a downright fancy to her; drove her in the Park, and on Sundays to the Zoological Gardens, just beginning to be fashionable.

The Lucases rented a box at the opera, and if it was not let at the library by six o'clock, and if other engagements permitted, word was sent round to Mrs. Staines, as a matter of course, and she was taken to the opera. She began almost to live at the Lucases', and to be oftener fatigued than moped.

The usual order of things was inverted; the maiden lady educated the matron; for Miss Lucas knew all about every body in the Park, honorable or dishonorable; all the scandals, and all the flirtations; and whatever she knew, she related point-blank. Being as inquisitive as voluble, she soon learned how Mrs. Staines and her husband were situated. She took upon her to advise her in many things, and especially impressed upon her that Dr. Staines must keep a carriage if he wanted to get on in medicine. This piece of advice accorded so well with Rosa's wishes that she urged it on her husband again and again.

He objected that no money was coming in, and therefore it would be insane to add to their expenses. Rosa persisted, and at last worried Staines with her importunity. He began to give rather short answers. Then she quoted Miss Lucas against him. He treated the authority with marked contempt; and then Rosa fired up a little. Then Staines held his peace; but did not buy a carriage to visit his no patients.

So at last Rosa complained to Lady Cice-

ly Treherne, and made her the judge between her husband and herself.

Lady Cicely drawled out a prompt but polite refusal to play that part. All that could be elicited from her, and that with difficulty, was, "Why quall with your husband about a cawwige? He is your best fwiend."

"Ah, that he is," said Rosa; "but Miss Lucas is a good friend, and she knows the world. We don't; neither Christopher nor I."

So she continued to nag at her husband about it, and to say that he was throwing his only chance away.

Galled as he was by neglect, this was irritating, and, at last, he could not help telling her she was unreasonable. "You live a gay life, and I a sad one. I consent to this, and let you go about with these Lucases, because you were so dull; but you should not consult them in our private affairs. Their interference is indelicate and improper. I will not set up a carriage till I have patients to visit. I am sick of seeing our capital dwindle, and no income created. I will never set up a carriage till I have taken a hundred-guinea fee."

"Oh! Then we shall go splashing through the mud all our days."

"Or ride in a cab," said Christopher, with a quiet doggedness that left no hope of his yielding.

One afternoon Miss Lucas called for Mrs. Staines to drive in the Park, but did not come up stairs; it was an engagement, and she knew Mrs. Staines would be ready, or nearly. Mrs. Staines, not to keep her waiting, came down rather hastily, and, in the very passage, whipped out of her pocket a little glass, and a little powder-puff, and puffed her face all over in a trice. She was then going out; but her husband called her into the study. "Rosa, my dear," said he, "you were going out with a dirty face."

"Oh," cried she, "give me a glass!"

"There is no need of that. All you want is a basin and some nice rain-water. I keep a little reservoir of it."

He then handed her the same with great politeness. She looked in his eye, and saw he was not to be trifled with. She complied like a lamb, and the heavenly color and velvet gloss that resulted were admirable.

He kissed her, and said, "Ah! now you are my Rosa again. Oblige me by handing over that powder-puff to me." She looked vexed, but complied. "When you come back I will tell you why."

"You are a pest," said Mrs. Staines, and so joined her friend, rosy with rain-water and a rub.

"Dear me, how handsome you look today," was Miss Lucas's first remark.

Rosa never dreamed that rain-water and rub could be the cause of her looking so well.

"It is my tiresome husband," said she. "He objects to powder, and he has taken away my puff."

"And you stood that?"

"Obliged to."

"Why, you poor-spirited little creature. I should like to see a husband presume to interfere with me in those things. Here, take mine."

Rosa hesitated a little. "Well—no—I think not."

Miss Lucas laughed at her, and quizzed her so on her allowing a man to interfere in such sacred things as dress and cosmetics that she came back irritated with her husband, and gave him a short answer or two. Then he asked what was the matter.

"You treat me like a child—taking away my very puff."

"I treat you like a beautiful flower that no bad gardener shall wither while I am here."

"What nonsense! How could that wither me? It is only violet powder—what they put on babies."

"And who are the Herods that put it on babies?"

"Their own mothers, that love them ten times more than the fathers do."

"And kill a hundred of them for one a man ever kills. Mothers!—the most wholesale homicides in the nation. We will examine your violet powder. Bring it down here."

While she was gone he sent for a breakfast-cupful of flour, and when she came back he had his scales out, and begged her to put a tea-spoonful of flour into one scale and of violet powder into another. The flour kicked the beam, as Homer expresses himself.

"Put another spoonful of flour."

The one spoonful of violet powder outweighed the two of flour.

"Now," said Staines, "does not that show you the presence of a mineral in your vegetable powder? I suppose they tell you it is made of white violets dried, and triturated in a diamond mill. Let us find out what metal it is. We need not go very deep into chemistry for that." He then applied a simple test, and detected the presence of lead in large quantities. Then he lectured her: "Invisible perspiration is a process of nature necessary to health and to life. The skin is made porous for that purpose. You can kill any body in an hour or two by closing the pores. A certain infallible ass, called Pope Leo XII., killed a little boy in two hours by gilding him to adorn the pageant of his first procession as pope. But what is death to the whole body must be injurious to a part. What madness, then, to clog the pores of so large and important a surface as the face, and check the invisible perspiration: how much more to insert lead into

your system every day of your life; a cumulative poison, and one so deadly and so subtle that the Sheffield file-cutters die in their prime from merely hammering on a leaden anvil. And what do you gain by this suicidal habit? No plum has a sweeter bloom or more delicious texture than the skin of your young face; but this mineral filth hides that delicate texture, and substitutes a dry, uniform appearance, more like a certain kind of leprosy than health. Nature made your face the rival of peaches, roses, lilies; and you say, 'No; I know better than my Creator and my God; my face shall be like a dusty miller's.' Go into any flour-mill, and there you shall see men with faces exactly like your friend Miss Lucas's. But before a miller goes to his sweetheart he always washes his face. You ladies would never get a miller down to your level in brains. It is a miller's *dirty* face our monomaniacs of women imitate, not the face a miller goes a-courting with."

"La! what a fuss about nothing!"

"About nothing! Is your health nothing? Is your beauty nothing? Well, then, it will cost you nothing to promise me never to put powder on your face again."

"Very well, I promise. Now what will you do for me?"

"Work for you—write for you—suffer for you—be self-denying for you—and even give myself the pain of disappointing you now and then—looking forward to the time when I shall be able to say 'Yes' to every thing you ask me. Ah! child, you little know what it costs me to say 'No' to *you*."

Rosa put her arms round him, and acquiesced. She was one of those who go with the last speaker; but, for that very reason, the eternal companionship of so flighty and flirty a girl as Miss Lucas was injurious to her.

One day Lady Cicely Treherne was sitting with Mrs. Staines, smiling languidly at her talk, and occasionally drawling out a little plain good sense, when in came Miss Lucas, with her tongue well hung, as usual, and dashed into twenty topics in ten minutes.

This young lady in her discourse was like those little oily beetles you see in small ponds, whose whole life is spent in tacking—confound them!—generally at right angles. What they are in navigation was Miss Lucas in conversation: tacked so eternally from topic to topic that no man on earth, and not every woman, could follow her.

At the sight and sound of her Lady Cicely congealed and stiffened. Easy and unpretending with Mrs. Staines, she was all dignity, and even majesty, in the presence of this chatter-box; and the smoothness with which the transfiguration was accomplished marked that accomplished actress the high-bred woman of the world.

Rosa, better able to estimate the change of manner than Miss Lucas was, who did not know how little this Sawney was afflicted with misplaced dignity, looked wistfully and distressed at her. Lady Cicely smiled kindly in reply, rose, without seeming to hurry—catch her condescending to be rude to Charlotte Lucas—and took her departure, with a profound and most gracious courtesy to the lady who had driven her away.

Mrs. Staines saw her down stairs, and said, ruefully, "I am afraid you do not like my friend Miss Lucas. She is a great rattle, but so good-natured and clever."

Lady Cicely shook her head. "Clevaa people don't talk so much nonsense before stangaas."

"Oh dear!" said Rosa. "I was in hopes you would like her."

"Do *you* like her?"

"Indeed I do; but I shall not, if she drives an older friend away."

"My dyah, I'm not easily dwiven from those I esteem. But you undastand that is not a woman for me to mispwonownce my 'ah's' befaw—NOR FOR YOU TO MAKE A BOSOM FWIEND OF—ROSA STAINES."

She said this with a sudden maternal solemnity and kindness that contrasted nobly and strangely with her yea-nay style, and Mrs. Staines remembered the words years after they were spoken.

It so happened that after this Mrs. Staines received no more visits from Lady Cicely for some time, and that vexed her. She knew her sex enough to be aware that they are very jealous, and she permitted herself to think that this high-minded Sawney was jealous of Miss Lucas.

This idea, founded on a general estimate of her sex, was dispelled by a few lines from Lady Cicely, to say her family and herself were in deep distress: her brother, Lord Aycough, lay dying from an accident.

Then Rosa was all remorse, and ran down to Staines to tell him. She found him with an open letter in his hand. It was from Dr. Barr, and on the same subject. The doctor, who had always been friendly to him, invited him to come down at once to Hallowtree Hall, in Huntingdonshire, to a consultation. There was a friendly intimation to start at once, as the patient might die any moment.

Husband and wife embraced each other in a tumult of surprised thankfulness. A few necessaries were thrown into a carpet-bag, and Dr. Staines was soon whirled into Huntingdonshire. Having telegraphed beforehand, he was met at the station by the earl's carriage and people, and driven to the Hall. He was received by an old silver-haired butler, looking very sad, who conducted him to a boudoir, and then went and tapped gently at the door of the patient's room. It was opened and shut very softly, and Lady

Cicely, dressed in black, and looking paler than ever, came into the room.

"Dr. Staines, I think?"

He bowed.

"Thank you for coming so promptly. Dr. Barr is gone. I fear he thinks—he thinks—Oh, Dr. Staines, no sign of life but in his poor hands, that keep moving night and day."

Staines looked very grave at that. Lady Cicely observed it, and, faint at heart, could say no more, but led the way to the sick-room.

There in a spacious chamber, lighted by a grand oriel-window and two side windows, lay rank, title, wealth, and youth, stricken down in a moment by a common accident. The sufferer's face was bloodless, his eyes fixed, and no signs of life but in his thumbs, and they kept working with strange regularity.

In the room were a nurse and the surgeon; the neighboring physician, who had called in Dr. Barr, had just paid his visit and gone away.

Lady Cicely introduced Dr. Staines and Mr. White, and then Dr. Staines stood and fixed his eyes on the patient in profound silence.

Lady Cicely scanned his countenance searchingly, and was struck with the extraordinary power and intensity it assumed in examining the patient; but the result was not encouraging. Dr. Staines looked grave and gloomy.

At last, without removing his eye from the recumbent figure, he said, quietly, to Mr. White, "Thrown from his horse, Sir?"

"Horse fell on him, Dr. Staines."

"Any visible injuries?"

"Yes. Severe contusions, and a rib broken and pressed upon the lungs. I replaced and set it. Will you see?"

"If you please."

He examined and felt the patient, and said it had been ably done.

Then he was silent and searching.

At last he spoke again. "The motion of the thumbs corresponds exactly with his pulse."

"Is that so, Sir?"

"*It is.* The case is without a parallel. How long has he been so?"

"Nearly a week."

"Impossible!"

"It is so, Sir."

Lady Cicely confirmed this.

"All the better," said Dr. Staines, upon reflection. "Well, Sir," said he, "the visible injuries having been ably relieved, I shall look another way for the cause." Then, after another pause, "I must have his head shaved."

Lady Cicely demurred a little to this; but Dr. Staines stood firm, and his lordship's valet undertook the job.

Staines directed him where to begin; and when he had made a circular tonsure on the top of the head, had it sponged with tepid water.

"I thought so," said he. "Here is the mischief;" and he pointed to a very slight indentation on the left side of the pia mater. "Observe," said he, "there is no corresponding indentation on the other side. Underneath this trifling depression a minute piece of bone is doubtless pressing on the most sensitive part of the brain. He must be trephined."

Mr. White's eyes sparkled.

"You are a hospital surgeon, Sir?"

"Yes, Dr. Staines. I have no fear of the operation."

"Then I hand the patient over to you. The case at present is entirely surgical."

White was driven home, and soon returned with the requisite instruments. The operation was neatly performed, and then Lady Cicely was called in. She came trembling; her brother's fingers were still working, but not so regularly.

"That is only *habit*," said Staines; "it will soon leave off, now the cause is gone."

And truly enough, in about five minutes the fingers became quiet. The eyes became human next, and within half an hour after the operation the earl gave a little sigh.

Lady Cicely clasped her hands, and uttered a little cry of delight.

"This will not do," said Staines. "I shall have you screaming when he speaks."

"Oh, Doctor Staines, will he ever speak?"

"I think so; and very soon. So be on your guard."

This strange scene reached its climax soon after by the earl saying, quietly,

"Are her knees broke, Tom?"

Lady Cicely uttered a little scream, but instantly suppressed it.

"No, my lord," said Staines, smartly; "only rubbed a bit. You can go to sleep, my lord. I'll take care of the mare."

"All right," said his lordship, and composed himself to slumber.

Doctor Staines, at the earnest request of Lady Cicely, staid all night; and in course of the day advised her how to nurse the patient, since both physician and surgeon had done with him.

He said the patient's brain might be irritable for some days, and no women in silk dresses, or crinoline, or creaking shoes must enter the room. He told her the nurse was evidently a clumsy woman, and would be letting things fall. She had better get some old soldier used to nursing. "And don't whisper in the room," said he; "nothing irritates them worse; and don't let any body play a piano within hearing; but in a day or two you may try him with slow and continuous music on the flute or violin, if you like. Don't touch his bed suddenly; don't sit on it or lean on it. Dole sunlight into

his room by degrees; and when he can bear it, drench him with it. Never mind what the old school tell you. About these things they know a good deal less than nothing."

Lady Cicely received all this like an oracle.

The cure was telegraphed to Dr. Barr, and he was requested to settle the fee. He was not the man to undersell the profession, and was jealous of nobody, having a large practice and a very wealthy wife. So he telegraphed back—"Fifty guineas, and a guinea a mile from London."

So, as Christopher Staines sat at an early breakfast, with the carriage waiting to take him to the train, two notes were brought him on a salver.

They were both directed by Lady Cicely Treherne. One of them contained a few kind and feeling words of gratitude and esteem; the other a check, drawn by the earl's steward, for one hundred and thirty guineas.

He bowled up to London, and told it all to Rosa. She sparkled with pride, affection, and joy.

"Now, who says you are not a genius?" she cried. "A hundred and thirty guineas for one fee! Now, if you love your wife as she loves you, you will set up a brougham."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

DUELING IN WASHINGTON.—COLLISIONS IN THE HOUSE.

DURING Jackson's second term the Democrats, flushed with their great victory at the Presidential election, were intolerant and overbearing, especially in the House of Representatives. Many dashing and gallant young men had been elected from the Southern and Western States, and, conscious of their great numerical superiority, were disposed to carry matters with a high hand. Dueling in those days was much in vogue, and personal discussions in the House were frequently brought to an abrupt termination by an intimation that injurious imputations would be resented elsewhere. John M. Patton and Henry A. Wise of Virginia, Baillie Peyton of Tennessee, Gallatin Hawes of Kentucky, Jesse Bynum of North Carolina, and many other young Democrats, ardent supporters of the administration, were known to be prompt with the pistol, and it was understood that a call to the field would follow any damaging personal attack upon distinguished members of the dominant party. The strength of the opposition lay principally in the Northern and Eastern States, where single combats were not only in violation of law, but were sternly discountenanced by public opinion. The practice of dueling—a relic of a barbarous age, and hardly possible in an advanced stage of civilization—had one good salutary effect: men rarely indulge in foul epithets or opprobrious language when they are liable to be held personally responsible for such an ungentlemanly license. The rude demeanor and offensive vituperation by which Congress has been disgraced for some years past would have been promptly punished forty years ago. Now it excites comparatively little public attention, and is only met in Congress by a retort in kind. Still, what we have lost in breeding and manners is more than compensated by the absence of a spirit of ferocity and consequent bloodshed. So let us not pray for a return of the days of the so-called chivalry.

It was during the session of 1833–34 that a scene occurred in the House which satisfied the Southern fire-eaters on the Democratic side that they were not to have every thing their own way. Cost Johnson came to Congress from the Catoctin Valley, Maryland—a young man of fine promise, of superb appearance, and the graceful, winning manners of a chevalier of the days of Bayard. He had been in the Legislature of his native State when little more than a boy, where he had distinguished himself as a bold and effective debater. In the House, with a modesty so becoming his age, he had abstained generally from taking part in current discussions, and there had been no striking exhibition of his ability or determined character. Late in the session there sprung up one day an animated debate upon the management of the Post-office Department, Major Barry, of Kentucky, then being Postmaster-General. Public complaints of irregularity in the postal service had been made, and it was suggested that a special committee might properly be raised to look into the matter. The partisans of the administration were in arms at once, and the charges were repelled with uncommon vehemence. They were affirmed with some warmth by the opposition, when the debate was brought to an end by a decided intimation that any one who should impeach the personal character of Major Barry would be held personally responsible for his temerity. This was given, in the first place, by Mr. Hawes, of Kentucky, and it was substantially repeated by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, afterward Vice-President of the United States, and by Mr. Patton, of Virginia—all of them known as spirited and determined men—and there seemed to be no disposition to press the attack in the face of a menace so decided and unmistakable. The House adjourned to meet for an evening session, the pressure of business being unusually heavy.

Evening sessions, then as now, were apt to be tumultuous and disorderly. High living

and exuberant conviviality were more common at that time than in these days of "moral ideas," and a quorum came together, many of them in a condition to enjoy any excitement that might arise. Mr. Stevenson, afterward minister to England, was the Speaker, but he rarely left his house after dinner, and Governor Vance, of Ohio, took the chair. The moment the House was called to order Cost Johnson rose to speak. His seat was directly in front of the Speaker's desk, nearly in the middle of the hall. He spoke in a low tone, but with an air of such earnestness and determination as to arrest the attention of every member on the floor.

"Mr. Speaker," he began—and after hesitating for a few seconds, evidently suppressing his emotions with great effort, he continued—"Mr. Speaker, I come from a section of the country where the doctrine of personal responsibility is recognized to its fullest extent. I have never been engaged in a personal difficulty, and I trust in God I never shall be. But, Sir, standing here as one of the representatives of the sovereign State of Maryland, I can not permit myself to be intimidated by the menaces of any man or any set of men. Knowing all the responsibility that I am about to incur, fully appreciating the character of the gentleman against whom I intend to oppose myself, perfectly aware of all the consequences of the course I am about to pursue, and determined to meet them in every contingency, I pronounce William T. Barry"—here he stopped for a moment, looking calmly at the members who had clustered about him, and then proceeded, slightly elevating his clarion-like voice—"I pronounce William T. Barry, the head of the Post-office Department, in every branch, through every ramification, down to the meanest messenger in that department, personally, officially, and morally, corrupt and rotten, from head to heel."

The House was electrified by this sweeping and defiant denunciation. There was silence in the hall for some moments. Mr. Patton then rose and appealed to Johnson to change or qualify his declaration, expressing the hope that he did not intend all that his language would seem to convey. Johnson, without leaving his seat, interjected, "Meant every word I said." Two or three other Democrats, in different parts of the hall, implored him to modify his charges, or at least to admit that he did not allege personal dishonesty on the part of the Postmaster-General. Johnson then rose and addressed the chair:

"Mr. Speaker, when I was in college I had the reputation of expressing myself in perspicuous and intelligible language. It would seem that I have either lost that faculty or there is a degree of obtuseness among the gentlemen on this floor that precludes a clear understanding of words that I hoped would be unmistakable in their signification. In order to prevent any misconception now or hereafter, I will repeat what I before said." He then again pronounced the words previously uttered, denouncing Major Barry and the Post-office Department as dishonest and unworthy of confidence, and ending with the declaration that the whole concern was "corrupt and rotten, from head to heel."

The House was in no humor for business after this scene, and adjourned at once by common consent.

The next morning, in passing up one of the avenues to the Capitol, the writer was overtaken by Mr. Johnson, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Mr. J. handed him a challenge to single combat, signed by a son of Major Barry, then a lieutenant in the army. The writer earnestly protested against its acceptance, and insisted that the cartel should be inclosed to the father of the young man, with the inquiry if that was the mode in which he proposed to settle his personal difficulties. The answer was prompt and characteristic. "No, Sir. I am a young man myself. I entered into this thing voluntarily, with my eyes open, and I will fight any respectable man who calls upon me as the friend of the Postmaster-General."

The challenge was promptly accepted, and the afternoon of that day named for the time of meeting. This summary mode of proceeding was embarrassing to the gentlemen who had undertaken to overawe the House and prevent all inquiry into the conduct of the Postmaster-General. Johnson was waited upon with a request that the combat should be deferred. This was declined. Would he consent that the challenge should be withdrawn or suspended? That was always at the option of the challenger. The challenge was withdrawn, and a court of honor appointed, consisting of Richard M. Johnson, Henry A. Wise, and Baillie Peyton. After some diplomatic negotiation young Barry was backed squarely out of the affair, and there it ended. Meeting Cost Johnson soon after, he described the transaction in the following sententious terms: "Backed the bull off the bridge."

It was a noticeable fact, observed with satisfaction by many quiet people, that browbeating and bullying were rare things in the House of Representatives for some time after this transaction.

In the days when dueling was tolerated by public opinion, notably in the Southern and Middle States, single combats occasionally grew out of the heated debates in Congress, and more frequently altercations in the House and Senate led to hostile correspondence which terminated without a meeting on the field, the intervention of judicious friends preventing that result. The amicable offices of seconds indisposed to

bloodshed often averted the ultimate resort. Generally principals in a difficulty are not as much inclined to a fight as seconds, especially if negotiations have supervened and angry passions have had time to cool. Sometimes, however, the converse of this proposition is true, and peace-loving friends have adjusted personal quarrels with great difficulty. The affair between Mr. Clay and Colonel King was a conspicuous instance of this kind. The principals were determined to fight, and it was only by the persistent efforts of the leading members of the Senate, Whigs and Democrats, that the matter was finally arranged. The extra session of the Senate called by President Harrison at the opening of his administration was protracted for several days to prevent the parties to the affair from leaving the District of Columbia, where duels were prohibited by an act of Congress containing the most stringent provisions. Meantime many Senators were earnestly engaged in pacifying the antagonists, and so composing the quarrel. Their efforts were at last successful, and the reconciliation took place in open Senate. Colonel Preston, of South Carolina, introduced the subject in a carefully prepared statement of the circumstances, in which he congratulated the Senate and the country upon the honorable termination of a difficulty that threatened consequences so momentous, and in which two gentlemen alike distinguished and esteemed were involved. Mr. Clay expressed his satisfaction at the result in a touching and graceful speech, and Mr. King followed in a similar strain, and thus the affair terminated, and the Senate adjourned.

The effect of the anti-dueling act was much commented upon at the time. Mr. Clay spoke of it in terms of derision and contempt. He said it was merely an inconvenience; gentlemen who had deliberately determined to violate a law of God were not likely to be restrained by any human enactment. When remonstrated with by his friends, and urged to avoid a contest in which his life, so important to the country, might be sacrificed, he replied that he was the guardian of his own honor, and must be allowed to determine the course which it became him to adopt.

Still it can not be doubted that the effect of the law was generally salutary. It furnished a sufficient excuse for those who were averse to fighting, and yet had not the moral courage to refuse a challenge. Dueling came to an end when public opinion condemned the practice. It prevailed in the South and West long after formal single combats had become impossible in the Northern States.

Forty, and even thirty, years ago personal altercations often took place in Congress between Northern and Southern members, having their origin in sectional disagreements. There was always a class of men in the House from the South who sought to make a reputation with their constituents by pitting themselves against Northern members, whose principles and education made dueling repugnant to their feelings. It was a cheap method of gaining distinction, wholly unworthy of men of true chivalry. Occasionally these gentlemen ran against high-spirited Northern members of firmness and bravery, prompt to repel an affront, and prepared to meet an antagonist in any way. In cases of that kind the fire-eaters were often signally discomfited. It was during the administration of Mr. Monroe that a collision occurred in the Senate between General Samuel Smith, of Maryland, and Mr. Lloyd, of Massachusetts, the result of which gave much satisfaction at the North. General Smith was a known fighting man, a brave soldier, who had rendered important service in the war of 1812. He was a large, imposing figure of a man, of peremptory manner, and rather inclined to be dictatorial and overbearing. Mr. Lloyd, on the contrary, was small in stature, delicate and almost effeminate in appearance, dressing always in elegant style, and looking like a courtier of the days of Louis XIV. In the course of discussion Mr. Lloyd had controverted with some sharpness and great effect certain statements and arguments of General Smith. A logical reply suitable to the case did not occur to the Senator; so, instead of reaffirming his facts and attempting to confute the reasoning of Mr. Lloyd, he tried the effect of a little personal intimidation.

"Mr. President," said he, in the tone of a school-master lecturing his pupils, "gentlemen coming from a section of the country where the doctrine of personal responsibility is not recognized ought to be specially cautious in the language they use toward gentlemen in this Chamber. If their own principles or the sentiments of their constituents prevent them from giving satisfaction for words not properly chosen, they should take care not to wound the feelings of Senators who were educated in a different school."

Mr. Galliard, of South Carolina, was presiding in the Senate in the absence of the Vice-President, and he, knowing the stuff of which Mr. Lloyd was made, smiled quite significantly as General Smith took his seat. On the part of Senators generally there was an expression of lively interest as Mr. Lloyd rose to reply. He spoke in a low voice, and in a tone as mild as if he were inviting a lady to take a turn in a waltz.

"Mr. President, I am not acquainted with the sentiments of my State upon what the Senator calls the doctrine of personal responsibility. I recognize this doctrine to its fullest extent, and am prepared to be held responsible in any way for every word I utter on this floor. Furthermore, Sir, in order to

prevent any misconception hereafter, I give the Senator from Maryland to know that I shall hold him responsible for every word he speaks derogatory to my character or injurious to my feelings."

General Smith made no rejoinder, and the flurry passed, but it was observed thereafter that there was a studied courtesy in the bearing of all the fire-eaters toward Mr. Lloyd.

A few years afterward there was a sharp passage in the House between Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, and Barent L. Gardinier, of New York. A challenge followed, and the conditions of the duel were agreed upon. Meantime a complaint had been made to the civil authorities of Washington, and Harrison Smith accompanied a constable to the boarding-house of Gardinier to arrest him and enforce the law. Smith was an everlasting talker, and when engaged in a discussion forgot every thing but the matter in dispute. A member from North Carolina, boarding at the same place, and much interested in the duel, questioned the authority of Smith to make the arrest, and the two fell into an argument on the subject which lasted until the combat took place, and Gardinier was brought back to the house with a bullet in his leg.

The last fatal Congressional duel was that in which poor Cilley lost his life. The quarrel was a political one, and Cilley was a sacrifice to the rancor of party strife. There was no personal animosity on the part of the antagonists. They fought with rifles, at forty paces. Cilley was an expert shot with the rifle, while Graves was wholly unused to the weapon. A side wind was blowing fresh as the parties took their ground, and the fatal shot was a chance one altogether. Cilley was a brave man, but he could not control his nerves. On the first fire his ball struck the ground not more than forty feet off. Graves was perfectly cool and collected, and at the third shot Cilley fell, mortally wounded. Henry A. Wise accompanied Graves to the field, and General Jones, of Iowa, was the second of Cilley. They were much censured for allowing more than one shot, the difficulty being a technical one only; but the fact is, they went on the ground tied up by an agreement made by the great leaders of the two political parties from which they did not feel themselves at liberty to deviate. Their fatal mistake consisted in accepting the conditions by which the combat was to be governed. Cilley died on the field, but his fate was preferable to that of Graves, who lingered a few years a melancholy wreck, wasting away the remainder of his life in remorse and misery.

There was a skirmish in the House in the session of 1839, the parties being General Glasscock, of Georgia, and Richard Biddle, of Pittsburg. Biddle was a brother of the famous Nicholas Biddle, an accomplished, elegant gentleman, and a lawyer of distinguished ability. He was disgusted with public life, and resigned after a few months' service. A few days after he came to Washington, one morning while the presentation of petitions was in order, he addressed the Speaker, sending to the chair a memorial which he said was signed by some of his constituents. They were Quakers, respectable men, but having peculiar notions. He asked that it be referred without reading, according to the rules of the House. Its reading was called for, and it proved to be strongly tinctured with abolition sentiments. The feeling on the subject of slavery was very warm in Congress at that time, and the petition arrested the attention of the whole House. General Glasscock at once arose and addressed the Speaker. He denounced the petitioners in harsh language, and spoke with so much asperity and bitterness of Mr. Biddle that Speaker Hunter called him to order.

Mr. Biddle said that he wished the member from Georgia might be allowed to proceed. He only asked the privilege of reply; and in order that there might be no misapprehension on the part of that gentleman, he desired to inform him that he should reply out of the House as well as in it, in case the tenor of his remarks might render it necessary.

This closed the debate. As Biddle sat down, Wise came round to the writer's desk and remarked, "What a —— fool Glasscock was to pick up a member of the Biddle family. There isn't one of the whole breed that would not fight up to his knees in blood."

Bynum of North Carolina had a duel with Jenifer of Maryland, afterward minister to Austria. They fought at Bladensburg, within sight of the Capitol. They were both men of spirit and resolution, but being of a highly nervous organization, they fired widely, and no blood was shed. They blazed away until the ammunition was all expended, and then returned to the city, the affair having been amicably arranged. Mr. Pickens, appointed minister to Russia by President Buchanan, one of the seconds, said they shot off boughs of trees sufficient to have made a litter, if either of the combatants had needed such an accommodation; and Cost Johnson afterward moved in the House that the district be exempted from entry on the ground that it contained a mineral deposit.

Clingman of North Carolina fought Yancey of Alabama on a quarrel that arose in the House. Two shots were exchanged, but neither was hurt.

Personal collisions occasionally took place on the floor of the House, but such quarrels were generally adjusted on the spot. John Bell, afterward Secretary of War under Gen-

eral Harrison, struck Hopkins L. Terry in the face as a retort for an insulting remark. Bynum of North Carolina had a personal encounter with Rice Garland, of Louisiana. Garland was a large and very powerful man, while Bynum was of diminutive stature, but as active and wiry as a Scotch terrier. They clinched, and there was rare struggling and tumbling about among the desks and chairs, but they were separated before any injury was inflicted.

When Wise and Stanley came to blows there was the greatest excitement in the House, and for a few moments a general fight seemed imminent. The scene presented some ludicrous features, notwithstanding the disgraceful and painful character of the affair. The Clerk of the House, St. Clair Clark, seized the Speaker's mace, and in a loud voice commanded the peace. Governor Gilmer jumped on to a desk, and leaping over the heads of intervening members, threw himself upon the combatants. General Dawson, of Louisiana, drew a bowie-knife from a sheath at the back of his neck and plunged into the midst of the row. General O. Butler seized Arnold of Tennessee by the throat and half strangled him, apparently on general principles, and without any previous misunderstanding. At this critical moment Dixon Lewis, of Mississippi, a man of enormous size and corresponding strength, awoke to the exigency of the occasion. His seat was at the outer edge of the semicircle, near the central door of the hall. He was writing at his desk when the affray commenced, and so absorbed was he in what he was about that the first stage of the affray did not attract his attention, noise, bustle, and confusion being no uncommon things in the House. Hearing a vociferous exclamation, he rose to his feet, and seeing Butler and Arnold in a desperate struggle, he called out, "What's this?" and making his way through the throng by the momentum of his great weight, he grasped the combatants, one in each hand, holding them apart as easily as a mother might separate two contending children. He inquired, "What the devil is all this about?" The effect was electrical, and quiet was soon restored.

In the second session of the Twenty-eighth Congress an affray occurred between ex-Speaker White and George Rathbun, member from the Cayuga district, New York. They were both active, muscular men, full of spirit, and blows were being rapidly exchanged, when a pistol was fired at a doorkeeper outside the hall by an insane man, who was trying to force his way into the House. There was immense excitement in the House and throughout the Capitol, the rumor flying about that a member had been shot, and in the confusion of the moment the impression obtained that Rathbun or White had fired the pistol. The quarrel was not prosecuted afterward, the gentlemen being directly reconciled.

A verbal altercation in the House between Thomas Haynes Bayley, the successor of Henry A. Wise, and Garrett Davis, the late Senator from Kentucky, led to a challenge to fight. Bayley was a large, portly, fine figure of a man; Davis, on the contrary, was small, spare, and thin—probably the lightest weight in the House with the exception of Stephens of Georgia. Bayley was demonstrative and rather blustering in manner, while Davis was quiet, unobtrusive, and reserved, and although not unamiable in disposition, was touchy, petulant, and full of pluck, and as ready to resent an affront as any man in Congress. While arrangements for the fight were in progress, and the general impression was that a hostile meeting could not be prevented, John M. Botts came to Washington, and learning the particulars of the affair, laid a wager of a hundred dollars to ten that Bayley would be arrested by the police, and that there would be no duel. He won his bet, for the wife of Bayley getting wind of the quarrel, made complaint to the civil authorities, and the gentlemen were put under bonds to keep the peace.

There was a duel between a young midshipman named Sherburne, from New Hampshire, and another lad, a son of Francis Key, of Washington, and brother of Barton Key, which resulted fatally, and threw a worthy family into the most profound misery. It grew out of a boyish quarrel, and the affair was managed by boys from beginning to end. They fought just over the Chain Bridge, beyond Georgetown, with navy pistols, and young Key was killed at the first fire. It was not until he lay a corpse on the ground that the survivor and the seconds began to realize what they had been about. Filled with horror, they fled, leaving the body of the deceased to the care of the hackman. He reached the house of Mr. Key while the family were at breakfast, and the first intimation the father and mother had of the affair was witnessing the remains of their son lifted from the carriage.

There was a collision on the avenue between Senators Foote, of Mississippi, and Borland, of Arkansas, in the winter of 1850. I forget what was the cause of the skirmish, if I ever knew. They were both irascible men, of ungoverned tempers. Foote was a man of unquestionable courage, and Borland had spirit enough to fight when his blood was up. I happened to reach the scene of the struggle, in company with Colonel Walton, of Florida (father of the famous Madame Le Vert), just as Borland had drawn blood from Foote's nose. A crowd had gathered, and there was a cry, "Part them! part them!" Walton was a large, powerful man, who enjoyed a fight as much as a school-boy does

snow-balling. He danced around the antagonists, preventing interference, and exclaiming, "I never saw a fairer fight in my life!" They were soon separated, however, both glad to quit, but neither badly hurt. Foote challenged Borland, and requested Colonel Walton to act as his second. The old gentleman did not hold the pen of a ready writer, and when a correspondence grew out of an attempt of friends to arrange the difficulty he engaged me to act as his scribe. When a personal difficulty reaches this stage the necessity of a resort to the pistol is generally removed. There was an interchange of letters, nearly half a dozen in all, when the demands of honor were satisfied, the letters were published, and there an end.

Borland and his colleague in the Senate, familiarly known as Bob Johnson, had a misunderstanding that had a smell of bloodshed at one time, but judicious friends prevented a fight. Johnson, poor fellow, is still living, or was a short time since. He was utterly impoverished by the rebellion, into which he was dragged against his own wishes and judgment, with many other honest and patriotic men in all the Southern States.

THE WALKING BOY.

I WAS spending my vacation at Dr. Leighton's house in Chester. Chester is a town in the lake country of New York, quiet, old-fashioned, sleepy, and pleasant. Dr. Leighton's was the oldest house in the place, and stood at the northern extremity of Main Street, just without the limits of the town. It was older than the village itself, and had been the first house of any pretensions in all that part of the country.

It had a pretty, old-fashioned garden running down in a succession of terraces to the water, very pleasant in summer, though rather bleak and frozen in winter, when the wind came shrieking down the hills and over the frozen lake. The house, however, was a solid, thick-walled erection, built to keep out the cold rather than for the sake of the picturesque, and was warm and bright up stairs and down stairs.

It was shaped a good deal like a brick set up on its longer edge, and was equally divided in the middle by a wide hall. It had a wing at the side, and what you might call a tail behind. The old roof was made of solid, immense timbers, framed into the wall in such a way that when they shook in the wind the whole house shook with them, and strange creaking, groaning noises came wandering down the garret stairs and through the halls.

The house had been built by a certain eccentric Mr. Williams. Mr. Williams had been disappointed in love—that is, he had offered himself to the beautiful Miss St. Valory, of Valory's Corners, and had been refused for the sake of a certain Mr. Lyndon, whom she afterward married. Upon this Mr. Williams conceived the idea of renouncing the world, and, by way of making the sacrifice as costly as possible, brought up workmen from New York at great expense, and built this house, then right in the woods, and a mile from the little hamlet that was growing up farther down the lake.

When the house was completed he furnished it expensively, and gave himself up to a comfortable state of misery and meditation on Miss St. Valory. But whether solitude was more solitary than he had expected, or whether he found that meditation was unprofitable, certain it is that at the end of three months he married the daughter of a raftsman, sold his house at a bargain to Dr. Leighton's father, and went back to Philadelphia.

Dr. Leighton had married Miss Priscilla Lyndon, a daughter of Mr. Williams's old love. There was a large family connection on both the Lyndon and the Leighton side, and Mrs. Leighton's brother, Mr. Lucian Lyndon, lived in Chester, but a quarter of a mile from his sister. At the time of my story Mr. Lyndon's house was undergoing extensive alterations, and its master, who was at that time a widower, was, with his daughter, spending some weeks with his brother-in-law.

One dark, rainy evening the young ladies of the family and myself were in the dining-room stoning raisins, blanching almonds, and cutting citron for the big cake intended to grace the coming birthday party of Posy and Rosy, the doctor's twin nieces, aged seventeen. If ever one soul animated two bodies, it was in the case of the Leighton twins. They were intelligent and rather precocious girls, but there was about them a certain simplicity and unconsciousness which made them seem younger than their age, and led their elders and equals to treat them as children.

There were also the doctor's two sons, Mark and Lewis, home from college in their Junior year, and there was Sharly, or Charlotte, Lyndon, Mr. Lucian Lyndon's only child.

Sharly was a nice girl; and having said that, I hardly know how else to describe her, or pay her any better compliment. I like "nice girls" myself better than I do some other varieties of the sex; better than young women who have "suffered," and make a terrible fuss about it, as the manner of some is; better than those glorious females who have a genius for every thing but decency.

Sharly was a pretty girl, though not perhaps entitled to rank as a beauty if she had not been an heiress. She had soft clear blue eyes, a resolute little mouth and chin, light brown wavy hair, which was never in

disorder; and every thing about her was always smooth and spotless and speckless. Sharly was not brilliant, but she was agreeable, and she carried about her a certain atmosphere of pleasantness and serenity, though the legend ran that when a child she had been "a tartar." She was nineteen, and had been "in society" in New York, where the Lyndon connection saw a good deal of company in a fashion which might be described as conspicuously quiet. Sharly, though much liked, had made no great sensation in this circle. Her cousins said it was because she never cared to talk to any one but old gentlemen, with whom she was a great favorite. Sharly had "faculty." She could cook and sew both with and without the machine to admiration. She could knit as fast as her grandmother, and she was great in the management and pacification of children. Sharly could sing, too, not loud enough for a concert hall, but in a way that was very pleasant at home, and she was always ready when asked for music.

This evening her slim fingers were flying through the rounds of a little red stocking destined for one of her aunt Elsie's numerous children.

Then there was David Van Epps, who was a teacher in the academy, and was said to be a young man of great talent. He was a handsome young fellow, fair-haired, gray-eyed, and very gentlemanly, though a good deal shy. David was of no particular family, and had nothing in the world but his salary of six hundred dollars a year. There was also in the room a young man who possessed the happy faculty of making himself universally detested. This was Mr. Cyrus Ford, who, because his father and Dr. Leighton were old friends, was oftener at the house than suited the ladies of the family. Even gracious Mrs. Leighton confessed that she could not bear Cyrus Ford, and Posy and Rosy, who did not mind being treated as children by any one else, bridled and put on airs of dignity before this young man.

Mr. Cyrus Ford patronized every one, his betters included. He was wont to proclaim openly that he never meant to marry any but a rich wife, lest some young woman who was not rich might fling away her affections, and it was evident that he paid court to Sharly Lyndon. He talked much about style, and gave it to be understood that when he was in New York, where he was an insurance clerk, he moved in the height of polite society. That evening he had given such mind as he possessed to impertinence toward David Van Epps. Cyrus was wont to say that David had much better have remained "in his original station."

It might have been difficult to define David's "original station." His first rise in life had been a situation with an eccentric old traveling tinman, whom much learning or some other cause had made not exactly mad, but a little cracked; and he had educated David to such good purpose that at eighteen he had been rather more than ready to enter the Sophomore Class in D—— College. His old friend dying, David had made his own way through college, with some little help from the Lyndons, and had taken a high place. He was a perfectly simple, straightforward person, and would never have made any secret of his history, even if it had not been well known to the Leightons. He and Mr. Lyndon, who was a classical scholar, read Greek together, and he was reading Latin with Sharly, who had a liking for the language.

Mr. Van Epps had lately published, in a well-known review, an article which had attracted some little attention, and his friends had been pleased with this little triumph. I had not seen this essay myself, but I understood that it was anent the sacrifices offered by the ancients to the spirits of the dead, or some other equally abstruse subject. He had not only published it, which is something, but had been paid for it, which is more.

By-and-by Rupert, the mulatto waiter, looked into the dining-room and asked if Mr. Van Epps would please come into the drawing-room a minute to Mr. Lyndon. David was no sooner gone than Cyrus Ford remarked:

"How low birth will show! Now in spite of a sort of varnish and education, and the kind patronage of your family, that young fellow's real nature will come out. He'll never be a gentleman, nor have a bit of style."

"What do you call style?" asked Sharly, looking up with an air of gentle curiosity.

"Why, style is style. It can't be defined. That's its essence, you know. It's the way fellows have that have seen the world, you know;" and Cyrus looked at himself in the glass.

"You don't mean good-breeding, then?" said Sharly, smiling. "We are all rather old-fashioned people, and I think we have a preference for good manners, which are the result of natural refinement and intelligence, and can not be bought, you know; but style, it always seems to me, is a thing one can get at the milliner's or the tailor's."

Mr. Cyrus Ford made no response, and shortly after left the room and went to the elders in the parlor.

"It takes your quiet people," said Mark.

"I don't like Mr. Ford," said Rosy. "He isn't nearly as nice as his father."

"But, you know, Rosy, boys never are," said Posy, from the treasures of her experience.

Mr. Van Epps returned at this moment, and Sharly asked him to hold her yarn. He seemed not ill pleased with the office, and it occurred to me that Mr. Lyndon was likely

to find out that boys and girls grow into men and women. I wondered what he would say to such a discovery. To ask a young man of talent to read Greek with you is one thing; it is another to have him fall in love with your daughter, and it is even more another thing to have your daughter return the sentiment. Sharly was not a young woman to exhibit her feelings, but it struck me that her interest in David was more than friendly, and I had my doubts about the Latin lessons.

"What a night!" said Mark, as the wind screamed past the window and rattled the blinds. "It's just the weather for the Walking Boy."

"Do tell me," said Sharly, "who is he? I've always heard about him in a dim way; but I suppose they never told us the story when we were children for fear we should be afraid to go to bed."

"I only know that he's one of the family ghosts—there are several in the connection. He is in some way mixed up with Mr. Williams, grandma's old lover. Flora can tell you all about him, and here she comes."

Flora, the cook, a majestic old black woman, put her head in at the door.

"Now, young ladies," said she, "is them reasons done? 'cause I'm bound to begin that cake first thing in the morning."

We all looked conscience-stricken.

"Ah, young folks, young folks!" said Flora, shaking her red-turbaned head. "They never puts no rael, right-down sariousness into their work."

"Come in, Flora," said Mark, "and help us, and tell us the story of the Walking Boy. The girls want to hear it; and if they are afraid to go to bed afterward they won't dare to say so."

"Yes, Flora," said Sharly, finishing her skein, "do, and frighten the young gentlemen as well as ourselves."

"'Tain't no story, Miss Sharly," said Flora, gradually edging her portly person over the threshold. "It's a thing as is well known to all the colored folks ever was connected with the Lyndons or the Leightons. But as to the reasons, I see I've got to have a hand in the business, if that cake's going to be made;" and Flora sat down, and while she stoned the raisins she told her tale.

The substance of the legend which she gave us was as follows:

Mr. Williams, who built the house, had a sister who mortally offended him by marrying a young clergyman with nothing but his profession, and of no particular family.

The Rev. Mr. Merrion had a sore experience. Many olive-branches grew up around his table, which, unlike the literal article, could not provide their own leaves. There were sickness and death, and each succeeding year saw the parson's family more scantily clothed and fed. He was not popular as a preacher. He went from place to place, and was burdened with debt, while his brother-in-law grew richer every day, and was sent to Congress, which in those days was a distinction.

During all her care-worn married life Mr. Williams refused to hold the slightest intercourse with his sister or her husband. He was a man of bitter and relentless temper, and he did all that he could to add to his brother-in-law's heavy burden; and he it was who set on foot reports against Mr. Merrion's orthodoxy.

In those days theological bands were drawn tighter than at present. The Rev. Mr. Merrion was driven from his pulpit, and no other would receive him. Broken-hearted and with failing health, he gathered together the remnants of his property, and with his wife and children started for the new country in Western New York. He settled on the shore of the lake, at its southern extremity.

He gradually became a sort of missionary and doctor among the Indians, and they rewarded his services with presents of fish, game, and corn, and did not trouble themselves with his opinions on justification. His health improved with out-door life and the sense of freedom; and the harassed, weary man and his wife began to hope that they had found a resting-place.

It was no good news when they heard that Mr. Williams was coming into their neighborhood. Mr. Merrion's experience of his brother-in-law's temper had been bitter, and he dreaded fresh annoyance and persecution.

When Mr. Williams came up with the workmen his sister ventured to see him, and tried to bring about a reconciliation. But it was quite useless. He would not speak to her for some time, and finally, passing from sullen silence to outrageous passion, he accused her, in the coarsest terms, of wishing to saddle her whole family upon him. The poor lady, driven past her patience, reminded him at last that there was another world where those who had dealt wickedly or cruelly must meet their victims face to face.

"I will take care that none of you ever come near me in this world, whatever may happen in the next," were his last words as he turned her from his door.

Among Mrs. Merrion's children was one boy who, though not exactly an idiot, was yet wholly different from the others. He was strange in a great many ways, and had an unconquerable love for long solitary wanderings. When a little child this propensity had caused his mother the greatest uneasiness; but if restrained by force he would fall into a state bordering on insanity; so that there seemed nothing for it but to let

him have his own way. No harm ever happened to him, and the Indians, regarding him as one who held intercourse with the world of spirits, looked upon him with awe. He did not seem to wander aimlessly, but always went on his way like one with a set purpose, looking about him as though expecting to meet some one among the trees or on the shore. When asked the purpose of his expeditions, he would always reply that he was "looking for something," but what the something was he never told.

The great house in process of erection near his own home seemed to have a peculiar attraction for Elon Merrion. He went there day after day, followed the workmen, handled their tools, and as the house grew into shape, appeared to find singular pleasure in wandering from room to room, always, as he said, "looking for something."

Mr. Williams, who knew perfectly well that the strange boy was his sister's son, never took the slightest notice of Elon, and the boy seemed equally careless of him.

The summer had passed, September had come; the roof had been put on the house, and much done toward finishing the interior; for, with high wages and the personal superintendence of Mr. Williams, the work had gone rapidly forward.

The twilight was drawing in on the 25th of September. The day had been strangely close and oppressive for the season, and the sky had been hung with masses of gray cloud, which as the sun went down showed edges as of tarnished copper and brass. Below hardly a breath stirred, but in the upper air the ominous clouds were tossed and rolled as with a great wind. The lake lay almost unruffled, but now and then there ran along its surface a low moan—on that sheet of water the sure forerunner of a storm.

The workmen were about returning to their temporary shanty. One of them remarked that Mr. Williams, who was usually anxious to prolong the labor to the last moment, seemed in a hurry to leave the house. He waited, however, till the last man had crossed the threshold, and then locked the door himself. He took unusual pains to secure the lock, and tried it with his hand, as if to make sure.

"There will be a storm to-night, and the door might blow open," he remarked to a carpenter who stood by; and this little circumstance was afterward remembered, as it was quite contrary to Mr. Williams's usual habits to offer an explanation of any act of his whatever. Soon after dark the storm came on with great fury. There was little rain, but the thunder and lightning were wild and incessant, and the wind rose to a howling tempest which lashed the lake to foam, and roared through the woods like the surf on a rock-bound shore. Every now and then, through the continuous uproar, could be heard the crack and crash of a falling tree. The men were gathered around the fire in the shanty, hushed into silence, as the tempest increased from minute to minute.

Suddenly one of them spoke.

"Did any one see that boy go home?"

Not one could remember seeing Elon leave the building, but he who had asked the question recollected that about four o'clock the child had climbed the unfinished staircase, and disappeared in a long dark passage which led from the upper part of the house into the wing.

"Can he be locked up there now?" said the carpenter who had first spoken. "Poor little innocent! I can't be easy unless I find out."

His companions laughed at him, but the carpenter, who was a spirited as well as kindly young man, lit his lantern, and went out into the storm. He struggled on against the wind until he was perhaps two rods from the shanty, and opposite the log-hut where Mr. Williams lived with his old black servant, Cuff.

To the surprise of the young carpenter, as he paused a moment to recover breath, the door of the hut was opened, and Mr. Williams's voice asked where he was going.

"We couldn't any of us remember whether the little boy left the house," said the carpenter. The young man declared afterward that as the light of the lantern fell upon Mr. Williams's face it was like that of a corpse; but this statement might easily have been one of those adornments added after the event from a sense of the fitness of things.

"Boy?" said Mr. Williams, hesitating. "What boy?"

"Your nephew, Sir," said the carpenter, suddenly inspired to speak out a fact hitherto ignored by all as far as possible.

"Oh, he!" said Mr. Williams, without the anger which might have been expected. "He went home about five o'clock; I saw him go myself."

The carpenter, glad to be spared further encounter with the tempest, went back to the shanty.

The storm raged all night, and only abated toward morning. When the men gathered to their work, somewhat later than usual, the young carpenter was the first to go up stairs. He had not been gone more than a minute when a sudden cry of horror summoned his companions. There, in the long passage, lay the boy—dead!

The eyes were wide open, the little hands clinched. Those who looked upon the sight covered their faces. Elon had probably fallen asleep, and so had not heard the workmen leave the house. There were traces which showed how he had gone to and fro seeking a way of escape; and when none could be found he had died apparently of sheer terror.

Mr. Williams, hearing what had happened, showed no particular emotion. He expressed his regret moderately enough, as it was thought. He said he supposed he must have been mistaken in thinking the boy had left the house, or that he must have come back again unobserved.

The young carpenter, however, always believed that Mr. Williams had purposely locked his little nephew into the deserted building, actuated by a double spite against the child and the mother. It was remarked, however, as singular that a child so fearless as Elon should have been literally frightened to death by finding himself alone at night, even in such weather.

Mr. Williams's persistent resentment against his sister was not softened by the child's death, and he took no notice of her in her trouble, which was soon doubled by the death of her husband; for poor Parson Merrion, then ill of a low fever, sank under the shock of Elon's tragical fate, and died in a few days, forgiving his enemy with his last breath. The widow sold the home where she had hoped to find a refuge, and went with her children to some other part of the country.

The new house was finished and furnished, and the owner took possession. But it was said there was one who had possession before him. There were whispers that the dead child, or something in its likeness, walked the house as the poor bewildered boy had walked during that long, lonely night. It was said that from dusk to dawn Mr. Williams heard a step pacing to and fro from room to room, and especially through the long passage, and that the doors at each end of this passage were opened and shut by no mortal hands.

This haunting presence, so ran the report, was the cause of Mr. Williams's marriage to the raftsman's daughter, as he dared not stay alone, and even old Cuff retreated from the ghostly walker. The constant persecution of the spirit forced Mr. Williams to sell the house and go back to Philadelphia, where he lived very unhappily with his wife, and finally died even poorer than his unfortunate brother-in-law.

"And ever since then," concluded Flora, "that boy walks, 'specially windy nights; and if any one comes into the house that's to bring bad luck on the family, he goes past their door to and fro. And," continued Flora, sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper, "the very fust night that miserable Mr. Netherton, that married your poor aunt Rosalind that you was named for, Miss Rosy—the very fust night he staid in the house he heard it, and he asked next morning at the breakfast-table—'Who's that,' says he, 'was walking past my door all night?' And your grandpa he turned it off, but he knew what it was; and my mother was cook here, same's I am now. 'Depend upon it,' says she, 'won't no good come of this marriage;' and no more there didn't, for he broke Miss Rosalind's heart. And they do say—at least my mother had it from her mother, and she knew as much as most folks—that that boy's spirit 'll never be quiet till some of Parson Merrion's folks gets good luck out of this house."

"My mother's maiden name was Merrion," said David, who had listened with great interest to Flora's legend.

"Now you don't say so!" said Flora, impressed. "Who was your grandfather, Mr. Van Epps?"

"Really that is more than I can tell you," said David, smiling, "except that his name was Merrion, and he was a farmer. I am afraid my ancestry were never important enough to have a hereditary ghost."

The raisins being finished with the story, we all went back into the parlor, talking over the tale, with which, I could see, the girls were a good deal impressed.

"Perhaps you are the Merrion who is to get good luck out of the house," I heard Sharly say to David.

"To hope for more than I have had would be presumption," said David, with some emotion in his tone.

"As to that," said Miss Lyndon, with remarkable indifference and composure of manner, "every one is at liberty to hope, I suppose."

Mr. Cyrus Ford had been making himself agreeable to the doctor and Mrs. Leighton, and it seemed to me that the elders received us with an air of relief.

"What a wild night it is!" said the doctor, who had just come in from a late ride. "I thought the buggy would blow over before we could get home."

David Van Epps glanced up at the clock, and began to bid good-night.

"Don't go, David," said the doctor. "It is all of a mile to your house, and you will be drenched and blown away. Stay with us."

Mrs. Leighton seconded the invitation with great cordiality, and then, remembering that Cyrus Ford was also a long way from home, she extended the offer to him, though there was a difference in her manner toward the two young men. Both accepted the invitation, and as they did so Mr. Lyndon came in from the library, where he had been engaged with some one on business.

Mr. Lyndon was a handsome elderly gentleman, extremely courteous, rather stately, and much given to books. There was something in his manner which, if not French, at least reminded one of a Frenchman. "See here, doctor," he said: "Mr. Carr, after waiting all this time, has taken advantage of the storm to come and pay me Willy Maynard's two thousand dollars."

Willy Maynard was a little orphan, a ward of Mr. Lyndon's.

"Better late than never," said the doctor. "I hope it won't keep you awake to-night."

"Oh, I can lock it up in the old secretary in my room. It is a good solid piece of work; and who ever heard of a burglar here!"

It was late, and soon we separated for the night.

My room was on the second floor, a most comfortable chamber, opening from a little square "entry," as they called it. One door from this entry led into the main upper hall of the house, the other into the long passage where the ghost was supposed to walk.

It was after midnight when I finally composed myself to sleep; but I can not say how long I had slept when I woke with a start, and with the impression that some one was in the room. A fire had been lighted on the hearth that damp, chilly evening. A clear glow from the red coals yet shone through the room, and I could see that its four walls contained no one but myself.

But what was the sound that went past my door through the entry? Who or what opened the door leading into the long passage? I had been through this passage often enough to know that perhaps two yards from the entry door was a board that always creaked beneath the foot. As the step, if such it was, passed on, I heard the accustomed noise. Another minute and there was a quick, sharp tap, as though the person or thing had knocked at a door in going by. I confess that a chill ran over me from head to foot; then I was ashamed of myself. Was I, an instructor of youth, a person whose mind had been fortified by the study of Latin and mathematics, to suffer myself to be startled by a noise at night and an old black woman's tale? The wind was still blowing, and fifty other strange noises were wandering in the air both within and without the old house. Nevertheless I listened.

Another instant and my ears, strained to discern that one sound among all the voices of the wind, caught the noise of the door at the further end of the passage opening with a slow creak.

Then I recollected that David Van Epps occupied a room opening into this passage, and that it must have been at his door that the tap had been made. Presently I heard another door open much more softly, and a second step go down the passage after the first. Either the person who had knocked had gone in, and was coming out again, or else Mr. Van Epps, braver or more credulous than myself, had risen "to see if he heard a noise or not."

I began to feel superior to that young gentleman, and once more nestled down among the pillows and prepared to go to sleep.

The next instant, however, I sprang up, for from the room below, Mr. Lyndon's, came the sound of a struggle and a heavy fall. As I hurried out of my room in my dressing-gown I saw that the whole house was alarmed. The doctor, Sharly, and myself were, I think, first on the ground.

When we entered the room this was what we saw: Mr. Lyndon sitting up in bed, looking somewhat bewildered; David Van Epps in his shirt sleeves, leaning against the old secretary, and looking rather pale as the blood oozed through his right sleeve; Lewis Leighton, with a little sharp dirk in one hand, and a pocket-book in the other; and Mark, towering in wrath above Mr. Cyrus Ford, who was all in a heap in one corner of the sofa.

"What's the matter?" said the doctor.

"David and Uncle Lucian know best," said Lewis. "We heard the noise and came in, and David had Cyrus on the floor, and just that minute Cyrus got one hand free and stabbed David. The secretary was open, as you see, and we found Uncle Lucian's money in Cyrus's pocket."

Here Dr. Leighton faced about, and turned every one of those who had followed us out of the room, with the exception of his wife, Sharly, and myself. He was pleased to observe that we had some sense.

"Are you hurt, father?" said Sharly, holding him very tight.

"No, my darling, no; run away," said Mr. Lyndon, recovering himself.

"In one minute. Uncle George, David is hurt. You'll want some linen. Shall I take that sheet in the closet drawer in my room, aunt?"

"Yes, dear, certainly," said Mrs. Leighton; and Sharly went, came back with the linen, and vanished.

"Are you much hurt, Davy?" said the doctor, getting hold of him.

"Not very much, I think—only my shoulder."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Lyndon, "I would rather have lost the money twice over than that any harm should come to you."

"Would you, Sir?" said David, in an odd sort of voice.

"It's nothing very bad," said the doctor. "I'll have it in order for you in a few minutes, and then you can tell us the story. Don't go, Miss Lindsay," he said to me. "I fancy you know something about this business. Cyrus Ford, keep quiet. I don't mean to expose you if I can help it, for your father's sake."

David said that he had heard some one come out of the entry and into the long passage, and confessed that, having Flora's legend in his mind, he had been rather startled.

"He must have been very sure that every one was sound asleep," said David, "for he seemed to take no particular pains to keep quiet; and I suppose he must have mistaken

my door for the other, for he turned the lock, and by some accident gave a sharp little tap on the panel. I thought it might be Mark or Lewis, and said 'Come in,' and he passed on. Then I thought it might be something worse than a ghost, and naturally thought of the money. I must say that I had noticed Mr. Ford look at the bills in a strange, eager way. I happen to know that at the office where he is employed in New York he has taken money, been forgiven for his father's sake, and allowed another trial. I knew that he was in debt, and I could not help having a sort of suspicion. I felt inclined to follow the walker, whether it were a ghost or not, and I rose and went after the sound. Did you hear it too, Miss Lindsay?"

"I certainly did."

"As I went through the passage I heard the step go down the back stairs. I followed it to the foot of the stairs, and, listening a moment, heard a noise in Mr. Lyndon's room. I went to the door, which was ajar. The drawer was open, and Mr. Ford stood over Mr. Lyndon with the dirk. I sprang upon him, and then Lewis and Mark came in."

Mr. Lyndon had waked, seen Cyrus turning away from the open drawer, and had called him by name. Then Cyrus had threatened him with the dirk, and David had come in just in time to divert the attack to himself. The secretary keys Cyrus had taken from Mr. Lyndon's coat pocket.

Here Cyrus Ford broke silence for the first time, "not wisely, but too well."

"How could you or Miss Lindsay hear me," he said, "when I went down the front stairs?"

"If ever I heard a step in my life—" said David; and then he stopped and looked at me.

"But he must have come the other way," said Mark, "or you would have seen him come in here, and he would not have had time to find the keys and the money."

"It's very odd. Who went down stairs?"

No one could tell.

"It must have been the wind," I said; "and there are so many noises; and yet I suppose if it had not been for the story you would not have come to look after the sound."

"No, I suppose not. And you—you knew it belonged to that little orphan child!" added David, turning with sudden vehemence upon Cyrus.

"I knew Mr. Lyndon would make it good," said Cyrus, in a tone of apology.

"Upon my word, we are obliged to you for your good opinion," said Mr. Lyndon, with ironical courtesy.

"Go up stairs and go to bed, David," said the doctor, "and keep yourself quiet, or you may see trouble with that arm. Take care of him, Priscilla; he deserves it. And, Mark, take this—this *being* up to his room, and lock him in. I suppose we shall let him off, for his father's sake, and I shall have to tell the story in the morning," said the doctor, with a sort of groan.

Mr. Cyrus Ford disappeared early the next morning—summoned, it was said, by urgent business. The servants were supposed not to know the story, but I am certain they did. David's wound was not at all serious; but it made him quite a lion in Chester for a time, somewhat to his annoyance.

Perhaps two months after Posy, Rosy, and I had returned to school I had a letter from Mrs. Leighton.

"Do you know," wrote that lady, "that Sharly and David are engaged? My brother rather stood out against it at first. But who is there so worthy of Sharly? My mother, who has always liked the boy, put in her word; and Lucian finally consented to forget that his father was no one in particular. At first he said it must be a long engagement, but now we begin to talk about spring. Old Dr. Vernet retires from the academy, and we all think that David will be principal; so they would do very well even if Sharly were unprovided for. And then David begins to make a name for himself with his pen. But, after all, I think it was his conduct on the night of the robbery that influenced my brother more than any thing else."

Of course I went to Sharly's wedding in May. It was to take place from her uncle's house, as her own home was still occupied by the painters, who, as usual, continued to haunt the place long after the time of their promised departure.

Just as I was getting ready for bed on the night after my arrival came a tap at the door, and Flora entered with a look of great satisfaction upon her shining face.

"I've got something to tell you, miss," said Flora, mysteriously.

"Let me hear it," said I, wondering.

Flora carefully closed the door.

"You 'member, don't you," said she, in a semi-whisper, "what I told you about the Walking Boy?"

"Of course," I answered, rather alarmed. "I hope he has no objections to this wedding."

"No, miss; quite contrary. Now jes let me tell you. When Mr. Van Epps said his mother was a Merrion it set me thinkin', 'cause I was int'rested in the young gentleman—'cause he is a gentleman—and any one could see that he and Miss Sharly were fond of one another. Rupert and ole madam's Jim, they's dreffful disgusted 'ca[illegible] was a poor boy, and his father liv[illegible] Hollow, which *is* a most r[illegible] ever was. But, law[illegible] son of one of o[illegible] Miss Rosal[illegible] won't

"But the ghost, Flora?"

"Well, I jes thought and thought, and finally I couldn't get no rest 'thout findin' out who was his grandfather on the mother's side; so I jes abstracted myself for a day or two, and went over to Valory's Corners: I've got an aunt there—Lorendy's mother, that lives with ole madam. Ninety-six she is, but she's got all her faculties, and 'members every thing ever happened round these parts. Well, I set Aunt Miny to thinkin', and presently it all come out, and sure enough his mother's father was Parson Merrion's son Jacob. He never came to much, and the daughter she married beneath her, Solon Van Epps, and by all accounts he was one of the shiftlessest critters ever was made, though he hadn't no harm in him. But David he's got the Williams streak in him for smartness, and he's got the Merrion streak in him for his book-learnin'."

"So that the Walking Boy is Mr. Van Epps's great-uncle?" said I, impressed.

"Yes, to be sure, miss. And now don't you tell any one what I'm goin' to tell you; but as you heard the step, I take it for a kind of sign that you was to know.

"You couldn't expect Mr. Lucian to be pleased with the match, for, to tell you the truth, fust time any of our folks see David was in a little mission Sunday-school that ole madam's grandchildren started over in Scrub Hollow one summer all themselves—the Fentons and Miss Sharly and the Fitz Adam boys; and David he was a little ragged fellow there in John Fitz Adam's class.

"Well, he kep' away from the house, and Miss Sharly she went round 'bout as usual, only she was wonderful quiet; but it never would be her way to make a fuss. Mr. Lucian he wasn't easy, 'cause he couldn't bear to cross Miss Sharly, and he liked David, and every one said the boy was as honorable as he could be about it.

"I didn't want to see two young folks made mizzable if I could help it, and I watched my chance, and jes mentioned to Master Lucian what I had heard over at Valory's Corners—'cause *he* knew all about the Walking Boy, and he don't laugh at such things always neither. I didn't let on that it was any thing particular, only jes a piece of news.

"'And so, Flora,' says he, when I'd told him, 'you think Mr. Van Epps is the man whom the ghost has chosen?'

"'Well,' says I, 'if you ask me, Sir, I do think so, and I'd be afraid that if he ever sets his heart on any thing in this house and don't get it, it 'll bring bad luck to us all,' and then I cleared out. And next day Master Lucian he gives his consent, and he thinks a sight of David. And, laws! they say it was this, that, and the other thing, but I tell you what, miss, it was me and the Walking Boy made that match—and now you'll see he'll never be heard again."

And though I have since passed many a night in the house, I have never again heard any thing of the Walking Boy. But Mr. Van Epps and I have never been able to decide what was the sound which guided Parson Merrion's great-grandson on the night of that 25th of September.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

AROUND the Christmas-tree we stood, and watched the children's faces,
As they their little gifts received with childish airs and graces.
We grown folks had our share of fun in making wee ones merry,
And laughed to see the juveniles kiss 'neath the "holly berry."
Beside me sat sweet Bessie Moore, a lovely dark-eyed maiden,
While near her stood our little Eve, her arms with love gifts laden,
Until around the room she went, the blue-eyed baby, shyly,
And, blushing red, into each lap her offerings dropped slyly.

But when to *me* the darling came all empty-handed was she,
And when I asked, "Why slight me thus?" she answered, "Oh! betause we—
We dinna know *you* tumming here!" and then, with blue eyes shining,
To Bessie's side she went, her arms her sister's neck entwining.
"But *something* I must have," said I, "my Christmas-night to gladden."
A shade of thought the baby face seemed presently to sadden,
Till all at once, with gleeful laugh—"Oh! I know what I do, Sir!
I've only sister Bessie left, but I'll div *her* to you, Sir!"

Amid the laugh that came from all I drew my new gift to me,
[illegible]hile with flushed cheeks her eyes met mine, and sent a thrill all through me.
[illegible]blessed little Eve!" cried I; "your gift I welcome gladly!"
[illegible]e looked up at me, half wonderingly, half sadly.
[illegible]r straight I turned, and humbly asked his blessing
[illegible]ift, the while my long-stored hopes confessing.
[illegible]re raised above our heads, bowed lowly,
[illegible]ier had seemed to me so holy.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.

EXIT JULIAN.

JULIAN happened to be standing nearest to Mercy. He was the first at her side when she fell.

In the cry of alarm which burst from him, as he raised her for a moment in his arms, in the expression of his eyes when he looked at her death-like face, there escaped the plain—too plain—confession of the interest which he felt in her, of the admiration which she had aroused in him. Horace detected it. There was the quick suspicion of jealousy in the movement by which he joined Julian; there was the ready resentment of jealousy in the tone in which he pronounced the words, "Leave her to me." Julian resigned her in silence. A faint flush appeared on his pale face as he drew back while Horace carried her to the sofa. His eyes sank to the ground; he seemed to be meditating self-reproachfully on the tone in which his friend had spoken to him. After having been the first to take an active part in meeting the calamity that had happened, he was now to all appearance insensible to every thing that was passing in the room.

A touch on his shoulder roused him.

He turned and looked round. The woman who had done the mischief—the stranger in the poor black garments—was standing behind him. She pointed to the prostrate figure on the sofa, with a merciless smile.

"You wanted a proof just now," she said. "There it is!"

Horace heard her. He suddenly left the sofa and joined Julian. His face, naturally ruddy, was pale with suppressed fury.

"Take that wretch away!" he said. "Instantly! or I won't answer for what I may do."

Those words recalled Julian to himself. He looked round the room. Lady Janet and the housekeeper were together, in attendance on the swooning woman. The startled servants were congregated in the library doorway. One of them offered to run to the nearest doctor; another asked if he should fetch the police. Julian silenced them by a gesture, and turned to Horace. "Compose yourself," he said. "Leave me to remove her quietly from the house." He took Grace by the hand as he spoke. She hesitated and tried to release herself. Julian pointed to the group at the sofa and to the servants looking on. "You have made an enemy of every one in this room," he said, "and you have not a friend in London. Do you wish to make an enemy of *me*?" Her head drooped; she made no reply; she waited, dumbly obedient to the firmer will than her own. Julian ordered the servants crowding together in the doorway to withdraw. He followed them into the library, leading Grace after him by the hand. Before closing the door he paused, and looked back into the dining-room.

"Is she recovering?" he asked, after a moment's hesitation.

Lady Janet's voice answered him. "Not yet."

"Shall I send for the nearest doctor?"

Horace interposed. He declined to let Julian associate himself, even in that indirect manner, with Mercy's recovery.

"If the doctor is wanted," he said, "I will go for him myself."

Julian closed the library door. He absently released Grace; he mechanically pointed to a chair. She sat down in silent surprise, following him with her eyes as he walked slowly to and fro in the room.

For the moment his mind was far away from her, and from all that had happened since her appearance in the house. It was impossible that a man of his fineness of perception could mistake the meaning of Horace's conduct toward him. He was questioning his own heart, on the subject of Mercy, sternly and unreservedly as it was his habit to do. "After only once seeing her," he thought, "has she produced such an impression on me that Horace can discover it, before I have even suspected it myself? Can the time have come already, when I owe it to my friend to see her no more?" He stopped irritably in his walk. As a man devoted to a serious calling in life, there was something that wounded his self-respect in the bare suspicion that he could be guilty of the purely sentimental extravagance called "love at first sight."

He had paused exactly opposite to the chair in which Grace was seated. Weary of the silence, she seized the opportunity of speaking to him.

"I have come here with you as you wished," she said. "Are you going to help me? Am I to count on you as my friend?"

He looked at her vacantly. It cost him an effort before he could give her the attention that she had claimed.

"You have been hard on me," Grace went on. "But you showed me some kindness at first; you tried to make them give me a fair hearing. I ask you, as a just man, do you doubt now that the woman on the sofa in the next room is an impostor who has taken my place? Can there be any plainer confession that she is Mercy Merrick than the

confession she has made? *You* saw it; *they* saw it. She fainted at the sight of me."

Julian crossed the room—still without answering her—and rang the bell. When the servant appeared, he told the man to fetch a cab.

Grace rose from her chair. "What is the cab for?" she asked, sharply.

"For you and for me," Julian replied. "I am going to take you back to your lodgings."

"I refuse to go. My place is in this house. Neither Lady Janet nor you can get over the plain facts. All I asked was to be confronted with her. And what did she do when she came into the room? She fainted at the sight of me."

Reiterating her one triumphant assertion, she fixed her eyes on Julian with a look which said plainly, Answer that if you can. In mercy to *her*, Julian answered it on the spot.

"So far as I understand," he said, "you appear to take it for granted that no innocent woman would have fainted on first seeing you. I have something to tell you which will alter your opinion. On her arrival in England this lady informed my aunt that she had met with you accidentally on the French frontier, and that she had seen you (so far as she knew) struck dead at her side by a shell. Remember that, and recall what happened just now. Without a word to warn her of your restoration to life, she finds herself suddenly face to face with you, a living woman—and this at a time when it is easy for any one who looks at her to see that she is in delicate health. What is there wonderful, what is there unaccountable, in her fainting under such circumstances as these?"

The question was plainly put. Where was the answer to it?

There was no answer to it. Mercy's wisely candid statement of the manner in which she had first met with Grace, and of the accident which had followed, had served Mercy's purpose but too well. It was simply impossible for persons acquainted with that statement to attach a guilty meaning to the swoon. The false Grace Roseberry was still as far beyond the reach of suspicion as ever, and the true Grace was quick enough to see it. She sank into the chair from which she had risen; her hands fell in hopeless despair on her lap.

"Every thing is against me," she said. "The truth itself turns liar, and takes *her* side." She paused and rallied her sinking courage. "No!" she cried, resolutely, "I won't submit to have my name and my place taken from me by a vile adventuress! Say what you like, I insist on exposing her; I won't leave the house!"

The servant entered the room, and announced that the cab was at the door.

Grace turned to Julian with a defiant wave of her hand. "Don't let me detain you," she said. "I see I have neither advice nor help to expect from Mr. Julian Gray."

Julian beckoned to the servant to follow him into a corner of the room.

"Do you know if the doctor has been sent for?" he asked.

"I believe not, Sir. It is said in the servants' hall that the doctor is not wanted."

Julian was too anxious to be satisfied with a report from the servants' hall. He hastily wrote on a slip of paper: "Has she recovered?" and gave the note to the man, with directions to take it to Lady Janet.

"Did you hear what I said?" Grace inquired, while the messenger was absent in the dining-room.

"I will answer you directly," said Julian.

The servant appeared again as he spoke, with some lines in pencil written by Lady Janet on the back of Julian's note. "Thank God, we have revived her. In a few minutes we hope to be able to take her to her room."

The nearest way to Mercy's room was through the library. Grace's immediate removal had now become a necessity which was not to be trifled with. Julian addressed himself to meeting the difficulty the instant he was left alone with Grace.

"Listen to me," he said. "The cab is waiting, and I have my last words to say to you. You are now (thanks to the consul's recommendation) in my care. Decide at once whether you will remain under my charge, or whether you will transfer yourself to the charge of the police."

Grace started. "What do you mean?" she asked, angrily.

"If you wish to remain under my charge," Julian proceeded, "you will accompany me at once to the cab. In that case I will undertake to give you an opportunity of telling your story to my own lawyer. He will be a fitter person to advise you than I am. Nothing will induce *me* to believe that the lady whom you have accused has committed, or is capable of committing, such a fraud as you charge her with. You will hear what the lawyer thinks, if you come with me. If you refuse, I shall have no choice but to send into the next room, and tell them that you are still here. The result will be that you will find yourself in charge of the police. Take which course you like: I will give you a minute to decide in. And remember this, if I appear to express myself harshly, it is your conduct which forces me to speak out. I mean kindly toward you; I am advising you honestly for your good."

He took out his watch to count the minute.

Grace stole one furtive glance at his steady, resolute face. She was perfectly unmoved by the manly consideration for her which Julian's last words had express-

ed. All she understood was that he was not a man to be trifled with. Future opportunities would offer themselves of returning secretly to the house. She determined to yield—and deceive him.

"I am ready to go," she said, rising with dogged submission. "Your turn now," she muttered to herself, as she turned to the looking-glass to arrange her shawl. "My turn will come."

Julian advanced toward her, as if to offer her his arm, and checked himself. Firmly persuaded as he was that her mind was deranged—readily as he admitted that she claimed, in virtue of her affliction, every indulgence that he could extend to her—there was something repellent to him at that moment in the bare idea of touching her. The image of the beautiful creature who was the object of her monstrous accusation—the image of Mercy as she lay helpless for a moment in his arms—was vivid in his mind while he opened the door that led into the hall, and drew back to let Grace pass out before him. He left the servant to help her into the cab. The man respectfully addressed him as he took his seat opposite to Grace.

"I am ordered to say that your room is ready, Sir, and that her ladyship expects you to dinner."

Absorbed in the events which had followed his aunt's invitation, Julian had forgotten his engagement to stay at Mablethorpe House. Could he return, knowing his own heart as he now knew it? Could he honorably remain, perhaps for weeks together, in Mercy's society, conscious as he now was of the impression which she had produced on him? No. The one honorable course that he could take was to find an excuse for withdrawing from his engagement. "Beg her ladyship not to wait dinner for me," he said. "I will write and make my apologies." The cab drove off. The wondering servant waited on the door-step, looking after it. "I wouldn't stand in Mr. Julian's shoes for something," he thought, with his mind running on the difficulties of the young clergyman's position. "There she is along with him in the cab. What is he going to do with her after that?"

Julian himself, if it had been put to him at the moment, could not have answered the question.

Lady Janet's anxiety was far from being relieved when Mercy had been restored to her senses and conducted to her own room.

Mercy's mind remained in a condition of unreasoning alarm, which it was impossible to remove. Over and over again she was told that the woman who had terrified her had left the house, and would never be permitted to enter it more. Over and over again she was assured that the stranger's frantic assertions were regarded by every body about her as unworthy of a moment's serious attention. She persisted in doubting whether they were telling her the truth. A shocking distrust of her friends seemed to possess her. She shrank when Lady Janet approached the bedside. She shuddered when Lady Janet kissed her. She flatly refused to let Horace see her. She asked the strangest questions about Julian Gray, and shook her head suspiciously when they told her that he was absent from the house. At intervals she hid her face in the bedclothes and murmured to herself piteously, "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" At other times her one petition was to be left alone. "I want nobody in my room"—that was her sullen cry—"nobody in my room."

The evening advanced and brought with it no change for the better. Lady Janet, by the advice of Horace, sent for her own medical adviser.

The doctor shook his head. The symptoms, he said, indicated a serious shock to the nervous system. He wrote a sedative prescription; and he gave (with a happy choice of language) some sound and safe advice. It amounted briefly to this: "Take her away, and try the sea-side." Lady Janet's customary energy acted on the advice without a moment's needless delay. She gave the necessary directions for packing the trunks overnight, and decided on leaving Mablethorpe House with Mercy the next morning.

Shortly after the doctor had taken his departure a letter from Julian, addressed to Lady Janet, was delivered by private messenger.

Beginning with the necessary apologies for the writer's absence, the letter proceeded in these terms:

"Before I permitted my companion to see the lawyer, I felt the necessity of consulting him as to my present position toward her first.

"I told him—what I think it only right to repeat to you—that I do not feel justified in acting on my own opinion that her mind is deranged. In the case of this friendless woman I want medical authority, and, more even than that, I want some positive proof, to satisfy my conscience as well as to confirm my view.

"Finding me obstinate on this point, the lawyer undertook to consult a physician accustomed to the treatment of the insane, on my behalf.

"After sending a message and receiving the answer, he said, 'Bring the lady here—in half an hour; she shall tell her story to the doctor instead of telling it to me.' The proposal rather staggered me; I asked how it was possible to induce her to do that. He laughed and answered, 'I shall present the doctor as my senior partner; my senior

partner will be the very man to advise her.' You know that I hate all deception, even where the end in view appears to justify it. On this occasion, however, there was no other alternative than to let the lawyer take his own course, or to run the risk of a delay which might be followed by serious results.

"I waited in a room by myself (feeling very uneasy, I own) until the doctor joined me after the interview was over.

"His opinion is, briefly, this:

"After careful examination of the unfortunate creature, he thinks that there are unmistakably symptoms of mental aberration. But how far the mischief has gone, and whether her case is, or is not, sufficiently grave to render actual restraint necessary, he can not positively say, in our present state of ignorance as to facts.

"'Thus far,' he observed, 'we know nothing of that part of her delusion which relates to Mercy Merrick. The solution of the difficulty, in this case, is to be found there. I entirely agree with the lady that the inquiries of the consul at Mannheim are far from being conclusive. Furnish me with satisfactory evidence either that there is, or is not, such a person really in existence as Mercy Merrick, and I will give you a positive opinion on the case whenever you choose to ask for it.'

"Those words have decided me on starting for the Continent and renewing the search for Mercy Merrick.

"My friend the lawyer wonders jocosely whether *I* am in my right senses. His advice is that I should apply to the nearest magistrate, and relieve you and myself of all further trouble in that way.

"Perhaps you agree with him? My dear aunt (as you have often said), I do nothing like other people. I am interested in this case. I can not abandon a forlorn woman who has been confided to me to the tender mercies of strangers, so long as there is any hope of my making discoveries which may be instrumental in restoring her to herself—perhaps, also, in restoring her to her friends.

"I start by the mail train of to-night. My plan is to go first to Mannheim and consult with the consul and the hospital doctors; then to find my way to the German surgeon and to question *him;* and, that done, to make the last and hardest effort of all—the effort to trace the French ambulance and to penetrate the mystery of Mercy Merrick.

"Immediately on my return I will wait on you, and tell you what I have accomplished, or how I have failed.

"In the mean while, pray be under no alarm about the reappearance of this unhappy woman at your house. She is fully occupied in writing (at my suggestion) to her friends in Canada; and she is under the care of the landlady at her lodgings—an experienced and trustworthy person, who has satisfied the doctor as well as myself of her fitness for the charge that she has undertaken.

"Pray mention this to Miss Roseberry (whenever you think it desirable), with the respectful expression of my sympathy, and of my best wishes for her speedy restoration to health. And once more forgive me for failing, under stress of necessity, to enjoy the hospitality of Mablethorpe House."

Lady Janet closed Julian's letter, feeling far from satisfied with it. She sat for a while, pondering over what her nephew had written to her.

"One of two things," thought the quick-witted old lady. "Either the lawyer is right, and Julian is a fit companion for the madwoman whom he has taken under his charge, or he has some second motive for this absurd journey of his which he has carefully abstained from mentioning in his letter. What can the motive be?"

At intervals during the night that question recurred to her ladyship again and again. The utmost exercise of her ingenuity failing to answer it, her one resource left was to wait patiently for Julian's return, and, in her own favorite phrase, to "have it out of him" then.

The next morning Lady Janet and her adopted daughter left Mablethorpe House for Brighton; Horace (who had begged to be allowed to accompany them) being sentenced to remain in London by Mercy's express desire. Why—nobody could guess; and Mercy refused to say.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENTER JULIAN.

A WEEK has passed. The scene opens again in the dining-room at Mablethorpe House.

The hospitable table bears once more its burden of good things for lunch. But, on this occasion, Lady Janet sits alone. Her attention is divided between reading her newspaper and feeding her cat. The cat is a sleek and splendid creature. He carries an erect tail. He rolls luxuriously on the soft carpet. He approaches his mistress in a series of coquettish curves. He smells with dainty hesitation at the choicest morsels that can be offered to him. The musical monotony of his purring falls soothingly on her ladyship's ear. She stops in the middle of a leading article and looks with a care-worn face at the happy cat. "Upon my honor," cries Lady Janet, thinking, in her inveterately ironical manner, of the cares that

trouble her, "all things considered, Tom, I wish I was You!"

The cat starts—not at his mistress's complimentary apostrophe, but at a knock at the door, which follows close upon it. Lady Janet says, carelessly enough, "Come in;" looks round listlessly to see who it is; and starts, like the cat, when the door opens and discloses—Julian Gray!

"You—or your ghost?" she exclaims.

She has noticed already that Julian is paler than usual, and that there is something in his manner at once uneasy and subdued—highly uncharacteristic of him at other times. He takes a seat by her side, and kisses her hand. But—for the first time in his aunt's experience of him—he refuses the good things on the luncheon-table, and he has nothing to say to the cat! That neglected animal takes refuge on Lady Janet's lap. Lady Janet, with her eyes fixed expectantly on her nephew (determining to "have it out of him" at the first opportunity) waits to hear what he has to say for himself. Julian has no alternative but to break the silence, and tell his story as he best may.

"I got back from the Continent last night," he began. "And I come here, as I promised, to report myself on my return. How does your ladyship do? How is Miss Roseberry?"

Lady Janet laid an indicative finger on the lace pelerine which ornamented the upper part of her dress. "Here is the old lady, well," she answered—and pointed next to the room above them. "And there," she added, "is the young lady, ill. Is anything the matter with *you*, Julian?"

"Perhaps I am a little tired after my journey. Never mind me. Is Miss Roseberry still suffering from the shock?"

"What else should she be suffering from? I will never forgive you, Julian, for bringing that crazy impostor into my house."

"My dear aunt, when I was the innocent means of bringing her here I had no idea that such a person as Miss Roseberry was in existence. Nobody laments what has happened more sincerely than I do. Have you had medical advice?"

"I took her to the sea-side a week since by medical advice."

"Has the change of air done her no good?"

"None whatever. If any thing, the change of air has made her worse. Sometimes she sits for hours together, as pale as death, without looking at any thing, and without uttering a word. Sometimes she brightens up, and seems as if she was eager to say something; and then, Heaven only knows why, checks herself suddenly as if she was afraid to speak. I could support that. But what cuts me to the heart, Julian, is, that she does not appear to trust me and to love me as she did. She seems to be doubtful of me; she seems to be frightened of me. If I did not know that it was simply impossible that such a thing could be, I should really think she suspected me of believing what that wretch said of her. In one word (and between ourselves), I begin to fear she will never get over the fright which caused that fainting-fit. There is serious mischief somewhere; and try as I may to discover it, it is mischief beyond my finding."

"Can the doctor do nothing?"

Lady Janet's bright black eyes answered before she replied in words, with a look of supreme contempt.

"The doctor!" she repeated, disdainfully. "I brought Grace back last night in sheer despair, and I sent for the doctor this morning. He is at the head of his profession; he is said to be making ten thousand a year; and he knows no more about it than I do. I am quite serious. The great physician has just gone away with two guineas in his pocket. One guinea for advising me to keep her quiet; another guinea for telling me to trust to time. Do you wonder how he gets on at this rate? My dear boy, they all get on in the same way. The medical profession thrives on two incurable diseases in these modern days—a He-disease and a She-disease. She-disease—nervous depression; He-disease—suppressed gout. Remedies, one guinea if *you* go to the doctor; two guineas if the doctor goes to *you*. I might have bought a new bonnet," cried her ladyship, indignantly, "with the money I have given to that man! Let us change the subject. I lose my temper when I think of it. Besides, I want to know something. Why did you go abroad?"

At that plain question Julian looked unaffectedly surprised. "I wrote to explain," he said. "Have you not received my letter?"

"Oh, I got your letter. It was long enough, in all conscience; and, long as it was, it didn't tell me the one thing I wanted to know."

"What is the 'one thing?'"

Lady Janet's reply pointed—not too palpably at first—at that second motive for Julian's journey which she had suspected Julian of concealing from her.

"I want to know," she said, "why you troubled yourself to make your inquiries on the Continent *in person?* You know where my old courier is to be found. You have yourself pronounced him to be the most intelligent and trustworthy of men. Answer me honestly, could you not have sent him in your place?"

"I *might* have sent him," Julian admitted, a little reluctantly.

"You might have sent the courier—and you were under an engagement to stay here as my guest. Answer me honestly once more. Why did you go away?"

Julian hesitated. Lady Janet paused for

his reply, with the air of a woman who was prepared to wait (if necessary) for the rest of the afternoon.

"I had a reason of my own for going," Julian said at last.

"Yes?" rejoined Lady Janet, prepared to wait (if necessary) till the next morning.

"A reason," Julian resumed, "which I would rather not mention."

"Oh!" said Lady Janet. "Another mystery—eh? And another woman at the bottom of it, no doubt. Thank you—that will do—I am sufficiently answered. No wonder, as a clergyman, that you look a little confused. There is perhaps a certain grace, under the circumstances, in looking confused. We will change the subject again. You stay here, of course, now you have come back?"

Once more the famous pulpit orator seemed to find himself in the inconceivable predicament of not knowing what to say. Once more Lady Janet looked resigned to wait (if necessary) until the middle of next week.

Julian took refuge in an answer worthy of the most commonplace man on the face of the civilized earth.

"I beg your ladyship to accept my thanks and my excuses," he said.

Lady Janet's many-ringed fingers mechanically stroking the cat in her lap, began to stroke him the wrong way. Lady Janet's inexhaustible patience showed signs of failing her at last.

"Mighty civil, I am sure," she said. "Make it complete. Say, Mr. Julian Gray presents his compliments to Lady Janet Roy, and regrets that a previous engagement—Julian!" exclaimed the old lady, suddenly pushing the cat off her lap, and flinging her last pretense of good temper to the winds—"Julian, I am not to be trifled with! There is but one explanation of your conduct—you are evidently avoiding my house. Is there somebody you dislike in it? Is it me?"

Julian intimated by a gesture that his aunt's last question was absurd. (The much-injured cat elevated his back, waved his tail slowly, walked to the fire-place, and honored the rug by taking a seat on it.)

Lady Janet persisted. "Is it Grace Roseberry?" she asked next.

Even Julian's patience began to show signs of yielding. His manner assumed a sudden decision, his voice rose a tone louder.

"You insist on knowing?" he said. "It *is* Miss Roseberry."

"You don't like her?" cried Lady Janet, with a sudden burst of angry surprise.

Julian broke out, on his side: "If I see any more of her," he answered, the rare color mounting passionately in his cheeks, "I shall be the unhappiest man living. If I see any more of her, I shall be false to my old friend, who is to marry her. Keep us apart. If you have any regard for my peace of mind, keep us apart."

Unutterable amazement expressed itself in his aunt's lifted hands. Ungovernable curiosity uttered itself in his aunt's next words.

"You don't mean to tell me you are in love with Grace?"

Julian sprang restlessly to his feet, and disturbed the cat at the fire-place. (The cat left the room.)

"I don't know what to tell you," he said; "I can't realize it to myself. No other woman has ever roused the feeling in me which *this* woman seems to have called to life in an instant. In the hope of forgetting her I broke my engagement here; I purposely seized the opportunity of making those inquiries abroad. Quite useless. I think of her, morning, noon, and night. I see her and hear her, at this moment, as plainly as I see and hear you. She has made *her*self a part of *my*self. I don't understand my life without her. My power of will seems to be gone. I said to myself this morning, 'I will write to my aunt; I won't go back to Mablethorpe House.' Here I am in Mablethorpe House, with a mean subterfuge to justify me to my own conscience. 'I owe it to my aunt to call on my aunt.' That is what I said to myself on the way here; and I was secretly hoping every step of the way that she would come into the room when I got here. I am hoping it now. And she is engaged to Horace Holmcroft—to my oldest friend, to my best friend! Am I an infernal rascal? or am I a weak fool? God knows—I don't. Keep my secret, aunt. I am heartily ashamed of myself; I used to think I was made of better stuff than this. Don't say a word to Horace. I must, and will, conquer it. Let me go."

He snatched up his hat. Lady Janet, rising with the activity of a young woman, pursued him across the room, and stopped him at the door.

"No," answered the resolute old lady, "I won't let you go. Come back with me."

As she said those words she noticed with a certain fond pride the brilliant color mounting in his cheeks—the flashing brightness which lent an added lustre to his eyes. He had never, to her mind, looked so handsome before. She took his arm, and led him to the chairs which they had just left. It was shocking, it was wrong (she mentally admitted) to look on Mercy, under the circumstances, with any other eye than the eye of a brother or a friend. In a clergyman (perhaps) doubly shocking, doubly wrong. But, with all her respect for the vested interests of Horace, Lady Janet could not blame Julian. Worse still, she was privately conscious that he had, somehow or other, risen, rather than fallen, in her estimation within the last minute or two. Who could deny that her

adopted daughter was a charming creature? Who could wonder if a man of refined tastes admired her? Upon the whole, her ladyship humanely decided that her nephew was rather to be pitied than blamed. What daughter of Eve (no matter whether she was seventeen or seventy) could have honestly arrived at any other conclusion? Do what a man may—let him commit any thing he likes, from an error to a crime—so long as there is a woman at the bottom of it, there is an inexhaustible fund of pardon for him in every other woman's heart. "Sit down," said Lady Janet, smiling in spite of herself; "and don't talk in that horrible way again. A man, Julian—especially a famous man like you—ought to know how to control himself."

Julian burst out laughing bitterly.

"Send up stairs for my self-control," he said. "It's in *her* possession—not in mine. Good-morning, aunt."

He rose from his chair. Lady Janet instantly pushed him back into it.

"I insist on your staying here," she said, "if it is only for a few minutes longer. I have something to say to you."

"Does it refer to Miss Roseberry?"

"It refers to the hateful woman who frightened Miss Roseberry. Now are you satisfied?"

Julian bowed, and settled himself in his chair.

"I don't much like to acknowledge it," his aunt went on. "But I want you to understand that I have something really serious to speak about, for once in a way. Julian! that wretch not only frightens Grace—she actually frightens me."

"Frightens you? She is quite harmless, poor thing."

"'Poor thing!'" repeated Lady Janet. "Did you say 'poor thing?'"

"Yes."

"Is it possible that you pity her?"

"From the bottom of my heart."

The old lady's temper gave way again at that reply. "I hate a man who can't hate any body!" she burst out. "If you had been an ancient Roman, Julian, I believe you would have pitied Nero himself."

Julian cordially agreed with her. "I believe I should," he said, quietly. "All sinners, my dear aunt, are more or less miserable sinners. Nero must have been one of the wretchedest of mankind."

"Wretched!" exclaimed Lady Janet. "Nero wretched! A man who committed robbery, arson, and murder to his own violin accompaniment—*only* wretched! What next, I wonder? When modern philanthropy begins to apologize for Nero, modern philanthropy has arrived at a pretty pass indeed! We shall hear next that Bloody Queen Mary was as playful as a kitten; and if poor dear Henry the Eighth carried any thing to an extreme, it was the practice of the domestic virtues. Ah, how I hate cant! What were we talking about just now? You wander from the subject, Julian; you are what I call bird-witted. I protest I forget what I wanted to say to you. No, I won't be reminded of it. I may be an old woman, but I am not in my dotage yet! Why do you sit there staring? Have you nothing to say for yourself? Of all the people in the world, have *you* lost the use of your tongue?"

Julian's excellent temper and accurate knowledge of his aunt's character exactly fitted him to calm the rising storm. He contrived to lead Lady Janet insensibly back to the lost subject by dextrous reference to a narrative which he had thus far left untold—the narrative of his adventures on the Continent.

"I have a great deal to say, aunt," he replied. "I have not yet told you of my discoveries abroad."

Lady Janet instantly took the bait.

"I knew there was something forgotten," she said. "You have been all this time in the house, and you have told me nothing. Begin directly."

Patient Julian began.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

"I WENT first to Mannheim, Lady Janet, as I told you I should in my letter, and I heard all that the consul and the hospital doctors could tell me. No new fact of the slightest importance turned up. I got my directions for finding the German surgeon, and I set forth to try what I could make next of the man who had performed the operation. On the question of his patient's identity he had (as a perfect stranger to her) nothing to tell me. On the question of her mental condition, however, he made a very important statement. He owned to me that he had operated on another person injured by a shell-wound on the head at the battle of Solferino, and that the patient (recovering also in this case) recovered—mad. That is a remarkable admission; don't you think so?"

Lady Janet's temper had hardly been allowed time enough to subside to its customary level.

"Very remarkable, I dare say," she answered, "to people who feel any doubt of this pitiable lady of yours being mad. I feel no doubt—and, thus far, I find your account of yourself, Julian, tiresome in the extreme. Get on to the end. Did you lay your hand on Mercy Merrick?"

"No."

"Did you hear any thing of her?"

"Nothing. Difficulties beset me on every side. The French ambulance had shared in the disasters of France—it was broken up. The wounded Frenchmen were prisoners somewhere in Germany, nobody knew where. The French surgeon had been killed in action. His assistants were scattered—most likely in hiding. I began to despair of making any discovery, when accident threw in my way two Prussian soldiers who had been in the French cottage. They confirmed what the German surgeon told the consul, and what Horace himself told *me*, namely, that no nurse in a black dress was to be seen in the place. If there had been such a person, she would certainly (the Prussians informed me) have been found in attendance on the injured Frenchmen. The cross of the Geneva Convention would have been amply sufficient to protect her: no woman wearing that badge of honor would have disgraced herself by abandoning the wounded men before the Germans entered the place."

"In short," interposed Lady Janet, "there is no such person as Mercy Merrick."

"I can draw no other conclusion," said Julian, "unless the English doctor's idea is the right one. After hearing what I have just told you, he thinks the woman herself is Mercy Merrick."

Lady Janet held up her hand as a sign that she had an objection to make here.

"You and the doctor seem to have settled every thing to your entire satisfaction on both sides," she said. "But there is one difficulty that you have neither of you accounted for yet."

"What is it, aunt?"

"You talk glibly enough, Julian, about this woman's mad assertion that Grace is the missing nurse, and that she is Grace. But you have not explained yet how the idea first got into her head; and, more than that, how it is that she is acquainted with my name and address, and perfectly familiar with Grace's papers and Grace's affairs. These things are a puzzle to a person of my average intelligence. Can your clever friend, the doctor, account for them?"

"Shall I tell you what he said when I saw him this morning?"

"Will it take long?"

"It will take about a minute."

"You agreeably surprise me. Go on."

"You want to know how she gained her knowledge of your name and of Miss Roseberry's affairs," Julian resumed. "The doctor says in one of two ways. Either Miss Roseberry must have spoken of you and of her own affairs, while she and the stranger were together in the French cottage; or the stranger must have obtained access privately to Miss Roseberry's papers. Do you agree so far?"

Lady Janet began to feel interested for the first time.

"Perfectly," she said. "I have no doubt Grace rashly talked of matters which an older and wiser person would have kept to herself."

"Very good. Do you also agree that the last idea in the woman's mind when she was struck by the shell might have been (quite probably) the idea of Miss Roseberry's identity and Miss Roseberry's affairs? You think it likely enough? Well, what happens after that? The wounded woman is brought to life by an operation, and she becomes delirious in the hospital at Mannheim. During her delirium the idea of Miss Roseberry's identity ferments in her brain, and assumes its present perverted form. In that form it still remains. As a necessary consequence, she persists in reversing the two identities. She says she is Miss Roseberry, and declares Miss Roseberry to be Mercy Merrick. There is the doctor's explanation. What do you think of it?"

"Very ingenious, I dare say. The doctor doesn't quite satisfy me, however, for all that. I think—"

What Lady Janet thought was not destined to be expressed. She suddenly checked herself, and held up her hand for the second time.

"Another objection?" inquired Julian.

"Hold your tongue!" cried the old lady. "If you say a word more I shall lose it again."

"Lose what, aunt?"

"What I wanted to say to you ages ago. I have got it back again—it begins with a question. (No more of the doctor—I have had enough of him!) Where is she—*your* pitiable lady, *my* crazy wretch—where is she now? Still in London?"

"Yes."

"And still at large?"

"Still with the landlady, at her lodgings."

"Very well. Now answer me this! What is to prevent her from making another attempt to force her way (or steal her way) into my house? How am I to protect Grace, how am I to protect myself, if she comes here again?"

"Is that really what you wished to speak to me about?"

"That, and nothing else."

They were both too deeply interested in the subject of their conversation to look toward the conservatory, and to notice the appearance at that moment of a distant gentleman among the plants and flowers, who had made his way in from the garden outside. Advancing noiselessly on the soft Indian matting, the gentleman ere long revealed himself under the form and features of Horace Holmcroft. Before entering the dining-room he paused, fixing his eyes in-

quisitively on the back of Lady Janet's visitor—the back being all that he could see in the position he then occupied. After a pause of an instant the visitor spoke, and further uncertainty was at once at an end. Horace, nevertheless, made no movement to enter the room. He had his own jealous distrust of what Julian might be tempted to say at a private interview with his aunt; and he waited a little longer on the chance that his doubts might be verified.

"Neither you nor Miss Roseberry need any protection from the poor deluded creature," Julian went on. "I have gained great influence over her—and I have satisfied her that it is useless to present herself here again."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Horace, speaking from the conservatory door. "You have done nothing of the sort."

(He had heard enough to satisfy him that the talk was not taking the direction which his suspicions had anticipated. And, as an additional incentive to show himself, a happy chance had now offered him the opportunity of putting Julian in the wrong.)

"Good Heavens, Horace!" exclaimed Lady Janet. "Where do you come from? And what do you mean?"

"I heard at the lodge that your ladyship and Grace had returned last night. And I came in at once, without troubling the servants, by the shortest way." He turned to Julian next. "The woman you were speaking of just now," he proceeded, "has been here again already — in Lady Janet's absence."

Lady Janet immediately looked at her nephew. Julian reassured her by a gesture.

"Impossible," he said. "There must be some mistake."

"There is no mistake," Horace rejoined. "I am repeating what I have just heard from the lodge-keeper himself. He hesitated to mention it to Lady Janet for fear of alarming her. Only three days since this person had the audacity to ask him for her ladyship's address at the sea-side. Of course he refused to give it."

"You hear that, Julian?" said Lady Janet.

No signs of anger or mortification escaped Julian. The expression in his face at that moment was an expression of sincere distress.

"Pray don't alarm yourself," he said to his aunt, in his quietest tones. "If she attempts to annoy you or Miss Roseberry again, I have it in my power to stop her instantly."

"How?" asked Lady Janet.

"How, indeed!" echoed Horace. "If we give her in charge to the police, we shall become the subject of a public scandal."

"I have managed to avoid all danger of scandal," Julian answered; the expression of distress in his face becoming more and more marked while he spoke. "Before I called here to-day I had a private consultation with the magistrate of the district, and I have made certain arrangements at the police station close by. On receipt of my card, an experienced man, in plain clothes, will present himself at any address that I indicate, and will take her quietly away. The magistrate will hear the charge in his private room, and will examine the evidence which I can produce, showing that she is not accountable for her actions. The proper medical officer will report officially on the case, and the law will place her under the necessary restraint."

Lady Janet and Horace looked at each other in amazement. Julian was, in their opinion, the last man on earth to take the course—at once sensible and severe—which Julian had actually adopted. Lady Janet insisted on an explanation.

"Why do I hear of this now for the first time?" she asked. "Why did you not tell me you had taken these precautions before?"

Julian answered frankly and sadly.

"Because I hoped, aunt, that there would be no necessity for proceeding to extremities. You now force me to acknowledge that the lawyer and the doctor (both of whom I have seen this morning) think, as you do, that she is not to be trusted. It was at their suggestion entirely that I went to the magistrate. They put it to me whether the result of my inquiries abroad—unsatisfactory as it may have been in other respects—did not strengthen the conclusion that the poor woman's mind is deranged. I felt compelled in common honesty to admit that it was so. Having owned this, I was bound to take such precautions as the lawyer and the doctor thought necessary. I have done my duty—sorely against my own will. It is weak of me, I dare say; but I can *not* bear the thought of treating this afflicted creature harshly. Her delusion is so hopeless! her situation is such a pitiable one!"

His voice faltered. He turned away abruptly and took up his hat. Lady Janet followed him, and spoke to him at the door. Horace smiled satirically, and went to warm himself at the fire.

"Are you going away, Julian?"

"I am only going to the lodge-keeper. I want to give him a word of warning in case of his seeing her again."

"You will come back here?" (Lady Janet lowered her voice to a whisper.) "There is really a reason, Julian, for your not leaving the house now."

"I promise not to go away, aunt, until I have provided for your security. If you, or your adopted daughter, are alarmed by another intrusion, I give you my word of honor my card shall go to the police station, however painfully I may feel it myself." (He, too, lowered his voice at the next

words.) "In the mean time, remember what I confessed to you while we were alone. For my sake, let me see as little of Miss Roseberry as possible. Shall I find you in this room when I come back?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

He laid a strong emphasis, of look as well as of tone, on that one word. Lady Janet understood what the emphasis meant.

"Are you really," she whispered, "as much in love with Grace as that?"

Julian laid one hand on his aunt's arm, and pointed with the other to Horace—standing with his back to them, warming his feet on the fender.

"Well?" said Lady Janet.

"Well," said Julian, with a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye, "I never envied any man as I envy *him!*"

With those words he left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

A WOMAN'S REMORSE.

HAVING warmed his feet to his own entire satisfaction, Horace turned round from the fire-place, and discovered that he and Lady Janet were alone.

"Can I see Grace?" he asked.

The easy tone in which he put the question—a tone, as it were, of proprietorship in "Grace"—jarred on Lady Janet at the moment. For the first time in her life she found herself comparing Horace with Julian—to Horace's disadvantage. He was rich; he was a gentleman of ancient lineage; he bore an unblemished character. But who had the strong brain? who had the great heart? Which was the Man of the two?

"Nobody can see her," answered Lady Janet. "Not even you!"

The tone of the reply was sharp, with a dash of irony in it. But where is the modern young man, possessed of health and an independent income, who is capable of understanding that irony can be presumptuous enough to address itself to *him?* Horace (with perfect politeness) declined to consider himself answered.

"Does your ladyship mean that Miss Roseberry is in bed?" he asked.

"I mean that Miss Roseberry is in her room. I mean that I have twice tried to persuade Miss Roseberry to dress and come down stairs, and tried in vain. I mean that what Miss Roseberry refuses to do for Me, she is not likely to do for You—"

How many more meanings of her own Lady Janet might have gone on enumerating, it is not easy to calculate. At her third sentence a sound in the library caught her ear through the incompletely closed door, and suspended the next words on her lips. Horace heard it also. It was the rustling sound (traveling nearer and nearer over the library carpet) of a silken dress.

(In the interval while a coming event remains in a state of uncertainty, what is it the inevitable tendency of every Englishman under thirty to do? His inevitable tendency is to ask somebody to bet on the event. He can no more resist it than he can resist lifting his stick or his umbrella, in the absence of a gun, and pretending to shoot if a bird flies by him while he is out for a walk.)

"What will your ladyship bet that this is not Grace?" cried Horace.

Her ladyship took no notice of the proposal; her attention remained fixed on the library door. The rustling sound stopped for a moment. The door was softly pushed open. The false Grace Roseberry entered the room.

Horace advanced to meet her, opened his lips to speak, and stopped—struck dumb by the change in his affianced wife since he had seen her last. Some terrible oppression seemed to have crushed her. It was as if she had actually shrunk in height as well as in substance. She walked more slowly than usual; she spoke more rarely than usual, and in a lower tone. To those who had seen her before the fatal visit of the stranger from Mannheim, it was the wreck of the woman that now appeared, instead of the woman herself. And yet there was the old charm still surviving through it all; the grandeur of the head and eyes, the delicate symmetry of the features, the unsought grace of every movement—in a word, the unconquerable beauty which suffering can not destroy, and which time itself is powerless to wear out.

Lady Janet advanced, and took her with hearty kindness by both hands.

"My dear child, welcome among us again! You have come down stairs to please me?"

She bent her head in silent acknowledgment that it was so. Lady Janet pointed to Horace: "Here is somebody who has been longing to see you, Grace."

She never looked up; she stood submissive, her eyes fixed on a little basket of colored wools which hung on her arm. "Thank you, Lady Janet," she said, faintly. "Thank you, Horace."

Horace placed her arm in his, and led her to the sofa. She shivered as she took her seat, and looked round her. It was the first time she had seen the dining-room since the day when she had found herself face to face with the dead-alive.

"Why do you come here, my love?" asked Lady Janet. "The drawing-room would have been a warmer and a pleasanter place for you."

"I saw a carriage at the front-door. I was afraid of meeting with visitors in the drawing-room."

As she made that reply, the servant came in, and announced the visitors' names. Lady Janet sighed wearily. "I must go and get rid of them," she said, resigning herself to circumstances. "What will *you* do, Grace?"

"I will stay here, if you please."

"I will keep her company," added Horace.

Lady Janet hesitated. She had promised to see her nephew in the dining-room on his return to the house—and to see him alone. Would there be time enough to get rid of the visitors and to establish her adopted daughter in the empty drawing-room before Julian appeared? It was ten minutes' walk to the lodge, and he had to make the gate-keeper understand his instructions. Lady Janet decided that she had time enough at her disposal. She nodded kindly to Mercy, and left her alone with her lover.

Horace seated himself in the vacant place on the sofa. So far as it was in his nature to devote himself to any one he was devoted to Mercy. "I am grieved to see how you have suffered," he said, with honest distress in his face as he looked at her. "Try to forget what has happened."

"I am trying to forget. Do *you* think of it much?"

"My darling, it is too contemptible to be thought of."

She placed her work-basket on her lap. Her wasted fingers began absently sorting the wools inside.

"Have you seen Mr. Julian Gray?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes."

"What does *he* say about it?" She looked at Horace for the first time, steadily scrutinizing his face. Horace took refuge in prevarication.

"I really haven't asked for Julian's opinion," he said.

She looked down again, with a sigh, at the basket on her lap—considered a little—and tried him once more.

"Why has Mr. Julian Gray not been here for a whole week?" she went on. "The servants say he has been abroad. Is that true?"

It was useless to deny it. Horace admitted that the servants were right.

Her fingers suddenly stopped at their restless work among the wools; her breath quickened perceptibly. What had Julian Gray been doing abroad? Had he been making inquiries? Did he alone, of all the people who saw that terrible meeting, suspect her? Yes! His was the finer intelligence; his was a clergyman's (a London clergyman's) experience of frauds and deceptions, and of the women who were guilty of them. Not a doubt of it now! Julian suspected her.

"When does he come back?" she asked, in tones so low that Horace could barely hear her.

"He has come back already. He returned last night."

A faint shade of color stole slowly over the pallor of her face. She suddenly put her basket away, and clasped her hands together to quiet the trembling of them, before she asked her next question.

"Where is—" She paused to steady her voice. "Where is the person," she resumed, "who came here and frightened me?"

Horace hastened to reassure her. "The person will not come again," he said. "Don't talk of her! Don't think of her!"

She shook her head. "There is something I want to know," she persisted. "How did Mr. Julian Gray become acquainted with her?"

This was easily answered. Horace mentioned the consul at Mannheim, and the letter of introduction. She listened eagerly, and said her next words in a louder, firmer tone.

"She was quite a stranger, then, to Mr. Julian Gray—before that?"

"Quite a stranger," Horace replied. "No more questions—not another word about her, Grace! I forbid the subject. Come, my own love!" he said, taking her hand and bending over her tenderly, "rally your spirits! We are young—we love each other—now is our time to be happy!"

Her hand turned suddenly cold, and trembled in his. Her head sank with a helpless weariness on her breast. Horace rose in alarm.

"You are cold—you are faint," he said. "Let me get you a glass of wine!—let me mend the fire!"

The decanters were still on the luncheon-table. Horace insisted on her drinking some port-wine. She barely took half the contents of the wine-glass. Even that little told on her sensitive organization; it roused her sinking energies of body and mind. After watching her anxiously, without attracting her notice, Horace left her again to attend to the fire at the other end of the room. Her eyes followed him slowly with a hard and tearless despair. "Rally your spirits," she repeated to herself in a whisper. "My spirits! O God!" She looked round her at the luxury and beauty of the room, as those look who take their leave of familiar scenes. The moment after, her eyes sank, and rested on the rich dress that she wore—a gift from Lady Janet. She thought of the past; she thought of the future. Was the time near when she would be back again in the Refuge, or back again in the streets?—she who had been Lady Janet's adopted daughter, and Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife! A sudden frenzy of recklessness seized on her as she thought of the coming end. Horace was right! Why not rally her spirits? Why not make the most of her time? The last hours of her life in that house were at hand. Why not enjoy her stolen position while she could? "Adventuress!" whispered

the mocking spirit within her, "be true to your character. Away with your remorse! Remorse is the luxury of an honest woman." She caught up her basket of wools, inspired by a new idea. "Ring the bell!" she cried out to Horace at the fire-place.

He looked round in wonder. The sound of her voice was so completely altered that he almost fancied there must have been another woman in the room.

"Ring the bell!" she repeated. "I have left my work up stairs. If you want me to be in good spirits, I must have my work."

Still looking at her, Horace put his hand mechanically to the bell and rang. One of the men-servants came in.

"Go up stairs and ask my maid for my work," she said, sharply. Even the man was taken by surprise: it was her habit to speak to the servants with a gentleness and consideration which had long since won all their hearts. "Do you hear me?" she asked, impatiently. The servant bowed, and went out on his errand. She turned to Horace with flashing eyes and fevered cheeks.

"What a comfort it is," she said, "to belong to the upper classes! A poor woman has no maid to dress her, and no footman to send up stairs. Is life worth having, Horace, on less than five thousand a year?"

The servant returned with a strip of embroidery. She took it with an insolent grace, and told him to bring her a footstool. The man obeyed. She tossed the embroidery away from her on the sofa. "On second thoughts, I don't care about my work," she said. "Take it up stairs again." The perfectly trained servant, marveling privately, obeyed once more. Horace, in silent astonishment, advanced to the sofa to observe her more nearly. "How grave you look!" she exclaimed, with an air of flippant unconcern. "You don't approve of my sitting idle, perhaps? Any thing to please you! *I* haven't got to go up and down stairs. Ring the bell again."

"My dear Grace," Horace remonstrated, gravely, "you are quite mistaken. I never even thought of your work."

"Never mind; it's inconsistent to send for my work, and then send it away again. Ring the bell."

Horace looked at her without moving. "Grace!" he said, "what has come to you?"

"How should I know?" she retorted, carelessly. "Didn't you tell me to rally my spirits? Will you ring the bell, or must I?"

Horace submitted. He frowned as he walked back to the bell. He was one of the many people who instinctively resent any thing that is new to them. This strange outbreak was quite new to him. For the first time in his life he felt sympathy for a servant, when the much-enduring man appeared once more.

"Bring my work back; I have changed my mind." With that brief explanation she reclined luxuriously on the soft sofa-cushions, swinging one of her balls of wool to and fro above her head, and looking at it lazily as she lay back. "I have a remark to make, Horace," she went on, when the door had closed on her messenger. "It is only people in our rank of life who get good servants. Did you notice? Nothing upsets that man's temper. A servant in a poor family would have been impudent; a maid-of-all-work would have wondered when I was going to know my own mind." The man returned with the embroidery. This time she received him graciously; she dismissed him with her thanks. "Have you seen your mother lately, Horace?" she asked, suddenly sitting up and busying herself with her work.

"I saw her yesterday," Horace answered.

"She understands, I hope, that I am not well enough to call on her? She is not offended with me?"

Horace recovered his serenity. The deference to his mother implied in Mercy's questions gently flattered his self-esteem. He resumed his place on the sofa.

"Offended with you!" he answered, smiling. "My dear Grace, she sends you her love. And, more than that, she has a wedding present for you."

Mercy became absorbed in her work; she stooped close over the embroidery—so close that Horace could not see her face. "Do you know what the present is?" she asked, in lowered tones, speaking absently.

"No. I only know it is waiting for you. Shall I go and get it to-day?"

She neither accepted nor refused the proposal—she went on with her work more industriously than ever.

"There is plenty of time," Horace persisted. "I can go before dinner."

Still she took no notice: still she never looked up. "Your mother is very kind to me," she said, abruptly. "I was afraid, at one time, that she would think me hardly good enough to be your wife."

Horace laughed indulgently: his self-esteem was more gently flattered than ever.

"Absurd!" he exclaimed. "My darling, you are connected with Lady Janet Roy. Your family is almost as good as ours."

"Almost?" she repeated. "Only almost?"

The momentary levity of expression vanished from Horace's face. The family question was far too serious a question to be lightly treated. A becoming shadow of solemnity stole over his manner. He looked as if it was Sunday, and he was just stepping into church.

"In OUR family," he said, "we trace back—by my father, to the Saxons; by my mother, to the Normans. Lady Janet's family is an old family—on her side only."

Mercy dropped her embroidery, and looked

Horace full in the face. She, too, attached no common importance to what she had next to say.

"If I had not been connected with Lady Janet," she began, "would you ever have thought of marrying me?"

"My love! what is the use of asking? You *are* connected with Lady Janet."

She refused to let him escape answering her in that way.

"Suppose I had not been connected with Lady Janet," she persisted. "Suppose I had only been a good girl, with nothing but my own merits to speak for me. What would your mother have said then?"

Horace still parried the question—only to find the point of it pressed home on him once more.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"I ask to be answered," she rejoined. "Would your mother have liked you to marry a poor girl, of no family—with nothing but her own virtues to speak for her?"

Horace was fairly pressed back to the wall.

"If you must know," he replied, "my mother would have refused to sanction such a marriage as that."

"No matter how good the girl might have been?"

There was something defiant — almost threatening—in her tone. Horace was annoyed—and he showed it when he spoke.

"My mother would have respected the girl, without ceasing to respect herself," he said. "My mother would have remembered what was due to the family name."

"And she would have said, No?"

"She would have said, No."

"Ah!"

There was an under-tone of angry contempt in the exclamation which made Horace start. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, and took up her embroidery again. There he sat at her side, anxiously looking at her—his hope in the future centred in his marriage! In a week more, if she chose, she might enter that ancient family, of which he had spoken so proudly, as his wife. "Oh!" she thought, "if I didn't love him! if I had only his merciless mother to think of!"

Uneasily conscious of some estrangement between them, Horace spoke again. "Surely I have not offended you?" he said.

She turned toward him once more. The work dropped unheeded on her lap. Her grand eyes softened into tenderness. A smile trembled sadly on her delicate lips. She laid one hand caressingly on his shoulder. All the beauty of her voice lent its charm to the next words that she said to him. The woman's heart hungered in its misery for the comfort that could only come from his lips.

"*You* would have loved me, Horace—without stopping to think of the family name?"

The family name again! How strangely she persisted in coming back to that! Horace looked at her without answering, trying vainly to fathom what was passing in her mind.

She took his hand, and wrung it hard—as if she would wring the answer out of him in that way.

"*You* would have loved me?" she repeated.

The double spell of her voice and her touch was on him. He answered, warmly, "Under any circumstances! under any name!"

She put one arm round his neck, and fixed her eyes on his. "Is that true?" she asked.

"True as the heaven above us!"

She drank in those few commonplace words with a greedy delight. She forced him to repeat them in a new form.

"No matter who I might have been? For myself alone?"

"For yourself alone."

She threw both arms round him, and laid her head passionately on his breast. "I love you! I love you!! I love you!!!" Her voice rose with hysterical vehemence at each repetition of the words—then suddenly sank to a low hoarse cry of rage and despair. The sense of her true position toward him revealed itself in all its horror as the confession of her love escaped her lips. Her arms dropped from him; she flung herself back on the sofa-cushions, hiding her face in her hands. "Oh, leave me!" she moaned, faintly. "Go! go!"

Horace tried to wind his arm round her, and raise her. She started to her feet, and waved him back from her with a wild action of her hands, as if she was frightened of him. "The wedding present!" she cried, seizing the first pretext that occurred to her. "You offered to bring me your mother's present. I am dying to see what it is. Go and get it!"

Horace tried to compose her. He might as well have tried to compose the winds and the sea.

"Go!" she repeated, pressing one clinched hand on her bosom. "I am not well. Talking excites me—I am hysterical; I shall be better alone. Get me the present. Go!"

"Shall I send Lady Janet? Shall I ring for your maid?"

"Send for nobody! ring for nobody! If you love me—leave me here by myself! leave me instantly!"

"I shall see you when I come back?"

"Yes! yes!"

There was no alternative but to obey her. Unwillingly and forebodingly, Horace left the room.

She drew a deep breath of relief, and dropped into the nearest chair. If Horace had staid a moment longer—she felt it, she

knew it—her head would have given way; she would have burst out before him with the terrible truth. "Oh!" she thought, pressing her cold hands on her burning eyes, "if I could only cry, now there is nobody to see me!"

The room was empty: she had every reason for concluding that she was alone. And yet at that very moment there were ears that listened—there were eyes waiting to see her.

Little by little the door behind her which faced the library and led into the billiard-room was opened noiselessly from without, by an inch at a time. As the opening was enlarged a hand in a black glove, an arm in a black sleeve, appeared, guiding the movement of the door. An interval of a moment passed, and the worn white face of Grace Roseberry showed itself stealthily, looking into the dining-room.

Her eyes brightened with vindictive pleasure as they discovered Mercy sitting alone at the farther end of the room. Inch by inch she opened the door more widely, took one step forward, and checked herself. A sound, just audible at the far end of the conservatory, had caught her ear.

She listened—satisfied herself that she was not mistaken—and drawing back with a frown of displeasure, softly closed the door again, so as to hide herself from view. The sound that had disturbed her was the distant murmur of men's voices (apparently two in number) talking together in lowered tones, at the garden entrance to the conservatory.

Who were the men? and what would they do next? They might do one of two things: they might enter the drawing-room, or they might withdraw again by way of the garden. Kneeling behind the door, with her ear at the key-hole, Grace Roseberry waited the event.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ON the beautiful November Sunday morning when the whole country knew that Boston was burning, and the telegraph from time to time announced merely "The fire still rages," there was a universal feeling of awe, as the calamity of Chicago was recalled, and every body asked, "Will New York suffer next?" There was the feeling of fate which attends every great calamity; and it was certainly a very reasonable feeling, under the circumstances, for it was not a vague wonder, but a distinct consciousness that granite and iron are not more wisely combined in buildings in New York than they were in Boston or Chicago, and that energetic and skillful as its Fire Department may be, it was no more so than the forces of its sister cities, and if they were baffled, the department in New York could not expect to triumph.

In great fires and tragical shipwrecks with what haughty disdain the elements that we proudly claim to have subdued to our service reassert their power! Like a tiger long tamed that tastes blood and suddenly rends its keeper, the fire that we have made our slave swiftly masters us. The spectacle in Boston, as it was described at the time, was most impressive. The fire began in the new business centre of the city, which was very imposing from the solidity of the stores and the great space they covered. As you came from State Street into Winthrop Square, it seemed a city hewn out of granite, and as durable as the everlasting hills. Upon every side were the lofty palaces of trade, monotonously magnificent, piled together with an almost conscious pride of prosperity. There is no business section in any other city of the country which is so striking as that which was destroyed in Boston. The fire began. The horse disease had not passed, and the engines were not quickly brought. Presently the blast of sparks and a rising gale so scattered the fire that huge buildings broke into flame upon every hand, and to the universal consternation it was plain that the fire was uncontrollable.

Then the sense of a vast and undefined calamity, increasing, boundless, seized the popular mind. Against the roaring storm of flame and smoke and its inexorable heat all the appliances of fire-engines and human effort were as trivial and feeble as dams and fences against a madly swelling ocean. Those solid stone warehouses, those defiant cliffs of granite, as they seemed, melted as in primeval heat. The bells rang an alarm to a city already alert with apprehension. Upon the roofs and heights thousands of people were standing gazing upon the awful scene. The adjacent towns were raised, and their population and means of succor poured into the seemingly doomed city. The bells rang in towns far away. In Providence, forty miles distant, an alarm was struck as for a neighboring fire. In Portsmouth the glare upon the midnight sky was visible. From Portland fire-companies with their engines hastened by train; and from Worcester, forty-five miles off, the cars bearing men and machines ran in fifty-five minutes. And to points farther away, over the whole continent to the shores of the Pacific, the terrible news was instantly and silently borne, and the whole country awaited in sorrowful sympathy the fate of Boston.

For of all American cities it is the most historic, and to no other, as Mr. Beecher well said in his sermon while the fire was still burning, does the country owe so much. It is not size, it is quality, that makes strength. Athens was never a huge city like London or Paris, and Greece was not a great territory. But in how much that is best they are our masters to-day! Faneuil Hall, the old State House, the Old South; State Street, in which was the massacre; Christ Church, from whose spire glittered the little lantern that Paul Revere saw, and, seeing, galloped off into the night and summoned America—these

are not the treasures of Boston alone: that city is only the guardian of the national jewels. And all these, except the church, were threatened by the fire. There were other interesting sites, but the buildings that made them so were long since gone. There were the birth-place of Franklin and the church of Channing, the old Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Federal Street Theatre—the ground upon which they stood was swept by the fire. And when it was plain that nothing but counter-destruction would stay the desolation, General Benham came up from the fort in the harbor with troops and powder; building after building was blown up, and at the end of twenty hours the fury of the flames was checked. But the fire had wasted an area computed at seventy acres, with a loss or property estimated at one hundred millions of dollars.

But neither the extent and suddenness of the calamity, nor the appalling spectacle itself, dismayed the steady heart of Boston. While the fire was still burning a meeting of energetic citizens was held, and a committee of men in whom the city confided was appointed to provide for pressing necessities of every kind. At a distance there was a feeling of satisfaction that the fire had been mainly confined to great stores and warehouses, and had not, as in Chicago, destroyed vast areas of dwelling-houses, throwing the poor into the streets; and some papers were glad that the loss fell chiefly upon rich men, who could easily endure and repair it. But in this view there was a great deal of illusion. Such losses, like heavy taxes, ultimately fall upon the poor. Thus the fire began in a hoop-skirt factory, which employed one or two hundred persons. The next day they may have had a shelter, but they were without work or wages. In the same way the great business which was done in those noble ranges of stores gave employment to thousands of clerks of every kind, porters, draymen, char-women, and all of these also on Monday morning were without employment. They would much more willingly have seen their lodging destroyed than their occupation swept away. The destruction of such great houses of trade is the going down of the ship, and seamen as well as officers, the forecastle and the quarter-deck, are whelmed in a common ruin.

The only alleviation of this kind was that products and not producing powers were destroyed. But even these were paralyzed, for it is capital which keeps so much of that power active, and the products represented capital. But it is a question of another kind in which we are all interested. How can such calamities be avoided? The theories of "fate" and of visitation of Providence do not suffice. Providence will always visit those who disobey its plain laws. If we build solid granite houses six stories high, and cover them virtually with wood, and open sluices for draughts from the cellar to the roof, and provide fire-engines that can not throw water above the third or fourth stories, and depend upon horses to draw the engines, Providence has provided that when a careless boy scrapes a match in one of the buildings, or a live coal drops upon the floor, or sparks fly from a cigar, or lighted tobacco falls from a pipe—seventy acres of those buildings shall be destroyed, and the loss shall be reckoned to be one hundred millions of dollars.

Here is a cruel calamity. It is awful to contemplate. There is not a heart that does not thrill with sympathy. But there is no mystery, no wonder. It was the harvest of the whirlwind from the wind that we had sown. And if New York is summoned to a similar harvest, it will be of her own sowing. One of the stateliest and most costly buildings in the city, in the very heart of its chief traffic, apparently elaborately finished in every point, and made to defy time, is covered with a Mansard-roof with wooden beams. No fire-engine can throw a stream of water upon it, and should the building be exposed to fire, it would shrivel like pasteboard. When a fire like that in Chicago or in Boston is fully kindled, nothing, of course, can withstand it. The only effort must be to deprive it of fresh material. Two suggestions are therefore obvious. One is that, by reasonable care in building, the swift and unmanageable spreading of the fire be made impossible; and the other is that business streets be made wider, and broken with frequent squares. Beauty, health, and economy would be the result of reasonable care. It is not only our heroism to which such calamities appeal. We have borne them, and shall bear again. But they appeal also to our science, to our skill, and to our common-sense. Is it really impossible for us to make buildings practically fire-proof, either by construction or by a simple interior system of water-works, or by both combined? As voracious sea-monsters of old extorted from helpless cities upon the coast the annual tribute of some Andromeda, some lovely victim, do we mean to suffer the demon of fire periodically to eat out the heart of our great cities, and only wring our hands and bewail a terrible calamity?

The Sassafras Club, after a long vacation, held a very special meeting the other day, but no longer under the old tree, which has been cut down. The meeting was called upon occasion of the honor done to the club by the dedication to one of its members of one of the most delightful of recent books, Mr. Wilson Flagg's "Woods and By-Ways of New England." It was for some reasons unfortunate that neither the author of the book nor the member in question was present. But for some reasons, also, it was fortunate, since it is not easy for modest people to praise others in their presence, nor is it agreeable for modest persons to be praised: and upon this occasion there was only praise. A copy of the new book, which is most tasteful in its appearance, was laid upon the table; and the journal of the club for that meeting shows that the chief business was the reading of copious extracts from the book, with expressions of sympathy and admiration, mingled with those of satisfaction that it should be dedicated to so pious a devotee of New England woods and by-ways as the associate member of the Sassafras.

The chairman remarked that in his opinion it was very timely to read what the author had to say of the Indian summer; "and for the reason," he said, "that the 'patron' of the book, as he would have been called a hundred years ago in England, who is one of our most faithful [cheers] and honorable [loud applause] and best-beloved [tremendous enthusiasm] members—I was saying," continued the chairman, evidently confused by the acclamations, and totally forgetting what

he was saying—"I mean that I was observing," and he beamed vacantly at the club—"oh yes, I was saying that our beloved patron—that is to say, member to whom the work is inscribed—has the best theory of the name Indian summer, as applied to this season, that I have ever heard." He was interrupted by loud cries of "What is it?" "What is it?" to which the chairman replied by waving his hand, and saying that as the theory was inscribed at length upon the journal he would refrain from repeating it. He added that he called attention to Mr. Flagg's theory, which he declared to be sad if true.

A member asked that, before considering the new theory, the club should hear the description of the Indian summer from Longfellow's "Evangeline," which he proceeded to read:

"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons—
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love; and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

The reading of the long, rolling lines laid a spell upon the club. In the eyes of the members the dreamy and magical light of the season seemed to shine, until the chairman read from Mr. Flagg's book: "It may, after all, be only a myth, like the halcyon days of the ancients, the offspring of a tradition that originated with certain customs of the Indians, and which occasional days of fine weather in the autumn have served to perpetuate. It is certain that we have now in the Eastern States no regular coming of this delightful term of mildness and serenity, this smiling interruption of the melancholy days of autumn." His theory is that the exquisite season described by the poets and by the earlier observers in the country has fled before civilization, and departed with the forest primeval which skirted the bay of Minas and Acadia, home of the happy.

It was a phenomenon, he says, produced by unexplained circumstances attending the universally wooded state of the country. It did not appear until November, nor until there had been sharp frosts. What philosophic explanation of it can we give? A great wood exhales through its foliage the moisture it draws from the earth, cooling it in proportion to the mass of foliage, while at the same time it shades the ground from the sun. Whatever checks this perspiration preserves the heat of the atmosphere by diminishing the radiation of heat, which is slower in dry than in moist air. This is just what happens when the first severe frosts of November lay bare in a few days the forest for thousands of miles. There is a sudden diminution of the moisture that had been emitted from the dense masses of foliage, for the evaporation from fallen leaves and herbage is very slight, and ceases after a few hours of sunshine. The atmosphere, therefore, is dry, the radiation of heat proportionally small, there is a sudden and universal accumulation of heat, and summer seems to have returned. This revived season is what we call the Indian summer, and in France the summer of St. Martin, and in the happy land of Acadia the summer of All-Saints. The reason of the last is evident, for the 1st of November is All-saints Day, and the 11th of November is Martinmas, the feast of St. Martin of Tours—a saint of mild and even temper. But why is the soft season called Indian summer?

Dr. Freeman says that it was a season which was believed by the Indians to be the gift of their most revered deity, the god of the Southwest. And Dr. Lyman Foot is quoted by Mr. Flagg from the third volume of *Silliman's Journal* as saying that "if you ask an Indian in the fall when he is going to his hunting-ground, he will tell you when the fall summer comes, or when the Great Spirit sends our fall summer, meaning the time in November which we call the Indian summer. And the Indians actually believe that the Great Spirit sends this mild season in November for their special benefit."

All this accords with the theory to which allusion has been made as that of the member of the club to whom Mr. Flagg dedicates his book, and which appears in the "Sassafras Transactions," *fol.* MCCCVI., *lib.* 7026, and which, although the chairman overruled the reading, may be here stated to import that in late October, when the early colonists thought the winter had fairly set in, the Indians said, "No, no; there will be summer yet." And when the mild days came, Carver and Standish and the others said, remembering, "Lo! the Indian summer!"

In support of his theory of the disappearance of the season Mr. Flagg quotes *Silliman's Journal* of forty years ago, which says that the existence and duration of the Indian summer are connected with the great forests and uncultivated lands of America, and summons the "oldest of our inhabitants"—that invaluable and immortal witness—to testify that its former duration was three or four weeks, while it had shrunk at the time of writing to a fitful term of ten or fifteen days.

The only question that appeared relevant after a full hearing of the evidence by the club was whether any member was inclined to stake the constancy and accuracy of his observation against those of the authorities that had been presented, and deny that the season is disappearing. No one seeming prepared for such a step, it was unanimously resolved that the Sassafras Club present to Mr. Flagg the thanks of all lovers and students of the woods and by-ways for his delightful treatise, with an expression of its profound satisfaction that the character of its associate member has been so publicly and properly recognized.

We spoke last month of the arrival of Mr. Froude and Professor Tyndall, and of the renewed interest which their coming gives to the lecture platform. Both gentlemen began simul-

taneously, Mr. Froude in New York and Professor Tyndall in Boston; and both have been the occasion of controversy. Professor Tyndall has been attacked for what is called his doubt of the efficacy of prayer, and Mr. Froude for his historical view of Ireland, and his appeal to America upon the subject. The dispute between Professor Tyndall and his critics is not very precise or substantial. It is probably a matter of definitions. The common and superficial theory of prayer implies that in the method of nature, or the divine laws for the government of the world, is included the particular requests of men: in other words, that rain-falls and recovery from illness depend in some degree upon human emotion, and not upon what is called law, which would be the same in its operation, so far as mere natural phenomena are concerned, if the human race should disappear. The common theory assumes that the effect of prayer is objective, and not subjective: in other words, that it affects events, and not our relation to them—that it stays the blow, instead of resigning us to the effects of the blow.

Thus Emilio, the brother of the famous Olympia Morata, fell one day from a high window upon a pile of rough stones. He was not seriously injured, and Olympia in writing of the accident said that it had happened "that we might know by experience that God hath given order to his angels to bear up his sons in their hands." Her biographer naturally asks whether she supposed that all who fell from high windows and did break their bones "to be none of God's own," and if her theory of the occurrences of life was that it is a constant succession of miracles, so that there is no reason to anticipate that similar causes will produce similar effects. The divine laws for the government of the universe are those of omniscience. Should any thing less than omniscience ask that they be changed? Professor Tyndall said, in substance, that if a man's leg is broken, prayer will not set it; and if an artery be cut, prayer will not stanch the bleeding. It was a reproof of the gross and material view of a spiritual emotion, and it was grossly and materially criticised.

Mr. Froude delivered his first lecture upon the Norman conquest of Ireland to a very large and most interested audience, which attended him with unabated attention to the end of the course. The evening after his first lecture Father Thomas Burke, an Irish Dominican friar, who has been lecturing and preaching in the country for some months, denounced the bull of Pope Adrian authorizing the conquest of Ireland as "a thundering English lie," and subsequently, in Jersey City, made another violent attack upon the statements of Mr. Froude. These were followed by a course of lectures at the Academy of Music, where Father Burke made a series of what may be called stump-speeches against Mr. Froude and his view of the Irish question. It is, perhaps, needless to say that an Irishman, addressing a New York audience of his fellow-countrymen upon the subject of Irish wrongs, who begins by describing a generally received historical fact as a thundering lie, is not a gentleman from whom the most dispassionate investigation and scholarly candor are to be expected.

In his opening lecture Father Burke denied the authenticity of Adrian's bull; denied the validity of the copy in Rome, because it had no date; and asserted, again, that if genuine it was of no force, because obtained under false pretenses of anarchy, which charge was a lie. But Father Burke probably would not deny that the Pope claimed sovereignty of all islands, and that such a bull as that of Adrian was not unprecedented. A century before Henry produced his bull William the Conqueror had planted himself in England; and it is a living scholar who is no partisan of Mr. Froude who says of the Irish conquest: "It was simply the sequel of the Norman conquest of England. In the Norman conquest of England Hildebrand, the soul of the papacy, had been the partner of William. The Pope had sent a ring and a consecrated banner to the faithful champion of Rome, who went forth not only to win a kingdom for himself and his followers, but to reduce the irregular and half-schismatic church of the Anglo-Saxons to the perfect obedience of the Holy See. The anathemas of the papacy against the accursed race who did not pay Peter's pence, who incestuously confounded secular with spiritual jurisdiction, and whose archbishops assumed the pall without the authority of Rome, went before the host of the Normans to victory at Hastings. In the same manner Adrian, by that bull which is the stumbling-block and despair of Catholic historians, granted Ireland to the king of orthodox England." These are the words of Goldwin Smith, one of the most thorough and profound of English historical scholars; and Father Burke can hardly hope to affect a candid American judgment upon facts by denouncing the story of the bull as a thundering lie. He will remember that he is not dealing with a parish or a congregation of his Church, but with a people and the truth of history.

But it is not upon any allegation that Ireland is wholly guilty and England wholly innocent that Mr. Froude rests his case. He comes to us as an Englishman sincerely loving his country, and wishing to do what he can to compose the long and tragical quarrel with Ireland. He believes that the great multitude of Irish in this country and the general character of our relations with Ireland have given American opinion a weight in the island beyond that of any other people. He feels, therefore, that if the voice of America to-day should declare that, whatever wrongs may have stained the past history of Ireland, yet that under the circumstances, although not independent, which in the nature of things is impossible, with just and equal imperial laws justly and firmly administered, Ireland ought to unite cordially with England in a common destiny, much would be done to heal the sorrow. He therefore comes hoping to show two things: first, that the undeniable tragedy of Ireland is not due to England alone, but largely to the Irish themselves; and secondly, that the English legislation of to-day for Ireland can not justly be condemned as harsh or hostile.

As for Irish nationality, it is enough to say that it never existed; the country was conquered before there was any such sentiment as that which we mean by the word nationality. This is not a justification of any thing, but a statement of fact. It disposes of the plea of a conquered nationality. Father Burke, indeed, in his lecture upon Ireland as seen in its ruins,

speaks of the legendary golden age of his country, as if there could be no doubt of the fairy palace of Tara and the happy Arcadia of Erin; and the hearer who has seen the rapt attention of his audience, exiles listening to the chanted glories of their vanished country, could but recall that saying of pensive wisdom, "The power of hope is not extinguished in man; it turns to memory when it has no object of its own."

The conquest of Ireland may be viewed from the contemporary and from our own modern point. Undoubtedly in the twelfth century conquest was universal, and by conquest civilization was advanced. The Normans, whom Mr. Froude happily calls the organizing race, conquered Sicily, parts of Italy and France, and England, as they presently conquered Ireland. There was no public opinion in the world which condemned conquest. From that point, therefore, it is idle to protest against the invasion. What was then universal would not to-day be tolerated. When once conquered, whether in our modern judgment rightfully or wrongfully, the question of Ireland changed. As time advanced there were new rights and new wrongs to be considered.

Mr. Froude insists that Irish independence would necessarily menace England, and that it is therefore practically impossible without a desperate struggle. If such a struggle should occur, would the welfare of both countries and of civilization at large be promoted? It will not be asserted. Ought England, then, peacefully to relinquish Ireland, which would inevitably be allied with a rival nation? Would any nation in the world do it? And, under the circumstances, ought any nation to do it? The Irish demand for independence is not patriotic only; it is now and chiefly ecclesiastical or religious. The anarchy that would follow separation, if not repressed by the intervention of Christendom, would end in an ecclesiastical despotism—the most woful fate that an enemy could wish the country of his foe. But the discussion of the subject is desirable, and Mr. Froude's coming was most timely. For American opinion, not well-informed, has been naturally swayed by sympathy with the unfortunate, by the touching appeal of romance and song, by the hereditary jealousy of England, and latterly by the bluster of demagogues.

Indeed, so long as the pathetic music of Moore melts the drawing-room to tears, and the tragical incidents of Irish story are told in passionate eloquence, and the cruelty of English laws is detailed with burning indignation, it is not easy candidly to consider the Irish question. Imagination speaks, and ignorance fondly believes. It is not surprising that the priests in Ireland are hostile to England, for the imposition of the Anglican Church upon the country is truly accounted a wrong. But that church is now disestablished; and the most candid and thoughtful observers believe that since independence is impossible, and dependence hopeless, and federation impracticable, union, honest, just, and equal, is the only solution of the problem. To this end Mr. Froude's effort is directed; and Father Burke, recalling the long agony of Ireland, and full of zeal for his Church and race, does not declare against it, but says that there can never be a cordial union until the English contempt for the Irish is eradicated, and that can be effected only by raising Ireland "by home legislation to attain such a position as to command the respect of our English fellow-subjects."

Editor's Literary Record.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ART WORKS.

WE receive from George Routledge and Sons five handsome quartos, whose value depends almost entirely on their illustrations of art and artists' work. Of these the *British School of Sculpture* is the most striking. It reproduces in steel, and in several instances with rare beauty, some of the principal works of such sculptors as Flaxman, Chantrey, Wyatt, Gibson, and others. The volume will be chiefly valuable to artists and lovers of art, and will belong in the cabinet and the studio rather than on the parlor table, from which certain of its subjects and their treatment ("Cupid and Psyche," for instance) exclude it.—*The Gems of German Art* illustrates by photographs some of the most important works of the German school of painting. It deserves its title. With a few exceptions the illustrations are gems, rich in thought, often exquisite in treatment. The letterpress gives a brief account of the artists whose works are thus reproduced.—The volume which contains on steel, in nine large plates, the *Pictures of Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.*, we put first of the three volumes of illustrations of the works of great painters. We must assume that our readers are familiar with this artist. At all events, our limits do not allow of a criticism upon them. They are as well reproduced as they can be without color, and the volume will be a handsome addition to any centre-table.—*Murillo and the Spanish School of Painting*, illustrated by fifteen engravings on steel and nineteen on wood, and *Pictures by Daniel Maclise, R.A.*, are printed, we judge, from old plates, or imperfectly printed. At all events, certain of the pictures lack that freshness of color and contrast and that clearness of outline which characterize the best work, and which render the "Gems of German Art" decidedly their superior. There is, nevertheless, wonderful beauty in some of the pictures in both volumes, as in Maclise's "Hamlet," which repays much study, and in the "St. Jerome" of Ribera, in the Spanish school. The pictures in this latter volume include a considerable portion of ecclesiastical themes. Those of Maclise are miscellaneous, but of a high order, generally expressive of the deeper emotions; while Leslie abounds in the humorous, though not in the farcical.

NATURE ILLUSTRATED.

THERE is a peculiar, an indescribable charm in MICHELET'S writings, and those who have read

"The Bird" need no other introduction to *The Mountain* (T. Nelson and Sons). Physical science seems to most minds barren and uninteresting. There is a soul in nature, but physics knows nothing about souls, and in truth hardly believes that they exist, because an anatomical examination does not detect their presence, nor even their chambers. The charm of M. Michelet's writings lies in the fact that he recognizes this hidden soul-life of nature, which is to him more than organized matter, more than vital force. At the same time he is entirely free from that superstition which regards a past error more sacred than modern truth. He is none the less in sympathy with modern science because he looks in nature for something which mere physical researches do not disclose. If one wishes to know *about* the Alps and the Pyrenees, to which a large part of this work is devoted, he will doubtless find scientific works which will give him fuller information. If he wishes to make personal acquaintances of them, to know them as one knows a friend, not by analysis but by intercourse, he will scarcely find any one better qualified to introduce him than M. Michelet.—Somewhat similar in design is Madame MICHELET'S *Nature; or, the Poetry of Earth and Sea* (T. Nelson and Sons). Like its companion volume, it is a handsome octavo of over 400 pages. The illustrations by Giacomelli, whose pencil added so much to the attractions of "The Bird," and gave to the margins and smaller pictures of Doré's Bible that grace and lightness which set off so admirably the more striking and dramatic effects of Doré, illuminate the pages of "Nature" with pictures which possess great artistic beauty, but which give no evidence of being in any sense portraits of real scenes in nature. In this respect his work is less valuable than that of Percival Skelton in "The Mountain," which is quite as artistic, and possesses the additional merit of affording the reader real information as well as pleasure. Something of the difference perceptible between the pictures of these two books is also noticeable in the writing of their respective authors. M. Michelet is content to be the interpreter of nature; Madame Michelet impresses the reader with her own personality, and labors, at times painfully, to pen sentences which shall seem to be as fine, as beautiful, as grand, as the scenes concerning which she discourses. Her transitions from continent to continent, from the gardens of Persia to those of Germany, from the mountains of Asia to those of South America, are too sudden; her chain lies in broken links, not welded together. She is too brilliant; dazzles by her coruscations. Her book produces the impression of an overdressed lady, whose glittering jewels are numerous, but not always in good taste. Both these books are handsome ornaments for the parlor table; but M. Michelet's book will be read, while Madame Michelet's book will only be looked at.

Somewhat analogous in its character to these books of Monsieur and Madame Michelet is the *Woods and By-Ways of New England*, by WILSON FLAGG (J. R. Osgood and Co.). There is, indeed, this characteristic difference, that the works of the Michelets are thoroughly French, while that of Mr. Flagg is thoroughly American in its tone. It lacks the sentiment of the more romantic Frenchman, but it is also free from his exaggerations, his paradoxes, and his too striking antitheses. Mr. Flagg writes less what he has felt, more what he has seen. The Frenchman describes the effect which nature has produced upon him; the American describes nature itself. At the same time it is nature as seen not by a scientist who regards her only with curious eyes, but nature as seen by a lover who regards her with tender affection. "My book," says he, "differs from learned works as a lover's description of his lady's hand would differ from Bell's anatomical description of it." It differs, let us add, from the common books on nature in that it selects those themes which common eyes pass by, and passes by the grander themes which common minds have rendered somewhat hackneyed. As in the picture-gallery the crowd gather before some immense and melodramatic picture, whose merit is in the size of the canvas and the strong contrasts of color and the vigor and intensity of action, and pass by a little cabinet-picture which absorbs the attention of the artist, so the great public study nature only in her more startling effects, her sensational aspects, while Mr. Flagg calls our thoughts away from these common objects of universal admiration to little bits of unobserved beauty, nature's cabinet-pictures. One must be himself a lover of nature, and capable of enjoying quiet meditation on her, to appreciate this book; but all such will find it a delightful companion. The illustrations, of which there are twenty-two, are photographic in appearance; if they are genuine photographs, they are somewhat obscure and indistinct; if they are not genuine, they are marvelous imitations.

ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE.

THE increasing interest in science receives a curious and striking illustration in the fact that three of our principal publishers have commenced a series of scientific books for non-scientific readers. Scribner's "Library of Wonders" we have frequently had occasion to call attention to in these pages. The old series now constitute a library of a score or more of volumes, fully though not always elegantly illustrated, and generally both entertaining and instructive. *The Moon* constitutes the fourth volume, we believe, of the new series. The basis of both series is a French library of a somewhat similar character. It is characteristically what its name indicates, a library of "wonders," rather than of true science (though this is not true of the volume on the moon), and presents generally the marvels, the surprises, and the romance of science rather than its great underlying principles. It is a capital series to awaken in youthful or uncultivated minds an appetite for science.—To satisfy that appetite there is nothing better than JACOB ABBOTT'S "Science for the Young" (Harper and Brothers), the fourth volume of which, on *Force* is just published. There is no man in the country who has had better success in writing for the young than Mr. Abbott, and to this series he has brought the experience of many years in the art of instructing, and the results of the researches of many years in the domain of science. Parents, too, may rest assured that while Mr. Abbott will give, as he does, the results of the latest and best researches in the scientific world, he will write nothing that

can awaken or confirm in the youthful mind the idea that science and religion are antagonistic; that on the contrary the incidental, but none the less powerful, effect of his writing will be to lead the reader to recognize in the works of God the wisdom, the skill, and the beneficence of their great Creator.—A third series of popular scientific works is commenced by D. Appleton and Co., entitled "The International Scientific Series." Mr. YOUMANS, in a general preface to the whole series, explains the meaning of this title, and the object of the series. The books are to be prepared, he tells us, by men of recognized ability in their respective departments; they are to be simultaneously published in England, France, Germany, and the United States; and they are to be the product of the most distinguished scientists of these lands, who will receive copyrights from the publishers in each of these four great markets. This is a kind of "International" to which no one will object. It is the purpose of the founders of this series to make it cover eventually the whole range of science, theoretical and practical, physical and metaphysical. Of the ability of the most distinguished scientists to write "in familiar and intelligent language" we entertain some doubt. To communicate scientific knowledge to unscientific minds it is not enough to know the facts of science; it is also necessary to be familiar with the prejudice and the ignorance of unscientific minds concerning what to the great and eminent authors appear to be the simplest principles of science. Mr. TYNDALL, however, who opens the series with a volume on *The Forms of Water*, possesses the rare ability of knowing the truth and appreciating the mental condition of those that do not. His work is a model of simplicity and clearness, and he possesses the genius, so very rare, of telling truths in such a manner as to be equally fascinating to those to whom they are new and those to whom they are perfectly familiar.—Those who have read "The Earth," by ELISÉE RECLUS, need no assurance of the value of *The Ocean*, by the same author (Harper and Brothers). In size and general style it corresponds with the volume on "The Earth," of which it is a proper, and indeed almost a necessary, companion. It consists of three books, the first treating of the ocean proper, the second of atmosphere and meteorology, the third of that life of which the ocean and the atmosphere are perpetual feeders. The illustrations are of value in interpreting the meaning of the author; the chief artistic feature in the volume is its colored maps, which are very beautiful. It is a much more satisfactory book than Professor Tyndall's on "Forms of Water"—a broader book, though with a narrower title—in that it presents the whole subject of water and its work, while Professor Tyndall's limits have compelled him to confine himself in the main to one phase of his subject—the ice and glacial forms, and their action and effects.—*The Treasures of the Earth; or, Mines, Minerals, and Metals: with Anecdotes of Men who have been connected with Mining*, by WILLIAM JONES (G. P. Putnam and Sons), is a reprint from the English. It appears to have been prepared with especial reference to the young, and is dedicated to "my children;" but it will also be found interesting as well as instructive to older readers. The title affords a very good description of the book. It presents the human rather than the commercial or scientific aspects of its theme, and is enriched by many anecdotes illustrating the life which belongs to mines and mining industry. Any youthful reader of average appetite for knowledge ought to find in its pages quite as interesting and vastly more useful reading than is afforded by the children's novelettes with which the literary world is deluged. The pictures are all fancy sketches; the book would be better if they were really illustrative of mining life.

ILLUSTRATED POETRY.

CONCERNING the *Songs of Nature* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) we have little to say except that it is a worthy companion of the three preceding volumes, "Songs of Life," "Songs of Home," and "Songs of the Heart." Together they make a library of song which is alike exquisite in its poetic and its artistic qualities. The best English and American writers contribute poems, the best American artists contribute illustrations. In both respects the volume is a composition, the work of many hands. The publishers have taken the right means to make this series worthy to rank among the first of American illustrated books. No one artist is competent to interpret the various phases of nature, or to illustrate the various utterances of poet-hearts. Illustrated books of poetry which depend on the pencil of a single artist are therefore sure to be unsatisfactory, since the illustrations are not only of uneven merit, but the failure of one mars all the rest, as one weed in a flower bed detracts from the value of the whole. We may almost say that there is not a single failure in this volume, which calls over fifteen different artists to interpret the different phases of nature and the different moods of human life and feeling.—The American Tract Society issue two small but very pretty books of poetry, illustrated with great taste, *Home Songs* and *Our Baby*. We especially welcome the latter of these books. Whatever, by appealing to the sympathies and sentiments of mankind, awakens a kindlier feeling toward children, and insures them a warmer welcome, serves a purpose whose value can not be easily estimated. That work this book does most successfully, and we suspect that many of its readers will be surprised to find how much has been written that is beautiful because touching on this theme. The selection has been well made, the pictures are excellent, the book is small and inexpensive, and its attractive character, as well as its theme, ought to insure for it a wide welcome.

ILLUSTRATED SERIES.

THERE are several series of illustrated works in course of publication which constitute valuable additions to the Christmas publications. Prominent among these is Harper's edition of "Charles Dickens's Works," of which *Oliver Twist*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, and *Dombey and Son* are now ready. We have already referred to this edition, which, we think, promises to be the finest of the numerous illustrated editions of the great novelist; it is unquestionably the finest for the price. The size and form of page give the artists better scope for their pencils than is ordinarily afforded them, and the num-

ber of artists employed give a greater breadth and variety of treatment than is given in any other single edition. The many-sidedness of DICKENS can not be adequately interpreted by a single pencil, and those who have enjoyed most heartily Mr. Cruikshank's interpretation of the comic aspects of Dickens have probably felt most painfully the inharmony between his pictures and the word-painting of the writer in the pathetic and tragic scenes. This deficiency has never been better supplied than in this series, whose illustrations are indeed unequal, but rarely ineffective. The public will look with much interest for the promised illustration by Mr. Nast of the "Pickwick Papers." His incidental representations of Pickwick in his "Almanac" have led the public to expect much from him in this forthcoming volume. We observe, by-the-way, that some of the critics speak of this as a reproduction of an English edition. This is a mistake. Sheppard, Reinhart, Worth, and Nast all contribute original illustrations to the series.

"The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventures" (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) now comprises five volumes. Of these the last two are on *Southern Africa* and the *Yellow Stone*, both of which possess a peculiar interest at the present time. Youthful readers, and those of mature age but who are too busy to read Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S larger works, will get a very good idea of South Africa and the more important of Dr. Livingstone's explorations in that country from the former volume, which, in a postscript, gives a brief account of his last exploration and his discovery by Stanley. The pictures of the "Yellow Stone" are not worthy of the region—perhaps none could be; they are not, however, worthy of the descriptive matter, which is excellent, and without being brilliant, is both entertaining and instructive.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

WE regard JOANNA H. MATHEWS and her sister among the very best of American writers for the little folks, and turn, therefore, with a decided prejudice in their favor to the *Kitty and Lulu Books* (Robert Carter and Brothers). We are not disappointed in our expectations, and rise from reading them with our prejudices considerably strengthened. We tire a little of the baby talk before we get quite through these volumes, but it is very natural and life-like, as are the babies, and we rather expect that the mother who reads of Kitty and Lulu to her children will be fascinated by the story almost as much as her audience.—*The Doll World Series*, by Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY (Roberts Brothers), is none the worse for being of English parentage. It is written in a charming style, and the reality which Mrs. O'Reilly imputes to the doll world will be fully appreciated by her juvenile readers. To the children dolls are not dolls, but flesh and blood; and the trials to which the irritating boys subject their sisters by such pranks as those which Harold played with Robertina are trials to the doll mothers almost as real as actual injustice inflicted upon the children would be to the mothers of real life.—We are not much enamored of the average temperance tale, which usually has little but good intentions to commend it. *The Fire Fighters*, by Mrs. J. E. M'CONAUGHY (National Temperance Society), is exceptionably good, and does not deserve to be banished with some of its literary fraternity to the editor's *index expurgatorius*—oblivion. The story describes the somewhat marvelous achievements of a band of boys leagued together for temperance work, and its effect must be to awaken a positive enthusiasm for temperance principles and labors, which can not be said of the average temperance tales.—*Who Won?* by the author of "Win and Wear" (Robert Carter and Brothers), is a lively story of school life, worth reading not only by the school-boys and school-girls, but by the school-masters and school-mistresses as well. We are glad to have so well-deserved a shot fired at the pernicious prize system.—The American Tract Society issue several children's books which will worthily grace the Christmas-tree of many a Sabbath-school. *Stories for the Fireside*, in two volumes, is composed of short stories, most of which have been published before in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. They constitute a rather unusually good collection, all of them possessing a healthful moral influence, though not all of them markedly religious in their character.—*Working and Winning* and *Ethel's Pearls*, from the same society, are more genuinely Christian books than are to be found ordinarily in our Sabbath-school libraries. The latter of these books presents in forms adapted to youthful appreciation the two attractions of present pleasure and of permanent "life." The American Tract Society takes deservedly a high rank for the excellence of its illustrations, and its children's books are among the finest in that respect on our table.—J. R. Osgood and Co. contribute two juvenile books. Mr. J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S *Chance for Himself* will unquestionably interest the boys, but it contains no scrap of information, and so far as it exerts any moral influence at all, it is not of the healthiest kind. In his anxiety not to draw model boys Mr. Trowbridge appears to have gone to the other and a worse extreme.—*Camping Out* purports to be a record of adventure by one of the boys who camped out, and to be edited for publication by C. A. STEPHENS. Its effect will be to quicken an ambition for manly sports, and for the privations and the achievements of the camp, and to awaken a love for nature. Whether it is fiction, or fact, or fiction founded on fact, it is sufficiently realistic to be useful, and it will prove more entertaining to boys of healthy natures than the stories of impossible adventure with which it has to compete.—*The Adventures of Robinson Playfellow* (George Routledge and Sons) purports to be a story of a young French marine, and forcibly suggests the boy's popular expression of incredulity, "Tell it to the marines." It is modeled somewhat on the "Robinson Crusoe" pattern, though the adventures of that famous traveler sink into insignificance by the side of the French marine.—There is genuine genius in *The Life and Times of Conrad the Squirrel* (Macmillan and Co.). Imaginative stories of animals are apt to drag, but this maintains its interest to the close, and will not fail of the author's avowed object—to awaken in his readers a love for nature and some of the beautiful creatures which inhabit this beautiful world.—The illustrations in *Little Barefoot; or, Strive and Trust* (George Routledge and Sons) entitle it to the palm as the handsomest juvenile book of the season. The story is by AUERBACH.

Editor's Scientific Record.

THE PROBOSCIDIANS OF THE AMERICAN EOCENE.

DURING the past summer Professor Cope, in charge of a division of Dr. F. V. Hayden's Geological Survey of the Territories, explored the paleontology of the eocene beds of Wyoming Territory. He obtained many species of plants, mollusks, and insects, and eighty species of vertebrata, of which some fifty are new to science.

One of the most important of the discoveries made was the determination of the type of proboscidians prevalent in that period. This is exceedingly peculiar and anomalous in many respects. Proboscidian limbs are associated with a dentition of the same type when the number and position of the teeth are considered. Thus a huge external incisor alone occupies the front of the upper jaw (premaxillary bone); there are no canine, and the molars are but few. The incisor is shorter than in the mastodons, etc., and is compressed, trenchant, and recurved, forming a most formidable weapon. The great peculiarity is seen in the structure of the molars, which is nearly that of *Bathmodon*, Cope, an allied perissodactyl. This type is, however, graded into an approach to *Dinotherium* in another perissodactyl, *Metalophodon*, Cope, of which more below.

The type species of this group, called by Professor Cope *Eobasileus cornutus*, was as large as the Indian elephant, but stood lower, having proportions more as in the rhinoceros. The elongate form of the cranium added to this resemblance. The physiognomy was very peculiar. On either side of the front, above each orbit, rose a stout horn, its base continuous with that of its mate. The immensely prolonged nasal bones overhung the premaxillary, as in the rhinoceros, and supported on each side, near the extremity, a massive reverted shovel-shaped protuberance, which united at an open angle with its fellow on the middle line of the front.

These beasts must have lived in herds, like the elephants of to-day, judging from the abundance of their remains, no less than twenty-five or thirty individuals having left their bones within a short distance of one of the camps of the party. Three species were distinguished—*E. cornutus*, *E. furcatus*, and *E. pressicornis*.

THE ARMED METALOPHODON.

This is an extinct odd-toed ungulate discovered by Professor Cope in the lower "Green River" division of the eocene of Wyoming. The only species was named *M. armatus*. It possessed a full series of six superior incisors, and had a formidable knife-like canine, with cutting edges, and a groove on the outer face. The premolars are like those of *Bathmodon*—*i. e.*, with one outer crescent—while the molars differ in having the constituent crests of the single crescent separated on the inner side of the tooth, thus producing two subparallel crests. The lower premolars are singular in possessing one crescent, with a rudimental second by its side. This increases in proportion on the posterior teeth, till on the last inferior molar the two are nearly equally developed. Alternate ridges are, however, on this tooth reduced and rudimental, leaving a parallel two-crested tooth, approaching a tapir, or a *Dinotherium*. There were probably tusks in the lower jaw.

The species was about the size of the rhinoceros, and constituted another addition to the well-armed ungulates of the Wyoming eocene. The transitional forms seen in its tooth structure constitute a point of especial interest.

SKELETON OF BAOUSSÉ-ROUSSÉ.

The discovery of a human skeleton in a cave on the Italian frontier near Mentone, by Dr. E. Rivière, has excited great interest among ethnologists, in view of its association in point of time with the remains of extinct animals, being one of the best authenticated occurrences of the kind on record. At the time of the discovery Dr. Rivière was engaged in the exploration of bone caves, under the authority of the French government, and had obtained numerous remains of birds, gigantic stags, hyenas, rhinoceroses, and other animals.

The cavern in which the discovery took place (Baoussé-roussé) is near the line of railway from Mentone to Vintimille, and the skeleton was found beneath a layer of earth several yards in thickness. It is of the ordinary size, and entire, with the exception of the ribs, which were broken by the pressure of the superincumbent earth. The teeth and lower jaw are in a good state of preservation. The skull differs from the rest of the bones in being of a deep brick-red color. From the attitude it would appear as if the man had died in his sleep, and was carefully covered over without disturbing the earth beneath. Stones were placed at the back and sides, as if to indicate the outline of the grave. Numerous small shells and deer teeth, all pierced with a hole, were found around the skull, as if they had been twined in the hair or formed part of a head-dress. Around the skeleton were found many stone implements and bone needles. Associated with these were bones of various animals.

ENGLISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

Comment is made by the English scientific journals upon the omission of any official announcement on the part of the English eclipse expedition of December last of the results of the facts observed, and a comparison with the conduct of private expeditions is made, quite unfavorable to the former. A writer in the *Popular Science Review*, referring to this subject, applauds Colonel Tennant for the promptness with which he communicated the results to the Royal Astronomical Society, and exhibited the photographs obtained at Dodabetta. These, when compared with the photographs made by Lord Lindsay's photographer, proved, in the opinion of the writer, in the most conclusive manner the solar nature of the corona.

RELATION OF EUROPEAN NATIONS TO SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

M. Berthelot publishes a remarkable article in the *Temps* on the scientific relations between Germany, France, and England, in which he points out that, without depreciating the scien-

tific position of the other countries of Europe and of America, the lead in all great scientific discoveries and movements has been taken by one or other of these three great nations, often by all three simultaneously; and he strongly urges the necessity, especially as regards the first two, of a complete cordiality and union, under the penalty of a general loss to civilization.

DRIFTING OF THE STARS.

The views of Mr. Proctor in regard to the movements of certain stars in systems of families have lately received a remarkable confirmation in the observations of Dr. Huggins, who for some time past has been prosecuting spectroscopic inquiries into the proper motion of the stars in the direction of the line of sight. With the instrument formerly used by him he was unable to determine that Sirius was receding at the rate of twenty miles per second; but now, by means of a telescope of fifteen inches aperture, specially adapted to gather as much light as possible, and placed at his service by the Royal Society of London, he has determined the facts in regard to various groups. Among these are five stars, β, γ, δ, ϵ, and ζ of Ursa Major (or the Great Bear), as also Alcor close by ζ, and the telescopic companion of ζ, which Mr. Proctor three years ago maintained to be moving in a common direction, and which, more recently, he predicted would prove to be either receding or approaching together, whenever Dr. Huggins was enabled to test the question spectroscopically.

Dr. Huggins now finds that all these five stars are receding at the rate of about thirty miles per second; while the star ζ, which Mr. Proctor had indicated as not belonging to the set, is found to have a spectrum differing in character from that common to them, and though receding, has a different rate. Arcturus, on the other hand, is moving toward us at a probable rate of seventy miles per second. Other stars have been determined as moving with corresponding velocities.

LEFT AND RIGHT HANDEDNESS.

In a notice in *Nature*, by Mr. Pye Smith, of a pamphlet upon left-handedness by Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, it is stated, as general results from the investigations of the author and others, that we may conclude (1) that the primitive condition of man and other vertebrates was, as their early foetal condition still is, one of complete bilateral symmetry of structure, and also of functional symmetry; (2) that this primitive ambidextrous use of the limbs is occasionally superseded in animals, and constantly in all races of men of which we have any knowledge, by a preferential use of one side, and that this is a necessary step in development as soon as the more delicate operations performed by a single hand take the place of those of digging, climbing, etc., in which both take part. It is, in fact, a differentiation produced by the same causes which have led to the specialization of the fore and hind limbs in frogs, birds, or kangaroos, compared with their uniformity of structure and function in fishes, crocodiles, and horses. (3) The prevalent choice of the right hand when differentiation was established must have depended on some slight advantage, at present unascertained, by which dexterity at last suppressed *gaucherie*. (4) The occasional preference of the left hand, which is often partial and sometimes hereditary, does not depend on any "coarse" structural abnormality, but is an instance of atavism—of reversion to the primitive and universal ambidextrous, or to a subsequent and partial left-handed condition.

TRIMORPHOUS CONDITION OF SILICA.

Professor Maskelyne, of the British Museum, announces the discovery of a new form of crystallized silica, detected by him in a meteorite found in 1861 at Breitenbach, in Bohemia. The best-known species of silica is common quartz, which crystallizes in the hexagonal system, and has a specific gravity of 2.6. Professor Rath, however, not long since detected a second species of silica, which he called Tridymite, having a specific gravity of only 2.3, crystallizing in the hexagonal system, but with different parameters from those of quartz. The discovery of Professor Maskelyne shows that silica is trimorphous, and for this third species he proposes the name of Asmanite. The specific gravity is very low, 2.245, in this resembling Tridymite, from which, however, it differs in being a biaxial mineral, and belonging to the orthorhombic or prismatic system. Its hardness is 5.5. Two analyses show that it consists essentially of silica, and contains but a small percentage of foreign matter. The Asmanite is associated in the Breitenbach meteorite with enstatite, chromite, triolite or meteoric pyrites, and nickeliferous iron.

MANUFACTURE OF WOOD PULP FOR PAPER.

Among the more interesting articles at the International Exhibition in London, in the summer of 1872, was a series of illustrations of the process devised by Mr. Houghton for converting wood into pulp for paper. It is said that the difficulty hitherto in using this material for the purpose mentioned has been the necessity of using such large quantities of alkali as to make the cost of the operation too great to be generally employed, at least abroad. This difficulty has been overcome by Mr. Houghton's process, and it is expected that large quantities of wood, heretofore wasted, will be made available. Every saw-mill in the United States has an immense amount of refuse material, which it is extremely difficult to get rid of, and in many instances large fires are kept burning night and day in order to destroy it. There will be nothing in the way, it is said, of treating this refuse so as to have it rendered available for paper-making, and thus, while utilizing an immense amount of waste material, to cheapen the cost of books and newspapers.

In the process of Mr. Houghton, in the first place, the wood is cut diagonally by a series of knives, so that the fibre easily separates by the splitting of the grain. These slices are again broken in smaller pieces, furnishing the raw material for the next manipulation. This consists in introducing them into a patent boiler calculated to endure great pressure, and heated by hot water circulating in pipes which traverse it in sections throughout its length, the heat being capable of most accurate regulation.

The pressure employed in the process of treat-

ing the fibre is 180 degrees, and the wood is introduced into the boiler in wire cages running upon a set of rails, the small pieces after boiling being quite soft and of a dingy color. This is next treated by means of chlorine in a vat, and the bleaching finished by the use of permanganate of potash. The material is now a soft, pulpy, and highly fibrous substance, which is next subjected to the action of a hydro-extractor, a kind of wringer, which leaves it in the shape of a damp, fleecy mass.

The liquid with which the fibre has been treated is then pumped into a vat, and subjected to the action of carbonic acid gas, which solidifies to some extent the resinous particles. It is next placed in a copper boiler, and heated exactly to the boiling-point. This produces a complete coagulation of the resin, which falls to the bottom in large flakes. No use has been, so far, found for this resin, but it is expected that before long it may become of commercial value. There are many other details in the manipulation of the fibre, for which reference must be made to the technical journals.

DEEPEST KNOWN WELL.

The deepest well in the world is said to be that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, which was excavated in the attempt to obtain a supply of rock-salt. This was reached at a depth of 280 feet from the surface, and the boring was continued to a maximum depth of 4194 feet, the stratum of salt having been followed to a depth of 3907 feet without being pierced through, and the boring then discontinued in consequence of the mechanical difficulties of the operation.

CURIOUS HABIT OF BEES.

A correspondent of the Torrey Botanical Club of New York narrates an interesting fact in the history of the bumble-bee, as witnessed by him during the present season. In collecting some specimens of *Dicentra cucullaria* he observed that the spurs of many of their flowers had been perforated or cut, and on looking about for the cause, he found that this was done by the bees, for the purpose of more readily getting at the honey inclosed. He observed that they alighted first on the lowest flower, and cut a hole in the spur with the mandible, and then inserted the proboscis and took a sip of the honey; thence going to a second flower and to a third, repeating the operation each time.

On another visit he found that the original hole would be used a second time without a renewal of the puncture. The bees appeared to know the exact moment when the flower was fully grown and the honey secreted. Honey-bees were noticed using the perforations made by the bumble-bees to obtain the honey, but never made any incisions themselves. Other species of *Dicentra*, as *spectabilis* and *eximia*, were similarly treated.

ELECTRICAL PYROMETER.

According to the *American Chemist*, an instrument has been invented which will measure with perfect accuracy the heat of the hottest furnace. It is based on the principle that the resistance of pure metals to the electric current increases with the temperature in a very simple ratio. A platinum wire, of known resistance, is coiled around a cylinder of fine clay, and covered with a tube of the same material. The test is a Daniells battery, of two cells, and with a resistance measurer, and the instrument is placed in the furnace whose temperature is to be ascertained. It is then only necessary to read off the indications of temperature on the graduated resistance measure.

PALMIERI'S LAW RESPECTING ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

Mr. George Forbes, in an article in *Nature* upon Professor Palmieri's observatory on Mount Vesuvius, to which constant reference has been made in the accounts of the recent eruption of that mountain, mentions a law in regard to atmospheric electricity that Professor Palmieri has reached, as the result of his observations for a quarter of a century in a country where meteorological changes are very regular and less capricious than in Great Britain. He enunciates this as follows: If within a distance of about fifty miles there is no shower of rain, hail, or snow, the electricity is always positive. The single exception is during the projection of ashes from the crater of Vesuvius.

During a shower he finds the following law to hold good universally: At the place of the shower there is a strong development of positive electricity; round this there is a zone of negative, and beyond this again, positive. The nature of the electricity observed depends upon the position of the observer with respect to the shower, and the phenomenon will change according to the direction in which the shower is moving. Sometimes negative electricity may be observed during a shower; but this is always due to a more powerful shower farther off. These conclusions have been supported by means of telegraphic communication with neighboring districts. It appears, then, that, except when the moisture of the air is being condensed, there is no unusual development of electricity.

CUTANEOUS ABSORPTION OF DRUGS, ETC.

The question has been discussed for some time past as to whether the skin, when brought in contact with solutions of various substances, can absorb them to such an extent as to produce a marked effect upon the system. The general tendency of experiments has been against such a supposition. Bernard, however, has lately made a series of investigations on this subject, in which he shows conclusively that certain substances are readily absorbed when brought in contact with the skin by means of vapor-baths. This, however, only takes place when the temperature of the bath is at least one degree above that of the body, the sebaceous matter in the cells of the epidermis at a less temperature completely excluding its passage. A successful result can even be obtained with the water-bath, if this be brought up to a degree sufficient to dissolve the sebaceous matter of the skin.

UTILIZATION OF SCRAPS OF TINNED IRON.

The method of utilizing scraps of tinned iron, devised by Dr. Adolph Ott, is said to answer an excellent purpose, and to be in successful operation in various German tin-plate establishments in New York. For the purpose in question the scraps are placed in large perforated copper ves-

sels, and rotated from thirty to forty minutes in a tank containing warm hydrochloric acid, when the tin, lead, and about five per cent. of iron will be dissolved. The copper drum is then lifted from the acid into a vessel of water, then into one of alkali, and again into water, when the scrap will be found free from tin, and may be sent to the puddling furnace.

The lead may be separated from the solution by the addition of sulphuric acid, and the tin may be obtained in the metallic state by immersing plates of zinc in the liquid. Thus regained, it requires only washing in water to be ready for melting and casting into blocks.

The solution left behind after the separation of the tin, containing chiefly chloride of zinc and iron, is said to be found serviceable in preserving timber by impregnation.

INDICATION OF HEATING BY FRICTION.

The history of science is filled with illustrations of the fact that abstract discoveries, apparently of little practical bearing, are often turned to very important economical account. A new instance of this is shown in the recent discovery, by Mensel, that certain double iodides, in a strong degree, and other substances to a less marked extent, possess the property of readily changing color upon the application of a comparatively slight degree of heat.

One of these applications is by Professor Mayer, who employs a double iodide of copper and mercury for obtaining a precise method of tracing the progress and of determining the boundary of a wave of conducted heat; and the same gentleman suggests that this and other sensitive compounds be painted upon the *pillow blocks* and other parts of a machine liable to injurious heating from friction. It will enable the engineer to determine the temperature of the moving parts of his apparatus, and to be on the watch for any injurious effect of heating by friction.

The iodide referred to, within the limits of the freezing and boiling points of water, changes from a brilliant carmine red to a brown-black, becoming regularly darker with the increasing heat, so that besides learning the general effect of the dangerous change, a little observation will serve to establish the standards of correspondence of the temperature and the color.

EFFECT OF VARIATION OF PRESSURE ON THE EVOLUTION OF GASES IN FERMENTATION.

According to Mr. Brown, nitrogen, hydrogen, or hydrocarbon, and sometimes nitric oxide, together with carbonic anhydride, are evolved during the alcoholic fermentation of grape juice, or of malt-wort. He shows that the proportion of gases unabsorbed by potassium hydrate is largely increased when the operation is carried on under diminished pressure. At the ordinary pressure by far the larger proportion of these gases is nitrogen, but under diminished pressure the hydrogen preponderates very decidedly. Nitrogen, however, does not occur when the solutions contain no albuminoids, even if ammonium salts are present in considerable quantity. The increase of the proportion of hydrogen, resulting from diminution of the pressure, is accompanied by the formation of a comparatively large amount of acetic acid and aldehyde, so that it would seem that water is decomposed during the alcoholic fermentation, and that this result is facilitated by the diminution of the pressure. The presence of nitric oxide in the evolved gases was found to be due to the reduction of nitrates originally present in the solutions.

PARASITE OF THE BEAVER.

Dr. Le Conte, writing from Lausanne, in Switzerland, addresses a communication to *Nature* in regard to a remarkable parasite of the beaver (*Platypsylla castoris*), which has been considered by some as belonging to the *Aphaniptera*, and to a family equal in value to the *Pulicidæ* (fleas, etc.), while others place it as a type of a new order of insects. Dr. Le Conte, however, who is well known as one of the most eminent of living entomologists, after a careful study, considers that it belongs to the *Coleoptera*, and that it is remarkable for the generic and specific peculiarities it presents. One special character which it shares with three other genera is the reception of the antennæ in cavities on the dorsal surface of the thorax. Special attention is invited to this insect on the part of those who have to deal with beavers, either in captivity or otherwise, who are urged to collect whatever insects may be found upon them; and it is suggested that the capybara and the musk-rat may support allied forms. The insect is not supposed to feed in any way upon the body of the beaver, but simply to burrow among the epithelial scales of its epidermis. It has no organs with which it can perforate animal substances, and it can not eat living tissues nor fluids.

IMPROVED MODE OF NICKEL PLATING.

Mr. Keith announces an improved method of nickel plating, by which he obtains a flexible and tenacious deposit, the ordinary coatings of this metal being so brittle that the articles will not admit of the least bending. The invention consists in adding to the various solutions of nickel, whether formed of single or double salts, materials which, by their presence, prevent the decomposition of the solution of the plating bath, and the deposition of oxide of nickel and other impurities upon the articles receiving the coating of nickel. There is added to the solution of nickel one or more salts, either single or double, acid or neutral, or associate, formed by the union of organic acids, acetic, citric, and tartaric, with the alkalies and alkaline earths, ammonia, soda, potash, magnesia, or alumina. These additions will, it is asserted, counteract the tendency to decomposition of the solution by action of the electric current. These various organic acid salts may be added interchangeably and collectively, though the inventor prefers to use, in case of the double salts of nickel and alkalies and alkaline earths, the organic acid salts which have for their bases the alkali or alkaline earth which is associated with the nickel in its double salt. Thus when using a solution of nickel and ammonia, an organic acid salt of ammonia is preferred, though the similar salts of soda and potash will answer very well. In case of using a solution of a double salt of nickel and potash, or a double salt of nickel and soda, an organic acid salt of soda and potash is selected. Of the salts which can be used to accomplish the effect the tartrates are preferable. A comparatively small quantity of the organic salts is necessary to be added,

though it will not change the character of the deposit.

The following bath is said to work well: To twenty gallons of a solution in water of the double sulphate of nickel and ammonia, of 7° Baumé, add one gallon of a solution, of an equal gravity, of neutral tartrate of ammonia in water. Mix well, and the bath will be ready after standing a few hours.

IRON SAND ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The discovery that the iron sand, so abundant on the shores of Australia and New Zealand, is capable of being smelted by a very simple and cheap process into iron of the best quality has stimulated search for similar deposits on the western coast of the United States; and at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco Dr. Stout announced that he had found such a deposit within fifty miles of that city, and indulged in glowing anticipations of an important addition to the resources of the State, more valuable, perhaps, than her treasures of gold or quicksilver.

Similar iron sands are found at various points on the western coast, and are extremely abundant throughout the whole chain of the Aleutian Islands. It is, perhaps, from the volcanic character of the region that Dr. Stout announced the novel hypothesis that this iron was probably formed by the discharge from volcanoes of vapor containing iron in suspension, and which, becoming condensed by electric action, fell again on the earth, or into the water, as iron sand, this being subsequently washed up and accumulated on the shores.

Dr. Gibbons did not feel inclined to accept this theory, and believed that it was produced by the wearing away by the action of the sea of the seaside strata containing iron, comminuting it into fine powder. He anticipated one difficulty in regard to utilizing the iron ore, however rich, in many localities in the absence of fuel, and the great expense attendant either upon bringing this to the ore, or *vice versa*. If, however, the asphaltum deposits of the State could be used, as was stated in the course of the debate, then the difficulties would be less formidable.

PALATINE-ORANGE, A NEW DYE.

A new dye-stuff for silk, wool, and cotton, named palatine-orange, is highly spoken of, as furnishing a brilliant and fast color of easy treatment. The solution is made in hot water, and the dyeing finished in one boiling bath slightly acidulated. Acetic or tartaric acid is preferable to sulphuric. As the color is purer and faster than that produced by curcuma or quercitron, a second dye with fuchsine, indigo-carmine, orseille, etc., yields the peculiar shades of the so-called fashion colors in great beauty and permanence. For printing upon wool, a concentrated aqueous solution of palatine-orange may be used without any acid.

DIRECT OXIDATION OF CARBON.

An important announcement was made not long ago by Professor Schulze, at the meeting of the Chemical Section of the German Association for the Advancement of Science, at Rostock, in reference to the direct oxidation of carbon by means of permanganate of potash in an alkaline solution. In addition to oxalic acid and other products not determined, Professor Schulze obtained an acid to which he has given the name of anthraconic acid, and which he found to closely resemble mellitic acid in its properties. The experiment was repeated with carbon of different varieties, all of them, however, yielding analogous results.

A subsequent investigation proved that the new body was identical with mellitic acid. By treating it with caustic soda, benzole was produced, which was converted into nitro-benzole in the usual manner, and from this aniline was manufactured. This may justly be considered one of the most important of recent chemical discoveries.

IS THE UNICORN A FABLE?

The question of the existence in nature of an animal corresponding to the unicorn of the Bible and of tradition has been again raised by Mr. Bouwer's account of a visit to a stone cave in Namaqua Land, about twelve days from Lake Ngami. On the walls of this cave are pictures of various animals, drawn by Bushmen with considerable accuracy, and among them is one representing an animal with a single prominent horn. Mr. Bouwer was informed by an old Bushman that he had himself seen the animal, and that it was very fierce, but that it has now disappeared.

A writer on the same subject, in commenting upon Mr. Bouwer's observations, remarks that, in his opinion, the unicorn existed recently in Africa, and that, although not proved to be extinct, the probability of its being in existence at present is not very great. He rests his opinion on the general accuracy of the sketches by savages in other parts of the world besides Africa, and asks, if the unicorn never did exist, why should native drawings of such an animal exist in Namaqua Land, Natal, the Transvaal Republic, and Cape Colony, all having the same general characteristics and the one particular feature?

EFFECT OF INTERMENT ON THE STRUCTURE OF BONE.

According to Carl Aeby, bones interred in the earth experience a similar change in the course of time to that which takes place in surface rocks. The carbonate of iron of the water acts upon the phosphate of lime, so as to produce carbonate of lime and phosphate of iron. The enamel of teeth found in the pile dwellings is colored by vivianite, and Göppert has observed the formation of large crystals of vivianite in human bones.

Mr. Aeby maintains that if the bones of domestic animals from the pile dwellings contain less gelatine than recent bones, they have been deprived of it not by time, but by the process of boiling.

CONNECTION BETWEEN PYÆMIA AND BACTERIA.

Dr. Sanderson has lately published a lecture, delivered before the Pathological Society of London, in which he shows the connection between the disease called pyæmia (or blood-poisoning) and bacteria, and proves that blood-poisoning is produced by the presence of bacteria within the body.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed November 25.—The November elections have resulted in an overwhelming triumph for the administration. The following table gives the results of the Presidential election in detail as accurately as is possible from the latest returns :

States.	MAJORITIES.		ELECTORAL VOTE.	
	Grant.	Greeley.	Grant.	Greeley.
Alabama	8,000		10	
Arkansas	5,000		6	
California	10,000		6	
Connecticut	*4,758		6	
Delaware	*911		3	
Florida	3,000		4	
Georgia		13,411		11
Illinois	*56,478		21	
Indiana	22,104		15	
Iowa	50,000		11	
Kansas	*33,709		5	
Kentucky		4,000		12
Louisiana	13,000		8	
Maine	31,739		7	
Maryland		*927		8
Massachusetts	75,000		13	
Michigan	43,000		11	
Minnesota	20,000		5	
Mississippi	40,000		8	
Missouri		25,640		15
Nebraska	10,000		3	
Nevada	2,000		3	
New Hampshire	6,000		5	
New Jersey	*14,557		9	
New York	*53,525		35	
North Carolina	15,000		10	
Ohio	*37,531		22	
Oregon	2,000		3	
Pennsylvania	*137,548		29	
Rhode Island	*8,338		4	
South Carolina	*49,363		7	
Tennessee		8,586		12
Texas		8,775		8
Vermont	*30,554		5	
Virginia	*1,814		11	
West Virginia	3,000		5	
Wisconsin	*18,493		10	
Total	806,422	61,339	300	66
Grant's majority	745,083		234	

* Official.

The success of the Republican candidate for re-election is in general the measure of the success of the party in other respects. Its gains in Congress and in the State Legislatures have been very large. General Dix was elected Governor of New York, and Lyman Tremaine Congressman at large. David P. Lewis was elected Governor of Alabama; Elisha Baxter, Governor of Arkansas; Ossian B. Hart, of Florida; Richard J. Oglesby, of Illinois; Thomas A. Osborne, of Kansas; W. P. Kellogg, of Louisiana; William B. Washburn, of Massachusetts, and John J. Bagley, of Michigan. In Missouri the Fusion party elected their Governor, Silas Woodson; and in Tennessee, John C. Brown, the Fusion candidate for Governor, was elected.

At the recent election the people of Illinois chose the members of the lower branch of their Legislature upon the principle known as minority representation. This was in accordance with the constitution adopted in 1870, and had been determined by a large majority (28,941) on the separate submission of the clause relating to it. It is the first instance of the application of this principle in a large community for the election of a body exercising sovereign powers. The method employed was that of the "cumulative vote"—the same which Governor Hoffman, of New York, vetoed as unconstitutional in the proposed charter for New York city. Both parties in Illinois agree that the system has worked well in producing a better class of nominations, and in securing a fair representation of both parties in the Assembly.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, with fifteen other ladies, voted at the November election in Rochester, New York. These female suffragists were subsequently arrested for their action, on the ground of its illegality.

The promotion of Mr. Fairman, a deputy in the Philadelphia Post-office, to the postmastership of that office, in accordance with the regulations of the Civil Service Commission, and against the solicitations of influential politicians, is encouraging to the friends of civil service reform, and is significant of the President's intentions to render the reform an effective one.

The President issued a proclamation October 30, imposing discriminating duties on all goods arriving in French vessels from other than French ports. The proclamation is simply retaliatory in its nature.

On the 13th of November the broad silk weavers in Tilt and Sons' Phenix Mills, Paterson, New Jersey, comprising 200 men and 50 apprentices, quit work in a body because the proprietors insisted on a reduction of twenty per cent. in their wages. As it was believed that the reduction would be made general, the whole silk trade of Paterson—comprising some 4000 workmen—was in a high state of excitement.

Since the close of the war very nearly 3000 blacks have been forwarded to Africa under the auspices of the Colonization Society. During the month of November, 1872, a party of 150 freedmen sailed from Savannah to New York, *en route* for Liberia.

The directors of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad have determined to issue $30,000,000 of bonds, $15,000,000 of the proceeds of which will be used to pay off the present floating indebtedness, and the balance to lay two additional tracks the whole length of the road. It is intended to use these new tracks exclusively for freight purposes. This is the most important improvement that has been inaugurated in the railway service for years.

The *Bankers' Magazine* gives some interesting statistics of savings-banks in New England and New York. In New England there are 989,460 depositors in 387 banks; amount deposited, $312,330,000. In New York there are 776,700 depositors in 147 banks; amount deposited, $267,905,000. In the six New England States one in every 3⅞ of the inhabitants is a depositor in the savings-banks. If the deposits were divided equally among the population, each person would receive about $89 as his or her share. In New York the proportion varies slightly. One in every 5⅞ of the inhabitants is a depositor in the savings-banks. The deposits, if divided equally, would give about $61 to every person residing in the State.

Miss Kate Barton, of Philadelphia, has in-

vented, and just had patented, a highly important improvement in sewing-machines. Several attempts had been made before to adapt the sewing-machine to the manufacture of sails and other similar kinds of sewing, but without success. Miss Barton has invented a machine which answers this purpose.

That iron slag—the cindery, glassy product thrown out of iron furnaces—will, if crushed and again compounded, make excellent stone has been proved by a trial upon it of the Ransome process. At Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and in various parts of Europe, this slag has been cast into artificial blocks and used for paving and even building purposes. The last invention for using slag is that of M. Minary, of Franche Comte, who first disintegrates it into fine sand, and then uses it for casting, for railroad ballasting, and other purposes.

The picturesque spot in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, known as Brook Farm has suddenly assumed a new interest as the spot selected for a newly organized children's and old people's home. A perfectly practical charitable scheme takes the place of the transcendental dream. The German Lutherans of Boston and its vicinity took a fancy to this pretty spot, with its pleasant historic associations, for their design, and a public-spirited brother forthwith purchased and presented it to them. The home was recently opened, its first installment consisting of thirteen homeless German children, who are to be trained on parental principles. Impecunious immigrants landing in Boston will be brought to the farm, and supplied with food, lodging, and assistance in going forward to the West or obtaining employment nearer at hand. The aged of the various church societies who have no one to lean upon will be encouraged to pass the evening of their days in this quiet retreat. The home will, as far as possible, provide for the cases of poor children and old people, regardless of nationality or creed. The Lutherans have similar institutions in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other States.

From the State Treasurer of Texas we learn that the entire debt of that State is $1,594,288, instead of $3,701,294, as reported in a previous number of this Record. To offset her debt the State holds, in United States bonds, and in cash in the treasury and in the hands of sheriffs from tax collections, over $1,000,000.

One of the most significant triumphs of the age is indicated in the recent interchange (November 15) of congratulations between the Mayor of Adelaide, South Australia, and the Mayor of New York city, over a line of electric communication seventeen thousand miles in length.

The census of 1870 gives the following statistics of pauperism and crime: 116,102 persons were supported, at a cost of $10,930,429, during the year ending June 1, 1870. The number of persons in the United States convicted of crime during that period was 36,562.

Baron Schwartz, the director-general of the International Exhibition to be held in Vienna in 1873, having made a special request that the educational system of the United States should be fully represented at the exposition, General Van Buren, the United States Commissioner, requested General Eaton, Commissioner of Education, to call a meeting to assemble in Washington for the purpose of considering the best mode of accomplishing that object. As a result of this meeting it was resolved that there should be sent to Vienna full educational statistics, together with the school reports of the States, cities, and towns, law schools, medical schools, colleges, and universities, of this country, and that there should also be erected on the ground assigned to the United States buildings to represent American schools in full operation, with all the desks, chairs, maps, and other appurtenances, so that spectators will be practically instructed in the manner in which schools are conducted in the United States.

In accordance with an act of Congress approved March 3, 1871, the centennial anniversary of the independence of the United States is to be celebrated by an exhibition of the products, arts, and industries of the country and of the world. The commissioners of the exhibition (two from each of the States and Territories) have agreed upon the main outlines of the plan to be carried out. There will be ten departments, each subdivided into ten groups, and these again into classes. It is believed that fifty acres of floor space, under roof, will be required. The site for the buildings has been assigned at Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia. The exhibition will open in May and close in October. General Hawley, president of the commission, has issued an address, in which he says that a popular subscription for the centennial amounting to $10,000,000 will be required. This will be put before the people of the United States. The organization of a branch commission in each State and Territory is also urged, and the co-operation of all the people of the land is invited.

The Census Report for 1870, when compared with that for 1860, reveals a wonderful progress in our manufactures. The number of establishments had increased from 140,433 to 252,148, or nearly two for one; the number of employés from 1,311,246 to 2,053,988; the cost of labor from $378,878,966 to $775,621,593. The increase in the cost of labor, notwithstanding the increased use of machinery, had more than doubled, being at a higher rate than that of the increase in the number of laborers. There were 323,000 female laborers, an increase of 42,000 over the number reported in 1860. Seven out of the ten Southern States developed their manufacturing industries more steadily from 1860 to 1870 than in the ante-war period from 1850 to 1860—an illustration of the superiority of the system of free labor.

The value of the woolen manufactures in the United States in 1860 amounted only to $60,845,963. In 1868 it had increased to $175,000,000, showing a development of wealth almost without a parallel in the history of the country. To this add the value of the sheep slaughtered for mutton, and the total value of this industry will be seen to be worth $200,000,000 annually. Massachusetts still leads in the wool manufacture, but the greatest ratio of increase in the development of this industry is in the Western States, being 375 per cent. The manufacture depends almost entirely upon domestic sources for its material.

The number of cotton manufacturing establishments in the United States is 956, of which 191

are in Massachusetts, employing 47,790 hands, and producing goods valued at $177,489,739.

The returns of the ninth census show the following facts in regard to the several branches of iron industry in the United States during the year ending June 1, 1870: Pig-iron, 386 establishments, 574 blast furnaces (with a daily capacity of 8357 tons of melted metal), employing 27,554 hands, producing 2,052,821 tons of pigs, of the value of $69,640,498. Blomary forges, 32, employing 2902 hands, producing 110,808 tons of blooms, of the value of $2,765,623. Foundries, 2653, employing 51,297 hands, and producing to the value of $99,837,218. Forges, 102, employing 3561 hands, and producing to the value of $8,147,669. Establishments producing bar, rod, and railroad iron, nail plate, etc., 309, employing 44,643 hands, and producing to the value of $120,301,158.

In a recent issue of this Magazine attention was drawn to the experiment undertaken by the Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers at South Manchester, Connecticut, in the way of improving the social condition of their employés. It is by the careful study of the conditions necessary to the happiness of their workmen that the capitalist has it in his power to harmonize labor and capital. In St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is the Fairbanks scale manufactory, an industry producing $2,000,000 yearly, and which has steadily grown to its present dimensions through a period of fifty years. The works cover ten acres. Many of the workmen live in houses of their own, and the tenement-houses are attractive and comfortable. The wages paid are liberal, and the men are encouraged to expedite their processes by new inventions, and share in the benefits of all such improvements. The work is mostly paid for by the piece. Years ago the men were aided in forming a lyceum, and liberal prizes were offered for the best essays read. Recently Mr. Horace Fairbanks founded a library, and opened a large reading-room free to all. The Athenæum, containing the library and reading-room, and also a spacious lecture-hall, is an elegant structure, 94 by 45 feet, two stories high. The books, now numbering 8300, are choice and costly. Though recently opened, over one thousand "takers" have registered their names; 230 volumes have been drawn in a single day. In the reading-room, besides a good supply of American periodicals, daily, weekly, and quarterly, there are on the tables many European journals, including four English quarterlies, six London weeklies, and ten monthlies. An addition is being made to the Athenæum, besides two "bays," to serve as an art gallery. There is a free high school in the place; and Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, one of the three founders of the scale factory, and who still survives, has liberally endowed an academy, which already has over one hundred pupils. A new academic hall and a large dormitory are now building.

DISASTERS.

A disastrous fire began in Boston on the evening of the 9th of November, lasting twenty-four hours, and resulting in the destruction of the very heart of its wholesale trade. The *Nation* succinctly states the result in the following terms: "From Summer Street north nearly to State Street, and from Washington Street east to the water's edge, with two or three small exceptions, there is nothing but rubbish remaining of the many hundreds of granite and iron structures in which the dry-goods merchants, wool merchants, and leather merchants of Winthrop Square, Summer Street, Pearl Street, Milk Street, Federal Street, Broad Street, Kilby Street, Water Street, Devonshire Street, and Congress Street carried on trade. Not many buildings of a public character were lost, though the warehouses covering the site of the birthplace of Franklin and the homes of Webster and Everett perished. Trinity Church, the Mercantile Library, and the Merchants' Exchange went down, but the famous Old South Church was saved, and so was the new Post-office and the Old State-house." The loss in buildings and merchandise is estimated at $75,000,000, and $50,000,000 of insurance capital has been consumed. The fire spread over an area of sixty acres. The immensity of the disaster is due to the lack of promptness on the part of the Fire Department, to the inflammability of Mansard-roofs, and to the fact that it was impossible for the fire-engines to bring a stream of water to the height of the burning buildings. Thirteen persons are reported to have been killed and ten wounded in connection with the fire.

The steamship *Missouri*, bound from New York to Havana, was burned at sea, October 22, off the island of Abaco. Out of a total of eighty-eight persons on board, including passengers and crew, only sixteen are known to have escaped destruction.

A caboose car, part of a construction train on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, was thrown down an embankment, one hundred and ninety feet, into the creek near Hampton crossing (near Scranton, Pennsylvania). Seven of the laborers on board were instantly killed, and sixteen severely injured.

A freight train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, at Deputy, Indiana, November 19, ran into a passenger train, almost demolishing two cars, and seriously injuring several ladies.

A serious railway accident occurred, November 21, to a New York and Washington train, two miles above Wilmington, Delaware, by running into a disabled train on the road. One man was instantly killed, another fatally injured, and fifteen others wounded.

The losses by the September storm on the great lakes amounted to over $300,000.

The losses of Gloucester fishing vessels for the year ending November 15, 1872, embrace thirteen vessels, tonnage 590, valued at $49,370. This is a little less than half of the losses of the previous year.

OBITUARY.

Major-General George G. Meade, of the United States army, died in Philadelphia November 6, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Hon. John A. Griswold died at Troy, New York, October 31, aged fifty-five years.

Colonel Albert S. Evans perished on the ill-fated *Missouri* October 22.

James Hadley, Professor of Greek Language and Literature at Yale College, died at New Haven, Connecticut, November 14, aged fifty-one years.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The commencement of Lerdo de Tejada's administration in Mexico is distinguished by the opening of the Vera Cruz Railway, which brings the capital of Mexico within a day's journey of the Gulf coast, and makes available for direct commerce with the world an immense region rich in mineral and agricultural resources. The Mexican government has matured a project for constructing a net-work of railways to connect the terminus of the Vera Cruz road at the capital with the great mining regions of Northern and Western Mexico, with the United States frontier on the Rio Grande, and ultimately with the Pacific coast. General Rosecrans is urging upon the government a scheme for netting the whole republic with narrow-gauge railways.

The steamer *Guatemala*, of the Panama and Acapulco line, was wrecked on Tonala bar October 13. Twenty-three lives were lost.

Brazil is constructing a dozen narrow-gauge railways, making together 2627 miles in length.

EUROPE.

After two years' delay, the British government has finally undertaken to put down the East African slave-trade. Sir Bartle Frere has been chosen for the work, and has gone to Zanzibar with a war steamer, and clothed with the fullest powers. The facts of the Zanzibar slave-trade are easily told. The Sultan of Zanzibar owns not only Zanzibar and the adjacent islets, but also Kilwa, on the coast. From Kilwa some 20,000 or 30,000 slaves are annually shipped to the island. Of these some 1000, or 2000 at the outside, are wanted in Zanzibar itself. The rest are exported to Muscat, where they find a ready sale. England has a treaty by which she allows the Sultan of Zanzibar to import as many slaves as he likes into his own dominions, provided that he on his part will not allow any export trade to go on between Zanzibar and other countries. If an English cruiser comes across a slave dow with a cargo consigned from Kilwa to Zanzibar it can not touch her. But if the dow is bound from Zanzibar for Muscat she is carrying on a contraband trade, and is liable to seizure. This miserable compromise works as might be supposed. Of every hundred slaves shipped from Kilwa to Zanzibar, some ninety are meant to be smuggled to Muscat. Kilwa is supplied by the captures of slaves in the interior. Dr. Livingstone says that for one slave who reaches Kilwa alive, at least ten are killed upon the road. Kilwa is almost at the southern border of the Zanzibar dominion. Hither the slave caravans arrive from the interior. The Arabs go into the interior and bribe one of the heathen chiefs, who falls on some hostile village, sets it on fire, and carries off the inhabitants. Whole districts are systematically hunted for slaves. In intestine fights and in the burning of villages thousands of adults are killed in order that the children may be captured. The vast and rich country from Lake Nyassa southward has been depopulated in this way. The circle of devastation widens inland yearly. It has reached points five hundred miles from the coast, and over this distance, occupying three months of time, the march of death goes on—the road being strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned in the terrible journey. At Kilwa the remnants of the dismal caravans are packed like herrings on Arab slave dows to be transported to Zanzibar.

The Blue-Book, containing the "finance accounts" of the British government for 1871–72, shows that, excluding the civil list, which amounts to £406,238 17*s.* 9*d.*, the grants to the royal family show a total of £125,986 8*s.* 11*d.* The total amount paid out of the consolidated fund during the past year of pensions and annuities was £304,879 2*s.* 5*d.* Such is the cost of British royalty and aristocracy.

The act for regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors is being carried out in England with considerable success, notwithstanding the opposition at first shown to its execution. Its most important features are, the detection and punishment of adulteration; the punishment of aggravated drunkenness without the option of a fine; the earlier closing of public-houses, and their optional closing on Sundays; and a strict regulation of public-houses so as to exclude gaming and disorderly conduct.

The new commercial treaty between Great Britain and France, signed November 5, retains in force the tariff of the treaty of 1860, with the addition of protective duties equivalent to the taxes paid on raw materials by French producers; abolishes the French differential shipping duties, except in the coasting trade; and gives England complete freedom as to her own duties on wine, coal, and all other imports and exports.

Two years ago the late Lord Clarendon addressed a circular to her Majesty's secretaries of embassy and legation and consular agents, requesting them to furnish reports on the condition of the working classes in the several countries where they are located, and the result already obtained is a series of valuable Blue Books containing the fullest and most authentic information that has ever been collected on this subject, which is one of great and growing importance. The last issued volume of reports on the condition of the industrial classes in foreign countries, which gives an approximately adequate account of the situation of the labor question in France, Germany, and the United States—the three most important foreign industrial countries—besides instructive glimpses into the condition of the working classes in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, etc., contains abundant evidence that the harmony of aim, spirit, and method among the working classes is not dictated by any international committee, but is spontaneous, and therefore all the more formidable and significant. Every where the working classes are successfully pushing their claims for higher remuneration and shorter hours of labor, and every where they are organizing themselves into societies, and acting in combination. It is not generally considered that the democratic movement has made much progress in Germany, but the attitude of the working classes in that country does not differ materially from that of their brethren in France, England, or the United States. The consul at Königsberg states that wages have risen from 15 to 20 per cent. in that town since 1870–71, and that "strikes are so general at present that no master can enter into any contracts for extensive works." The consul at Dantzic reports a similar rise of wages, and concludes his communication by relating

two events that occurred while he was copying it out, which, he says, are attracting considerable attention in the district: "One is the increasing impulse toward emigration perceptible among the rural population in Posen, West Prussia, and Pomerania, which is causing great alarm among the farmers; the other is the new combination of the journeymen of Dantzic to secure better terms from their employers." From Bremen we learn that "the rates of wages there have increased of late years in consequence of the demands of the workmen," and that they are still "not above sufficient for defraying the cost of their living," though the working classes manage to exist and save a little money. In the factories of Würtemberg "wages have increased 12 per cent. since 1865, and 4 per cent. in the last year," and there has been a still more marked rise in the wages in the building trades at Stuttgart. Wages are rising in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and "in the manufacturing towns there have been of late strikes for higher wages and shorter hours of labor." On this point it is unnecessary to refer in detail to the reports from France. There wages have been steadily rising for years, and strikes have been growing more and more frequent. Still the condition of the great bulk of the French working classes is most deplorable. "Many a French factory hand," says Lord Brabazon, "never has any thing better for his breakfast than a large slice of common sour bread, rubbed over with an onion, so as to give it a flavor;" and he cites Dr. Cenveilhier to show that "the population of France is not sufficiently nourished," the average daily consumption of the whole population, exclusive of children, being 29 per cent. below the rations of a French soldier. From the United States we have an interesting report from Consul-General Archibald, of New York, on the condition of the industrial classes of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. The wages of skilled laborers he reports as follows, in English shillings: carpenters, 12*s.* to 16*s.* per day; shoemakers, 32*s.* to 60*s.* per week; tailors, 48*s.* to 80*s.* per week; printers, 60*s.* to 80*s.* per week; weavers, 40*s.* to 56*s.* per week. Passing to the important subject of the purchasing power of money, he states that rent, fuel, woolen clothing, hats, and shoes are, in the State of New York, double the price paid for such articles in Great Britain at the beginning of this year. Taking one with another, he estimates that £1 sterling will, for the mechanic or laborer in England, defray the cost of rent and necessaries which, in the State of New York, would cost him 35*s.* His estimate and his inquiries were made in March last. He cites the instance of a gun-barrel browner from Birmingham, with a wife and three children. His weekly wages increased from 45*s.* in Birmingham to 68*s.* 9*d.* in New York, but his expenditure for food, fuel, and four-roomed tenement increased from 30*s.* 6*d.* to 46*s.* 6*d.*, leaving a balance of 14*s.* 6*d.* in Birmingham, and 22*s.* 3*d.* in New York; but the purchasing power of the balance, expended in clothes, ale, crockery, blankets, etc., proved less in New York than in Birmingham. Speaking of localities outside the city of New York, the consul says that there is vastly less drunkenness and waste of time than in Great Britain; men do not frequent tap-rooms and clubs, and are in bed at earlier hours than in England. Female influence is greater than in England, and men are comparatively more thrifty.

Mr. Thomas Brassey's "Work and Wages" gives some interesting facts in regard to wages in England. It proves that down to within the last year or two the rise in wages for twenty years has been very moderate. Within the last year or two wages have risen generally. In the gambling trades—coal and iron getting—where the men are part sharers in the game there has been a great advance. The impulse recently given to building in London and one or two great towns has increased the wages paid to those employed in this industry. But in other skilled trades wages have been almost stationary, the advance not being over from 5 to 10 per cent. On the other hand, the price of rent has advanced from 30 to 40 per cent. during the last twenty years, beef 40 per cent., mutton 50 per cent., and bacon and cheese 25 per cent. Mr. Brassey most emphatically denies that a rise of wages necessarily increases the cost of labor. As wages increase, the efficiency of the workman increases in proportion. He does not believe in the success of industrial partnerships.

The subject of medical education for women is being agitated in England, which in this matter is far behind France, Germany, and Russia. The Obstetrical Society of London grants diplomas to women who have had sufficient hospital or private practice and tuition in midwifery. The Ladies' Medical College of London—a school of midwifery—has existed for some years, and has furnished excellent practitioners. A considerable number of members of the medical staffs of University College and of the London Hospital are of opinion that women should be allowed to study medicine and hold diplomas. In Paris there are 150 female medical students. In the University of Zurich, in Switzerland, there are 75. A late number of the Russian *Gazette de l'Académie* announces that 300 young ladies have proposed to enter themselves as students in the special courses of medicine and surgery lately established for females by the Academy of Medicine. By the present regulations only 70 can be admitted; but the disappointed will have another chance next year.

The Music-Hall at Oxford was destroyed by fire October 31. It was one of the largest and most magnificent places of recreation in England, and the loss is estimated at from $375,000 to $500,000, not including that of the organ, one of the finest in Great Britain.

The City Flour Mills, on Thames Street, London, were destroyed by fire on the night of November 9. The loss exceeds $500,000.

The system of using compressed air as a motive power in working the Mont Cenis Tunnel seems in England to have taken a wider range. At the recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, under the presidency of Mr. Bessemer, a committee reported on a new coal-cutting machine, used for working in mines. This machine cut 350 feet of coal, yielding 75 tons of coal, equal to the labor of 40 men, in eight hours, requiring but two men to manage it. Such machines would find their use in the American coal-fields.

The number of wrecks, casualties, and collisions on and near the coasts of the United Kingdom during last year was 1575, being 73 more

than the number in 1870, but, with that exception, less than the number in any year since 1864. The loss of life amounted to 626 persons. The number of lives saved from shipwreck was 4336. Various organizations exist for the purpose of saving lives in peril from the sea, and of these the National Life-boat Institution very decidedly takes the lead. Since its first establishment it has been the means of saving upward of 20,000 lives.

The Amalgamated Association of Miners, a union of unions, extending over nearly all the coal regions of England and Wales, has just been holding its autumn conference at Walsall. In October, 1869, it had 6500 members; in October, 1871, 23,676 members; and this year it has 70,536 members, and £4524 in the bank. The president stated that the excess of the production of coal in 1871 over the previous year was valued at £56,500,000, and the aggregate wages of the miners did not exceed £6,000,000. He did not consider that a satisfactory state of things, and advised the delegates to set to work to employ their surplus funds as capital in co-operative production, to become owners of the mines in which they worked. Another question of importance which the conference is to take in hand is to send their president (Halliday) into the House of Commons at the next election.

The Metropolitan Police of London have struck for higher wages. This is hardly to be wondered at, as the salary of a London policeman amounts to but four and one-half dollars per week.

In London, in 1861, there were 261 applications for divorce; in 1870 there were 318; and in 1871 the number had increased to 425.

"Baby-farming" is doomed—so far at least as England is concerned. According to the provisions of the new law no person may retain for compensation two or more children less than a year old, for the purpose of keeping them apart from their parents more than twenty-four hours, unless such person shall be the holder of a license to undertake the charge of children.

Sir John Bowring, the founder of the *Westminster Review*, died November 22, aged eighty years.

John Francis Maguire, the celebrated Irish Member of Parliament, died November 8, aged fifty-seven years.

The terrible gales that prevailed in Northern Europe and along the Baltic about the middle of November resulted in fearful loss of life and property on sea and land. Eighty vessels were wrecked; several villages in Schleswig and Holstein were destroyed; a number of towns in Pomerania were seriously damaged; and islands in the Baltic were inundated, one being completely submerged and all its inhabitants drowned.

In defiance of the imperialist pressure brought to bear upon France from the outside, and of the manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, the elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly have resulted in the choice of deputies openly committed to republicanism as represented by Gambetta. The Assembly opened its new session November 11. M. Grèvy was re-elected President of that body by a vote of 462 to 43. President Thiers's message was received on the 13th. According to this message, Germany had within three months been paid 800,000,000 francs of the war indemnity, and would be paid 200,000,000 more in December. The budget shows a deficit of 132,000,000 francs for the past fiscal year; but the estimates show that the equilibrium of expenditure and revenue will be restored in 1873, and that a surplus may be looked for in 1874. The President deprecated a formal proclamation of the republic by the Assembly. The better policy would be to impress on the institutions of the country the features of conservative republicanism. One of the first measures adopted by the Assembly was one for the reform of the jury system. Gambetta is the *bête noire* of the Assembly. A motion of Deputy Changarnier (November 18), censuring him for his inflammatory speeches in the provinces, and complaining of the government for its laxity in dealing with the radicals, brought on a serious crisis. President Thiers demanded a vote of confidence, which was carried—267 to 117, half the deputies not voting. M. Thiers insisted upon a full vote and a larger majority, the alternative being his own resignation. The members of the Left tried to dissuade him from this resolution; those of the Right held a caucus, and by a vote of 280 resolved to oppose a formal declaration of the republic, and to abstain from combinations for the restoration of monarchy. In the mean time the committee appointed to draft a reply to the President's message elected the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier for its chairman. The duke has indulged in fearless criticisms of the government of President Thiers. The committee reported, November 25, proposing the appointment of a select committee of fifteen to draw up a bill providing for the creation of a responsible ministry.

Last year the Lower House of the Prussian Diet passed what is known as the Counties Reform bill, which divests the great landlords of Prussia of the nearly absolute powers which they have hitherto possessed in the administration of local affairs. It abolishes the remnant of feudalism in Prussia by investing country towns and rural districts with representative institutions and self-governing functions. Toward the close of October this bill came before the Prussian Upper House, and was rejected by a vote of 145 to 18. The session of the Diet was prorogued November 1 by the government, and there was an appeal to the people. The session of the Chambers was reopened November 12, the government having appointed a large number of new peers to insure the success of the bill.

The Congress of Political Economists which assembled in October at Eisenach, in Germany, passed resolutions advocating the improvement of the factory laws with regard to women and children, the recognition by the government of trades-unions, and the institution of boards of arbitration to settle disputes between masters and men. The trades-unions in Germany number over a million of members.

The German government, in order to discourage emigration, has prohibited the railways from carrying emigrants at reduced rates.

The Swiss government in its action in removing M. Mermillod from his bishopric has been sustained by a popular vote of 8900 against 1500.

Señor Mosquera, a radical, has been elected Vice-President of the lower branch of the Span-

ish Cortes. The Cortes, by a vote of 124 to 104, October 30, resolved to consider articles of impeachment against the members of the Sagasta ministry. Measures for the suppression of lotteries and for the abolition of the tobacco monopoly have been defeated.

The system of trial by jury was to be established in Spain before the 1st of December.

While in Italy there is a revival of prosperity —Turin having become an Italian Manchester, Milan growing in population and trade, and Venice regaining her Oriental commerce—yet there are two marked exceptions to this general prosperity. In Ravenna two or three secret societies contrive to set all law and order at defiance. They rule by intimidation, so that the regular law is powerless, their own laws and penalties being substituted therefor. In the Two Sicilies the criminal class has allied itself with a population full of agrarian discontents, the jury system has utterly broken down, and the lives of landed proprietors have become intolerable. The brigands and the peasants have conspired together against the nobles and landowners.

The overflow of the Po has resulted in incalculable damage. In Ferrara alone 40,000 persons have been made homeless. The town of Reggio has almost disappeared. On the 5th of November the town of Palazzuolo, near Brescia, was visited by a terrible hurricane. Half the town was destroyed, 34 persons killed, and 1000 families made homeless.

The Pope has declined to receive the annuity voted to him by the Italian Parliament.

Editor's Drawer.

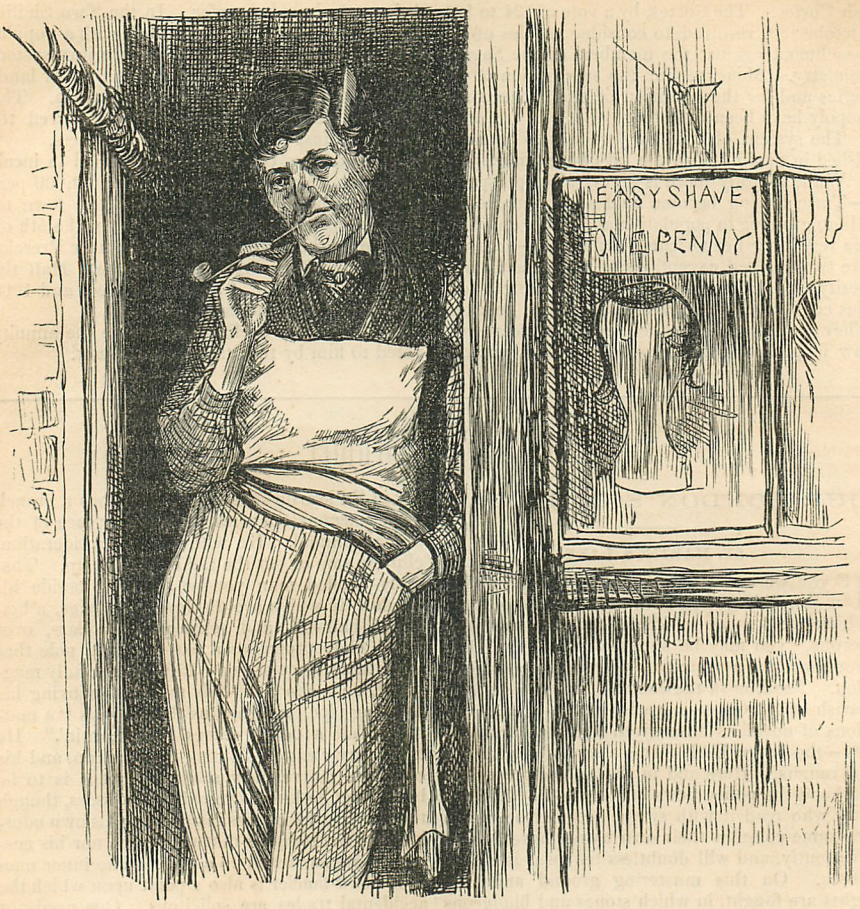
OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

IF you were to stop and ask a London policeman to oblige you with a list of the localities which are known in official parlance as "dangerous," you may be sure that the Seven Dials would occupy a prominent place in his enumeration. Nestling in the centre of the disreputable parish of St. Giles—a parish to which the allusions of novelists have given a universal notoriety—the Seven Dials forms a sort of rendezvous for roughs. Here and in the immediate neighborhood the police news is discussed by individuals who read it with sympathetic eyes; for in the same columns their own names have figured frequently, and will doubtless reappear in future issues. On this mustering ground animated fights are fought, in which stones and bludgeons and occasionally knives are freely used. It is a focus formed by the convergence of seven streets or lanes. The individual who called it by the name which it bears had evidently a genuine genius for metaphorical conceits, though perhaps his figure had reference only to the locality itself, and was innocent of an insinuation to the effect that its inhabitants are persons particularly well aware of "what's the time of day."

But just noticing the huge poster bearing the inscription "MURDER—£200 REWARD" that is displayed on a board in the centre of the focus, we will enter one of the seven thoroughfares forming the spokes of this extraordinary wheel. The name of the thoroughfare is St. Martin's Lane. London, like most large cities, has given over certain localities to a traffic in particular commodities. St. Martin's Lane deals chiefly in birds and other pet animals. Various other branches of commerce assert themselves, but to a very trifling extent, and are only such as dispense to the true merchants of the place the necessaries of life, or impart its luxuries. So that the accidental trades are in a manner connected with the leading business. Barbers' shops, for example, are distinctly a necessity, seeing that the bird-fanciers and dog-merchants are, for the most part, as closely shaved as acrobats. A barber in St. Martin's Lane, however, has a branch quite unconnected with the head or face of the human animal. He will, for a consideration, clip the ears or cut the tail of a bull-pup. That curly-headed man yonder standing beside his window, in which are displayed two wigs, a bottle of hair-oil, and some paper collars, over whose shop protrudes a party-colored pole that looks like a piece of sugar-stick wonderfully magnified, and who is at this moment enjoying his morning pipe, informed us that he cuts "a matter of 'alf a dozen dawgs in a mornin'." He looks very clean in his long white apron, and his curls are marvelously scented; but it is to be hoped that he keeps two pairs of scissors, though the fact that he carries his comb in his own odoriferous head suggests that neither he nor his customers are particular to a hair. The inner man of the bird-fancier is also a point upon which the accidental trades are solicitous. One need not mention the reeking gin-palace, as it is an institution unfortunately not peculiar to St. Martin's Lane. But the peripatetic vendor of ices, that unhealthy and gesticulative child of Italy, attracts our notice. Retailers of that fearful decoction sold at a penny a bottle—that ginger-beer which neither cheers nor inebriates—abound. There is a fair sprinkling of coffee shops, too, with the inevitable fly-blown play-bills in the window, and the greasy waiter standing at the door. Was it not to this very lane that little Charles Dickens was wont to resort during the blacking-bottle period of his existence to snatch an economical repast? Possibly that shop opposite is the very establishment which he honored with his slender patronage; for surely there is the identical glass door, with the legend "Coffee-Room" written upon it, which, read backward by the future novelist, remained with him always a sickening memory, as "moor eeffoc." A small business in cast-off clothing—old coats, old hats, and old boots—makes up the sum of what we have called the accidental trades.

The peculiar trade of the lane is its great attraction. The song of innumerable birds fills the air. Were you to shut your eyes you might imagine yourself, if it were not for the prevailing odors, and the occasional shriek of a hungry parrot, in some country scene a hundred miles



BARBER.

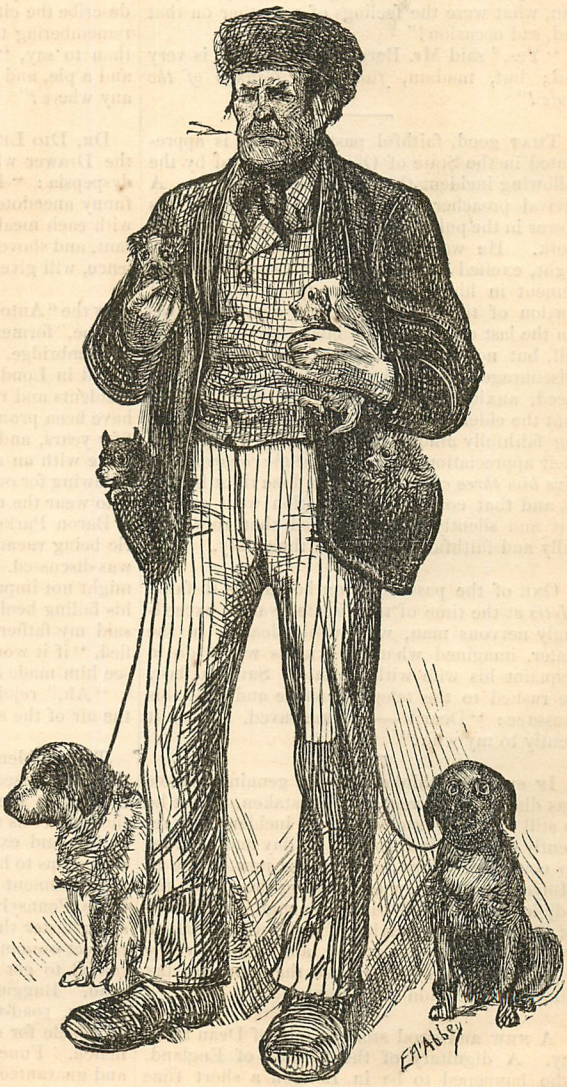
away from town, wandering between hedge-rows and under the foliage of trees. St. Martin's Lane, however, is a place in which it is well to keep one's eyes open. These tumble-down houses are, after all, but a poor substitute for hedge-rows, and the warble of the birds is a trifle less gay than under other circumstances it might be. That bird must indeed be divinely gifted with imagination that can sublime the six-inch sod of grass into a sward, a diminutive tin of dirty water into a stream, and the cubic contents of its cage into the universe. The larks seem to feel it most of all, and the linnets appear quite conscious of the ticket which, suspended above their cages, offers them at "sixpence each" to any chance customer. To describe one of the numerous bird shops is to describe all. Here is one, however, which seems to have a peculiarity or two. Over the shop window is an elaborate and pictorial sign-board representing a group of animals—notably some dogs with eyes preternaturally large, and cocks standing uncomfortably on one leg. The proprietor's name figures beneath this work of art in modest letters. His name is Ravenscroft. Can this dealer in live stock be a descendant of the only Ravenscroft of whom we have any recollection—that free-and-easy dramatist who flourished at the time of the Restoration, and wrote for the delectation of King Charles and his court comedies that exceeded in indecency even those of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn?

A pile of large cages stands at each side of the portal of Mr. Ravenscroft's establishment. In those lowest down are packed, with cruel tightness, a number of Cochin China hens; above them a couple of apoplectic rabbits lazily nibbling a cabbage leaf. In one of these wicker-work jails a rebellious infant—probably a young Ravenscroft—has been immured for his misdeeds, and keeps up a hideous howl, caused by the strange proximity of a ferocious bull-dog similarly cooped on one side, and a pair of noisy paroquets on the other. A passing street Arab, too, calling to his companion, "'Ullo Bill, 'ere's a lark!" and stopping on his way to taunt the incarcerated Ravenscroft, adds considerably to the little creature's agony. The proprietor, a portly man in shirt sleeves, and displaying a quantity of jewelry, fails to admonish the aggravating *gamins*, as he sees in every looker-in a possible customer whom it were not well to insult. Besides, he turns now to converse with a simple servant-girl, who tries to cheapen a

chaffinch, without much success. "Couldn't think of takin' a farden less for him, miss. He's jest wuth his weight in gold, is that 'ere bird. 'Alf a crown or nothing, that's my price; and wot I says I sticks to."

Opposite all the shops stand little crowds of admirers, clustering most largely before those emporiums where gold-fishes and dog-collars are added to the ordinary attractions. Every where there is fluttering of wings and yelping and crowing. St. Martin's Lane is, in fact, a Zoological Garden where the visitors have nothing to pay. The curb-stones are infested by vendors who pay no house-rent, and who carry all their live stock about with them. Here is a healthy and vigorous specimen of the *genus* London cad. He is dressed in a velveteen shooting-coat, supplied with pockets innumerable and capacious; a pair of corded trowsers, a bright orange vest, a seal-skin cap, from under which two large locks of hair are carefully brushed down the side of his face instead of whiskers; he wears a flaring scarlet neck-tie, and has a straw in his mouth. From every one of his pockets peer the frightened eyes of a small puppy. Under one arm he carries a King Charles dog, and under the other a Skye terrier; he holds by means of a string a surprisingly white Pomeranian dog, gayly decorated with light blue ribbons, and evidently meditating on how he shall cut the string that holds him and bolt back again to the mistress from whom he has been feloniously abstracted. He is a persuasive rascal, this wandering dog-fancier, and understands the art of flattery in all its branches. His favorite customers are old maids, whom he half frightens and half coaxes into purchasing. He uses all his invention and exhausts all his eloquence to make his animals appear the very pink of canine perfection. He has wonderfully accurate stories about their ancestry. Their immediate progenitors he can, if called upon, produce. "Thorough-bred un she is, my lady! If ye don't believe me, just hold 'er hup by the tail—like this 'ere, and see if she'll yelp. Her parients is in 'Oundsditch, if yer ladyship would like to see 'em. A strange locality, did yer say? Well, that's all accordin' as 'ow yer looks at it—a genteel neighborhood I calls it myself, my lady." Should the timid old lady—thus flattered by the insinuation that she is a member of the upper ten thousand, a species of flattery to which the English are ever open—purchase the animal in question, she will have every reason to regret her bargain. For, having disposed of the dog, the fancier (who is the most gallant of mortals) offers to convey it to its new home. He takes particular notice of the house and its surroundings, and when an opportunity offers will abstract it again, and resell it to some equally aged and confiding dame. By selling the same dog over and over again, it is evident to the meanest comprehension that a dog-seller may make a very good thing out of his profession, though one would hesitate a good deal before characterizing it as a strictly honorable calling.

But the crowds begin to thicken, and we are being continually driven off the footway. Taking a last look at the poor, pent-up songsters—most miserable of feathered bipeds—we rush boldly into the maze of streets to right or left, and emerge into the open space of Oxford Street or of the Strand.



DOG-FANCIER.

THE Drawer has more than once had a kindly word for Mr. Henry Bergh's benevolent work for the dumb animals. It is quite in order, therefore, to let off a little hit, in which the serenity of his nature is apparent. An officer attached to the staff of General Custer, having his wife and child with him, just before a sharp fight with the Indians, gave them in charge to a friendly Indian to take beyond the line of the enemy. The Indian procured a mule and started. On reaching the river he proposed to the mother to take over the child first, and return for her. When half-way over the mule suddenly stopped, and began slowly to sink, until mule, Indian, and child disappeared. The mother, on reaching New York, met Mr. Bergh, and, with tears in her eyes, related her sad story.

"Oh, Mr. Bergh," she exclaimed, "words can not tell what I suffered as I saw my poor child perish within my sight! Fancy, if you can, what were the feelings of a mother on that sad, sad occasion!"

"Yes," said Mr. Bergh, "of course it is very sad; but, madam, *fancy the feelings of the mule!*"

THAT good, faithful pastoral work is appreciated in the State of Ohio is illustrated by the following incident that occurred in Ironton. A revival preacher, who had won fame by his power in the pulpit, came to Ironton for a week's work. He was very zealous, preached every night, excited considerable interest, and was vehement in his exhortations to the unrenewed portion of the congregation to come forward. On the last evening of his labors he outdid himself, but not a person rose to come forward. Discouraged, he sat down; whereupon a grave-faced, anxious-looking man got up, and said that the elder had been working hard and laboring faithfully among them, and, as a token of their appreciation, *he moved that the congregation give him three cheers!* It was done right heartily, and that contrite congregation went quietly out and silently home, satisfied that they had fully and faithfully performed their duty.

ONE of the passengers on board the ill-fated *Metis* at the time of the disaster was an exceedingly nervous man, who, while floating in the water, imagined what his friends would do to acquaint his wife with his fate. Saved at last, he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message: "Dear P——, I am saved. Break it gently to my wife!"

IF any body thinks that the genuine Yankee has died out, he's very much mistaken. That he is still extant is attested by an incident that recently occurred in Granby. A day had been set to count the teams crossing the new bridge at Holyoke, with a view of assessing the cost on the adjoining towns. Curiously enough, the citizens of Granby, by the advice of a shrewd official, all staid at home on that day, and *not a Granby team went over.* Of course they couldn't tax Granby; she hadn't any teams.

A NEW and good story is told of Dean Stanley. A dignitary of the Church of England, who happened to be in London a short time ago, went on Sunday morning to Westminster Abbey, it having been announced that the Dean would preach.

"How did you like the sermon?" asked the lady with whom he was staying.

"Oh," he replied, "it was very good, but not what I went to hear. I went to hear about the way to heaven, and I only heard about the way to Palestine."

IN our later naval history no name has a brighter lustre than that of the late Admiral Foote. When in Siam he invited the royal dignitaries to a dinner on his vessel. As they took seats at the table, the admiral, as was his custom, asked a blessing. The king, in surprise, said he thought that only missionaries did that. "True," was the admiral's reply; "but every Christian is a missionary."

COULD any thing more concisely and clearly describe the citizen of the North, especially when remembering the recent national Thanksgiving, than to say, "Give an American a newspaper and a pie, and he will make himself comfortable any where?"

DR. DIO LEWIS simply usurps the mission of the Drawer when giving the following cure for dyspepsia: "Have a right good talk, with a funny anecdote or two and half a dozen laughs, with each meal. This eating alone at a restaurant, and shoveling in the provender in solemn silence, will give dyspepsia to an ostrich."

IN the "Autobiographic Recollections of George Pryme," formerly Professor of Political Economy in Cambridge, and member of Parliament, published in London in 1870, are many interesting incidents and reminiscences relating to men who have been prominent in England during the last fifty years, and the work is lighted up here and there with an anecdote. Of these we quote the following for our clerical readers, especially those who wear the mitre:

Baron Parke called one day, when, a bishopric being vacant, the probable appointment to it was discussed. Parke mentioned that Dr. French might not improbably be chosen, unless, indeed, his failing health should be a barrier. "Well," said my father, whom we expected to be horrified, "if it would do him good, I should like to see him made a bishop."

"Ah," rejoined his friend, "you think that the air of the see would benefit him."

THE suddenness and universality with which the horse disease lighted upon every part of the country at the close of October last is one of those marvels that baffle the investigation of scientists and experts. The only grotesque thing that seems to have grown out of it is the following advertisement of a livery-stable man in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, who states that he has "live stock faster than any body's, and all trained to respect woman's rights—also children's—yet warranted to get away from any thing else on the road. Buggies, broughams, barouches, hacks, sulkies, road-wagons, hearses, and every kind of vehicle for slow or fast travel, with horses to match. Funeral turn-outs cheerfully furnished, and guaranteed to make the proper impression. Bloated aristocrats from abroad taken on any

road, and warranted ahead of any train, or any other conveyance—for money. No complaint is ever heard from stock fed in this stable. More hilarity than was ever known in any other collection of dumb animals since the procession from Noah's landing. No hay ropes about this establishment—every thing is turned loose. The key to the barley sacks hangs dangling within the reach of the humblest horse in the stable; and no pains are spared to make the guests of the establishment distinguish the difference between this and the desert waste."

Last summer, when the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was taking a little recreation in the White Mountains, a young gent drove up to the hotel where he was stopping, and seeing on the steps a plainly dressed, hardy-looking man, took him for the hostler, and asked him if he would take his horse round to the stable. The divine performed the manœuvre, and was generously rewarded with a twenty-five cent stamp. The joke was too good to be lost, and soon got abroad in the papers. It seems to have traveled to England, where a gentleman addicted to rhyme has "dropped into poetry" about it in words to this effect:

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, That popular preacher,
Was out for a holiday, And spending a jolly day
At a famous hotel, When up drove a swell.
Now this idolized Beecher Was not clad like a preacher,
But his health did recruit In an old tourist's suit;
So the swell could not spy Black togs and white tie—
The clothes that might urge a man To own a grave clergyman.
Cried the swell, with much pride, As the preacher he spied,
"Here, my man, if you're able, Take my steeds to the stable!"
Enjoying the joke, Beecher went up and spoke
To the swell who had called, "Sir, your steeds shall be stalled."
And then, as his trade is Politeness to ladies,
He helped four fair damsels—Most richly dressed ma'm'selles,
In silk, satin, and *barége*—To alight from the carriage.
Said the swell, "I tip double For all extra trouble;
Here are twenty-five cents! They will swell the contents
Of your purse, which, no doubt, Is not greatly stuffed out."
With a smile on his lip, Beecher took the swell's tip,
And, both willing and able, Drove round to the stable,
While the ladies and swell Went inside the hotel.
But the joke soon leaked out, And the swell heard a shout
Of laughter so hearty, Convulsing a party
Of guests, who had heard Of the scene that occurred.
The swell heard what was said, And before night he fled.
Preacher Beecher got *kudos*, And they called him a shrewd hoss,
Who, without silly pretense, Earned cents by good sense.

In a fresh book from England mention is made of Miss Marguerite Power (niece of the Countess of Blessington, and author of several novels), who met in Cairo, in 1862, Buckle, the historian, whom she speaks of as the best talker she ever heard. "I have known," says she, "most of the celebrated talkers of the time, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green, bright old age, and Luttrell and Rogers and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash, and when the venerable Brougham, and yet more venerable Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine, Dumas, Cabarras, and, brightest of all, Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold. But for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat and drink and sleep to him: he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us was this: 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly overrated. "There is," said he, "an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote, and people are taken in by it. Now, if *I* had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakspeare." So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!'"

Fresh from over sea, in a volume just from the press, comes the following anecdote of the late Lord Brougham, which is not, though it ought to be, found in his memoirs:

During the legal absence of Mr. (afterward Lord) Campbell on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Court of King's Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in the case."

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own. "He was, my lord; but I understand he is ill."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the judge, taking snuff.

"My lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "it is whispered that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *scarlet fever*."

Much in our day and generation is said about ritualism, and agitation now and then runs high on what some irreverent persons call the "millinery business" of the ritualists. The following anecdote illustrative of the spunk of one English parson, as told in the last number that reaches us of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be enjoyed equally by our High and Low Church readers. According to the rubric the Athanasian Creed may be "said or sung" on certain days, and this permission to "sing" it places a formidable weapon in the hands of the opponents of the creed, of which, in the present era of wild church music, they may, if driven into a corner, be unscrupulous enough to avail themselves. Some years ago the Rev. Mr. Wright, a curate in the west of England, in opposition to the wishes of his parishioners, repeatedly expressed to him, declined to read the Athanasian Creed. The bishop of the diocese being appealed to on the subject, gave orders to Mr. Wright to make use of the creed in accordance with the desire of his flock. The reverend gentleman accordingly, on the following Sunday, addressed the congregation of his church in the following terms: "Next follows St. Athanasius's Creed, either to be said or sung; and with God's leave I'll sing it. Now, clerk, mind what you are about." Whereupon both clerk and curate commenced singing it to a fox-hunting tune, which, having previously practiced, they performed not only correctly, but

with considerable spirit and effect. The parishioners held another meeting, and informed the curate that they would dispense with the Athanasian Creed in future. Imagine the manly curate singing this to "We won't go home till morning," or some air equally lively and exhilarating!

From Tecumseh, Michigan, we have advices of Dr. ——, of that town, who is well up on the fever-and-ague question. A few mornings since he called on a patient, whom he found in a shivering chill. On asking the agitated individual how he felt, the reply was, "N-no-t a—bit bet-t-er."

"I am sorry, but your case is a peculiar one, and hard to get hold of," said the doctor, sympathetically.

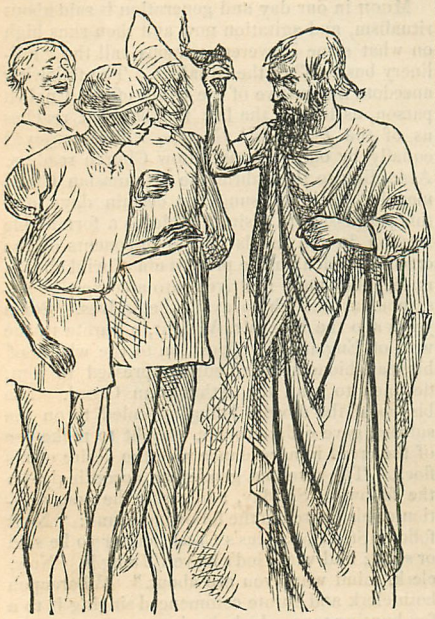
"Ye-yes," replied the shiverer, "that—that's so; th-th-e case shakes so yo-you can't—ge-get—hol-d of it—tah!"

The following notice of death we find in the columns of an English contemporary, and are not exactly sure what is meant:

"Died—Maria B——, wife of Henry B——, Esq., aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

OH, GIRLS!

Diogenes wandered, a long time ago,
In the streets of old Athens, as maybe you know;
From the court and the hall, to the cot and the camp,
At noonday, through sunlight, yet carried a lamp.
The young men all shouted, as sometimes they will
To their elders, though often they'd better keep still,
"Say, what are you after? Di, what would you find?
Are you looking for 'matter, or motion, or mind?'"
The old cynic paused, held his lantern up high,
Flashed forth a contemptuous glance of his eye:
"I am trying to find, but I doubt if I can,
With you as a sample of mankind—a man!"
And back went the party, back from the Greek hub;
They went to their duties, and he to his tub.
This movement is finished, with Greece we are through,
And are brought now to somewhere in seventy-two.



"I AM TRYING TO FIND, BUT I DOUBT IF I CAN, WITH YOU AS A SAMPLE OF MANKIND—A MAN!"



"WHY, YOU SURE OUGHT TO SEE—SHE IS GREEK, EVERY SPECK."

He was standing alone, or his visible ghost—
I scarcely can tell which will be believed most;
For I mean this same cynic who sneered his last sneers
Long ago, somewhat longer than two thousand years.
He watched as the gay groups of girls wandered by,
With their flummeries on and their hair done up high,
With their paniers and ruffles, their sashes and frills,
And their three-button gloves that help run up big bills;
Their cane parasols, and their boots with high heels,
And their—oh! at the sight of it how his brain reels!
He turned to a man who then stood by his side:
"I returned from Elysium, where I reside,
To look at the earth and see how she gets on,
What ill things are finished, what good ones begun.
Would you tell, if you please, what those strange
creatures are?"
"Where?" "There goes one now with that frowzle
of hair."
He answers. Di starts, for he says 'tis a woman.
"Oh, man of this age, you can't mean it is human!"
"Why, you sure ought to see—she is Greek, every
speck—
Grecian bend, Grecian twist, and her curls *à la Grec.*"
"Not a bit of it," cries he; "you libel my land,
And the womankind too! How can that creature
stand?
And she thinks she is graceful and classic! Ah me!
That I should return that as woman to see!
I sought once for men, and I found only boys,
And now for the women I see gaudy toys.
Is mankind a farce and humanity blind
That a type of the race in no age I can find?"
He finished and vanished.

Oh, girls, lovely girls,
With your crimps and your braids, with your rolls
and your curls,
And the rest that is pretty, I know how it is
That you wear that style first and you then assume this!
You want to look graceful—I know all that well—
I'm a girl, and a girl's wish I surely can tell.
But, girls, can't we try not too much to astound,
Should a crowd of old cynics rise up from the ground?
Can't we keep all the grace and the beauty, and yet
Not too far on the side of the false aim to get?
Can't we (girls, may I preach just a little to you?)
Remember that life has much good work to do?
Don't abandon the beauty, but nevertheless
Remember you're put here to please *and* to bless.
Girls, take up the blessing, for chance you must find,
And don't let the dressing take up all your mind.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIII.—FEBRUARY, 1873.—Vol. XLVI.

LIFE IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.



EN ROUTE TO THE MINES.

MOST people imagine that four hundred and fifty miles of travel through the best settled portion of South Africa implies an exceedingly romantic journey, full of picturesque incident, the monotony broken by exciting hunting expeditions, or pleasant and instructive interviews with the boers and natives. Such ideas of the trip have charmed the intending traveler; but to one who has made the journey it means four or five days and nights in a horrid jolting mail-cart, with no sleep and but little food, or else thirty or forty days in a bullock wagon, isolated from the world, and drearily plodding through treeless, stony plains, or over barren hills, with naught but a flock of sheep here and there, or a dirty and dilapidated boer's house to break the monotony. Amidst such scenes as these the month of June, 1871, found the writer and companions on board an "ox chariot," bound from Algoa Bay to the land of gems.

The sixth day out from the bay saw us fast on the summit of the dreary Zuurberg Mountain, a thick fog obscuring every thing, the oxen lost in one of the many mountain ravines, chilly winds blowing, and wood and water extremely scarce.

The twenty-fifth day out found us in a veritable Slough of Despond, near the Orange River, wagon sunk to the hub, drivers discouraged, the "transport rider" (conductor of wagons) snoring on his bed in a drunken sleep, and the oxen so emaciated by want of grass and water, and so dreadfully abused by the brutal Hottentots, that some were dead, others lay exhausted in the mud, while the rest evidently could do no more at the

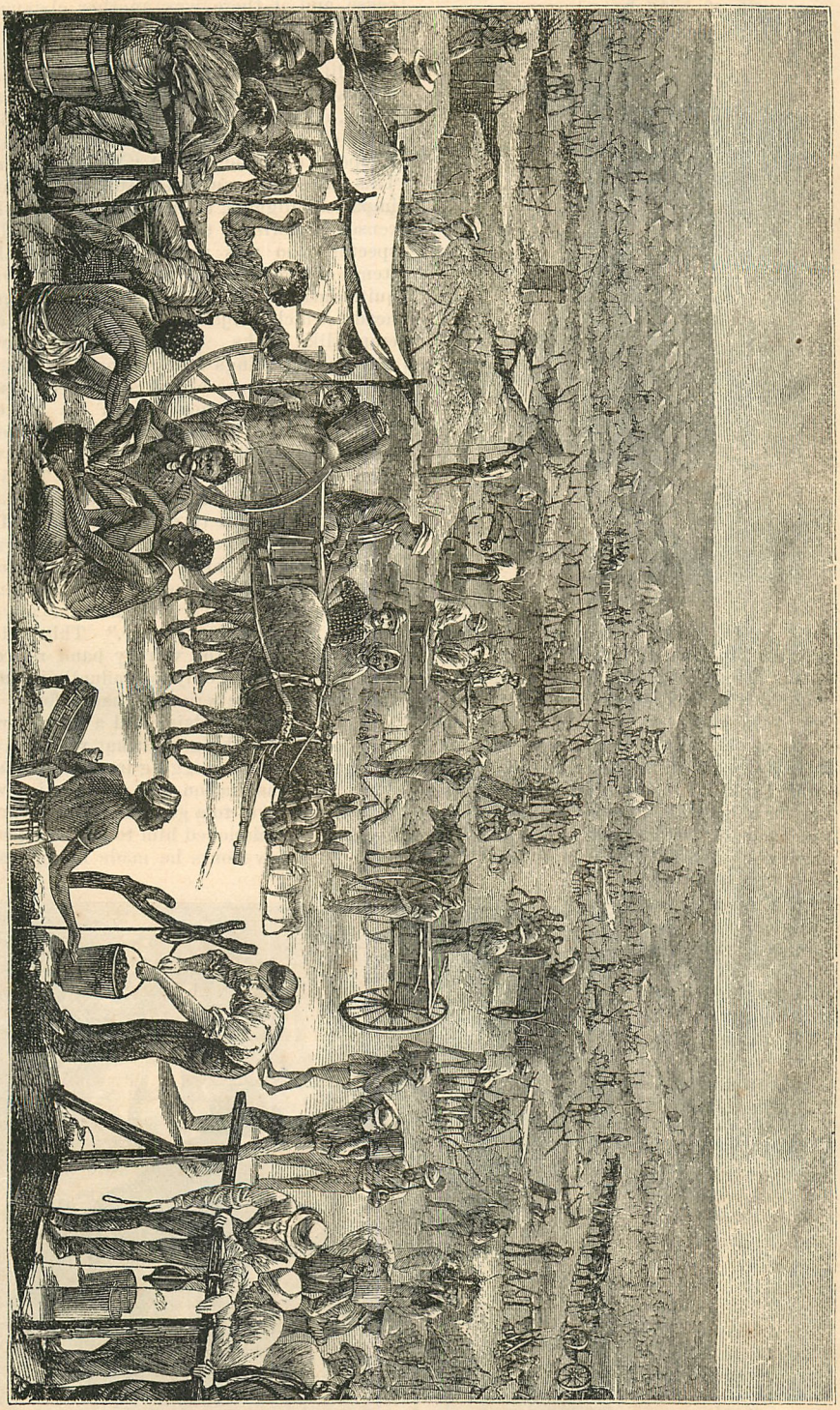
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

bidding of "shambok"* and whip, or kicks and blows. Rest they wanted, and food and drink, and all these they had after a fashion before our caravan again proceeded.

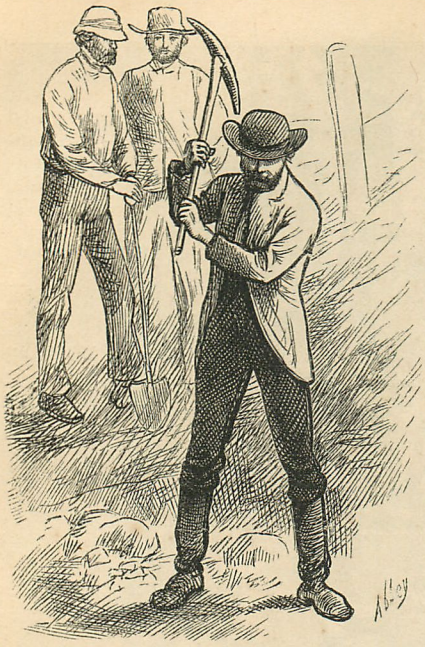
The thirty-fifth day out left us at eventide in the slimy channel of the Modder River, a Free State stream, whose muddy banks, quaggy bed, and sudden floods are the dread of every transport rider in the country. Our wagon, weighted with nine thousand pounds of merchandise, refused to budge, despite the addition of an extra span of oxen to our cattle. The wheels, inch by inch, were sinking into the ooze, a heavy shower of rain pattered on our heads, while the increasing roar of the turbid water warned the excited drivers that a flood was coming, which might end our journey in a very lively manner. "Trek, trek!" the Hottentots cry, as with guttural yells which frighten the night-birds from their perch, and with the cracking of their murderous whips, they urge the miserable oxen to fresh exertions. After a series of struggles and plunges the tired beasts sink deeper yet in the foaming current. Things begin to look serious, and the blacks are frantic. With shrieks and curses they spring into the torrent and attack their dumb companions with foot and fist, shambok and club. The din increases; the oxen moan and bellow. "Give it to them, boys!" cries the transport rider. "Yaw, boss!" and the cutting and slashing are renewed. There she moves; and slowly the huge ark, like some slimy monster, emerges from the river, and just in time, for down comes a wall of water—the beginning of a flood which ends all hope of being joined by the other wagons for an unknown time. Wet and chilly, we jogged along at the rate of a mile an hour. About midnight a range of low, flat-topped hills was visible. The transport rider pointed to it, and said, "Gents, there's Du Toits Pan. You'll be in the camp to-morrow." And we rejoiced; for after thirty-five days of privation, alternately pinched by cold and scorched by heat, having shot no game but an ugly baboon, and the hospitable boers of the country, with whom we tried to be friends, calling us "dom" Englishmen, and slamming their doors in our faces, no wonder any change seemed preferable to "trekking" in a bullock wagon.

Exactly at nine the next morning, tired and sore, our nerves excited, but happy and joyous, we entered the great central camp of Du Toits Pan. We found all at work in the claims. The metallic grating of the gravel shaking through the sieve, the blows of pick and shovel in breaking obdurate lumps, and the cries of the barbarous Caffres and Hottentots employed in the claims, all made up a strange volume of sound not elsewhere heard. On every claim was a dirt heap, on every heap a table (often improvised from a packing-case), and on every table a pile of gravel, over which bent the anxious digger, carefully scraping it away piecemeal in his search for wealth. Beyond this exciting scene of toil lay the expanse of tents, their white outlines varied by some building of wood or iron devoted to the interests of trade. Again opening before me was Main Street, a long vista of shops and stores of every size and shape, while from their gable ends long poles arose, on which were displayed the most astonishing combination of bunting that eye ever beheld. The list would contain the flags of all nations, the sailor's code of signals, and then leave room for the enterprising individuals who advertised their names and wares in this elevated manner. This street was always crowded: diggers after new picks, ladies out shopping, or a black after a blanket. While one and all never forgot the seductive canteens, at whose doors all day long a double stream of customers proved the dryness of claim dust, and the ease with which Cape brandy cleared the throat and renewed the action of the tongue. After we had been set down on the edge of the camp, and the immense wagon which had conveyed us so tediously up country had departed, our first endeavor was to pitch our eight-by-ten tent, which was guaranteed to be impervious alike to heat and cold, or rain and dust. In fact, we considered it a paragon of excellence, until a month's residence under its leaky roof and yawning sides dispelled any such illusion. Well, at it we went erecting our house. We first dug two holes for the poles; but, alas! they were sunk at different angles, and when the poles entered they seemed divided in opinion as to what was the perpendicular. However, we let this pass in our hurry, and put the canvas over, which we began to pull down and fasten at the bottom, when, to my sorrow and my partner's discomfort, a graceful little whirlwind approached, and intruding upon our half-finished labor, unceremoniously took up tent, stakes, and all; and when, after a moment of bewilderment, blinded by sand and suffocated with dust, I managed to look around, the tent was gone. I gazed up and down, to the right and left, and sang out at the top of my voice for Jones, who was nowhere to be seen, when above a mound a few yards away I spied a head. I stared a moment—could it be?—yes, it was Jones's red head, and away I went to find the unfortunate fellow tangled in the cords of the tent, which was lying in a mixed condition at his heels. Happily he was unhurt, and after some maledictions on tents in general and ours in particular, he assisted me in dragging our home—sweet home—

* A small rod of rhinoceros hide. It resembles a flexible cane, and skillfully handled, draws blood at every stroke.



IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

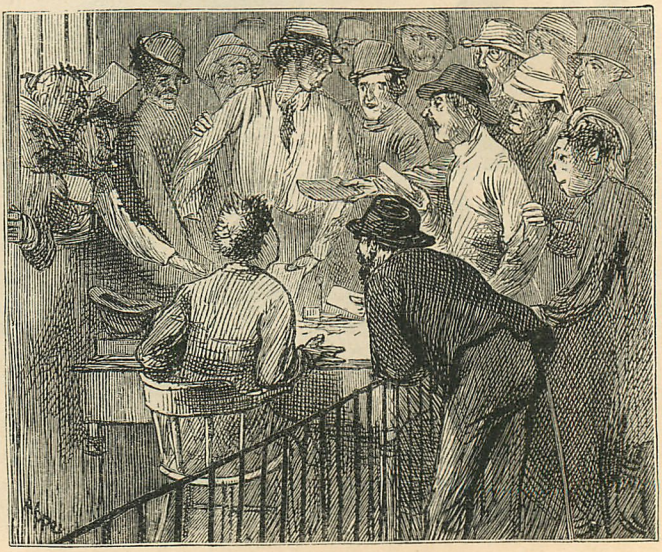


JUMPING A CLAIM.

back again, when, with some help from a neighbor, it went up in safety.

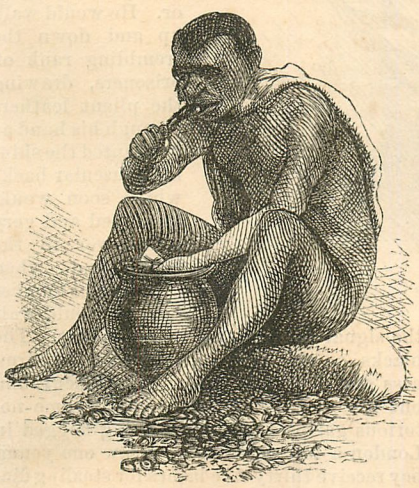
Our household affairs being arranged, we proceeded to look about for a claim. On going to the kopje (pronounced *copy*) we made up to an industrious digger, who was swinging his sieve with might and main. "Good-day," I said. He bowed his head, but spoke not, for when claim dust is flying people keep their mouths shut as much as possible. "Are there any vacant claims around here?" I asked. This time the mouth opened, and laconically pronounced the word "Lots." This was encouraging; so, after some little explanations and directions, we found ourselves on a deserted piece of ground thirty feet square, with a half-filled hole in one corner, and the surface covered with two or three tons of whitish-green powdery dust. To comply with the law, we took a pick, and having made a fresh mark in the hole, the claim was declared to be legally "jumped;" and an old digger who was witness to the "jumping" told us to get out our license, and if there was another claimant, *à la* Tichborne, he would back us up in court. Accordingly away we went, and after a little search found the inspector of claims snugly ensconced in a Lilliputian house, on which were inscribed the professions of its last occupant, viz., "Diamant Kooper" (diamond buyer), "Watch-maker." This place was crammed to suffocation with impatient diggers, all holding their old licenses imploringly toward the harassed inspector, who was nervously entering the items of one before him. The place was quite dark, as the small window held three heads, which projected into the office on crane-like necks. At last he looked up, and finding things had reached a climax, dropped his pen, rose, and commenced hammering the three heads with his ledger. They withdrew in haste, at the same time seriously damaging the rheumatic window-frame which delayed their retreat. The inspector again took his seat, and ironically advised a few more to enter the den. "Do come in, gentlemen; there's lots of room. Some of you had better stand on the table." And then in anger he roared out, "D—n it! can't you take a hint? Give me some air, or I'll not issue another license." This had a slight effect, and the worthy band retired for a few moments, only to gradually invade the premises more seriously than before.

Having a tent, a claim, and a license, we only lacked one thing, and that was native labor, to commence digging in good earnest. After due consultation and deliberation we betook ourselves to a general agent or broker, and commissioned him to get us a servant. In a few hours he made his appear-



"SOME OF YOU HAD BETTER STAND ON THE TABLE."

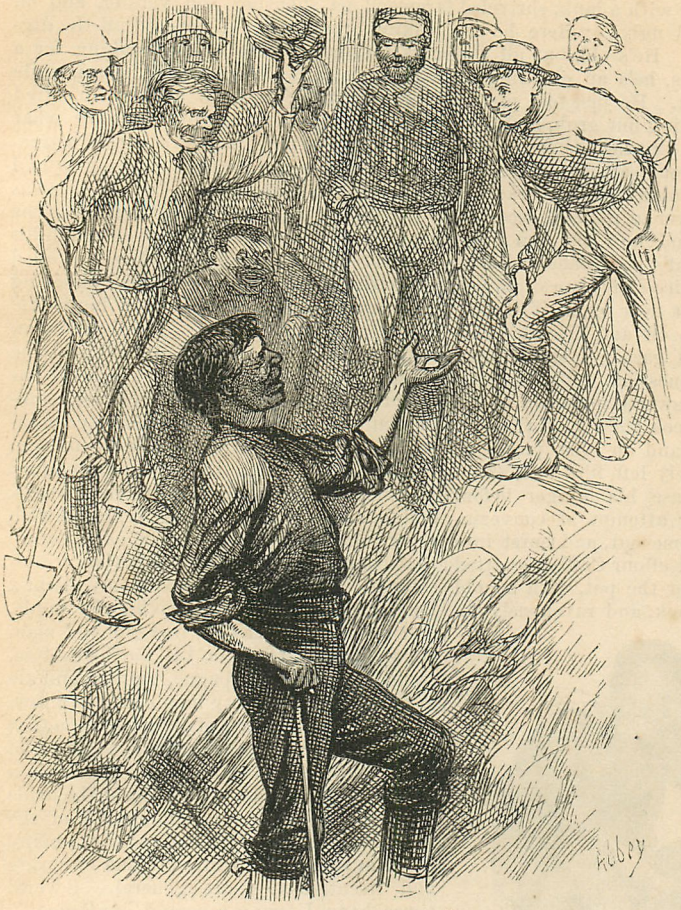
ance at our tent door with a lank, shriveled Caffre, both old and ugly. "Here he is, gents—a fine 'boy.' He's old, but all the better for it; besides, he's an old digger; and then he's honest. He just told me he never 'jumps' any thing but grub, and that he's bound to have. But he'll never 'jump' a diamond. Don't you fear: he's the right sort." With these comforting remarks the agent turned him over to me and received his commission. And now the fun commenced. "Boy, what's your name?" I asked. He took no notice of my question, but kept staring at a pot near by, as if expecting the lid to jump off and disclose some delicate joint to his gaze. I shook him, and repeated my question. "Yaw, boss, moey" (good), he answered, pointing to the pot. In despair, I took the lid off the pot, when in went his hand on some pieces of mutton, and I politely left him to make a clearance and appease his hunger before making any further attempt at conversation. Jones now came out, and burst into laughter at the sight of our Caffre, squatted on his haunches over the pot, with an old sheep-skin on his back, and ravenously devouring mutton. In the end he gave us a name which we construed into Yankee; and having loaded our pick and shovel on the back of our *down East* native, we marched to the claim. When there he stripped off his clothing—to wit, the sheep-skin—before he went to work, and I actually envied him his ease and comfort in this condition. He had better use of his limbs, was not fettered by tight pants, close-fitting waistcoats, or clumsy shoes, while in an economical point of view he eclipsed all civilized workingmen I know of.



OUR DOWN EAST NATIVE.

A day or so after we commenced digging, as I was busy in our claim preparing to sink a shaft, I was startled by hearing a most tremendous shouting and yelling, and on looking around me I discovered all the diggers, Caffres, and Hottentots making for a distant claim at the top of their speed, while their unearthly "hoorays" and cries inspired all outsiders with curiosity to know what was up. Upon reaching the centre of attraction I found a large crowd swaying to and fro around a shallow hole. In this hole was a red-shirted man, and in his mouth was the exciting cause—a diamond—over which his lips scarcely closed, while his cheeks swelled out with its size. The crowd kept shouting "Throw it up, old fellow!" "How big is it?" "Is it off colored?" etc. The lucky man with difficulty squeezed it out, and held the glittering gem in his palm as a general answer to all inquiries, his big Dutch face beaming on all around with child-like complacency. He could rise superior to all common troubles, now fortune had been so generous. His silence was more expressive than words, and for once I saw a man forty years old with a perfectly satisfied face. The calm joy of that countenance is what our artists search after in vain. As I returned to my claim a long line of diggers was leaving the kopje, and at its head was the red-shirted man. He was about to "wet his find"—that is, stand as much Champagne, brandy, and ale as a houseful of thirsty men could swallow. And such was the state of public opinion that a man was sure of being grossly insulted who refused to treat all hands if he had made a good find. The tone of morality at the fields is very low. The most influential of the inhabitants are accustomed to drink, many of them to gamble, while profane swearing and licentiousness are general. Several times have I seen a reverend gentleman—the Church of England chaplain — after preaching to an audience of diggers, turn into a canteen and drink off a glass of brandy in company with the profane and ungodly. And at another time he was so overcome with Cape sherry that, as Mrs. Gamp says, "quite unbeknown" to himself, he was unable to take part in a social gathering, and had to go to his tent. This example was not lost on the minds of his hearers, who invariably followed suit whenever possible. In fact, but for the leaven of good, respectable married and single women who were upon the fields, and exercised a restraint upon their friends, morals and manners, no doubt, would descend to the level of those of Bendigo and Ballarat. Still Du Toits Pan compared favorably with any mining camp in the world with regard to the amount of crime committed.* In fact, the police sel-

* The above applies to the Free State government. The British rule has been very lax. Natives discovered stealing diamonds went unpunished; and on the 18th of December, 1871, the diggers took the law in their own hands. The magistrates did not punish the rioters, and since then the condition of the camps has



"THROW IT UP, OLD FELLOW!"

dom had many whites in the "trouk" (jail). Drunkenness was no crime there, and consequently the police fraternized with the drinking community, and unfortunately also often took a drop too much. The principal offenders were the Caffres, who at the hour of 9 P.M. were supposed to leave the streets and keep in their tents or inclosures. Now a Caffre thinks himself as good as a white man, and he never understood the reason why a "boss" could stay out all night, get drunk, fight, and behave as he liked, while he was so mercilessly kept under. Numbers were continually evading this law, and every morning a long row of trembling natives stood out in front of the "trouk" to receive from ten to twenty-five lashes each—sentenced generally on the oath of the policemen that they were out after the prescribed hour. When any great number were to be punished, a large crowd would assemble to view the tortures of the prisoners; and very often a digger who had a lot of lazy or thievish Caffres would march down to the "trouk" at their head, and give them a view of what they might expect unless they reformed. The most expert man with the cat was a German who had been a man-o'-war's man for many years, and, as boatswain, had acquired such skill in the use of "nine-fingered Tom" that here he was unanimously appointed the chief tormentor. He would walk up and down the trembling rank of prisoners, drawing the pliant leathers through his hand as he counted the shining muscular backs which soon would be ridged and gory in answer to the lash, and then standing at number one, he would wait the signal for business to commence. The blacks, on the whole, displayed much firmness and fortitude under punishment, and but few yelled and screamed, as some notorious garroters did when being flogged in London a few years ago. I saw one young boy receive thirty-five lashes for stealing diamonds. He stood up bravely, while strips of flesh hung down from his back and great drops of blood coursed down his legs. Whir, whir, the cat crossed his shoulders until his large eyes were blood-shot, his lips quivering, his hands working in agony; but he kept silence until the thirtieth time the lash descended, when, with a deep groan, full of the misery of physical torture, he fainted. At such scenes as these the black spectators would become much excited. They would grind their teeth, and with menacing looks gaze upon the officers of justice. I often thought they only waited for some favorable opportunity to wreak vengeance on their masters.

The word "jumped" was applied to any article which had left its resting-place in

grown worse and worse. By the last mail it appears robberies are on the increase. Lynch-law is commonly resorted to, and these formerly peaceful and model camps are on a par with those so notorious on the gold fields of California and Australia.

the night, or during the temporary absence of its owners. Of course it was not stolen, as the "jumper," generally being poor, considered he was perfectly justified in appropriating what his rich neighbor could very well spare. The greatest run was on sieves, picks, buckets, and sorting-tables, which are all necessary to work a claim, but still cost more than a poor man felt justified in giving; consequently these articles were watched very carefully by their owners, and either placed for the night in the deepest pit in the claim, or under the impromptu couch of the wearied toiler. But the "jumper" appeared to possess an improved Argus eye, which saw sieves far in the bowels of the earth, or gazed triumphantly through the canvas of a tent upon some serviceable table; and in either case the article unaccountably departed, and forever after could be classed as "jumped" property by the indignant loser. He might hunt the camp over the next day, or complain to the police; justice was not to be had; and he might even stand over his identical property and not recognize it, so completely had plane, chisel, hammer, and saw disguised its features. When Bulbfontein Kopje was first opened, it was against the will of the owners (certain Jews from Hopetown); however, as they had no physical power with which to drive away the diggers, they planted huge signs in the ground warning people to leave the farm, or suffer all the fines and punishments the Orange Free State could inflict. The diggers paid much attention to these signs—that is, to the wooden part, as every night the planks disappeared very mysteriously, to be forthwith remodeled into the most approved patterns of sieves and tables. Next day these would do duty under the very noses of the proprietors, who, in tribulation, were searching for their "jumped" sign-boards.

The most interesting class of beings on the fields was the blacks, who, being willing to work, tramped in numerous bodies from their "kraals" to the mining camps. They are of four different nations. The handsomest and most trustworthy race are the Zulu Caffres of Natal and Caffraria; the next are the Basutos; third are the thievish and drunken Hottentots; and fourth, the Koraunas, small, ugly, and contemptible beings, despised by all the rest, and no use to the diggers from their unconquerable laziness. I always admired a Zulu. There was one lived near our tent, a model for a sculptor. He would sometimes cross my path, with his long steady stride, his blanket hanging around him in graceful folds, like the toga of a Roman senator. One hand grasped the robe and allowed freedom of motion, while the other would be crossed on his breast. In his woolly locks, braided and arranged neatly on his head, would appear feathers of different wild birds, while underneath his massive brow shone a pair of eyes—coal-black eyes—with such long lashes they reminded me of eyes in Eastern pictures. A man with such orbs as his could speak were he deaf and dumb. An aquiline nose with inflated nostrils overshadowed a delicately curved mouth full of firmness and pride. Below was the massive chin of statesmen and conquerors. In fact, he was a model man in ebony. If a number of such noble heathens could but be educated Christians, they would do more in evangelizing their nations and in civilizing and opening up Central Africa than all the foreign missionaries, or even a score of Livingstones. Their habits of life are very simple. They live principally on "mealies" (Indian corn) and sour milk, sheep and oxen being accounted too valuable for every-day consumption. All wild beasts are eaten, and these, with some nutritious roots, form the additions to the Caffre's regular diet. The great curse of domestic life among barbarians is there in full force, viz., the utter subjection of the females. They are obliged to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, to till the ground, herd the sheep, and at the same time attend upon their lord and master and their young children. You may well say a Caffre woman has her hands full. Her lot is miserable enough, and but for the law of polygamy it would be unbearable. Any Caffre can have as many wives as he can *buy;* and if he is rich in sheep and cattle, he travels through the country with a business eye, inquiring into the prices of different daughters, and judging whether they will suit him or not. If he likes a girl (they never fall in love), or her father is hard up and will sell reasonably, a bargain is made, and she goes to his "kraal," there, perhaps, to meet five or six other matrons of the family. This accession is followed by a feast, in which the old wives are congratulated upon having an addition to their laboring forces, while the husband has thus risen another peg in the scale of wealth and ease. Through hard labor, insufficient food, the cares of a family, etc., the women soon become ugly and crabbed. The greatest contrast possible is between the Caffre and his wives. At thirty years old he is sleek and handsome, with a self-contented air, as if enjoying life. At the age of from twenty-five to thirty his wives present a graduated scale of lean, attenuated spectres, with wrinkled faces and lack-lustre eyes. They jealously struggle with one another for the rights of their respective children, while each one has within her breast an eternal fire of hate for her copartners in misery. The Zulus' amusement consisted principally in smoking, dancing, or a grand talk or chat around the camp-fire. Their dances are very animated, and they kick and thump in an outrageous manner, while their mouths are uttering a wild chorus to some patriotic

song. At a distance the music sounds well. Night after night have I lain upon my couch while the distant song of perhaps ten or fifteen Caffres floated to my ears in rising and falling cadences of mournful music. As the sigh of the cool night breeze wafted the sounds over the dreary heaps of dust surrounding us I could distinguish the voices, some deep and guttural, others shrill and youthful, and when the wind was still the sound became indistinct, until some fresh blast brought again the song in Æolian harmony.

Some of the Zulus' traditions, and their practicing the rite of circumcision, have made many believe they are one of the ten lost tribes of Israel. Whether this be so or not, it is evident they are the descendants of some Northern, perhaps Egyptian or Nubian, race, and have preserved through the lapse of centuries the most important of their ceremonies. Though these people are not so tractable as the South Sea Islanders, still, when once they change their lives and become civilized, they are generally honorable members of society. One of them, the Rev. Tiyo Saga, lately deceased, went to England after his conversion, had a theological education, and returned to Africa an ordained Wesleyan minister. He married a Scotch lady, and they together lived lives of usefulness. Hundreds of blacks can thank this devoted pair for their being instructed in the ways of religion and civilization.

The Basutos are an inferior race to the Zulus, and, although stout and intelligent, lack the regularity of feature and symmetry of their neighbors. They are fierce and impetuous in war, and occasioned the British much trouble a few years ago. Now they are valuable servants, and are upon the fields in great numbers. We preferred them to others, and employed as many as eight before we left the diggings. Some of them were very shrewd and penurious, and managed to get a great deal more out of us than their eight shillings per week. They thankfully accepted old clothes, shoes, needles and thread, etc., and never failed to inform you every two or three days that your working suit was much too poor for a "boss" to wear. I found out, however, if we were too liberal, we fell in their estimation; they imagined in such a case we would sacrifice all for their good-will and comfort, and acted accordingly. We had a very large Caffre, named Dick, a stout, broad-backed fellow, who came to me one day and said, "Boss, de moey" (boss, that good), pointing to one of my old coats, very weak in the back. I laughed at him, for he was one of the largest men I ever saw, and had a great brawny chest. However, I gave it to him, and he put it on. It scarcely came round on his breast at all. The button and button-hole were completely divorced, with no prospect

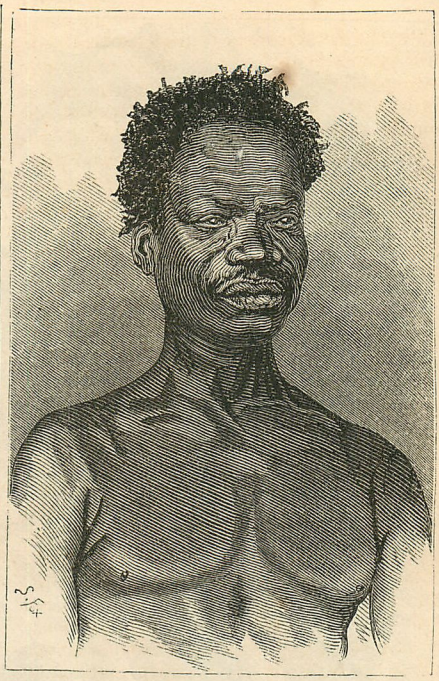


A CLOSE FIT.

of a reconciliation. Buttoning up my coat, I pointed to his; he thought he must follow the fashion, and tugged and tugged at the two sides, fairly groaning in his efforts to bring them together. Suddenly there came a loud crack, and—split went the back of the coat. He buttoned it, but that split it completely down, so that the two sides hung over his arms. All this time the other "boys" were roaring with laughter, and shouting "hooray." The poor fellow became disgusted when he found he could not keep the two pieces on his back; so he tore them off, and flung them into a puddle of water. Another Caffre fished them out, and thought he might be able to do something with them; but Dick never wore any thing from me afterward, unless, perhaps, a discarded paper collar, which, as it was too short, he tied round his huge neck with a string. If they are going out for a promenade, or wish to surprise a rival, they dress up in all imaginable odds and ends. Some wear a dilapidated hat only, others perhaps a coat or vest; and I have seen a big black fellow strutting along clad in a large pair of kid gloves and one lady's prunella boot, with the end cut off to let his toes out. Some stalk proudly along attired in paper collars, while others prefer the livery of nature to all else. As a rule, they are very sensitive to insults, and remember ever after a curse or a blow. They dislike all nicknames; and when we gave one of our "boys" the name of Sambo, he was much displeased. Through the medium of a Hottentot inter-

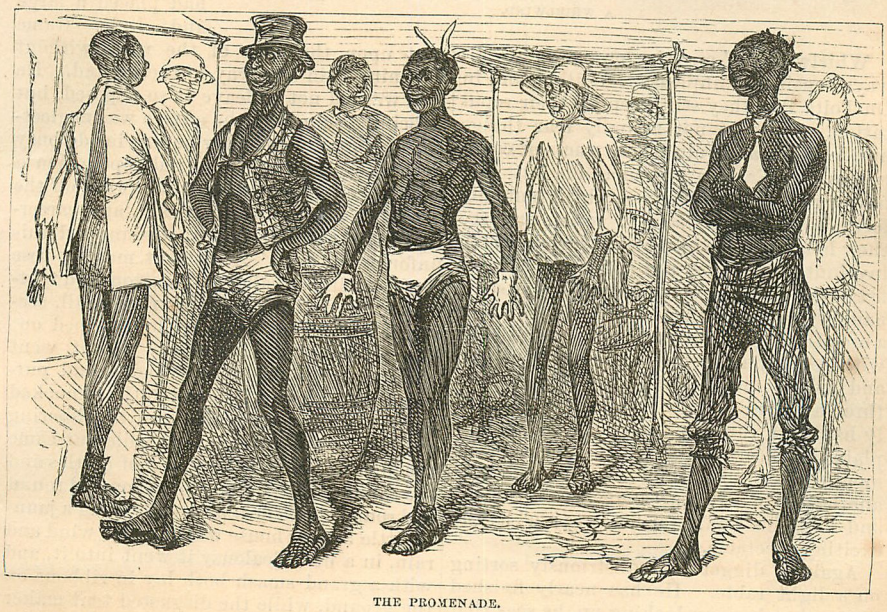
preter he told us "he was no nigger," and that he was as good as we were; so we were obliged to recall the offensive name, and use a most horrid combination of letters, which my tongue refused to pronounce.

One very unpleasant thing on the fields is the amount of dust and flies in circulation; and of these two, the latter are the most agreeable. Although persecuting one most incessantly by day, night puts a stop to their torments, while no sooner does a puff of air come from yonder plain than you inhale a volume of dust—not the earthy, loamy dust of agricultural land, but the whitish-gray limy powder which has been refined by the action of shovel and sieve until it is as light as air. It impregnates your food, your hair is like a door-mat, and your eyes have a chronic soreness as though a thousand delicate needles were pricking into the eyeballs, while your body is chafed and sore from the friction of dusty clothes. All this is unpleasant; but we will suppose that the gentle wind has increased to a howling tempest, that storm-clouds fill the sky, and tents shake to the breeze; then, and then only, do the diggers reach the climax of misery. From hundreds of sieves and hundreds of conical dust heaps the wind gathers its load, and like some malicious fiend sweeps through the camp, turning the light of day into a hideous yellow twilight, circling round unprotected tents, and through all the seams and cracks, filling them full of floating dust. The diggers sneeze, cough, weep, and for relief rush into the open air, or more properly into an air of lime, where, utterly choked and blinded, they fall on their faces, there to gasp for breath like a dying turtle, and curse the day they saw the fields.

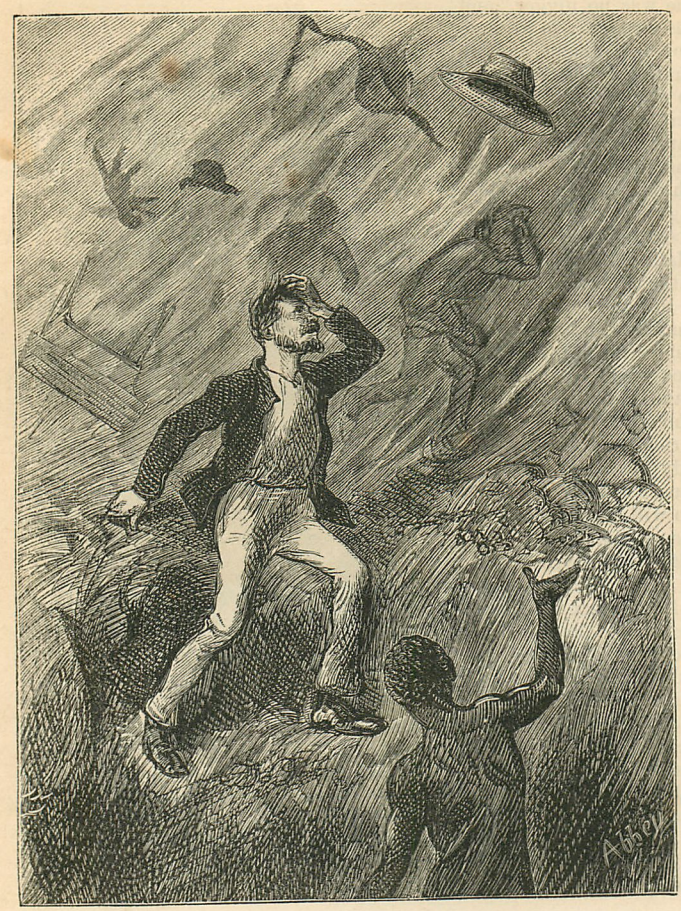


"I AM NO NIGGER!"

This sometimes continues for hours: business is suspended; people desert their claims and shut themselves up in their dwellings; the streets are abandoned to the dogs; and no one has rest until the wind falls or a blessed shower turns dust to mud.



THE PROMENADE.



A WHIRLWIND.

Whirlwinds of any size or power are always considered unpleasant visitors, and in Du Toits Pan they still keep up their reputation. They do not actually tear things upside down and ruin whole tracts of country, as our Western tornadoes do, but they have an elevating influence, which tents unfortunately find it hard to resist, and try their hand at some mischievous trick, which involuntarily makes the sufferer shake his fist at the receding column, as if it was some naughty boy with a smart pair of legs. Now a broad-brimmed hat leaves its owner's head with a rush, and when he clears his sight, and spies it majestically revolving two or three hundred feet above him, and evidently having a through ticket for the distant plain, his heart sinks within him, and he mournfully descends his heap to purchase another, or he lets his "angry passions rise," and flails his Caffre for "hooraying" at the exciting spectacle.

Again a digger is industriously sorting on a light table. He has nearly finished his work, when, on looking up, he sees that which makes him shut his eyes, hermetically seal his lips, and bob his head under the table. It is an unlucky position, for the whirlwind upsets the table on his head. It skins his face, and then dives down the adjoining hole on top of some affrighted black, while the column of wind and sand rushes on, increasing in size and power until it appears on the edge of the camp, to the dismay of all ladies on the streets, all cooks in their canvas or open-air kitchens, and all owners of crazy or dilapidated tents. A minute or two more it is a thing of the past. The damage is done. The column is far out on the dreary plain, and people resume their occupations. One spring day a tent-maker who lived by us had placed a large and light frame tent upon the edge of the road, without fastening it in any way to the ground. He was warned not to leave it so exposed, but it being a calm day, the advice was neglected. About an hour after he was inside busy decorating its walls with red tape, when a sudden and violent whirlwind swept off the claims in all its dusty majesty, and careering down the Puiel road, encountered this unfortunate tent. A moment more it rose in the air like a balloon, the astounded tent-maker vainly hanging to its ribs, until, seeing it was bound to go up, he dropped out like an apple from a tree. Up it went whirling with frightful velocity, and pursuing the course of the road until it knocked fiercely against the gable of a neighboring canteen. In went the roof, while out came the inmates, amidst the smash of bottles and the running of brandy. On and on and round and round went the tent, until, spying a jaunty little canvas house which defied wind and rain, in a fit of jealousy it went into it, and with a grand smash both lay in ribbons on the ground, while the disgusted tent-maker

settled a bill for two ruined homes, instead of being paid for erecting one.

During the summer months rain-storms, with heavy thunder and lightning, are frequent. They generally approach with a violent breeze, sharp lightning, and loud thunder. The clouds are all in motion, crossing and meeting each other, while along the face of the nimbus, or storm-cloud, is a heavy gray pall of vapor. This is much lower than the rain-cloud, and when close to the earth portends a fearful storm. The gathering blackness, increased by clouds of dust, the zigzag lightning, the hoarse, reverberating sound of the thunder, and the moaning wind, all strike the spectator with awe. He gazes around him out on the distant plain, where all is dreary and sombre; up and down the street, full of men and animals seeking shelter; at the immense gray mounds of the claims, deserted and looking ghostly and unearthly against their pitchy background—and the storm is upon us. Some ominous rain-drops strike the tent, a flash of lightning blinds, a peal of thunder stuns, and the gates of heaven open. The roar of the tempest drowns all other sound, the tent shakes and trembles beneath the blast, while rivers of water course down the street, cutting great gullies in the road, and quickly undermining any protective earth-work the digger has placed around him. Soon the canvas begins to leak, and the inmates of the tent stand in dripping silence, listening to the war of the elements. One night our Caffres were drowned out by one of these heavy storms. They generally slept in a large circular fire-place of three feet depth, just sufficient to keep the cold from them, and in this were snugly ensconced when it began to rain. Above the fire-place was a hollow which drained into it. As this drainage was very unpleasant, and often in heavy rains flooded out the fire, we had built a dam against it as a protection. On the night in question it rained so fast the hollow was soon a sheet of water, which pressed with such force against the dam that it gave way. In an instant the fire-place was full to overflowing, and the Caffres, thus rudely awaked, gave one mighty yell as the waters covered them. Aroused by the noise, I peeped forth as they were struggling out, their black heads showing around the edge of the fire-place like those of so many hippopotami. After getting out and giving some hearty shakes, they commenced fishing up their bedclothes from the treacherous flood. Long before sunrise next morning they were at the tent door calling loudly for "soupies," or what we denominate "eye-openers," and certainly their condition, after what they had gone through, demanded relief.



DROWNED OUT.

As the fields became more thickly populated and the diggers grew richer, a great demand arose for vegetables and fruits. Far and wide went the news of the wonderful prices paid for all green stuff, and it aroused the sleepy farmers to action. From the Transvaal Republic they brought loads of oranges, peaches, and pumpkins; from the Colony sacks of potatoes, onions, and dried fruits; but prices increased, and the extraordinary demand soon exhausted the supply. In January of this year oranges sold for twenty-five cents each; potatoes, $7 per one hundred pounds; eggs, $1 25 per dozen, etc. The morning markets were consequently scenes of great excitement. The evening before, the wagons, which had come from afar loaded with produce, "outspanned" on the great plot of ground used as a market square. The next morning at sunrise it would be all alive. Flocks of sheep and goats being driven to their pens; Dutchmen unloading the contents of their caravans and placing each article by itself, or in small lots, to suit the purchaser. Here was a complete digger's outfit going without reserve, there some damaged groceries or goods, all awaiting the hammer of the market-master. At seven that worthy mounts a stool, and business commences. An eager crowd surrounds him, of all colors and nations, yelling, talking, laughing, and

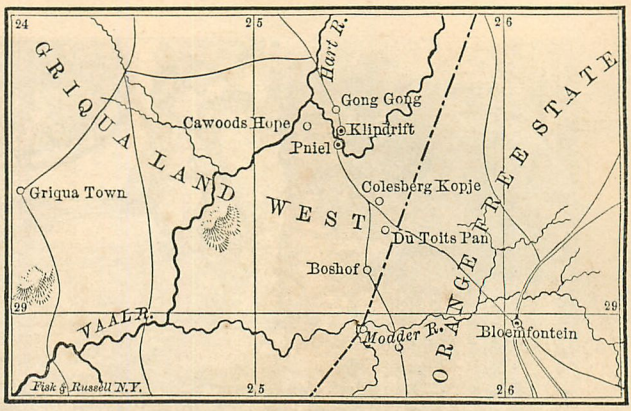


THE MARKET-MASTER.

making themselves merry, when suddenly a dead silence falls on the reckless assemblage, as a pail of eggs is held up to their gaze. "Now how much for the eggs, at per dozen?—one shilling bid." A dozen heads bob in the affirmative. Two shillings; three. The price rises until the man with the long purse becomes their owner. Up goes a pumpkin. A rush by the crowd. Every eye seeks that of the auctioneer. Every man wants to bid; but in the twinkling of an eye it's gone. "For how much?" an outsider asks of another. "Cheap at three 'bob'" (shillings), he answers. Up goes another pumpkin, and another, until very likely a whole wagon-load is disposed of, at prices which make the old boer's face wrinkle with smiles. Next there is a scramble to get exactly over a heap of fine potatoes which are to be sold. Two or three weaker ones get upset in the rush, while a dense circle of giant and muscular diggers surrounds the centre of attraction. Of course the unlucky outsiders have no chance of catching the market-master's eye, and in self-defense form an opposition circle around the next pile, each one mentally calculating the amount of "tin" he is prepared to stake on the produce before him. This exciting work goes on until nine o'clock, when the crowd of diggers, having purchased every thing eatable, leave for their claims, while the lucky owners of the wagons crowd into the little market office, eager to receive the price of their loads and to "trek" away from the city of tents.

Du Toits Pan is a rich spot of earth, but five miles north of it lies the most wonderful mine which has ever yet been discovered. Colesberg Kopje, or De Beer's New Rush, is the richest, the smallest, and most dangerous mine in existence. Here is where the wildest dreams of fortune-hunters have been realized; where poor sailors have acquired their thousands in two and three months, and departed literal Sindbads; where from three to four thousand diamonds are exhumed daily, besides quantities of rubies, garnets, emeralds, and olivines; where the eager rush for wealth has caused a square

foot of ground to be sold at from $25 to $50, and where the reckless diggers have excavated graves for themselves, in their haste to be rich forgetting proper precautions for working their claims in safety. Foreseeing the tremendous amount of labor that would be concentrated in and about the claims, the surveyors made twelve roads through the kopje, to which each claim-holder gave seven feet and a half. So between every two lines of claims there was a road fifteen feet wide. Of course this portion of the ground was to remain untouched until some future time, when, the rest of the soil being worked, these alone remained to dig into. But—alas for the anticipations of the authorities and the intentions of the diggers! —the roads were not left intact. They were undermined, gouged, and encroached on, until they began to cave in. Huge slices would break away from the walls, and with a dull thud, and surrounded by a choking limy dust, would crash into the pit below. Perhaps a faint cry would be heard as the horrified digger, looking up, saw his end at hand; or perhaps more likely his back was bent, and, eager to see the sparkling gem turn out before his gaze, he was cut off from the living world without a moment's warning. Another day a gaping crack in the roadway is ominous of an accident. The diggers look at it and say, "It's no wider to-day than yesterday;" "Oh, it will stand;" "We are safe enough;" and so they descend the shaft, unmindful of their peril. Ten minutes after a heavily loaded cart crawls that way, its great wide wheels cutting deep into the ground. It reaches this crack, a wheel enters the seam, and a moment more the digger below and the driver above meet in eternity, while a crowd of Caffres make a "hooray" over the affair as they pull their mutilated bodies away from the confused mass of wood, iron, and dirt. Next day the claim is sold, and people forget the last accident in the still newer horrors which accumulate. The dangerous condition of the mine has caused many to sell out and leave, for as it is at present worked (July, 1872), no man can descend into the claims without peril to his life. In the end the only plan to work it safely will be to form a joint-stock company to work it out piecemeal, for four or five thousand conflicting interests are unmanageable when concentrated in the area of fourteen acres.

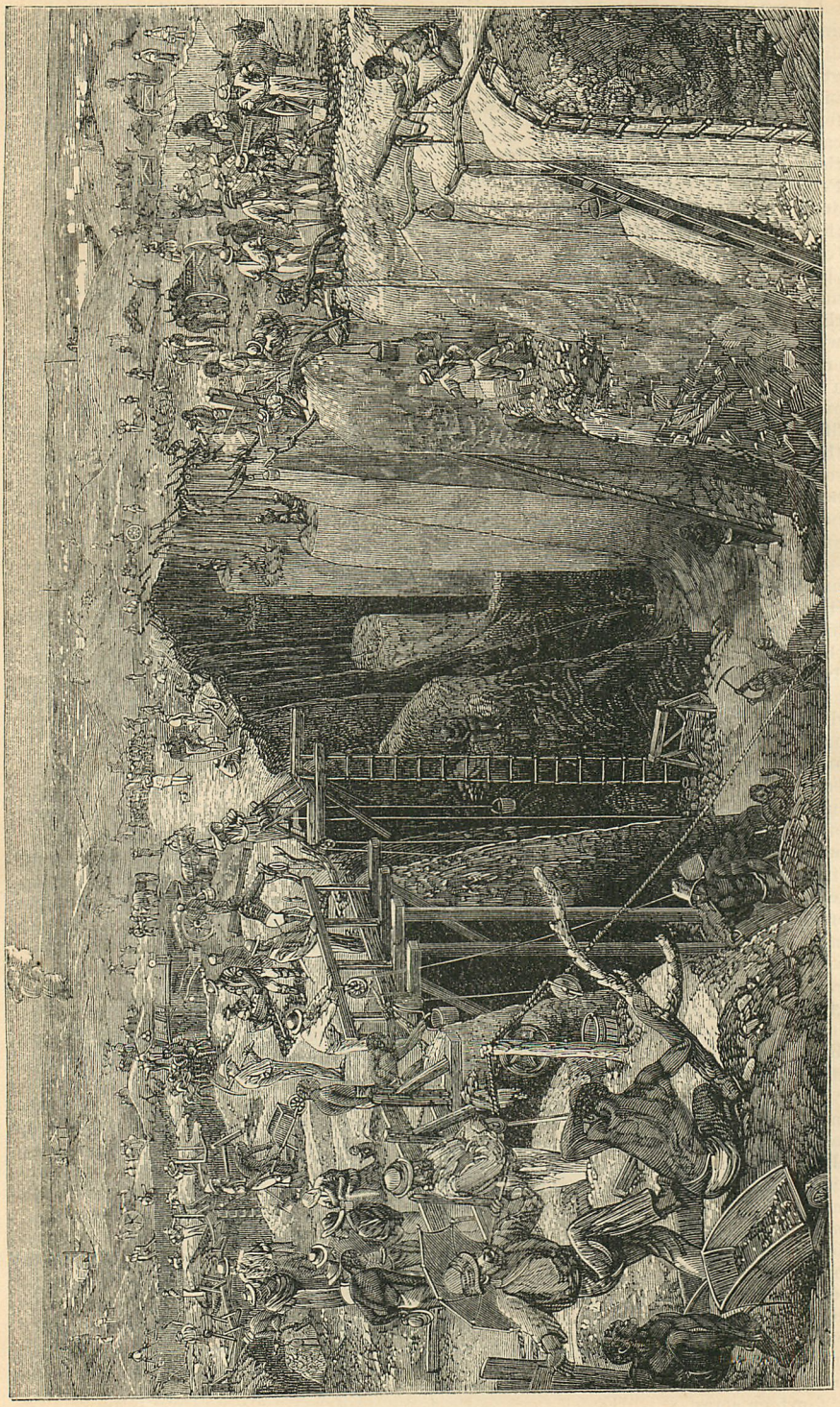


MAP OF DIAMOND FIELDS.

The appearance of this place when all are at work is wonderful. It is like a hive of bees swarming over the comb, while the noise of countless iron buckets banging against the stony walls of the claims as they go up and down, the squeaking of blocks and pulleys, the noise of wheels and cries of men, make an uproar like that from the Tower of Babel. One said, "'Tis Babel upside down." The immense size of the excavations strikes strangers with amazement. Imagine twelve dry-docks from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards long and forty-five feet wide, while their depth varies from twenty-five to eighty feet, affording room, if filled with water, sufficient to float twelve *Great Easterns* and a number of ships besides, and you can realize the amount of work which has been done in nine months. All the diamondiferous soil from the inside claims has to be removed in carts, and generally goes to the owner's tents, where he and his family sift and sort it. Around the edge of the mine runs the reef, and the dirt from the outside claims is deposited on this. Month by month these mounds increased, until now they are miniature mountains, and, when I last visited the spot, from their elevation I commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, the diversified camp, and could look directly down into the galleries and pits of the different diggers. Along through the bottom of each excavation was a toiling mass of blacks, looking as though slaves in some Oriental sultan's employ. Occasionally one would "hooray," and holding up his hand, shout out, "Diamond, boss!" The others would take up the shout, and a grand yell would echo and chorus back and forth from one road to another as the happy digger descended to take possession of his find.

Once upon a time, though, a man's happiness on such an occasion was turned very speedily to mourning. The story is as follows:

"A lamentable instance of the frailty of human kind was evidenced at the New Rush last week. The



WORKING IN THE EXCAVATIONS.

judgment of the wrathful Fates followed most rapidly on the offense. Contrary to the Horatian theory about punishment tracking crime with a lame leg, punishment bustled along with peculiar alacrity. A digger had just discovered in the bowels of the earth a large diamond, estimated at from fifty to sixty carats' weight. He put it into his mouth, and proceeded gayly to ascend the ladder out of the cavernous depths. While so doing a nigger at the top happened to shake the machine. Perfectly naturally, and according to the usual custom of the fields, the gentleman spake sharply with his tongue, and favored our colored brother with a few of those flowers of language for which the diggings are achieving a reputation. Alas! as he made these *cursory* observations the diamond escaped from between his lips, fell into the adjoining claim, and was seen no more of men! We have heard of ladies dropping pearls as they spoke, but we have a still rarer instance of a man cursing diamonds!"—*Digger's Gazette.*

From careful calculations it is found that about four thousand diamonds and pieces of diamonds are unearthed here every day. However, out of such a mass of gems but few are "pure water brilliants." A perfect white stone of any size is indeed a treasure. They are rarely seen without blemish, and the majority of finds consist of flawed, spotted, or discolored stones, angular chips, or small fragments, which latter are nearly valueless. The immense quantity of these chips and flawed stones thrown on the market has necessarily caused a tremendous fall in their values. Unlike other commodities, diamonds are imperishable. Once cut and set, they never lose their lustre, never decay or wear out, and are certainly the most lasting of man's possessions. Every one wants new clothes periodically (the ladies want them with each change in the fashions); a nation requires a new coinage every few years; ships and houses begin to decay from the time they are built; but an outfit of diamonds is everlasting. Although it was discouraging to diggers to see this sudden depreciation, they generally stuck to their claims, hoping it might be their good fortune to find a charming family of big ones—every one a hundred carat—when they might bid good-by to claims and tents, flies and fleas, and emigrate to their chosen home, there to enjoy a fortune built upon a sound diamondiferous basis. A few, generally the first owners of the New Rush claims, made large fortunes. They got their ground for nothing, found one to twenty diamonds every day, sold out when claims realized from £500 to £2000, and their diamonds brought a very fair and remunerative price. One Smuts made £11,000 in a month, then divided his claim into sixths, selling each sixth for £300, and departed a wealthy man. A Captain Behrman was wrecked on the coast, lost his ship, and in the end luckily came to the New Rush, from which place he departed in three months with $75,000 in hard cash.

A boer, by name Wemmer, turned out in one day thirty-one diamonds, weighing respectively thirty-three carats, eighteen, fifteen, nine, seven and a half, and other smaller ones. He had only returned to the fields a few days before, after an absence of a month, and upon his arrival was quietly presented by his black servants, whom he had left in charge, with upward of 300 diamonds! He is now decidedly the richest digger in the camp, and although worth his thousands, still works hard in his splendid claim. His good luck will end no one knows how, as his section is not half worked out, and ere this he may be a second Stewart or Rothschild, and a digger prince among his fellows.* A Diamond Field newspaper thus

* Of course people unlucky enough to have no claim in this El Dorado believed against hope that there must be other "kops"† just as rich; and weekly, almost daily, parties go prospecting. It is rumored they are finding. Thousands rush off to the spot. Time and money are spent, and nothing gained. One day the news was, east of this they are finding diamonds by the handful; plenty of open ground; a sure fortune; and away went the diggers, while the speculative canteen-keepers also migrated. When Jones and I, after a six miles' walk under a hot nine-o'clock sun, parched with thirst and white with dust, approached the reputed mine, we found about a dozen large canteens in full blast, while several carts were coming on the ground loaded with divers ominous-looking casks. Near by was a hole, and packed close around were fully eight or nine hundred diggers, while in the cavity a lazy black was grubbing the lime. A few were marking out claims, but the majority having seen no diamonds, contemptuously asserted, "This is a fool's rush." Suddenly a bloated old fellow near by, nicknamed Mahogany Nose, from the red appearance of that organ, jumps up and down over his table, and shouts, "Diamond! diamond!" A rush is made for him. One or two get tumbled down this hole in their hurry, and we are around the finder. "Let's see it," all cry. "Oh, it's only half a carat! But it's a good sign;" and having delivered it up for inspection, Mahogany Nose scrapes away again frantically. People swallow the bait, and become excited. All seize their picks and mark out claims, until the ground is occupied. More people arrive, and seeing such a wild uplifting of picks and shovels, feel certain this is *the* spot; but alas! they find no vacancies to fill up. So perceiving one man with a block of four or five claims, they seize one or two and "jump" them. Up comes owner No. 1. "What are you doing?" "I'm taking this claim. You have five, but you can only hold two." No. 1 waxes wroth. "They are for my friends." No. 2 "can't help it;" whereupon No. 1, if a plucky man, pulls off his coat, rolls up his shirt sleeves, and comes up to No. 2 with the ultimatum, "Shoulder your pick and leave, or—" Five minutes more every man on the hill is wedged into an immense circle around this claim, applauding and encouraging the two pugilists. The contest is conducted according to all the rules of the prize-ring; and the winner is borne on his friends' shoulders to a canteen, where gallons of ale and beer are swallowed to commemorate the victory. But there is a suspicion that old Mahogany Nose has been gulling the public. One remarks, "That's his canteen over there;" another thinks he has "planted" the diamonds he is finding, and the intoxicated crowd, putting two and two together, conclude the rush is a hoax, and make such unfriendly demonstrations toward old Mahogany that he leaves his claim, enters his canteen, and gives a free treat to all who come. By this stroke of policy his popularity is restored among the multitude. Now "he's such a good fellow" every body must drink his health. As we are parched with thirst and weary, let us approach his bar. "Have you any water?" He smiled upon us, and shook his head. "What are you washing your glasses in, then?" I ask-

† Hills.

humorously depicts the life, morals, and luck of a fortunate miner:

"*Monday.*—Sent Caffres to the claim at sunrise, and went to bed again. Strolled down to the claim at 11.30, being stopped by men to come and wet their finds seventeen times in two hundred and fifty yards. My head boy brought me a ten carat, a five, and three little ones. Told them to wire in; proceeded to liquor. At 6 o'clock they brought me five more little ones. Gave the boys a bottle of Cape 'smoke' [brandy].

"*Tuesday.*—Went into Klipdrift for a wash, and a dinner at Mrs. Schuard's. Played a rubber of whist, and as I did not happen to be hard up, won heavily from some poor devil.

"*Wednesday.*—Played billiards all the morning, and went in for one of Sanger's curries for tiffin. Played pool in the evening, and dropped, as there were some smart *cueists* about, and the balls went in like greased lightning, and with the unceasing regularity of my tailor's bill in old times.

"*Thursday.*—Came back to New Rush on horseback. Felt very sore in consequence. Boys brought me twenty-two diamonds. Told them I was disappointed. They can't have half worked.

"*Friday.*—Found my tent surrounded by persons with sachels, representing themselves as diamond buyers. Boys brought in a seventy carat, but off colored—no use.

"*Saturday.*—Went early to the claim. Slipped in getting down the ladder, and came down in a sitting posture on a lump of earth. Proceeded to rub myself, and out fell a *two hundred carat*, pure white. Shall go to Cape Town for a spree for a month. So 'Come along, old fellow, let's have a wet! This diamond-digging is cruel hard work.'"

The largest stones are found in Du Toits Pan. Several of one hundred and thirty and one hundred and fifty carats have been unearthed there, as also the largest diamond yet discovered in Africa. Its weight was one hundred and sixty-eight carats, unfortunately not of first water. I once had the pleasure of examining a one-hundred-and fifty-carat. It is impossible to adequately describe it. There it was on my hand, a great drop of dazzling light, at the least motion throwing out quivering rays and flashes which seemed to be as powerful as those from old Sol himself. No wonder the ancients worshiped them, that the Asiatics use them for the eyes of idols. They strike man with surprise and awe. Adamant itself, mysteriously formed, unassailable by acids, and untouched by time, it is not strange they are the most valued of earth's productions—our ideals of beauty, and caskets of condensed wealth.

ed. He stopped business, and smiling still more openly, replied, "Why, that's ginger-beer. We sold all the water at sixpence a glass, and now we'll give you a tot of ginger-beer for ninepence." Seeing no prospect of any other beverage unless brandy, we swallowed our allowances and left the crowded tent, feeling more painfully than ever the tortures of thirst. "Jones, let us leave," I gasped. But Jones refused. With Yorkshire obstinacy he waited to watch our claim, which I was certain was worthless. And from the talk around me, many others thought theirs so too. Two glum old diggers were shouldering their tools, preparatory to a thirsty six miles' walk. "Bill, I'd like to choke off that d——d old weasel as made this here rush. Blast him!" he continued, "he's sold all his liquors, and to-morrow down comes the tent, while he counts our shillings." His partner comfortingly responded, "Let's poonch 'is 'ead." But the prospect of doing this without serious damage to themselves from Mahogany's drunken friends was small, and they departed sadder and wiser men from Fools' Rush No. —.

ROBIN'S-EGG BLUE.

Fair, in the homely raiment
That speaks of her low estate,
Stands Bertha upon the threshold
Just at the stroke of eight,
And says, as she smoothes the tangles
From the rarest of nut-brown curls,
"To-day I shall fashion a bonnet
For the veriest queen of girls!"

For here is the daintiest fabric
That ever in silk was wrought;
And here is the glossiest feather,
That matches just to a thought;
And here are the pinkest rose-buds,
All perfect in shape and hue,
That ever beneath the fingers
Of maiden artist grew.

Swiftly, with fair, neat fingers,
Works Bertha of ready will,
Fashioning crown and border,
And joining the whole with skill;
And while she threads the mazes
Of many a fold and seam,
Swiftly her spirit lapses
Away in a happy dream:

A dream of a gnarled old orchard,
Where, in the far-off Springs,
Home birds built nests in the branches,
Home robins with russet wings—
Nests full of birds' own treasures,
That are now green, now blue,
That hint of their leafy covering,
And distant sky tints too.

Such hue has the glistening fabric
That under her fingers flows:
"Would it were mine!" says Bertha,
As the fairy structure grows.
Then, with a laugh like music,
"I should need silks and pearls
To wear with a bonnet fashioned
For the veriest queen of girls."

* * * * *

"Blue?" "So exceedingly common!"
"But very stylishly made!
Ecru? The hat is imported,
And just the *recherché* shade."
A shrug of the stately shoulders,
A slightly gathering frown:
"I've had one like it already
Since we came back to town."

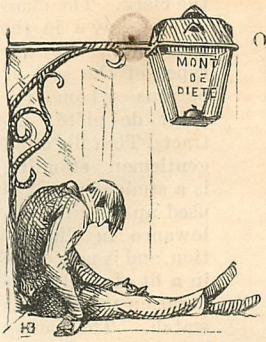
"This? 'tis the very latest,"
As, with unconscious grace,
Timidly little Bertha
Steps forward from her place.
No rarer product of labor
Has high-born maiden seen:
Bertha a chaplet has fashioned
Befitting a fairy queen.

"This!"—with a smile complacent,
And, glowing with happy pride,
Into her waiting carriage
The lady sweeps aside.
And Bertha, standing reluctant,
Stifles a rising sigh
For a life she can but dream of,
And pleasures that pass her by:

A life she can but dream of,
And filled with the brightest things;
But Bertha is happy-hearted—
No guile in her bosom springs.
Slowly the twilight gathers,
Telling her day's work done:
With innocence as an armor
Homeward she walks alone.

Just a few tear-drops welling
Softly her pillow greet;
But care comes with the morrow,
And labor's rest is sweet.
Surely the waiting angels
(Some say that such there be)
Perfect in the blissful dream-land
The broken reality.

THE MONT-DE-PIÉTÉ.



COMPARATIVELY few Americans have traveled in Europe without learning something about the institution whose name stands at the head of this article. On the Continent, at least, and especially among the Latin peoples, the lantern of the Mont-de-piété is an object as familiar as the three balls of the London and New York pawnbrokers' shops, while as an object of pecuniary interest it attracts much the same class of patrons. But the connection between the two, though apparently one of resemblance, is really one not only of diversity, but of open hostility. The Mont-de-piété is the avowed and deadly foe of the pawnbroker, as will appear in the short history with which we may properly begin this sketch.

The institution dates from the fifteenth century. At that time there was between the Church and the sovereigns a third power, which worked in the dark, which was despised by its own victims, but which often dictated terms to the proudest nobles in Europe. This power was the purse of Isaac the Jew. Isaac the Jew, as described by Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe*, is the type of a class of usurers without which no picture of medieval society is complete, and toward which history is as bitter, and perhaps as unjust, as Front de Bœuf himself. These persons were of all degrees of wealth and power, from proud Shylocks who dealt with princes, to poor wretches who preyed on the improvidence of Christian peasants. The province of Lombardy was their favorite region in Europe; indeed, the term "Lombard" came to be almost synonymous with that of "Jew." Naturally, therefore, this province, or the Italian peninsula, witnessed the first systematic attempt to check the power of the rapacious money-lenders.

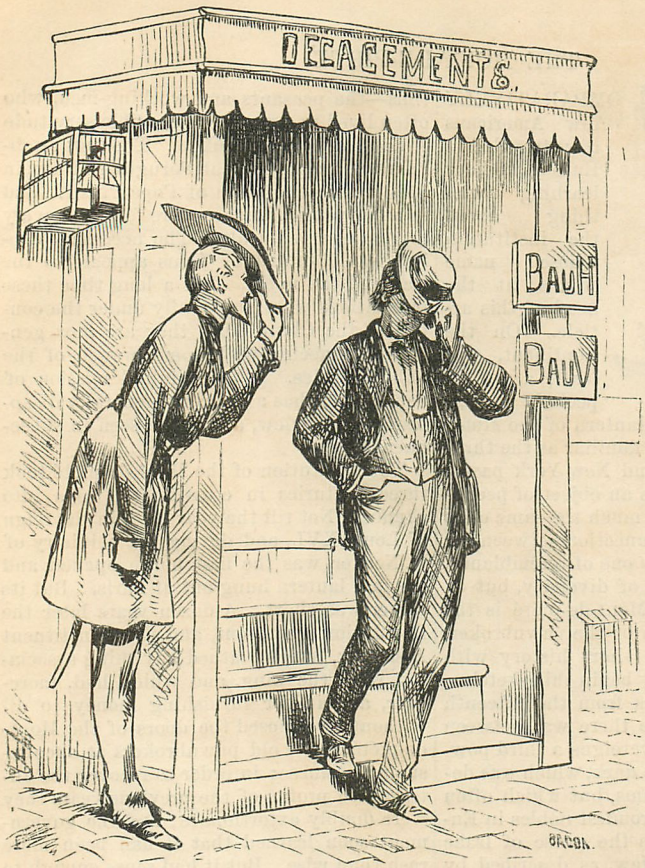
The popes had always hated the Jews, partly by reason of jealousy of their influence, partly because they were held to be the worst of unbelievers, and partly out of genuine sympathy for their victims. Accordingly the Church, which had failed to crush them by persecution, sought to destroy them by destroying their business. The Mont-de-piété was the first step in the new movement.

The Mont-de-piété was designed to relieve the poorer and more helpless class of victims—the peasants and working-men, who often lived in a species of horrible servitude to the greedy pawnbrokers. The first establishment was opened at Perugia, in Italy, in 1464, during the reign of Pope Pius II., and in a few years branches were found in every city on the peninsula. The necessary capital was obtained by pious appeals to the rich and the noble. For a long time these institutions were practically under the control of the Church, but they are now generally connected with some branch of the public service. Their original mission of benevolence has also pretty generally disappeared from view, as will be seen in subsequent pages.

The institution of the Mont-de-piété took three centuries in crossing the Alps into France. Not till the year 1778, in the reign of Louis XVI., and during the ministry of M. Necker, was the first house opened and the first lantern hung out at Paris. But its career was short. A dozen years later the Revolution broke out, and the Constituent Assembly, which loathed any thing associated with the king, and which had, moreover, a plan for furnishing money to all without cost, closed the doors of the Mont-de-piété. The old pawnbrokers at once resumed business; in order to recover the interrupted profits of the previous years they were doubly extortionate; and the government soon learned that it had been more rash than wise. But it had sense enough to retrace its steps. It not only restored the original Mont-de-piété, but it established others at Paris and all the chief towns of France, and placed them under rigid official supervision. They survived all the troubles that afflicted France for the next twenty years, and formed the nucleus of a system which in more peaceful times has expanded into its present proportions.

The chief office of the Mont-de-piété of Paris is in the Rue Blanc-Manteaux; and there are two great branches, or *succursales*, one in the Rue Roquette, and one in the Rue Bonaparte. The latter is the most important, and is the one which we have chosen for description. Extremes meet in the Rue Bonaparte, for the École des Beaux-Arts, one of the noblest institutions of the city, is a near neighbor of the great pawnbroking house. One enters the Mont-de-piété through a passage leading into an open court, which is surrounded on all sides by the different buildings of the concern.

To the left, as one enters, is the department of *Dégagements*, where the prosperous go to redeem the pledges of their little loans. Next is the hall of *Engagements*, where the articles are received; and farther around the



THE EXIT.

auction-room, where the unredeemed articles are sold. The upper stories are mostly used as store-houses, and they are well-filled store-houses too. The general appearance outside is not unprepossessing. There is no noise and no confusion. Every thing is neat, after the French fashion, and the attendants are polite. The receiving department is first in the logical order of treatment, and it is to that that we first invite the reader's attention.

The goods which may be received are divided into classes, and a separate office is given for each class. The most important division comprehends jewels and linen—rather a singular combination on the face of it, but one which carries its own explanation to every person who reflects that these two articles form by far the larger class of pawns, not only in France, but in America; therefore the bearers of bedding and watches and chains and jewels have the largest and most sumptuous office.

The dimensions of this magnificent room are about ten feet by six; its furniture, a wooden bench around two sides; its occupants, an indefinite number of forlorn-looking creatures awaiting their turn with the clerk. The characters shown in the illustration are fair types of the sort of patrons whom the Mont-de-piété attracts. The tall young gentleman standing is a student who has used up his little allowance in dissipation, and is now come in a fit of needy desperation to pawn his watch. The young lady, who appears to like the student better than she does her immediate neighbor, is a shop-girl, daughter of an invalid mother, for whom she is going to pawn a little necklace on which she sets great store. The man at her side is a coarse wretch, who is doubtless exchanging some of his wife's linen for the price of another spree. The two little girls at the window have a curious experience. The oldest barely stretches above the counter, and when she has deposited the big bundle of linen she is wholly concealed.

"Whose bundle is this?" says the clerk, returning to his post, and failing to see the tiny owners. Some one calls his attention to the girls, just as the elder timidly replies,

"Mine, Sir!"

"Are you alone, my children?"

"Yes, Sir," replies the elder again, while the younger clings tightly to her dress.

"Where do you live?"

"Rue de Bac, No. —."

"What does your father do?"

"Father—father—don't know him, Sir."

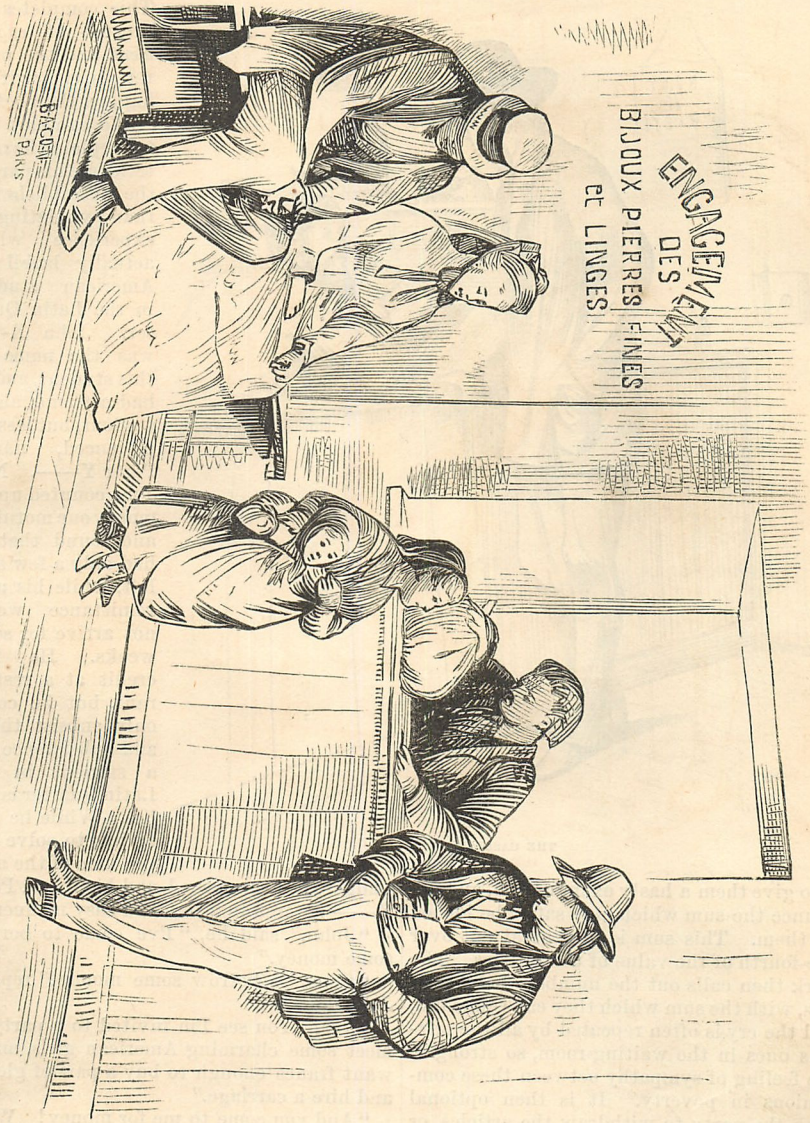
"Well, what does your mother do?"

"Washes."

"Have you any paper?"

"Yes, Sir," answers the child, and produces a written permission from her mother for the sale of the objects.

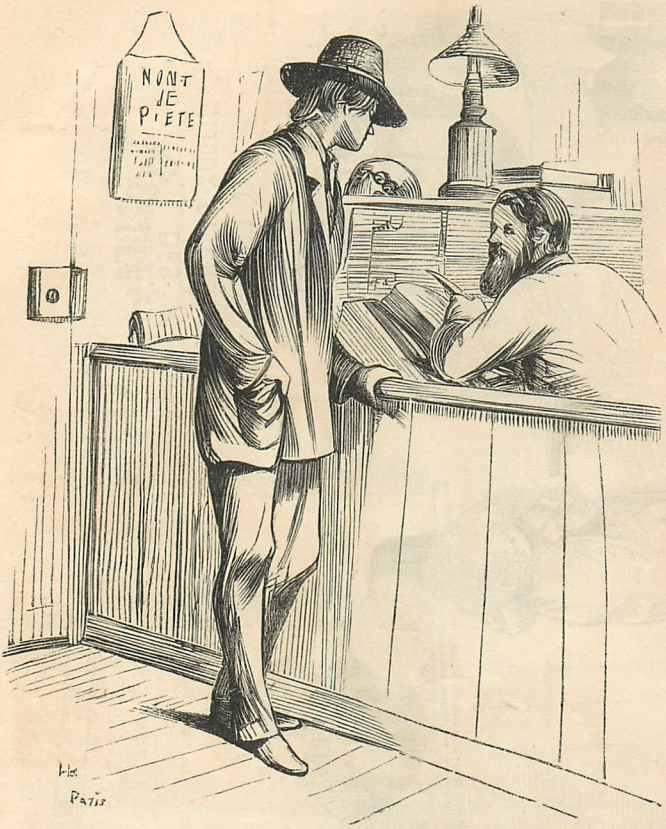
Then the incident terminates. Every day witnesses similar scenes. The persons who deal with the Mont-de-piété are of as many sorts as the articles they bring with them. Children and octogenarians stand side by side at the counter, and in accents equally feeble conduct their negotiations.



"SALLE D'ENGAGEMENTS."

Students, soldiers, and roués, orphans and widows, shop-girls and danseuses and domestics, are among the regular clients, while the list of occasional patrons embraces men and women of nearly every description of life. Paris is pre-eminently a city of pretenders, or, in other words, of the show and splendor of wealth without its substance. Not a few of the exquisites of the Champs Élysées know all the secrets of the Mont-de-piété, and its books not infrequently contain the name of a count or a marchioness. But it should be said that there are often to be seen at these offices persons of real respectability, and even of wealth, who are suffering from a temporary embarrassment, and find a loan on some valuable the easiest means of raising a little sum. The lady admirers of M. Beau Brummel would doubtless turn up their pretty noses if they should trace him to the Mont-de-piété, but M. Beau Brummel himself might pawn his watch any day, and suffer no loss of self-respect so far as the action itself is concerned.

The mode of operations in the receiving department is very systematic yet very simple. The applicants sit in the waiting-room till their turn is called, when they approach the counter, deliver the articles which they offer, receive a check therefor, and sit down again. Meantime the articles, be they jewels or linen, are passed in to the appraisers,



THE CASHIER.

who give them a hasty examination, and announce the sum which may safely be loaned on them. This sum is in general not over one-fourth of the value of the articles. The clerk then calls out the number of the articles, with the sum which they can command, and the cry is often repeated by all the anxious ones in the waiting-room, so strong is the feeling of sympathy between these companions in poverty. It is then optional with the party to withdraw the articles, or to accept the sum offered, the answer being yes or no, according as the offer is or is not accepted. If the answer be yes, another formality must be followed before the money is delivered.

The owner is summoned into a smaller room filled with desks and occupied by the cashier and clerks. Here he is required, first, to produce some paper establishing his identity, and then to answer a variety of questions as to his age, residence, *et cetera*. The answers are carefully recorded, the object being to prevent fraud. If every thing proves satisfactory, the money is paid over, accompanied with a *reconnaissance*, or certificate, on the presentation of which, with the sum borrowed, the articles may be redeemed.

This completes the process of *engagement*, and the party retires, richer if not happier than before.

We can not better explain the mysteries of this part of the establishment than by relating an experience which actually befell an American student in the Latin Quarter. John X—— was the name of this student, and he had a friend, also a student, but less experienced, named Peter Y——. Now John counted up his money one morning, and found that he had only a few sous left, while his next remittance would not arrive for some weeks. He had credit at a restaurant, but he could only subsist there, and subsistence for a student in the Latin Quarter is not life. While he was trying to solve the problem of the next budget the door opened, and his friend Peter Y—— entered in a free and easy manner.

"John," said he, "I've come to borrow some money."

"Come to borrow some money!" replied John, amazed.

"Yes. You see I'm invited to a party to meet some charming American girls, and I want francs enough to buy a pair of gloves and hire a carriage."

"And you come to me for money! Why, my dear fellow, I was just going to borrow of you, for I have only seventeen sous."

"The deuce!"

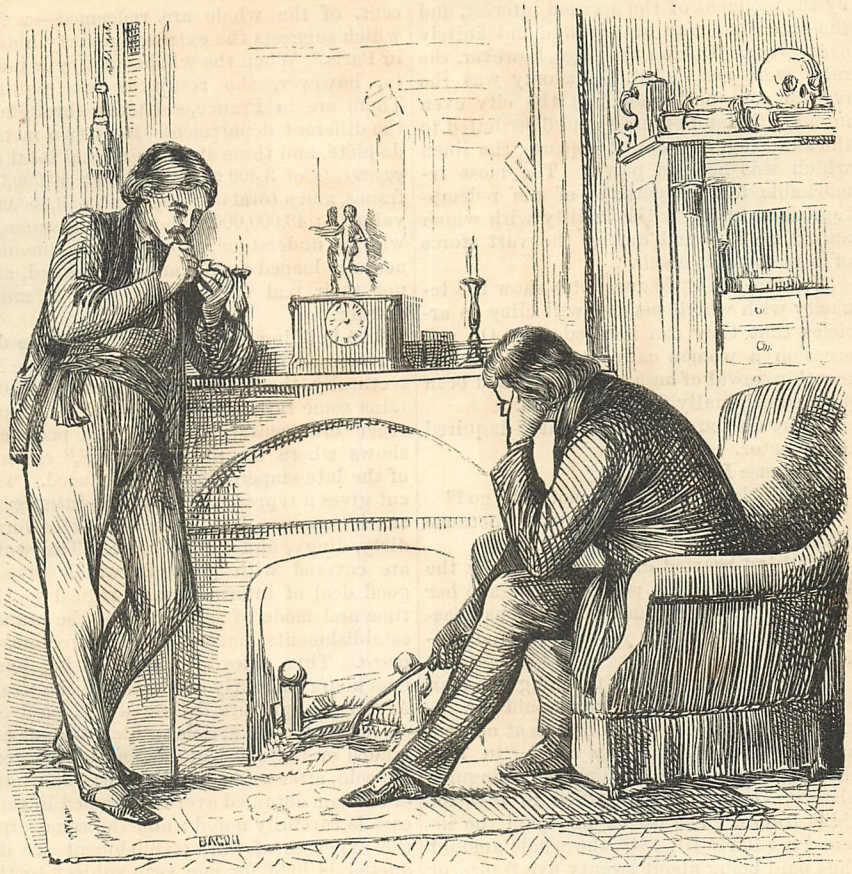
The two impecunious friends stared at each other for a few moments, and then, in spite of their position, burst into a hearty laugh. But Peter ended with a sigh, for he longed to go to the party. So John said,

"Don't give it up, Pete. Haven't you got something that you can *mettre au clou?*"

"*Au* what?" answered Peter.

"Haven't you got something that you can put *au clou*—that is to say, something that you can pawn at the Mont-de-piété?"

Peter reflected a moment, took out his watch and balanced it in his hand, and agreed to sacrifice it. John explained the



THE COUNCIL.

modus operandi, and his friend, promising to share the returns, started for the Mont-de-piété.

Now the watch in question, though a valuable one, did not bear the stamp of a French manufacturer attesting its quality, and the appraiser offered a very small sum for it. Still Peter was obliged to accept, and he counted on redeeming it in a few days. He entered the cashier's room.

"What is your name?" demanded that urbane official.

"Pierre Lefranc," replied the student, who, through shame, had determined to give a false name.

"Your residence?"

"Rue Monsieur le Prince, No. —."

"What papers do you carry?"

"Papers?" inquired our friend.

"Yes, papers; something that will identify you—a receipt for your lodging, certificate of birth, passport, or something of the sort."

"But," stammered Peter, "I am an American, and I have no papers of any kind, though I might get a passport at the American embassy. Can you wait for that?"

"Of course," replied the official.

"Very well," said Peter; "I'll take the watch, and bring it back when I return."

"Oh no; the watch is already entered, and can not be released. You must get your passport before you can have your watch or your money."

Then the truth flashed through Peter's mind. He could not get a passport on a false name, and he could not get his money or his watch on his true name; so there was no escape. He had lost his *soirée* and his watch; and when he reached John's room again the two friends found refuge in the old song, familiar to all French students:

"Je suis dans la débine,
J'ai tout au Mont-de-piété;
Je présente ma future,
On ne veut pas me prêter."

The process of *dégagement* is very simple. At any time after an interval of one day, and within one year, an article may be redeemed by the repayment of the amount loaned with interest at a trifle above the legal rates. At the expiration of one year the article may be "extended" for another year

by the payment of the accrued interest, and the extension may be repeated indefinitely every year. During the siege, however, the rules were suspended. Not only was the regular sale postponed, but the city even invaded the store-houses, and distributed to the suffering, at its own expense, the linen which was held in pawn. The most remarkable feature, perhaps, of the redemption department is the facility with which an article is found among the vast stores of miscellaneous goods.

A number of little anecdotes show the tenacity with which persons will cling to articles that they can not redeem. On one occasion a woman called to make the fifteenth renewal of an article which had been pawned originally for three francs.

"Why do you not release that?" inquired the director.

"Because I am too poor."

"Well, then, why do you not let it go?"

The woman burst into tears. "Because 'tis the last relic of my mother."

The kind-hearted director, moved by the filial devotion of the poor woman, gave her three francs and redeemed the precious treasure. It was a coarse *jupon de basin*, or under-garment.

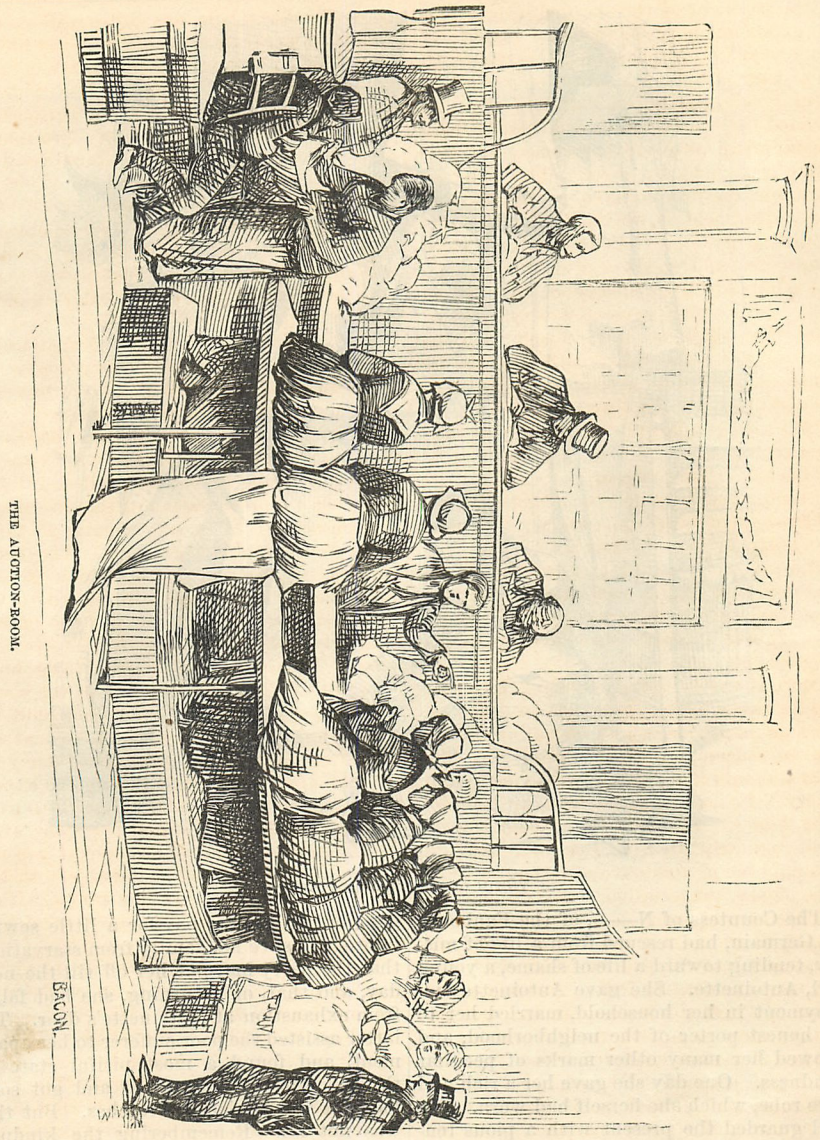
There is a story equally touching of a man who for seven successive years paid the interest on an article, which he was at no time able to redeem, for thirty sous! In 1849 there was sold a watch which had a singular history. It had been pawned in 1817 for eight francs. The owner had paid the interest regularly till 1847, the whole amount thus paid being about twenty-five francs, or three times the original loan. When the watch was sold, some curious person traced it back to its owner, and learned why the extensions had stopped so suddenly. The poor man had died in 1847. Scarcely a day passes in which the Mont-de-piété is not the scene of some such pathetic little drama.

A few statistics, collected before the war, will be of interest. Out of one thousand patrons of the Mont-de-piété there are, on the average, of traders, manufacturers, and shop-keepers, 112; of real-estate owners and proprietors, 84; of the liberal professions, 31; of mechanics, 39; soldiers, 4; of working-people, 730. The latter, it will be seen, pass for two-thirds of the whole number. But the comparison of amounts shows a different result. Out of one thousand francs taken at the Mont-de-piété the first class appears for 367, the second for 156, the third for 61, the fourth for 56, the fifth for 10, and the sixth for 350. Thus the last class, or working-people, though six times as numerous as the first, actually pawn less in amount. The annual business at Paris before the war amounted to about 1,530,900 articles, of which 1,000,000 were worth from three to five francs each. Not more than six per cent. of the whole are redeemed—a fact which suggests the extreme poverty hidden in Paris. When the whole country is taken in, however, the result is less painful. There are in France, scattered throughout the different departments, forty-two monts-de-piété, and these show an annual total *engagements* of 3,400,000, valued at 49,000,000 francs, and a total of *dégagements* of 3,300,000, valued at 43,000,000 francs. These sums, it will be understood, represent the amounts actually loaned on the articles pawned, and not their real value. The latter is much greater.

The building occupied by the auction department is a little more pretentious, architecturally, than the others. The front contains some rather fantastic scroll-work and other ornamentation, while the pediment shows where the monogram "N," emblem of the late emperor, has been effaced. The cut gives a representation of the interior, or auction-room. It is semicircular in form, dirty, dingy, and disagreeable. The walls are covered with placards, which give a good deal of information in regard to the time and mode of sales, lists of the branch establishments, names of the directors, *et cetera*. Thus, sales are made during business hours on nearly every day of the week. Articles bought are delivered and paid for on the spot. All articles which are not extended or redeemed at the end of one year are sold, after a few days' grace; the excess of the sum obtained over that loaned in each case is carefully noted; and the same, after the expenses of the establishment are deducted, is held for one year subject to the order of the owner. If not taken within one year, it is consigned to the general hospital fund.

The sales begin at ten o'clock in the morning. A few semicircular rows of benches without backs—benches with backs are a rare luxury at Paris—are filled with the regular bidders, while other benches along the walls accommodate visitors. The buyers, it will be observed, are nearly all women, and women of a somewhat questionable aspect, socially if not morally. The first fact may be explained by the recognition always given in France of the superior commercial capacity of the sex. The second fact leads to a few words on a peculiar branch of Parisian trade.

The sales at the Mont-de-piété are become little more than an auxiliary of the great commerce in second-hand goods carried on at *bric-à-brac* shops, furniture and clothing stores, bazars, and the countless number of establishments which attract by their suspiciously cheap prices. The women whose backs impolitely stare at us in the illustration are engaged in this sort of trade. They are vulgar and impudent in their manners, filthy in their dress, but wide awake in a



bargain. They have an unerring judgment of both the intrinsic and the commercial value of a watch, or a diamond, or a bundle of bedclothing. They never start a very active competition among themselves, for they are governed by a prudent sense of a common interest. The average price of "staples" changes but little; so when a set of sheets, for instance, is put up, the first speaker names the price, which is seldom raised much. The male representatives of each of these "merchants" often stand by to take care of the purchases and to assist in other ways. The scene is lively and curious, without being altogether impressive. The women come at an early hour, secure the best places, take out their knitting, and work and gossip till the sale opens.

Thus a large share of the Mont-de-piété treasures finds its way to the shops of these characters, where the articles may be purchased by the original owners for about three times the sum loaned on them. Many are the students who have found their unredeemed watches hanging in the window of second-hand dealers, and many the young *cuisinières* who have passed longingly the shop where a treasured necklace is held for sale by a greedy sister. There is one sad tale kept in the traditions of the Mont-de-piété, which shows vividly the character of this usurious traffic.



VICTIM OF THE MONT-DE-PIÉTÉ.

The Countess of N——, of the Faubourg St. Germain, had rescued from a life of misery, tending toward a life of shame, a young girl, Antoinette. She gave Antoinette employment in her household, married her to an honest porter of the neighborhood, and showed her many other marks of peculiar kindness. One day she gave her a rich and rare robe, which she herself had worn. The girl guarded the present with a pious tenderness, not daring even to wear it lest she soil it. She assured her mistress that she would always treasure it as a family trophy. But one day the kind countess fell ill, and soon died. Antoinette's heart was nearly broken, and she clung more closely than ever to the robe. Being obliged to seek other employment, she took, with her husband, a little room on the fifth floor of a house occupied by the poorest sort of people, and there continued her life of humble industry. One evening, on returning to her room, she found stretched out before her door the body of a woman. The stranger was aroused, and explained that she lived on the floor above; that she had a sick husband and several children; that she had gone out to get her pay for a little sewing in order to save her family from starvation; that the party had put her off till the next day, and that, on returning, she had fallen from exhaustion at Antoinette's door. The latter assisted the poor sufferer to her apartment, and found a most pitiful state of things. Then she returned and got some food for the famished wretches. But that was not all. Remembering the kindness which had rescued her from a fate even worse, she determined to raise some money for the unfortunates. All her little savings were in the care of a small banker of the neighborhood. Thither she hastened the next morning, only to learn that the banker had absconded the day before, with all the funds in his possession. This was a serious blow to the poor woman, less on her own account than on that of her more wretched neighbor. But one resort remained. She took down the precious robe, looked at it tenderly, and said, "You are not alive, dear lady, but your robe may yet relieve the needy." The Mont-de-piété loaned her sixteen francs on it, and this sum was given to her poor neighbor.

But in the course of time Antoinette herself met misfortune. Her husband was one day brought home in a horribly mutilated state: he had been run over by a heavily loaded wagon, and nearly killed. The next day he died, and left Antoinette with four small children, and no money. She struggled along for a short time, always intending to redeem the robe, when she found herself compelled to take her child in her arms and beg on the street. A cruel police officer comes along, arrests her, and sends her to prison. At the expiration of her term she emerges with sixteen francs which she had hoarded, and with her thoughts, as before, faithfully on the robe. Passing along the street, at a villainous shop what should she see suspended for sale but the robe itself! Half frantic, she rushed into the store, threw down her sixteen francs, and cried out, "That is my robe—give it to me; here are your sixteen francs!" The merchant smiled. "Not so fast, my good woman," said he; "I have been offered fifty francs for that robe; it is a very rare piece, and I will not sell it for less than sixty francs." Antoinette uttered a cry of anguish—"Sixty francs! that is three napoleons, and I have less than one. Oh, my God!"—rushed to the door, and fell on the threshold—dead.

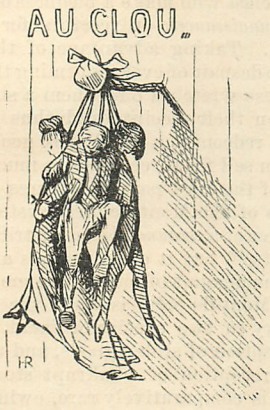
The sale begins. Behind a little platform stand two auctioneers, supplementing each other, and further back the clerks sit at their desks. The first auctioneer throws down a bundle of linen. The women grasp it, tear it open, chattering meanwhile like magpies, and shout out a bid or two. "Five francs!" "Five francs and one-half!" "Six francs!" "The linen is thin, worn, and soiled." "I don't want it at any price." "Seven francs!" "Give us something better." "Not till this is gone." "Get out, you blackguard!" "This won't sell for a sou." "Seven francs—no more?" "Seven francs!" "Going—seven francs!" "*Adjugé.*" The successful bidder passes up her seven francs, rolls up the wares, and tosses the bundle over her shoulder to the partner who takes care of it. Thus goes on, day after day, one great branch of Parisian trade.

Besides the three main establishments, there are twenty-four branches distributed throughout the city, or, in general, one to each *arrondissement*. They are all under one administration, and report to the general office. But few of the branches, however, have an auction department. In most cases they are only authorized to receive goods in pawn, and then to forward them to the chief store-house, where alone they may be redeemed. There is another class of dealers who receive goods on their own valuation, and run their risk—not a very great risk—of pawning them in turn for a little more at the Mont-de-piété. They are obliged to take them to the Mont-de-piété to avoid a technical infraction of the law against pawnbrokers, though of course their traffic is a substantial violation of it. Finally, there is a third class who make a business of buying up *reconnaissances*, or receipts for articles pawned. Taking advantage of those who begin to despair of ever redeeming their articles, these wretches offer them a slight premium on their receipts, and thus gain the right to redeem at a small price goods which they can sell for three times as much. This is one of the most painful features or consequences of the Mont-de-piété system. The surrender of a *reconnaissance* is a trifling matter in itself, but it often implies a sacrifice which no amount of money can measure.

The Mont-de-piété is made the innocent accessory in two species of fraud. One is the reception of stolen goods, and the other is the reception of bankrupt stock. The former is comparatively rare, owing to the precautions taken, and the risk incurred by the thief. The other is more successfully practiced: at certain seasons, when failures are more common, the business attains startling proportions. The first resort of a small trader, when he sees failure staring him in the face, is to get as much of his property as possible in the Mont-de-piété before the crash comes, so as to diminish the amount which may be seized for his creditors. If the officials at the Mont-de-piété do not know the person, they can only suspect; and they generally do suspect one who brings an unusual quantity of new goods. Their safeguards are two rules: one forbids the issuing of more than two receipts to one person on the same day; the other requires the publication in a bulletin of lists of new goods which have been pawned. Thus the bankrupt can not dispose of a very great quantity of his goods if his creditors are sharp. The last rule was only adopted last spring, and was called forth by an astounding increase in the sort of business described.

It remains only to speak of the success with which the Mont-de-piété fulfills its mission. This will be esteemed great or little according as it compares with one's expectations; but it would be wrong to suppose that the pious purpose of the enterprise has been observed in all its original purity. On the contrary, the administration of its affairs is essentially secular and selfish. The positions which it affords are scrambled for, and enter into political calculations, as thoroughly as those of any other branch of the service, and it pays large dividends. The estimates on articles submitted are shamefully low, and, in fact, would make the most usurious pawnbroker blush. But the Mont-de-piété offers absolute security to its patrons, and having a monopoly of business and an intelligible system which never varies, it

renders, on the whole, a service which ought not to be underrated. It is a great institution, which might be improved, but which is already a vast improvement on the system which it superseded.



SONG OF THE PALM.

Wild in its nature, as it were a token
Born of the sunshine and the stars and sea
Grand as a passion, felt, but never spoken;
Lonely and proud and free.

For when the Maker set its crown of beauty,
And for its home spread out the torrid ring,
Assigning unto each its place and duty,
He made the Palm a king.

So when in reverie I look and listen,
Half dream-like floats within my passive mind,
Why in the sun its branches gleam and glisten,
And harp-wise beat the wind;

Why, when the sea-waves, heralding their tidings,
Come roaring on the shore with crests of down,
In grave acceptance of their sad confidings
It bows its stately crown;

Why in the death-like calms of night and morning
Its quivering spears of green are never still,
But ever tremble, as at solemn warning
A human heart may thrill;

And also why it stands in lonely places,
By the red desert or the sad sea-shore;
Or haunts the jungle, or the mountain graces
Where eagles proudly soar.

It is a sense of kingly isolation,
Of royal beauty and enchanting grace,
Proclaiming from the earliest creation
The power and pride of race,

Which has almost imbued it with a spirit,
And made it sentient, although still a tree,
With dim perception that it might inherit
An immortality.

The lines of kinship thus so near converging,
It is not strange, O heart of mine, that I,
While stars were shining and old ocean surging,
Should intercept a sigh.

It fell a-sighing when the faint wind, dying,
Had kissed the tropic night a fond adieu,
The starry cross on her warm bosom lying
Within the southern view.

And when the crescent moon, the west descending,
Drew o'er her face the curtain of the sea,
In the rapt silence, eager senses lending,
Low came the sigh to me.

Life of my life! How can I ever render
The full sweet meaning sadly thus conveyed—
The full sad meaning, heart-breakingly tender,
That through the cadence strayed?

O that the priestess, who with magic lyre
Sang last the South, ere death gave her to Fame,
Had, hearing, fanned her fierce poetic fire
Into "baptismal flame!"

That he, who, by the far Egyptian river—
The pilgrim worshipful from western shores—
Caught the grand inspiration which forever
The sunlight round it pours,

Again had listened, and again revealing
The intertropic summer of the soul,
Had made translation, redolent with feeling,
Beyond my poor control!

When the wild North wind, by the sun enchanted,
Seeks the fair South, as lover beauty's shrine,
It bears the moaning of the sorrow-haunted,
Gloomy, storm-beaten Pine.

The waves of ocean catch the miserere,
Far wafted seaward from the wintry main;
They roll it on o'er reaches vast and dreary
With infinite refrain,

Until on coral shores, where endless summer
Hangs golden banners round her queenly throne,
The Palm infolds the weary spirit roamer
With low, responsive moan.

The sea-grape hears it, and the lush banana,
In the sweet indolence of their repose;
The frangipanni, like a crowned sultana;
The passion-flow'r, and rose;

And the fierce tiger in his darksome lair,
Deep hid away beneath the bamboo-tree;
All the wild habitants of earth and air,
And of the sleeping sea.

It throws a spell of silence so inthralling,
So breathless and intense and mystical,
Not the deep hush of skies when stars are falling
Can fill the soul so full.

A death in life! A calm so deep and brooding
It floods the heart with an ecstatic pain;
Brimming with joy, yet fearfully foreboding
The dreadful hurricane.

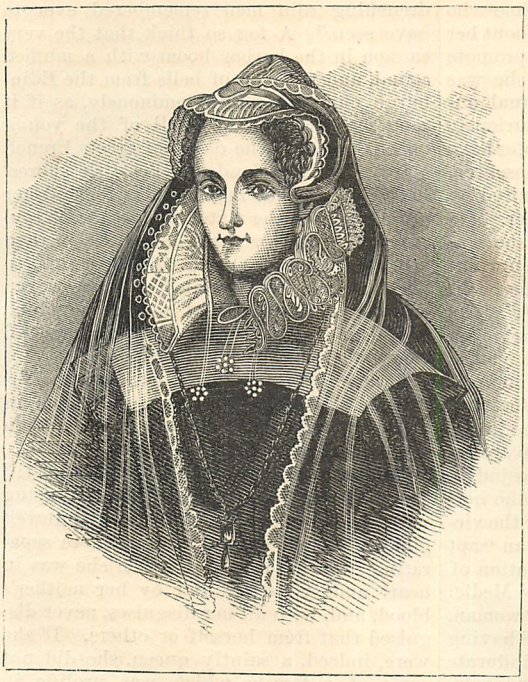
Fail love! fly happiness! yield all things mortal!
Fate, with the living, hath my small lot cast
To dwell beside thee, Palm! Beyond death's portal,
Guard well my sleep at last!

For I do love thee with a true-love passion.
Morn, noon, and night thou art forever grand.
Type of a glory God alone may fashion
Within the Summer Land.

Sigh not, O Palm! Fear not the final hour.
Full oft have lain within thy gracious shade,
Rose-crowned with garlands as from heavenly bower.
Fair forms of dusk displayed,

Than which nor Paradise can boast more fair.
Nor can celestial bliss perfected be
Without thy beauty. Thou shalt not despair
Of an eternity!

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

OF all unsolved problems of history there is none more perplexing, none more seemingly insoluble, than that afforded by the career and character of Mary Queen of Scots. Time has done nothing to detract from the peculiar witchery of her charms, or the romantic interest which attaches to her strange adventures. Her admirers are as enthusiastic three centuries removed from her as were those who fell beneath the peculiar spell of her presence — a spell which few were ever able wholly to resist. The controversy which waged about her while she lived continues as hot, and almost as bitter, over her grave. History can come no nearer a verdict than could her own contemporaries. Its only answer, like theirs, is, We can not agree.

This controversy is not a purely personal one; if it had been, it would have been neither so bitter nor so prolonged. In the sixteenth century the Reformation was a battle, sometimes theological, sometimes diplomatic, sometimes military; but, under Luther, Coligni, and Walsingham, always a battle. The era of Mary's life was the March month of the world's history, in which summer and winter contended for the mastery. In England the reformed religion, despite the check it received from Bloody Mary, had become the dominant religion of the state; but Rome still held the allegiance of a large minority of Queen Elizabeth's subjects, and did not give over the hope of recovering the lost "jewel of the seas" till the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. In France Rome controlled the court, but not the nation; nor did Protestants abandon all hope of redeeming the birthplace of Calvin and Farel until the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. Scotland, midway between these two contending kingdoms, was their battle-ground. French and English, Catholic and Protestant, struggled in a bitter war of extermination to possess her—a war which only ceased with the death of both Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, and the accession of James to the throne of the united kingdom.

Mary was at once French and Catholic. Her most intimate advisers were always French; French literature afforded her favorite recreation; French habits were, as far as possible, domesticated in her Scotch court; and the French language was almost uniformly employed by her in her confidential correspondence. And with all her fickleness, her attachment to her Church never wavered. Strive hard as she might to imitate the example of her unconscionable mother-in-law, Catherine de' Medici, and hold an even balance between the contending religions till the time came to strike for victory, she never could be otherwise than a partisan—always a devoted, though never a blind one. Thus while she lived it was the interest of one faction to destroy and of the other to defend her. Since her death it has been equally the interest of Roman Catholics to canonize her as a martyred saint, and of Protestants to justify the sentence which condemned her to the block.

* The numerous portraits ascribed to this princess are as various and dissimilar as the circumstances of her life, and have excited almost as much doubt and controversy as the disputed points of her history, agreeing only in representing her as eminently beautiful.

The picture which has furnished the plate before us has been preserved with the greatest care from time immemorial in the mansion of Dalmahoy, the principal seat in Scotland of the Earl of Morton. On the upper part of it is inscribed, "Mary Queen of Scots: said to have been painted during her confinement in Lochleven Castle;" and the earl who at present possesses it states that, according to a tradition in his lordship's family, it was once the property of George Douglas, the liberator of Mary, and that it passed from him to his eminent relation, James, fourth Earl of Morton, with whose posterity it remains to the present day.

Thus the difficulties which beset any attempt to tell correctly the story of her career, or analyze aright her character, are very great. The student of history finds no impartial witnesses; few in her own time who are not ready to tell and to believe about her the most barefaced lies which will promote their own party. During her life she was calumniated and eulogized with equal audacity. Since her death the same curiously contradictory estimates of her character have been vigorously maintained—by those, too, who have not their judgment impaired by the prejudices which environed her. On the one hand, we are assured that she was "the most amiable of women;" "the upright queen, the noble and true woman, the faithful spouse, and affectionate mother;" "the poor martyred queen;" "the helpless victim of fraud and force;" an "illustrious victim of state-craft," whose "kindly spirit in prosperity and matchless heroism in misfortune" award her "the most prominent place in the annals of her sex." On the other, we are assured, by men equally competent to judge, that she was "a spoiled beauty;" "the heroine of an adulterous melodrame;" "the victim of a blind, imperious passion;" an "apt scholar" in "the profound dissimulation of that school of which Catherine de' Medici was the chief instructor;" "a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr," having "a proud heart, a crafty wit, and indurate mind against God and His truth;" "a bold, unscrupulous, ambitious woman," with "the panther's nature—graceful, beautiful, malignant, untamable."

Endeavoring to keep clear of the dust of this famous controversy, we propose in this article to give the reader—as far as may be done in the compass of a few pages—the benefit of that light which modern research among old manuscripts and court records and long-buried correspondence has thrown upon this never-to-be-settled problem of history.*

August 19, 1561. A fog such as might have served the purpose of a portrait for Dickens's famous opening chapter in *Bleak House*. "The thickest mist and most drenching rain men remembered ever to have seen." A fog so thick that the very cannon in the harbor boom with a muffled sound, and the peal of bells from the Edinburgh churches sounds ominously, as if it rang out the funeral knell of the young queen. Such is the day that greets French Mary when she lands on Scottish shores. Better far for her had not this fog hid her squadron from the watchful eyes of her royal cousin. Better that she had fallen then into the hands of Queen Elizabeth than to have become her wretched prisoner seven years later, shorn of that good name which is woman's chief protection—always and every where her best "safe-conduct."

French Mary we have called her—for French she really was, though Scotch in birth. She had made her bed on deck when she embarked at Calais, and had lain there all night, watching the receding shore till the darkness wholly veiled it, and rising with the morning dawn to get a farewell glimpse of her beloved France before separating from it forever. French she was in heart and sympathy, and by her mother's blood, and, with all her disguises, never disguised that from herself or others. If she were, indeed, a saintly queen, she did not come of a family which was prolific in saints. Her paternal grandmother was that English Margaret whose unwomanly lust was not even hid beneath a womanly reserve—"an ignorant, deceitful, low-minded, odious woman;" drying her widow's tears in three months to marry the handsome Earl of Angus; divorcing him after two years to marry her paramour, Stewart of Avondale; and in nine or ten years later seeking a new divorce that she might return to her first love; as treacherous to her nation as to her husbands; selling information and herself to the English government, and for poor wages too; and at the last paying the penalty all traitors pay in universal neglect and contempt. This Margaret's son, James V., was Mary's father, of whom we can say nothing worse than that he was a genuine

* Mr. Froude, in his *History of England*, writes almost as a public prosecutor of the Scottish queen, and sometimes sacrifices historical accuracy to dramatic effect. Mr. James Meline, in his *Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian*, assails Froude very bitterly, and shows him to be inaccurate in some minor details; but his own intense partisanship unfits him for the office of a critic, and he entirely fails in his endeavor to neutralize the general effect of Froude's narrative. Mr. Hosack is an Edinburgh barrister, and in his *Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers* writes in such a vein as would befit him were he indeed earning a lawyer's fee by a lawyer's service. For a brief, but it must be confessed somewhat partisan, account of Mary and her times the reader can find nothing better than MacKenzie's *History of Scotland*, which is a model compendium of history, as graphic as it is concise; and for a full and painstaking, but somewhat heavy narrative, covering the same ground, he will find nothing so reliable and so impartial as Burton's *History of Scotland*, which even Hosack praises. It is perhaps proper to add that our statements in this article are not taken at second hand from any of these historians; but that we have verified them—as far as our American libraries permit—by an examination of the original sources. Neither Buchanan nor Knox is of the slightest value in the investigation of this historical problem, and Hume is little better. Miss Strickland sees the whole story through the atmosphere of a tender and charitable woman's sympathies. Tytler and Robertson both contain valuable documents. The chief authorities, however, for an original investigation are, Keith, who gives the original documents in extenso—whose history is, indeed, little else than a running commentary on them; *Mary Stuart's Letters*, of which there are one or two editions, both in French and English; and *Howell's State Trials*, which contain in full the depositions and confessions of those who, under the direction of Bothwell, actually perpetrated the murder of Darnley.

Stuart, and nothing better than that he was perhaps the best of them. Vigorous in execution, but vacillating in purpose; brave, but both false and fickle; condescending to the people, yet as one who has contempt for them; of good understanding, but of degenerate morals; rebelling against the control of the Scottish nobility, only to resign himself into the hands of the Roman Catholic churchmen — he died at the last broken-hearted, because on the eve of battle deserted by his rebellious army.

Mary Queen of Scots, his only legitimate child, inherited from him the throne, and with it a sorry idea of the sacredness of the marriage tie. It is significant of the credibility of contemporaneous history that this man, who maintained a Scotch harem with four noble wives, and left half a dozen illegitimate children of rank, besides no man knows how many unknown bastards, should be written down as the most exemplary and virtuous of monarchs.

By her father Mary was a Stuart; on her mother's side she belonged to the Lorraines of France—a family as unscrupulous as it was daring. It was her uncle, the chivalrous Duke of Guise, who, coming one day upon a congregation of Protestants, met for worship, and opening fire upon them, when the poor, unarmed martyrs broke through the roof, ordered his soldiers to bring them down with their shot, "as one brings down pigeons," his lady looking on and hugely enjoying the exciting sport. It was her other uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, whom Pius V. nicknamed the "Ultramontane Pope," and who signalized his devotion to the Church by holding at one time no less than fourteen sees, bishoprics, and abbeys, and managing with great economy to live very comfortably on the paltry income of 300,000 francs which they annually brought him. "He is not much beloved," says a contemporary; "he is far from truthful, naturally deceitful and covetous, but *full of religion.*" The sister of these Lorraines, Mary of Guise, the mother of Mary Queen of Scots, has been scarcely less bitterly condemned and no less highly eulogized than her daughter. On the whole, there is perhaps no better estimate of her character than that of Robertson: "Mary of Guise possessed the same bold and aspiring spirit which distinguished her family; but in her it was softened by the female character, and accompanied with great temper and address."

This was the "martyred queen's" lineage. Her education was even less adapted to develop saintly qualities. Probably about the last person in the world who would be chosen to educate a saint would be Catherine de' Medici of infamous memory. And Catherine de' Medici was Mary's custodian. This woman, who deliberately debauched her own sons that she might better manage them, was not, we may imagine, overscrupulous in her counsels to the young girl who was her most dreaded and hated rival. Probably the last school where one would choose to send a susceptible maiden to learn lessons of purity would be the court of France in the sixteenth century. And it was in the court of France Mary spent the most susceptible years of her life—from six to nineteen. Certainly the last custodians of the conscience which a modern would choose would be those Jesuit fathers—Vasquez, Escobar, Mendoza, for example—who did not hesitate to defend by their casuistry, and under color of religion, fraud, forgery, falsehood, murder; and whose teachings, before they were counteracted by the protests of such believers as Pascal, and such heretics as Luther, brought forth their fruit in the assassination of William of Orange and of Coligni, and in the wholesale massacre of St. Bartholomew. And it was these fathers, and their apt disciple the Cardinal of Lorraine, who were the keepers of Mary's conscience.

A virtuous queen she may have been—ingenuous she certainly was not. An apt scholar in this school of Jesuitism she early proved herself to be, not unworthy her birth and costly education. Landing at Leith in the year 1561, she is a charming young widow of nineteen. Three years before she had married Francis II. of France. And never a blush of secret shame mantled her maiden cheek when she signed the treaty which the Scotch commissioners brought her for the purpose of guarding the independence of the nation, jealous of foreign interference; never a hint from which shrewd diplomates could guess that fifteen days before she had signed away the kingdom to the crown of France, annulling beforehand whatever solemn promise to the contrary she might make to her own most beloved and trusting subjects. So young, so fair, and yet so false!

It is a turbulent kingdom that greets fair Mary with its rude but nevertheless cordial welcome. It has had enough of regencies, and hopes for incoming peace with the coming of the sovereign to her throne—peace that no sovereign could give the distracted nation. Diplomacy has secured the court to the French and Catholic faction. The wooing of Henry VIII. has been more like an attempt at rape than like a courtship, and has neither inspired affection nor awakened fear. But the Reformation has secured already the suffrages of the people, and the era when kings and courts really reign has already passed for the Anglo-Saxon race—a fact the Stuarts will never comprehend. Between court and people stand a "turbulent and treacherous nobility," not troubled overmuch with religion of any sort, but so far Protestant as this, that they will never suffer the estates and the political power with

which the Reformation has endowed them to pass into the hands of the ecclesiastics again. To hold an even balance between these conflicting interests requires rare statesmanship, and a rare statesman is happily at Mary's side to do it.

In all the controversies in which James Stuart, Earl of Murray, was subsequently involved, with all the accusations heaped upon him by those who could defend the sister only by defaming the half-brother, it is noticeable that his chastity never was impugned, and his ability never denied. He was either a great statesman or a consummate politician. Which, we shall leave the course of this narrative to indicate. Under his administration three years pass, on the whole, happily and peacefully away. Even sturdy and surly old John Knox relents a little in Mary's presence, and half retracts his *Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regimen of Women*. The attempt to prohibit her private mass proves a failure. The old Scotch divines rebuke the French fashions—masquerades, dancing satyrs, unseemly coquetries, wherein the queen and her ladies robe themselves in male attire, leading now and then to some public scandals; but the people are, for the most part, as deaf as the court to their exhortations. The court has promised sacredly to preserve unimpaired Protestant faith and worship, and no Protestant can ask more. Persecutions cease. There are no more "black lists," or French invasions, or hideous human bonfires. No one imbued with the spirit of modern liberalism can complain that Mary demands for herself the same privilege which she accords to her subjects—"that of worshiping God according to her own creed." One would like to think sincere all her protestations that she has no thought of introducing again the religion of Rome, and relighting the fires of persecution which so lately illumined the streets of Edinburgh with their hideous glare. But her Protestant subjects put not overmuch faith in them. Was it strange? James's legacy to his kingdom was a "black list" of between three and four hundred heretics, persons of property and wealth, who had been singled out to be cut off by a sort of Bartholomew massacre at a blow. No wonder they were suspicious of the daughter. John Knox, surrendering to Mary of Guise twenty years before, on pledge of no other penalty than expatriation, had paid for his untimely confidence by two years in the French galleys. It would have been strange had he not learned at the oars the meaning at least of one text—"Put not your trust in princes." Let charity believe that Mary Queen of Scots was honest in her liberalism: let it not wonder that the Protestant leaders were suspicious of it. "No faith is to be kept with heretics," had already passed into a Jesuit proverb.

So long, at all events, as James, Earl of Murray, is at the head of the government there is no danger, for he is a stanch Protestant, and not a Bothwell nor an Earl of Arran to be used by men more cunning than himself. So the nation rests in tolerable peace, trusting in Murray rather than in Mary, and suffering her mass, though always under protest, so long as she suffers herself to be guided by his counsels. But of this kind of compromise the Holy Mother Church is always impatient. And though there is no papal legate at the court of Edinburgh, Rome does not lack for envoys—shrewd ones, too. Of these the chief is an Italian, David Rizzio.* He enters her service as a musician soon after she goes to Scotland; is promoted to the office of valet de chambre; becomes her private secretary; conducts all her private and secret correspondence; becomes eventually the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself, usurping the very government. Chief we have called him, yet is he not alone. The court of Scotland has her representatives in foreign courts, as befits her dignity; but her true representatives are unknown to courtly fame—Chesein in France, Yaxley in the Netherlands, Ranlet in the Low Countries. So there is an outer and inner court. My lord James, Earl of Murray, is, indeed, the queen's Prime Minister; but this unknown adventurer from Piedmont—unknown because he succeeds best while he hides his office, as his designs—is virtually her secretary for the foreign affairs, and is her most confidential adviser.

The Earl of Murray must be dismissed. No easy task, surely, but one that art can accomplish. Who so fitting to come between sister and brother as a husband? Queen Mary shall be married. It is time she laid off her widow's weeds. And who so fitting a spouse as my lord Darnley—the only one who, when Elizabeth dies, can compete with Mary for the throne of England?

So my lord Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots are brought together. They meet in Wemyss Castle, by the Firth of Forth. It is a clear case of "love at first sight." Royal husbands not a few have been proposed for Mary's hand; but nothing more is heard of them. "He is the handsomest and best-proportioned long man," says Mary, "I have ever seen." Every thing goes as Rizzio and the papal court would have it. The Prot-

* "There is now no doubt whatever," says Mr. MacKenzie, "that he was a papal agent in the pay and confidence of the Vatican, and in constant correspondence with his employers on the banks of the Tiber." Mr. MacKenzie does not give his authority, and we are not able to find any documentary confirmation of his statement. Papal envoys of this sort, however, are not accustomed to leave their commissions on file, or their correspondence in the national archives. The evidence of his character is chiefly if not wholly circumstantial.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

estant interest takes fire, for Darnley is a Catholic. It is not less furious in England than in Scotland; for the nation has little hope now that Queen Elizabeth will ever take a husband, and in absence of her heirs the throne of the united kingdom will fall into the hands of this Catholic couple. The French faction are only less furious; for this marriage will unite, as it does forever, the crowns of England and of Scotland, and forever dispel the dream of French and Scottish alliance. Mary's Paris friends "are in a marvelous agony for the news of the marriage of the Scottish queen with Lord Darnley," and, if report be true, when they hear of it, spend the night in vain weeping.

Queen Elizabeth, who has been playing fast and loose, with fair promises and fickle performance, finds herself no match for the cunning Italian. Her own kingdom is threatened with faction, and rumors of Catholic rebellion, to unseat her and place her rival and cousin on the empty throne, fill the court and the nation with perplexity. She indignantly summons Darnley back again, and gets for answer that "he has no mind to return." "I find myself," he says, shortly and almost contemptuously, "very well where I am, and so I purpose to keep me." My lord Murray sees the end of all this from the beginning. Neither Mary's tears nor Mary's threats, and she uses both with a woman's consummate skill, can wring from him an approval of the marriage.

But all his affectionately earnest protests are powerless to hinder it. Opposition is only fuel to the flame. Marry she will, though all the world opposes. Love, blind as it always is said to be, for the ignoble Darnley, revenge on Elizabeth, whom Mary cordially hates, and who hates her as cordially, and ambition—the ambition to make good her claim to the English throne, which since she was a girl eighteen years old she has never ceased to nourish—all push her on to this destructive marriage. And Mephistopheles is at her side to remove every obstacle and clear the way. It is Rizzio who arranges for the first meeting between Mary and Darnley. It is Rizzio who affects



LORD DARNLEY.

such liking for the young lord that he shares his bed with him. It is Rizzio who promises to secure the pope's dispensation—for Mary and Darnley are cousins. It is Rizzio who, while negotiations are still pending, and the envoy is yet on his way to the court of Rome, fits up a private room in the palace, where the marriage ceremony, which the Church pronounces void, is clandestinely performed. For the papal benediction is needed, it appears, not to hallow the marriage tie, but only to give it respectability before the public. Elizabeth might as well spare her diplomacy, since all is virtually settled. Rizzio has not exceeded his instructions. There are no delays at the court of Rome. Fast as wind and wave can carry him comes back the messenger with the promised dispensation. The marriage, already performed in secret, is repeated in public. It takes place on the 29th of July, 1565. Queen Mary, as though some secret consciousness hung over her of the sorrows on which she is entering, wears at the marriage altar her mourning dress of black velvet. It is a gloomy ceremony. When the herald proclaims in the streets of Edinburgh that Henry, Earl of Ross and Albany, is hereafter King of Scotland, the crowd receive the proclamation in sullen silence. Even the money distributed in profusion among them awakens no enthusiasm. Only one voice cries, "God save his Grace." It is the voice of Darnley's father.

My lord the Earl of Murray has tried dissuasion. It has failed. He has tried wile against wile, has planned to abduct Lord Darnley and send him back to the Queen of England. But the rough Scotchman is no match in craft for the cunning Italian. This fruitless conspiracy has only incensed the queen against him. His honest portraiture of the poor fool with whom Queen Mary is so infatuated has awakened all her womanly indignation. The court is no longer safe. Rumors are rife of plans for his assassination. True or false, they are probable enough to make him avoid Rizzio and Darnley. The queen summons him to court, and offers him a safe-conduct. But Protestants have learned to look with suspicion on safe-conducts proffered by Roman Catholic princes. Murray is conveniently sick, and can not come. Sentence of outlawry is pronounced against him. All the hate of a hot woman's heart is aroused; "hatred the more malignant because it was unnatural." Revenge is sweeter than ambition. "I would rather lose my crown than not be revenged upon him," she is heard to say. He calls to arms. The interest of the Protestant religion is his battle-cry. But there are few responses. He dispatches messengers to Queen Elizabeth for the help she has long since promised. She hesitates, delays, falters. Mary knows no delay. She takes the field in person. Lord Darnley rides at her side. He is clad in gilt armor, she in steel bonnet and corslet, with pistols at her saddle-bow and pistols in her hand. In August the standard of rebellion was raised. In October Murray and his few retainers are flying across the border into England.*

Mephistopheles no longer conceals his purpose. Mass is no longer confined to the queen's private chapel. The retainers of Darnley's father go openly to the Catholic service. The General Assembly have passed a resolution that the sovereign is not exempt from the law of the land, and that the reformed service take the place of the mass in the royal chapel. This is Rizzio's answer to their demand. Negotiations are opened with Pope Pius V. and Philip of Spain. One promises soldiers, twelve thousand men; the other sends money, twenty thousand crowns.

* How far Murray's rebellion was in the interest of Protestantism, and how far instigated by a selfish ambition, it is difficult to tell. It is a significant fact that Castelnau, the French embassador, interceded with Mary for the rebels, telling her that they only sought what was conceded to the Huguenots of France, permission to follow in peace their own religious observance. Burton, iv. 286. And this is but seven years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

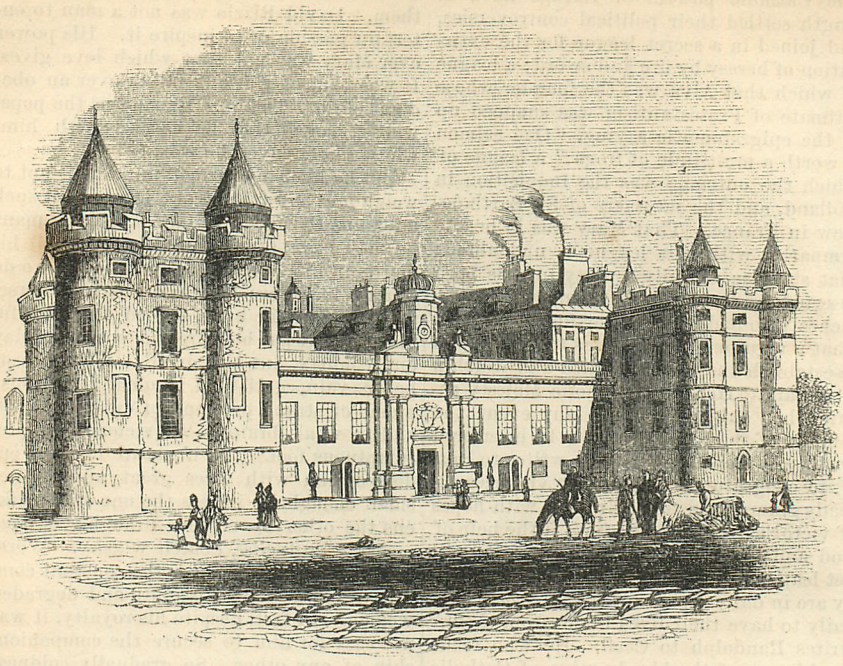
The Catholic powers of Europe have at length settled their political controversies, and joined in a secret league for the extirpation of heresy by fire and sword; a league of which that Alva was the founder whose estimate of Protestantism was summed up in the epigrammatic saying, "One salmon is worth a multitude of frogs;" a league of which the outcome was the Inquisition in Holland, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France. That Mary was in hearty sympathy with this league is undoubted; that she was actually a party to it is both asserted and denied by men behind the scenes who had every opportunity to know. That a vigorous attempt was to be made to re-establish the Catholic faith and worship is certain. Her Most Catholic Majesty assures her subjects that in any event the religion of the realm shall not be interfered with. At the same time she writes to Pius V. to congratulate him on the victories already gained, and to inspire him with hopes of victories yet to come: "With the help of God and his Holiness," she says, "she will yet leap over the wall." The reformed clergy are in daily dread. "The preachers look daily to have their lives taken from them," writes Randolph to Cecil. He who reads the history of the bloody reign of Catholic Mary of England, just preceding, can not pronounce the fears unfounded.

The Italian singer is no longer a power behind the throne. He sits upon it. The public papers and the public coins are first issued in the name of Henry and Mary; then in the name of Mary and Henry; then the public seal is given to Rizzio, and with his own hand he signs and stamps the official papers for the king. There is no access to Mary but through Rizzio: he who would gain the ear of the one must buy the favor of the other. Honor after honor is heaped upon him. The poor strolling minstrel outvies in wealth the richest noble of hereditary rank and hereditary estates. It is no secret that Murray is to be attainted, and his lands given to this Italian adventurer. He who cringed in his poverty bears his prosperity with intolerable haughtiness. He rebukes the queen herself with sharp insolence. She bears it with greater patience than do her nobles. Wise advisers counsel him to be cautious. Secure in his royal mistress's favor, he makes little of the advice. He is frequently closeted with her late at night. The king himself finds the door barred—David admitted, himself shut out. Whispers such as no true woman can afford to suffer circulate freely, and Mary suffers them; ugly stories, aptly illustrated by the saying of a later day, that "King James the Sixth's title to be called the modern Solomon was, doubtless, that he was the son of David, who performed upon the harp."

History does not justify these scandals. Neither can it justify the queen who suffered them. David Rizzio was not a man to entertain passion or to inspire it. His power over Mary was not that which love gives. It was that of a Jesuit father over an obedient child. To Mary, Rizzio was the pope, whose benediction he carried with him, whose secret envoy he was.

But no husband in such an issue is apt to weigh *pros* and *cons* nicely, least of all such a man as Darnley. "Handsome long man" he may have been; but he carried all his merits in his face and figure. Stop! we do him an injustice: he was a dextrous horseman, fond of the hunt, a good shot, skillful in the somewhat boisterous sports of his day and country, but that is all. For the rest, he was vain, egotistical, insolent, imperious; a man of strong passions, of unbridled lust, and of weak brains—"a vicious and presumptuous fool." As if nature had not endowed him with vices great and virtues small enough, he incites the one and weakens the other by copious draughts of *aqua composita—Anglice*, Scotch whisky. Worst of all in Mary's eyes, he is the constant companion of the most dissolute and degraded women. In fact, despite his royalty, it was not easy for him to secure the companionship of any other. So gradually coldness springs up between Mary and her handsome husband—coldness growing into estrangement, estrangement growing into open and bitter quarrels. She abides him with difficulty; speaks of him, if the diplomatic correspondence of the day can be trusted, in terms such that "it can not for modesty, nor with the honor of a queen, be reported what she said of him." Say what she might, she could not say worse than the truth. Brute that he is, he stops just short of actual violence in his treatment of her. His insolence grows so intolerable that his very father grows weary of it, and leaves the court. Intriguing nobles easily play the part of Iago to one who was in heart any thing but an Othello. A jealous husband and an unscrupulous nobility make a dangerous foe; and yet David sleeps secure.

It is Saturday night, March 9, 1566. Queen Mary is in her boudoir in the Holyrood Palace. Supper is laid upon the table. Two or three friends, among them Murray's loose sister, the Countess of Argyle, are with her. Rizzio is there, of course. The company are in high glee, and Rizzio most gleeful of them all. The Parliament has been convened. The Catholic bishops and abbots have taken their seats in it once more. Mary has promised to do some good "anent the auld religion," and the first day's work promises well. By her personal presence she has carried, on this eventful Saturday, the bill for the attainder of Murray, despite "great reasoning and opposition." Murray's large estates are ripe to drop into David's



HOLYROOD PALACE.

outstretched palm. All goes well, and no one dreams of the mine prepared and ready for explosion.

Suddenly Darnley enters through a secret door which leads from his own room below, an unexpected and unwelcome visitor. He throws himself by Mary's side, and salutes her with a kiss. At the same moment the tapestry is thrown back. It discloses the gaunt and ghostly visage of Lord Ruthven. He has risen from a sick-bed to consummate this cruel crime, and looks more like a ghost than like a man. The queen demands the meaning of the intrusion. Darnley, awed by her mien, mutters beneath his breath, "Ce n'est rien"—"it is nothing." Ruthven, unawed, cries for Rizzio to come forth. The meaning of his words is unmistakable. The queen, brave but defenseless, springs to her feet and instinctively throws herself before the Italian. The craven Italian as instinctively casts himself behind her. Her companions, recovering from their astonishment, make at Ruthven to thrust him out. In that instant his confederates appear. The room is filled with armed men. One holds a pistol to Mary's breast. A second seizes the wretched Italian. He clings convulsively to Mary's dress. Faldonside bends back his little finger till he shrieks with pain and lets go his hold. Darnley, with a coward's courage, only looks on. A rope is flung about Rizzio's body—the rope that had been provided to hang him with. He is dragged from the room, catching hopelessly at Mary's bed as he passes it. His last words are a cry for help borne back from the anteroom.

"Madame, madame! save me, save me! Justice! I am a dead man!" Then a cry for mercy—"Spare my life!"

It was meant to keep him till morning, try him, and hang him with at least some forms of law. But a disturbance is heard in the court-yard below.

There is a fear of rescue. In the mêlée George Douglas has snatched the king's dagger from Darnley's scabbard. He plunges it into the unhappy Italian's side, with the words, "This is from the king." "A moment more and the whole fierce crew were on him, like hounds upon a mangled wolf." The next morning fifty-six wounds were counted on his person.

The assassins have the grace to spill no blood in the queen's presence. She is slow to believe what her own heart tells her. She is not the woman to sit and repine when hope is left; and if Rizzio be living she has hope of rescue. She sends a maid to ascertain what has become of him. The maid brings back the dreadful tidings—he is dead. "I have seen him myself," she says. It was afterward remembered against the unhappy queen that with strange fortitude she dried her eyes, saying, with marvelous calmness, "No more tears—I will think upon a revenge." It was remembered, too, that in the fever of that terrible moment she ut-

tered ominous words to her brutal but coward husband.

"You have taken your last of me, and your farewell," she said. "I shall never rest till I give you as sorrowful heart as I have at this present."*

If this be only a meaningless burst of passion, it soon subsides. If it is a deliberate resolve, it is quickly covered. This woman is either the most forgiving of Christians, or the most consummate of actors. Her resentment has apparently faded before the day has dawned. Her palace is guarded. There is neither access nor egress except by permission of the conspirators. The provost guard of Edinburgh comes once to her relief. Darnley shouts from the window that all is done by his order, and the guard goes home again. Murray suddenly makes his appearance—the Murray whom, on that fatal Saturday, Mary was striving to attaint. She throws herself into his arms, almost with the words of Mary of old to Jesus, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The Murray whom her subsequent defenders have accused of participating in this murder lay not under her suspicion of it, that is certain. No contemporary charged him with it. If guilty, he had the consummate statecraft to reap all the advantage and shun all the odium of the crime. But he came of a family of adepts in state-craft.

Sunday and Monday the queen gives all her energies to regaining her lost crown and sceptre. She is all smiles. Few men are able to resist her blandishments. Darnley is not one of them. He would fain make her believe that he had nothing to do with the assassination. She succeeds in making him believe that she believes him. Cozened into the unnatural league by jealousy of Rizzio, he is coaxed out of it by the assurances of Mary, and by some pity left for the wife so soon to be a mother. At the same time she promises the assassins a free pardon. They are suspicious of her promise; but they can not well refuse to receive it. A bond is drawn up for her to sign. Darnley gives it to her Monday evening. He reports that it is satisfactory, and that it will be returned with her signature in the morning.

But in the morning the palace is empty. In the dead of night the king and queen have crept out together through the wine-vaults to the broken tombs and demolished sepulchres in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood; and so, with a twenty-mile mad gallop across the country through the bright moonlight, have fled to the gates of Dunbar.

The confederates send post-haste for the pardon—a bootless errand. Instead there comes the news that the queen has summoned an army to her standard; that it has answered the royal messengers; that it is marching on Edinburgh. The murder of Rizzio has shocked the moral sense of the nation—the act less than the brutal doing of it. Knox, indeed, declares it "a just act, and most worthy of all praise;" but not even Knox can breast the universal storm of execration. In a week's time the queen is back in Holyrood again, and the whole crew of murderers is flying across the border into hospitable England—hospitable in every such juncture to Scottish traitors.

In flying to Dunbar Castle Mary fled to the dangerous protection of the Earl of Bothwell. Bold to audacity, with the grossness but the chivalry of a border ruffian, with the vices but the graces bred of a Continental education, a man of notorious gallantry—a "glorious, rash, and hazardous young man"—the Earl of Bothwell affords a fair historical illustration of the sort of character which was born of ancient feudalism, and died with it—a character invested by song and story with a romance which ruthless history refuses to accord. To Mary, the devout Catholic, his one pre-eminent vice was a fierce hatred of all ecclesiastics, which gave the name of Protestant to one who, indifferent to all religion, feared neither God, man, nor the devil. To Mary, the Stuart and the Lorraine, he possessed one pre-eminent virtue, a loyal devotion to his queen, which stood him in the stead of religious faith—a loyalty from which neither fear of foes nor blandishments of friends could ever swerve him. The Earl of Bothwell had been the first to attempt, in vain, his queen's rescue from Holyrood on the night of Rizzio's murder. He was the first to fly with his retainers to Dunbar Castle to avenge her wrong. And he rode triumphantly at her side when she entered again the city from which a week before she had been a fugitive.

The Earl of Bothwell and the family of which Darnley came were old foes. Mary's favor to the earl boded but ill to the husband, and he knew it. Vainly by new treachery he sought to retain the royal favor which treachery had purchased. He publicly declared before the council "that he had never counseled, commanded, consented to, assisted, or approved the murder of Rizzio." His words were taken down in writing, and published at the market crosses of every town in Scotland. He denounced accomplice after accomplice, four at least being high-born gentlemen whose complicity never would have been suspected but for his treachery. The conspirators replied by producing a bond which he had signed in common with the rest for this cruel business, and proclaimed him a common liar throughout both

* Meline calls in question another threat reported by Froude to have been uttered at the same time, yet, by his own quotation, sustains Froude's interpretation. But this more significant threat even Meline does not call in question, except in the general way in which he accounts as questionable whatever makes against his client.

kingdoms. At the first the queen seems really to have forgiven Darnley. In a will made just after Rizzio's death she bequeathed him many jewels, and, last of all, their marriage ring. But this revelation of his double treachery filled her with loathing, as well it might. With all her faults, Mary Stuart was never treacherous to her friends; and this double traitor she first despised, then hated —hated the more because he was her husband. Cast off by the court, there were none left to do him reverence. He wandered about the country with the mark of Cain upon him; execrated alike by Catholic and Protestant; unrecognized by any nobleman; despised by the common people; shorn of even the semblance of royalty; unconsulted on any public business; finding but sorry recreation in his old-time sport, the hunt; exiled from all reputable society, but without the poor privilege of exiling himself from the land whose malediction rested so heavily upon him. He might, indeed, have returned to England: but just across the border his co-conspirators were watching with deadly hate for an opportunity of revenge.

It begins to be hinted that Mary is very weary of her "handsome long man," as well she may be, and would fain be rid of him. A mysterious messenger is sent, no one knows certainly whither, but it is rumored to Rome, to confer with the pope on the possibility of procuring a separation. A letter to Elizabeth speaks of some secret service in which her assistance is wanted. The possibility of a divorce is openly discussed between the queen and Bothwell. But only consanguinity is good Catholic ground of separation, and Mary will do nothing to affect the rights of her infant son just born. Plans for Darnley's assassination are even hinted at in her presence, to which the queen responds in a mild remonstrance that may mean yes or no, as the hearer pleases to take it.*

Rumors no less prejudicial to the queen's honor follow close on the heels of these. Bothwell is thought to be more than mere minister of state to her. More she certainly is than queen to him.

It is the misfortune of Mary's life that stories against which a fair reputation should be a sufficient defense stick to her like burs to a shaggy coat; stories of unwomanly intimacy first with Chastelar, then with Rizzio, now with Bothwell. She is certainly careless, if she be not criminal. Of her affection for her new lieutenant-general she makes no concealment. Once he is wounded in a skirmish. She rides twenty miles across the country, comparatively unattended, to sit by his sick-bed, and then gallops as madly back again—an unqueenly if not an unwomanly act. At least so thinks John Knox and the straiter sect of the Covenanters.

The gulf between Darnley and the queen grows daily wider. The young prince is christened. His father is not at the christening; whether for want of welcome or for want of inclination no one very well knows. One after another the murderers of Rizzio are forgiven, their offense forgotten; but Darnley's punishment grows greater as theirs grows less. Pardon is besought by Huntly, by Maitland, by Bothwell for Morton. The significant promise is made to the queen that "if she will consent to pardon Morton and his companions in exile, means may be found to obtain a divorce between her and her husband."* There is but one divorce possible that shall preserve the legitimacy of the son—the husband's death. No explanation is offered or asked for. None is needed. On the 24th of December Morton's pardon is signed. On the same day Darnley disappears from Stirling Castle.

Mr. Hosack wonders why. And yet Mr. Hosack himself gives the deed drawn on that same month by the "active tool of Bothwell," signed by both master and man, as well as by Huntly, Argyle, and Maitland, for the assassination of the "young fool and tyrant." Fool, indeed, the wretched Darnley was; but not so great a fool as to be quite ignorant of the meaning of Morton's pardon. The same kingdom could not safely hold the betrayer and the betrayed.

Almost at the same time the queen restores the consistorial jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrew's, which had been abolished by the Convention of the States in 1560. The General Assembly of the Kirk protest in vain against this stretch of imperial authority. A complaisant court is needed by Bothwell, a Catholic court too, and Mary creates it. The Countess of Bothwell is a Catholic, and she and her husband are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity. In less than six months this court has decreed a divorce between them.

Meanwhile Darnley is taken sick. Poison, says Madam Rumor. But Madam Rumor brings forth no evidence to sustain her charge. Small-pox, says the queen. Small-pox let us believe it. He lies at Glasgow at the point of death. So long as he is at the point of death the queen suffers him to lie. It is unfortunate for her reputation that she,

* Burton, iv. 161. Meline, p. 124, quotes the queen's reply to the suggestion of assassination as follows: "I will that you do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honor or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of his goodness put remedy thereto." The reader may judge for himself whether this answer is the indignant response of a pure woman who vehemently spurns the dark suggestion of her husband's murder, or the non-committal reply of a shrewd woman willing to wink at the crime so long as she is not made responsible for it.

* Hosack, 160.

who can ride twenty miles across the country to visit the wounded Earl of Bothwell, can find no time to nurse her husband in what men think to be his death-hour. At length the news of his convalescence comes to her ears. Then she hastens to his side.

Two years, two short years, it is since this couple stood up in Holyrood chapel and were pronounced, by the solemn rites of the Church, of twain one flesh. These two short years have wrought a great change in the "young fool." Remorse, shame, suffering of soul and suffering of body, have been his teachers. He is thoroughly humbled; for the first time in his life contrite. He throws himself into his wife's arms with unsuspicious confidence.

"I have done wrong; I confess it," he cries; "but others besides me have done wrong, and you have forgiven them, and I am but young. You have forgiven me often, you may say; but may not a man of my age, for want of counsel, of which I am very destitute, fall twice or thrice, and yet repent and learn from experience? Whatever I have done wrong, forgive me; I will do so no more."

With all the love of which such a nature is capable poor Darnley loved his wife; a love that, purified by suffering, might have been redeemed and made worthy of a better woman.

"Take me back to you," he cries; "let me be your husband again, or may I never rise from this bed. Say that it shall be so. God knows I am punished for making my God of you—for having no thought but of you."

It shall be so. The dead shall bury their dead. There shall be no separation. For the very purpose of this reconciliation Mary has come to Glasgow.

"She will love him and use him as her husband;" to this she pledges anew her troth, and gives him her hand upon it. And he is content. All that he has heard of the conspiracy against him he reveals to her. His confidence is absolute.

The first plan is to go to Craigmillar. But it is a lonely spot; Darnley objects; the queen yields; Edinburgh is substituted. On the 30th of January the royal couple reach the capital together.

They do not go to the palace, but stop in the suburbs of the city, close to the city walls. Here a little house has been prepared for them. It belongs to Robert Balfour, brother of the man who drew the deed for Darnley's destruction. Darnley remonstrates. The queen easily overcomes his protests, if not his fears. "It is not safe to take him to Holyrood," she says: "there is danger of contagion." He acquiesces. Yet some shadow of the dreadful future rests upon him. He suspects greatly, and yet he trusts. His resolution has been taken, and, come what may, he will adhere to it.

"I will trust myself to her," he says, "though she cut my throat."

It must be confessed that the accommodations were not royal. The house was small, old, inconvenient, half dismantled. Some tapestries were brought from Holyrood for its decoration, but they served only to set off the intrinsic wretchedness of the abode which had been chosen for the royal pair. One door was taken from its hinges to cover the king's bath-tub. Another, which led through the city walls, could not be locked. The key was gone. It had to be nailed up. The house was two stories in height, with two rooms in each story. A hallway separated them. On one side of this hallway was the kitchen, on the other Mary's room. The servants' quarters were over the first; Darnley's chamber was over the second.

Sunday night, February 9, Bastiat, one of the queen's favorite servants, was to be married. There was to be a masquerade at the palace. The queen had promised to be there. Apparently she had quite forgotten her engagement, for she also promised to spend that night with Darnley. In fact, she did not leave his bedside till after midnight.

While she was engaged with him in conversation, terrible preparations were going on in the room beneath her feet.* Gunpowder was brought in bags to the garden in the rear of the house. It was then carried through the hall into Mary's room. A cask had been provided to contain it; but the cask was too large to pass through the door, so the conspirators carried it in the original bags and poured it upon the floor. Bothwell was in the room above keeping guard. The men blundered in the darkness. He was afraid they would be heard. Excusing himself, he stole down stairs, and in a fierce whisper bade them work more quietly.

It was past midnight ere the preparations were completed; then Bothwell's servant came up into the king's room on some pretense. The queen suddenly remembered her engagement at the palace, kissed her husband, bade him good-night, and departed. As she left the room she said, as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain."†

* The actual perpetrators of this crime (not the principals, who were never punished—*i. e.*, by human law—but their servants) were afterward examined. Their depositions and confessions have all been preserved, and substantially agree. It is from a careful examination of these depositions this story is taken. Mr. Hosack endeavors to make out, from current rumors at the time, and from stories of the appearance of the house after the explosion, that the powder was placed in the cellar, and perhaps in mines under the walls. It is not very material, except that it indicates how hard it is to defend Mary from the crime, since it is necessary, for that purpose, to call in the rumors of the street to countervail the solemn testimony uttered under oath, and on the very eve of death, by those who *knew*, and who had no motive to conceal or to falsify.

† So Froude, on the authority of Calderwood. Me-

Every incident was remembered and recalled in after-examinations. The queen's bed had stood just where the powder heap was laid. Mary chid the servant sharply for placing it there, and had its position changed. The hangings of the king's bed were of handsome black velvet. The queen feared lest they be injured by the splashing of the royal bath, and had them taken down. She had a fine fur wrapper—a "coverture of marten skins"—with her in the house. She gave particular directions to her servants to have it taken away—according to one account, on the day before the murder; according to another, she sent a servant back for it after she had given Darnley good-night. If she had chanced to glance in at her room she might have seen the black powder heap waiting for the match. But she did not pause. The conspirators watched the gleaming of her attendants' lanterns till they disappeared in the darkness. Then all was ready.

The shadow that had rested darkly on Darnley's spirit seemed to grow heavier. He was in no mood for sleep. His English prayer-book lay open before him. The last that was known of Henry Darnley he was reading the 55th Psalm:

"Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition....

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me....

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonor; for then I could have borne it....

"It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend."

How he came to his death was never certainly known—only this much: a heavy "thud," a lighting up of the heavens with a horrible glare, then a running to and fro of watchmen in the quiet streets, then the ringing of alarm-bells, then all the city roused with the horrible story of the king's assassination. All Edinburgh is awake—all save the two who have least right to sleep, the two who have "murdered sleep." Bothwell, roused from seeming slumber by a messenger with a frightened face who brings him word of the king's assassination, springs from his bed, crying, "Treason! treason!" and starts out to investigate the crime. The queen, awakened from heavy slumber, receives the news with composure. Men afterward observe that it does not impair her appetite, and that she eats her breakfast as quietly as though nothing had happened. It is difficult to believe, as her friends would have us do, that "the self-possession which is found so remarkable was simply the prostration of despair." The citizens of Edinburgh, hastening to the scene of the terrible tragedy, find the house in the Kirk of Fields a ruin, the bodies of four of the servants buried in it, and the corpses of Darnley and his page forty yards from the scene of the explosion, unsinged by fire and unmarked by bruise. Certain women who lived near the spot declared that they overheard cries for mercy, as of one struggling for his life, before the explosion. It was believed at the time that Darnley's suspicions were aroused, perhaps by the queen's manner, perhaps by noise in the room below; that, with his attendant, he attempted to make his escape; that he fled down the outer staircase, was pursued, overtaken, strangled; that the train was already lighted, and that there was no time to carry back the bodies to the house which was to have been his grave; and that it was left to be surmised that he had perished in the explosion which ensued. Later investigations wrung from the perpetrators of this crime the story of its commission. If their stories are to be believed, the plan was carried out without hinderance or suspicion, and the victim of a misplaced confidence died from the violence of the fall to the ground from the height to which he had been blown in the air.

In the sixteenth century assassinations were sufficiently common to excite no remark. But the deep damnation of poor Darnley's taking off thrilled all Europe with horror. Letters from the court of England and from that of Spain were dispatched to Mary, urging her to take instant measures to bring the criminals to justice. All Scotland was in a blaze of feverish excitement. Darnley's vices were forgotten. His virtues were magnified, and imaginary ones were imputed to him. From an object of pity he became one of adoration. From a martyr the transition is always easy to a saint.

And yet the government did nothing. Bothwell was sheriff of the county, Huntly was chancellor, Argyle was the lord justice, Maitland was secretary: and these were all parties to the assassination. Indeed, there was scarcely a nobleman in the land who had not received some intimation of Darnley's approaching doom; and not one of them had cared to shelter him. Even Murray is not free from suspicion of a guilty foreknowledge of the horrid deed. The very fountains of justice were impure. The very men whose function it was to investigate and to punish were themselves the criminals. No wonder nothing was done! Mary herself was well-nigh powerless. If she had been a woman of a different make, her helpless inaction would have surprised no one; but men could not but contrast her apathy now with her energetic measures when poor Rizzio was slain.

There were other strange and suspicious circumstances—some really significant, oth-

line doubts it. It is very difficult to ascertain with certainty the truth respecting the minute details of this horrible affair. But the main facts are unquestionable.

ers less so, but of which the populace made equally great account.

Whoever fell under most grievous suspicion of the murder seemed surest of the royal favor. Archibald Beton, who kept the keys of the Kirk-of-Field house, got the rents of the vicarage of Dunlop. Durham, Darnley's porter, received a pension. Mary's first private interview after the dreadful murder was with Bothwell. He took charge of the bodies of the murdered men. They were buried privately. Even foreign embassadors were not permitted to see them, and curiosity balked increased suspicion. The clothes of Darnley were given to Bothwell. The tailor to whom they were sent to be altered said, significantly, that it was as it should be. "The clothes of the dead were always the right of the hangman," he said.

The suspicions which were at first muttered in secret began to be more loudly hinted. Anonymous placards, posted in the night, proclaimed Bothwell the murderer, and "the queen an accessory." Voices in the street repeated the accusation, though always under cover of the darkness. Rough portraits of the queen and Bothwell were nailed by night upon the door of the halls of justice. The government seemed far more anxious to discover the authors of these secret charges than the perpetrators of the murder. Every one who could draw and all who could write fair were examined. A reward had been offered on Tuesday morning of £2000 for the discovery of the murderers. This much public opinion forced from the reluctant assassins. An anonymous accuser offered, if the money were deposited in some indifferent hands, and the queen's servants, Joseph Rizzio and Bastiat, were arrested, to make good his accusation against them. But nothing came of it. The Earl of Bothwell rode through the streets armed to the teeth, and always guarded. It did not allay the public indignation that he rode on Darnley's horse. The rumors which circulated so freely among the populace gained a higher currency. De Silva, the Spanish embassador in London, was convinced of Mary's guilt. Melville, her best friend, was able to offer but a sorry defense. The Archbishop of Glasgow wrote her from Paris that "she herself was greatly and wrongly calumnit to be the motive principal of the whole, and all done by her order."

At length the pressure at home became too strong to be resisted. The trial of Bothwell was ordered. But the circumstances of the trial added fuel to the flame instead of extinguishing it. It was driven through with indecent haste. The shortest time the law allowed was suffered to intervene between the summoning of the court and the fore-ordained acquittal. Queen Elizabeth herself sent, but in vain, to supplicate delay and a more decent regard to public opinion. The streets of Edinburgh were full of the armed retainers of Bothwell. The queen, lest there be public disturbance, forbade Darnley's father from bringing more than six servants with him, and he durst not appear to prosecute. The principal witness—the author of the anonymous placards—was made to understand that if he made his appearance he would be arrested for treason. The indictment was irregular. It charged the murder as perpetrated on the night of the 9th. The explosion had not taken place till the morning of the 10th. The prisoner was acquitted—by the verdict of part of the court, by the silence of the rest. The effect of this acquittance on the public mind received illustration in a rude caricature found posted on the city walls just after the trial. It represented Bothwell as a frightened hare surrounded by a ring of hounds. Mary Stuart, as a mermaid crowned, was lashing off the pursuing hounds with a huntsman's thong. The very boys played the drama in their sports. The murder and the trial were both performed, but with a different issue. The boy Bothwell was convicted, and hanged in such good earnest that if it had not been for the interference of the by-standers he would have been killed.

A new scandal began to be bruited about, that Mary and the Earl of Bothwell were to be married—married while the stain of her husband's blood was still upon him. The friends of the queen treated it as a shameful calumny. Even the enemies of the queen were slow to believe it. Elizabeth heard the rumor with a scornful incredulity. But it gained constantly in strength. Mary's favor for Bothwell was no secret. Twelve days after the murder she was reported to be feasting and gaming with him at Seton. One, two, three castles she gave to him. He was her most confidential adviser—her constant, her inseparable companion. She was not suffered to remain in ignorance of the popular feeling. Lord Herries, it was said, on his bended knees, besought her not to think of this disastrous match. Murray said little; but neither the threats of Bothwell nor the blandishments of the queen could win him over to it. Sir James Melville, bringing with him a letter from representatives of the English Catholics, added his dissuasions.

The public sentiment was too strong to be audaciously breasted. Sorry was the abortive attempt to evade it.

It is less than a fortnight after the murderer's trial. The queen is returning to Edinburgh from a visit to her infant son. She has a guard of some three hundred horsemen under Lord Huntly. The Earl of Bothwell meets her on the road with more than double the number. Lord Huntly has had some intimation of what is intended,

and has declared that he will die rather than suffer the dishonor of having seemed to betray his queen. Swords are drawn, and a stout resistance prepared for. But Mary will have no bloodshed. Bothwell takes her bridle-rein, and leads her without "obstacle, impediment, clamor, or resistance" to Dunbar Castle. Was ever rape so gently wrought? Did ever a chaste queen sacrifice so much so cheerfully to save the blood of her loving subjects?

For upward of a week Queen Mary shares Dunbar Castle with Bothwell. Meanwhile, through the court which she has created, the divorce of Bothwell is passed with unseemly haste. It takes just eight days for the Catholic court to part asunder those whom God hath joined together. On the 7th of May the decree of divorce is declared. On the 8th it is publicly proclaimed that Mary is to be married to the divorced husband. Even Mr. Hosack admits that "it can not be denied that the conduct of the Queen of Scots at this period of her history is open to grave suspicion!" We should think not. Few widows dispense with their weeds in less than a twelvemonth's time. Mary gives her hand in marriage to the murderer of her husband in a little over three months after the fearful tragedy of his death. Surely this is carrying quite too far the "indulgent temper" for which her eulogist praises her so highly.

Mary seems to have thought so herself. Her chief occupation in Dunbar Castle would appear to have been the composition of a letter to the French court—a letter in which she vainly strives to answer the indictment of her own conscience.

The Earl of Bothwell—so the letter runs—had been of all the Scottish nobles most faithful in his loyalty and most abundant in his services both to her mother and herself. At first she was, indeed, filled with indignation at the abduction, and reproached him for his audacity. In reply he implored her to attribute his conduct to the ardor of his affection. He at the same time, and to her amazement, laid before her a bond signed by the chief nobility, commending his claims to her hand, and promising to sustain them. In vain she waited for succor. No one came to her deliverance. Her audacious lover assumed a bolder tone, and pressed his courtship with more vigorous importunities. She reflected on his services, his devotion, the unwillingness of "our people" to receive a foreigner, their equal reluctance to suffer their queen to remain unmarried; she reflected that the realm was divided by factions, and needed a master; she was wearied and almost broken; could not rule subjects so fierce and fractious; and so, since she must marry, at some time, some one in the realm, and since—(but let her state the reasons of her course in her own quaint words)—"of our awin subjects thair was nane, either for the reputation of hes hous or for the worthiness of himself, alsweill in wisdome, valyeantness, as in all other gude qualities, to be preferrit or zit comparit to him quhome we have takin, we wer content to accomode ourself, with the consent oure haille estattes, quha, as is befoir said, had alreddie declarit thair contentationis."*

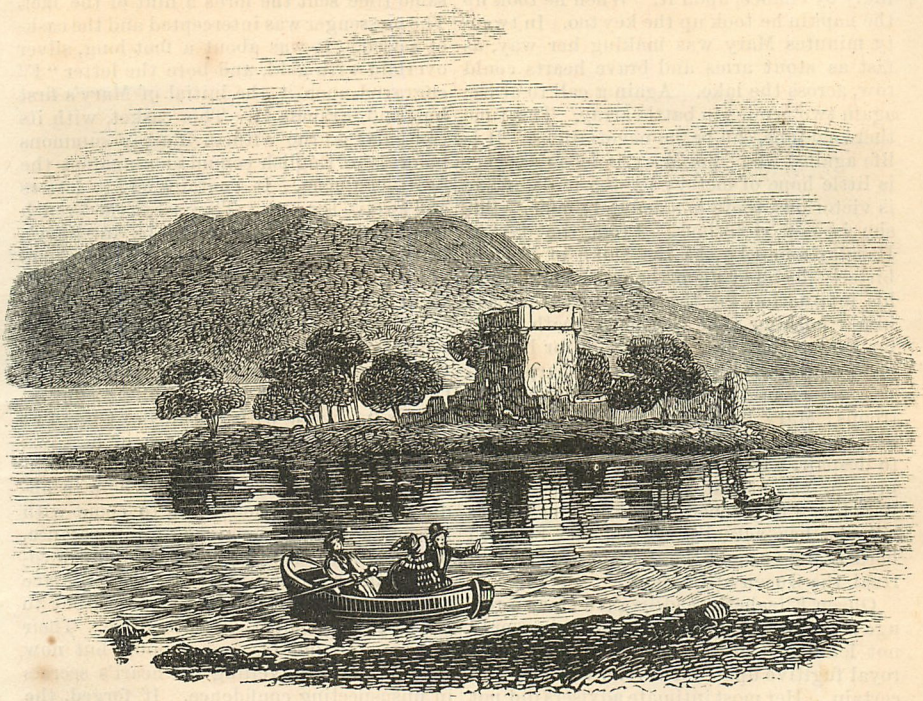
As to the haste of the marriage, what is to be done had best be quickly done; and as to the Earl of Bothwell's previous marriage, he has been already divorced for "lawful causes of consanguinitie, and others relevant."

This is Mary's answer to the indictment of her own times and of subsequent history. Let her have the full benefit of her defense.

If Mary really thinks "our people" demand this marriage, she is quickly disabused. The flagrant iniquity of this triple crime blows the smouldering indignation of the Scotch—always sensitive on points of national honor—into a hot flame. The kingdom beats to arms. My lord has need of all his energies, and my lady of all her arts. If Mary ever wished to escape from her guilty paramour, she has no desire to escape from her guilty husband. They are surrounded at Borthwick Castle. Bothwell flees under cover of the night. Mary follows him in male attire. It is slow work gathering recruits about a cause so shameless. However, a few retainers are at length got together. Bothwell and the queen advance on Edinburgh. The lords come out to meet them. As to the bond they signed for this shameful marriage, it is but waste paper. On the 15th of June—just one month after the marriage—the opposing forces meet on Carberry Hill, six miles from the Scottish capital.

But not to fight. There must be a cause, or there can be no true courage; and the retainers of this guilty couple have no appetite for fighting. Not the spear-heads of their foes, but the indignation of Christendom, and their own consciences, they fear to meet. All day long the two armies stand eying one another; my lord and lady afraid to venture a battle, the nobles in no haste to do so. Some vain attempts at negotiation consume the time. Bothwell repeats his offer to refute all accusation against him by single combat. His challenge is quickly accepted, but the queen will not hear of it. Meanwhile her soldiers get about some casks of wine, and attack them right valiantly—the only attack they have any fancy for. The queen in vain endeavors to spur up their courage. At first in couples, then in little companies, they stroll away, and are

* Keith, ii. 598. This sentence is a conclusive answer to the suggestion—which even Hosack dares not press—that the queen was induced by actual violence to become the wife of Bothwell. It is not thus a woman writes of one who has violated her person.



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

gone. By nightfall only a little body-guard is left. The negotiations still continue, the lords nothing loath to conquer without bloodshed. At last it comes to this: that the Earl of Bothwell shall be permitted to depart in peace. Five minutes of parting conference are permitted to them. What was said no one knows; the contradictory gossip of the day is but poor material for authentic history. They are seen to shake hands; they are believed to exchange pledges of eternal fidelity. Then he mounts horse and gallops away. She never sees him again.

Two years of pirate life on the high seas, eight years of prison life in the castle of Malmo, completed the career of the "glorious, rash, and hazardous young man." He died at the last, on the coast of Denmark, of hard drinking. In the little parish church of Faareveile the sacristan still points out to the curious tourist the spot where the bones of Bothwell are interred.

Mary was escorted by the nobles to Edinburgh, in name a queen, in fact a prisoner; past the blackened ruins of Kirk-of-Field, with the confederate banner borne before her—the figure of a dead man lying under a tree, with a child upon its knees at the corpse's side, crying out, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!" So, through the incoming twilight, surrounded by a howling mob, who greet her with fierce cries of "Burn the whore!" "Burn the murderess of her husband!" she enters for the last time the streets of the city which, in the fog of that August morning six years before, welcomed her with the booming of cannon, the peal of merry bells, and the glad shouts of an exultant multitude.

A royal captive is always a perplexity. The lords are perplexed what to do with Mary. "She would be content to be turned adrift with Bothwell in a boat upon the ocean, to go where the fates might carry them." So, at least, Madam Rumor reported. To some there seemed no better solution of the difficulty than just this turning adrift of the wretched queen. Others demanded her swift execution. Scotch Presbyterianism is more strong for justice than tender for mercy; and Scotch Presbyterianism demanded blood for blood. Yet others proposed her deposition and the coronation of her infant son; and others her release and restoration to a titular sovereignty, with adequate securities—if any securities could be adequate—for the future. While the discussion was still hot, and no settlement seemed near at hand, Mary suddenly solved the problem herself. She had been confined a prisoner in Lochleven Castle. She won over the attendant, a lad of seventeen. The keeper of the castle, for greater security, kept the key always with him. At supper it lay upon the table by his side. One night the page in waiting dropped a napkin, seem-

ingly by chance, upon it. When he took up the napkin he took up the key too. In twenty minutes Mary was making her way, as fast as stout arms and brave hearts could row, across the lake. Again a call to arms; again two armies in battle array. This time there shall be, can be, no negotiations. It is life against life. For Mary, if defeated, there is little hope of mercy; for the lords, if she is victorious, there is absolutely none. But she is not victorious. From the day of Darnley's murder, as the Duke of Norfolk bitterly declared upon the scaffold, whither his infatuation for the enchantress carried him, "nothing that any body goeth about for her, or that she goeth about for herself, prospereth." There is a short, sharp, decisive engagement. Murray leads the lords' troops; Mary in person watches her own. She sees the rout in a dismay that changes to despair. Her own courage, never before broken, fails at last, and the Scottish queen flees like a frightened hare, knowing no rest till she has actually crossed the Scottish border, and entered the domain of her royal rival, the Queen of England.

Queen Elizabeth readily gave Mary a refuge from her pursuers. Whether she would not lend men and money to reinstate the royal fugitive upon her throne was long uncertain. Her most intimate advisers did not know her mind. Probably Elizabeth did not know it herself.

On one point, however, she was resolute: she would have no fellowship with Mary so long as the dreadful suspicion of complicity in her husband's murder rested on her. She would not even see her face. At length, after an immense amount of deceptive diplomacy, a commission was appointed, nominally to investigate the charges of Mary against her rebellious lords, really to investigate the charges of the lords against their queen.

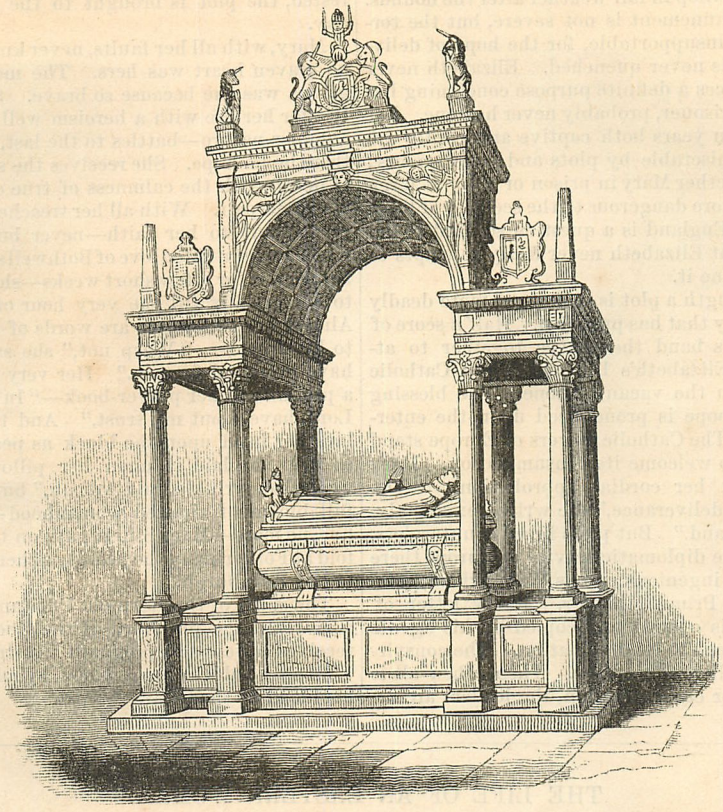
Before this commission Murray represented the Scottish government. At first he laid the guilt of the murder on Bothwell alone, and defended the insurrection only as one against the infamous, ambitious, and tyrannical earl. But as the trial proceeded he changed his ground. He hesitated, procrastinated, faltered. At length he openly charged his sister with the murder of her husband. And he produced, in confirmation of this charge, the since famous "casket letters." Of their discovery he told this story:

The Earl of Bothwell—so said Lord Murray, and so said the lords he represented—fleeing from Edinburgh, sent back a confidential messenger to the castle to bring hence a silver casket from a certain drawer. James Balfour—that Balfour who drew the deed for Darnley's murder—had received the captaincy of the castle as the price of his crime. He delivered the casket; he at the same time sent the lords a hint of the fact. The messenger was intercepted and the casket seized. It was about a foot long, silver overlaid with gold, and bore the letter "F" engraved upon it, the initial of Mary's first husband, Francis II. This casket, with its contents, is the witness Murray summons before the English commission against the Scottish queen. It contains eight letters and twelve sonnets. They are in the French language. They appear to be in Mary's handwriting. Among the commissioners are more than one of Mary's friends, one of them that Duke of Norfolk who subsequently attests the strength of his attachment by the sacrifice of his life. If there is a forgery, their utmost scrutiny is unable to detect it.* Of these letters one gives a full account of Mary's interview with Darnley at Glasgow; of his unsuspicious confidence; of her own mournful sense of shame and guilt. Another advises the earl when and where to abduct her, and cautions him to come with force sufficient to overcome all resistance. All breathe the language of passionate devotion, with here and there a flash of fierce jealousy. They are true to nature, but to a lost, though not a shameless one. Their language is that of a once noble but now ruined woman unveiling her heart's secrets in unsuspecting confidence. If forged, the forger was a consummate master of his art. True or false, they are equally remarkable as contributions to the language of passion.

Mary denounced them as forgeries. She demanded to see the originals. Elizabeth granted the reasonableness of the demand, but never complied with it. She demanded to face her accusers. Elizabeth half promised that she should do so, but never fulfilled the pledge. The commission broke up without a verdict. Elizabeth had no interest to press for either acquittal or conviction. Murray was glad to return to his regency. Mary alone had any reason to demand the completion of the investigation; and Mary seemed content to let the accusation and the denial go forth to the world together.

So the matter ended. The casket letters disappeared as mysteriously as they came. For an investigation of their genuineness we have only "translations, or translations of translations." Rumor says that James VI. subsequently destroyed them out of regard to his mother's memory. Whether they were the work of Mary's pen, or whether they were the production of some astute and cunning forger whom the lords employed to complete the imperfect victory of Carberry Hill and Langside, must remain among the unsolved problems of the past, until that

* Even Mr. Hosack admits the genuineness of three of these letters; but surmises that they were originally addressed by Mary to Darnley, and mixed with the others to lend color to them.



TOMB OF QUEEN MARY.

day when God shall bring "every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

The authenticity of the casket letters is a matter of historical interest, but not of grave historical importance. The question of Mary's guilt does not depend upon them. Evidence which her own day deemed clear, history deems uncertain. Circumstances which, isolated, only created a wide-spread suspicion in her own times, put together by history, form a net-work of evidence clear and conclusive.

A wife learns to loathe her husband; utters her passionate hate in terms that are unmistakable; is reconciled to him for a purpose; casts him off when that purpose is accomplished; makes no secret of her desire for a divorce; listens with but cold rebuke to intimations of his assassination; dallies while he languishes upon a sick-bed so long as death is near; hastens to him only when he is convalescent; becomes, in seeming, reconciled to him; by her blandishments allays his terror and arrests his flight, which nothing else could arrest; brings him with her to the house chosen by the assassins for his tomb—a house which has absolutely nothing else to recommend it but its singular adaptation to the deed of cruelty to be wrought there; remains with him till within two hours of his murder; hears with unconcern the story of his tragic end, which thrills all other hearts with horror; makes no effort to bring the perpetrators of the crime to punishment; rewards the suspected with places and pensions, and the chief criminal with her hand in marriage while the blood is still wet on his.* That the world should be asked to believe her the innocent victim of a diabolical conspiracy affords a singular illustration of the effrontery of the Church which claims her for a martyr. That half the world should have acquiesced in the claim affords an illustration no less singular of the credulity of mankind when sentiments and sympathies are called on to render the judgment which the reason alone is qualified to render.

For nineteen years Mary Stuart remains a prisoner under guard, wearing away the weary hours with "needle-work, with dogs, with turtle-doves, and Barbary fowls." She cools her feverish impatience to the last by

* These are the *indisputable* facts—the facts as they may be gathered from even the pages of Hosack and Meline, and the unquestioned correspondence of Mary herself.

a mad gallop in fair weather after the hounds. The confinement is not severe, but the torture is insupportable, for the hope of deliverance is never quenched. Elizabeth never announces a definite purpose concerning her royal prisoner, probably never has one. For nineteen years both captive and captor are made miserable by plots and counterplots; and whether Mary in prison or Mary at large is the more dangerous t the security of Protestant England is a question so hard to decide that Elizabeth never fairly attempts to determine it.

At length a plot is uncovered more deadly than any that has preceded. Half a score of assassins band themselves together to attempt Elizabeth's life, and to put Catholic Mary on the vacant throne. The blessing of the pope is pronounced upon the enterprise. The Catholic powers of Europe stand ready to welcome its consummation. Mary gives it her cordial approbation. "The hour of deliverance," she writes, exultingly, "is at hand." But plots breed counterplots. In all the diplomatic service of Europe there is no so ingenious spy as Walsingham, Elizabeth's Prime Minister. Every letter of Mary's is opened and copied by his agents before sent to its destination. The conspiracy is allowed to ripen. Then, when all is ready for consummation, the leaders are arrested, the plot is brought to the light of day.

Mary, with all her faults, never knew fear; no craven heart was hers. The more dangerous was she because so brave. She battles for her life with a heroism well worthy a nobler nature—battles to the last, though there be no hope. She receives the sentence of death with the calmness of true courage, not of despair. With all her treachery, never recreant to her faith—never but once, when her infatuated love of Bothwell swerved her from it for a few short weeks—she clings to her crucifix till the very hour of death. Almost her last words are words of courage to her friends. "Weep not," she says; "I have promised for you." Her very last are a psalm from her prayer-book—"In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." And then she lays her head upon the block as peacefully as ever she laid it upon her pillow. No "grizzled, wrinkled old woman," but in the full bloom of ripened womanhood—forty-five, no more—Mary Stuart pays on the scaffold at Fotheringay the penalty of her treachery at Edinburgh.

The spirit of the stern old Puritans is satisfied, and the prophecy of the Good Book receives a new and pregnant illustration—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE LIFE OF AN EASTERN WOMAN.*

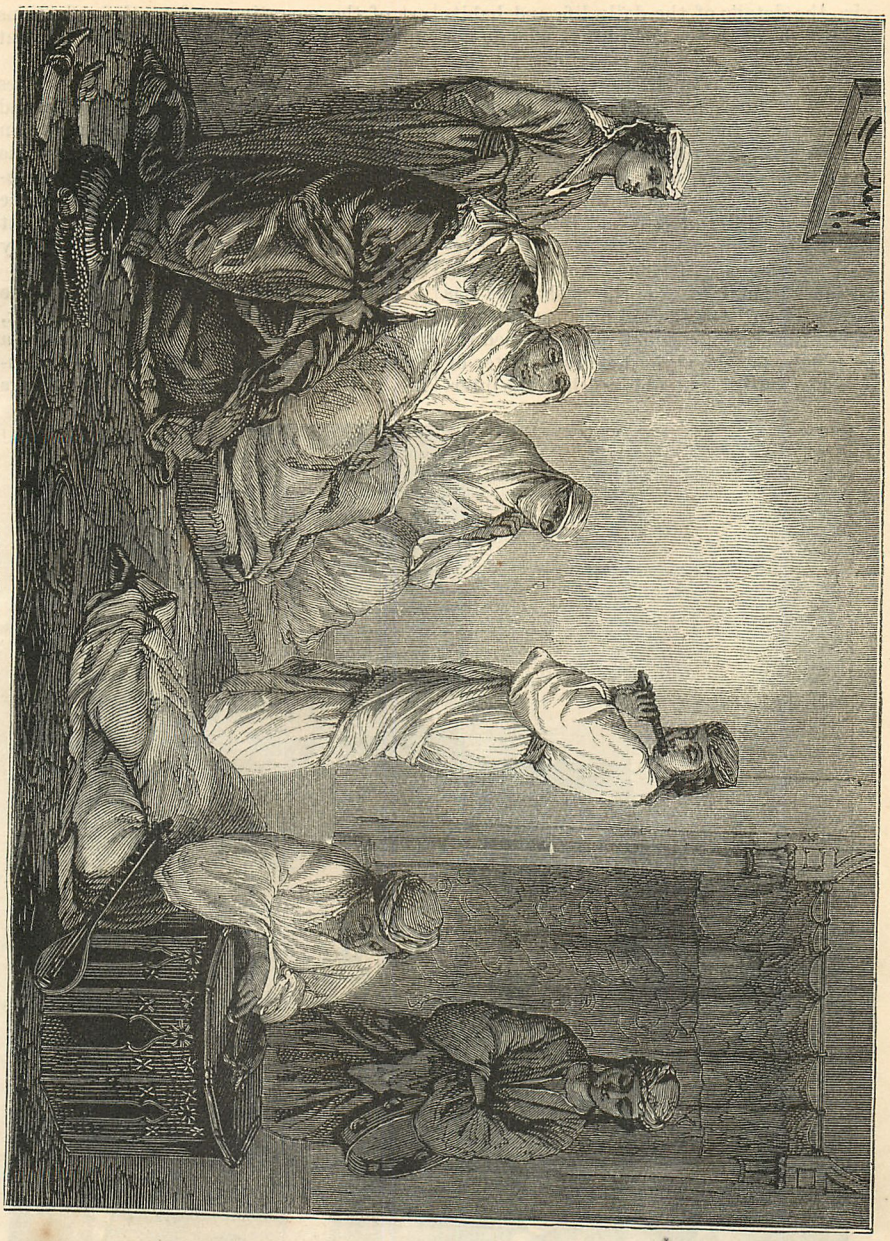
EVER since the days when the witty and racy letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu lifted a corner of the curtain which shrouds the harem from profane and masculine eyes there has been a strong desire on the part of the reading public to penetrate deeper into its mysteries. Numerous as have been the contributions intended for the gratification of this curiosity, until very recently little real information on the subject has been imparted, those who professed to give the information having themselves only obtained glimpses of its inmates, and never having enjoyed opportunities of studying that shrouded life in its privacy and daily round of cares and duties. The Eastern woman has been as little understood as the life she habitually leads, and old errors in regard to her and to it have been perpetuated, which a more thorough insight would have corrected or removed.

Two of the most striking books on this theme have been contributed through the English press within a short period—Miss Emmeline Lott's *Harem Life*, and this last contribution from the personal experiences and romantic history of an Eastern woman, the wife of Kibrizli-Mehemet Pasha, late Grand Vizier of Turkey. The recollections of this Turkish lady, under the title of *Thirty Years in the Harem*, give a more perfect insight into that life, and to the domestic system of the Orient, than any previous contribution ever has done, and bear the stamp of truthfulness upon them. It is indeed a strange, eventful history which she recounts, one having all the romantic interest of fiction, and tinged with the glowing colors of that clime

> "Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
> And all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

Her revelations are characterized by a candor which conceals nothing, and in many instances she states facts in relation to herself which no Western woman would venture to proclaim, under the very different system of morals and manners which trains her up to fulfill the functions of wife and mother. Miss Lott's book (which made quite a sensation at the period of its publication) is of a totally different character, and calculated to convey erroneous impressions of the Eastern woman and of Eastern domestic life, for it is written in bad temper and in a hostile spirit by an under-bred and evidently disappoint-

* *Thirty Years in the Harem; or, the Autobiography of Melek-Hanum, Wife of H. H. Kibrizli-Mehemet Pasha.* New York: Harper and Brothers.



INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

ed woman, who occupied an almost menial position in the harem of the Egyptian viceroy, and who wreaks her feminine spite on its inmates by caricaturing them and every thing connected with them.

In fact, her book is a spiteful piece of scolding, and conveys false impressions instead of true ones, being characterized by gross exaggeration, and displaying the incapacity of the writer to convey her ideas even in her own tongue, or to forget her insular and truly British prejudices even among the new and strange surroundings into the midst of which she had drifted, as nursery governess to the son and heir of the viceroy. Her book was a very disappointing one, the promise of its title and preface not being carried out by its contents. It smacks of the servants' hall and of the great lady's maid, and never rises above that plane, content to dwell on trivialities forever in the shape of her own petty personal discomforts and annoyances, to the utter neglect of what alone would be interesting to the outsider,

viz., the details of the daily life and habits of thought of these caged birds, who do not sing, but who yet must contribute all that there is of music to the life of the Eastern man, who loves his own home and passes much of his time within its walls.

This want the revelations of Kibrizli Pasha's wife supply, and her confessions vie with those of Rousseau in the thorough unveiling of all her actions and thoughts, and the transparent simplicity of their narration. An exile in England from the persecution of her husband, the pasha, she has evidently enlisted the aid of some able pen to tell the story for which she furnished the materials, for the style denotes a writer of no mean ability, and adds much to the interest of the narrative, and to the reflections upon Eastern habits and forms of thought which it embodies.

Her life, without the outside adventures which have made it at once so stormy and so interesting, is doubtless that of many an Eastern woman whom Fate or Fortune has lifted from a lower sphere into the unwholesome atmosphere of a palace, and it is in the minute details of that inner harem life that the novelty and value of the book chiefly centre.

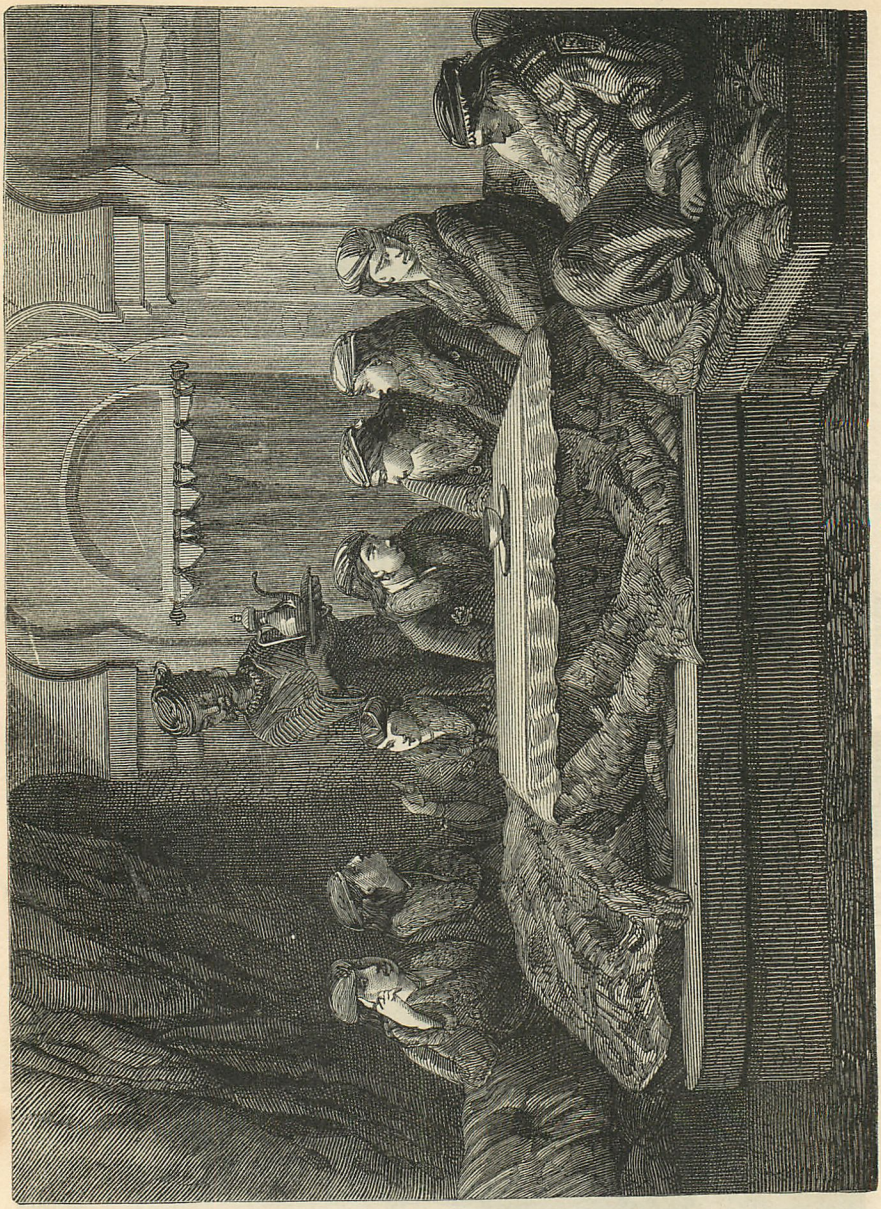
The lady whose experiences this volume records was of mixed blood, partly Greek, partly Armenian, and partly French—a nominal Christian in birth and early training, but evidently conforming in all things



THE STORY-TELLER IN THE HAREM.



RECEPTION AT A SOIRÉE.—[SEE PAGE 373.]



AT THE TABLE.—[SEE PAGE 374.]

to Turkish habits and prejudices after her marriage with one of the "Grand Turks," then an attaché to the Turkish mission at Paris, but subsequently Grand Vizier, and, after Reshid Pasha's death, real Prime Minister of Turkey.

The mode in which her mother obtained her husband was so characteristic of place and people that its reproduction in this connection will throw much light on both.

Although a Greek woman and a Catholic, the mother, who was a very handsome woman, was uneducated, and lived the secluded life common to all Eastern women, of whatever faith, in places where the Turk preponderates.

"She had frequently seen from her lattice a young European of tall stature and graceful bearing, armed with a sword, pass through the street, to the admiration of all the ladies of the quarter. One evening, the window being accidentally open, he saw her, and stopped to survey her. Next day he appeared again before the window and threw her a note in French, in which he avowed his passion for her—it being evi-

dently a case of love at first sight. She caused him to explain himself through the servant of a Marseilles merchant, who informed her that she knew the author of the letter to be a French merchant named Charles Dejean, living at Constantinople. Satisfied with these particulars," says the authoress, "my mother replied in a note, which she sent him the next time he passed through the street, that she accepted his addresses, and that if he would demand her in marriage of my uncle, she was ready to marry him." All of which was done, and the lady who tells the story was the second daughter of the issue of this marriage. But she never saw her father, who, absent in Wallachia when she was born, died there of fever.

When fifteen years of age she went to her first party, and there encountering "a gentleman who had been in the suit of Lord Byron during his sojourn in Greece"—presumably an Englishman—after a short courtship was married to him by a Greek priest. Incompatibility of temper and disparity of age, however, made the match an unhappy one, and five years after they mutually agreed on being divorced. Leaving the children of this marriage with her relatives, our freed bird winged her flight to Constantinople, and thence to Europe. She went to Paris, and figured at the ball given by Fety Pasha, Turkish embassador at that court, and soon after made the acquaintance of her future husband, Kibrizli-Mehemet Pasha, then a dashing young military attaché to the legation.

After a brief courtship, during which the attractions of the suitor were weighed against "the awful prospect of the seclusion of the harem," and two rejections, she consented, returned to Constantinople, whither he had been recalled, and was married to him with all the ceremonies of a Turkish marriage, having evidently adopted her husband's religion as well as his name, although she does not say so. Here commences the record of her harem life of thirty years, finally broken by her flight to England; and to that record we refer the reader curious to know more of that life of which she records the details with such minuteness, from the marriage ceremony down to its conclusion, throwing in occasional explanations of things and of usages, which make her narrative very instructive to the reader, if not always very edifying or in strict consonance with more refined tastes.

Among other things she gives a very circumstantial detail of the manner in which gentlemen, who are never permitted to see their future wives before the ceremony has made the matter irrevocable, contrive to have some choice in the selection, and some imperfect idea of the personal and mental attractions, of the woman, not of their own, but of somebody else's, choice. Her narrative is very spirited and amusing, and her frankness often startling. Judging from her book, she must have been a very "strong-minded" woman, worthy of a seat at Sorosis, though by no means hostile to the opposite sex.

But this article is not intended as an elaborate review or criticism of this curious book (which we advise all interested in the subject to read), but as a text to give the writer's own experiences of many years in the East as to the actual status and daily life of the Eastern woman of the higher class.

Most of the popular ideas of the domestic life of the East are derived from the descriptions of poets, who have drawn upon their imaginations for their facts, and substituted romance for reality. Thus both Moore and Byron must be held responsible for many rose-colored pictures of the lives and loves of their Lalla Rookhs and Zuleikas, which have been taken as the types of woman's life in the harem, whereas such specimens are not to be found in those sternly guarded inclosures.

Moreover, the remarkable ignorance of Oriental manners and habits displayed by both these very clever poets, one of whom had had glimpses f the East, is equally worthy of note. Thus Byron, in his *Bride of Abydos*, makes Zuleika the constant associate and companion of Selim, her supposed brother, but who was known to be her cousin by her father, Giaffir. Even had he been her brother, by Turkish usage, after very early boyhood, his entry into the harem, except to see his mother, would have been a grave offense, and visited with a stern punishment. This is but one out of many instances which could be cited to show in what very ignorant instructors in Eastern habits the poor public has implicitly believed.

The life of an Eastern woman now, as it ever has been since Turkey was a nation, differs as widely from that of her Western sister as day from night, light from darkness. It might even be said that in her ideas, as in her life, she is directly antipodal, and that to ascertain what she considers right or wrong you have but to reverse the principles and the practices of the civilized woman.

The chief and most obvious differences in her style and system of living—those which lie on the surface, such as her isolation from the rest of male mankind than her husband, the hiding her face in public, and her non-participation in any festivals or entertainments where men may be—every body has heard of and understands. But even these things are exaggerated in popular estimation, and the general tenor of her life and influence over that strange society entirely

misapprehended. For she does exercise an influence in the East, as elsewhere, over her sterner and ruder mate, which is possibly all the more potent because so secretly exerted.

Monckton Milnes, in his *Palm Leaves*, has idealized the seclusion of woman in the harem in some very beautiful poetry, in which he paints her as devoting her life, thoughts, aspirations, and energies to one alone, her choice on earth, her future companion in heaven. Now this conception is a truly poetic one, but unhappily the stern logic of facts contradicts it. For, in the first place, the Eastern woman can make no choice of her mate: she can never see him in advance of her nuptials except by peeping through her lattice at him as he rides by, or squats on her father's divan, smoking, in the men's apartment, into which she may never enter.

When she is told by her parents that her husband has been chosen for her, she can not demur, but must take him literally "for better or worse," and, with Mrs. Malaprop, hope that if "there be little love at first, it may please Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance."

The destined husband also never sees his bride in anticipation of the ceremony, and beholds her unveiled face and hears her voice for the first time on the nuptial night. His parents have arranged the matter for him, as hers have for the bride. Should he be an orphan, then some aunt or other female relative has inspected and reported on the young lady, and he takes her on such report, plus the dowry she is to bring him by previous arrangement. For these two features of French marriages, supposed to be of Parisian invention—viz., the arrangement of the marriage by the parents, and the "dot" brought by the bride—are borrowed from our friends the Turks; and other people nearer home than France have not scorned to imitate the lesson in the best society.

It is but fair to say that our Turk, risking what seems so blind a venture, has providently protected himself by a facility of obtaining a divorce from the "object," not "of his affections," but his contract, which might be envied even by the residents of our Western States, whose liberality in that respect has become proverbial.

But of this it were premature to speak before marrying the couple, and sketching an outline of the manner in which they "have lived and loved together," as far as the envious veil which shrouds the harem will permit a man and "an infidel" to paint it.

Of the marriage ceremonies, which in the case of the higher classes (of whom this paper treats exclusively) are very elaborate and curious, it is not proposed to speak, since Lane and others give full details on these points. We will suppose all these ceremonies disposed of, and the bride safely deposited in her new home as its mistress. What has she to do there? Preside over her husband's table; welcome his friends and make them comfortable when they visit or dine with him; superintend the arrangement, and see to the perfect order in which the household is kept; *wait* for his return home after his day's business or pleasure, and entertain him and his friends in her drawing-room—in fact, perform for him the part which our marriage ceremony contemplates, and our social fictions declare to be end and aim of wedlock? Not at all. They manage these matters differently in the East, and no such theory ever enters into the mind of man or woman there before or after matrimony. The man marries because it is not considered respectable to live single, and because he wants children. The woman marries because she wants the independence that state and the possession of her own establishment give her, and because, since the time of Sarah, Napoleon's idea of the duty of woman has been the Eastern idea also.

So man and woman enter into that holy state with none of the ideas and feelings with which we do, and expecting little, are not so often disappointed. The man expects his wife to occupy her own separate apartments, distinct from his—the harem—where she and her female attendants, superintended by a eunuch as a guard, pass all their time—eat and sleep, work or play. His own apartments, where he transacts his business or amuses himself and receives his friends, are in the other wing of the house, a door, of which he keeps the key, giving access from one to the other. The wife never is supposed to pass into the men's apartments, never is allowed to see even his nearest male relations, nor any adult male save her husband—except her own son—much less his "gentleman acquaintance." Fancy the feelings of female America, debarred not only from the glorious privilege of "flirtation" in girlhood, but from all male society after marriage, and then, gentle reader, reflect what submissive creatures your Eastern sisters must be!

You think so, do you? Well, then, you err; for unless the scandalous stories of gossips be untrue, these gentle creatures of the harem, thus "cabined, cribbed, confined," wield a sterner despotism over their liege lords than most Western women do, and patient Griseldas are said to be rare among them.

Custom, which is stronger than law in those countries, has given the woman certain rights and privileges, which she is not slow to assert and exercise. Her jealousy of her husband, who by the religion and law of Islam may have three legal wives besides herself, is ever awake, and reserving the

right to take back her dower if divorced by her husband, she feels an independence of him, and asserts her own individuality in a very decided manner. Where a gentleman has, or may legally have, many wives at the same time, even by legal fiction man and wife can not be considered as "one," and they make no pretension to it. A bedeviled Blue-beard, a hen-pecked Turk, would seem a strange contradiction; yet it is said to be the common lot of the race whose men sport what looks like the petticoat, and whose women wear what much resembles the breeches.

For although the wife may not enter the apartment where the men enjoy their solitary pleasures or pastimes, and may not "flirt" or even associate with her husband's friends, she yet is absolute mistress of her own domain, the harem, and when he enters there he is by no means the monarch of all he surveys. On the contrary, the wife, from the very isolation of the harem, and the certainty of no intrusion, when she commences a curtain-lecture has the poor man at a disadvantage, and improves the situation.

The man, who on his own side of the house is despotic, and all of whose servitors reply to him in the established formula, "To hear is to obey," shakes in his slippers at the shrill voice of his last and favorite wife as he enters "the abode of bliss" at her summons, when undigested sweetmeats or sherbets have soured at once her stomach and her temper.

Generally speaking, the Turk does not, as is usually supposed, avail himself liberally of his privilege of plural wives. In the first place, it is too expensive, for each must have her separate apartments and separate slaves. In the second place, the difficulty of keeping the peace among or with them, when there are many under the same roof, is a prohibition. Hence, with the exception of very high Turks, our supposed Blue-beard generally contents himself with one wife at a time, replacing her by a successor, through the very facile process of divorce, when the "incompatibility" becomes unendurable. True, the harem is filled with women, but they are only the slaves of the lady thereof, and hence strangers frequently make the mistake, as many of them are richly dressed, if favorites of the mistress.

"But then," some fair reader may pityingly exclaim, "the poor creatures are shut up from morning to night, and never allowed to go out except under guard of dirty black men!" Never was there a greater mistake. These ladies enjoy a much greater degree of liberty than is generally supposed. They visit each other a great deal, and enjoy all the pleasures of gossip and scandal which their freer sisters can do. As they never read, and never work, and have no household duties to occupy their leisure, talk, and eating and drinking, and unlimited smoking, are their only resources for killing time. At home they vary these amusements by calling in the aid of the singing and dancing girls, as they do not consider it dignified to practice or possess these accomplishments themselves. The singing and dancing women are professionals, and generally of very unequivocal character—in *fact*, are almost universally a disreputable class. Then, too, on Fridays the ladies go to the bath, and spend the day there chatting and gossiping with each other. This is their club, and they enjoy it thoroughly once a week.

Shopping, too, is another of their pastimes. In the bazars you meet them in great numbers, either on foot or perched on small donkeys, muffled up and covered with large silk cloaks, with only a bright pair of wicked-looking eyes visible, and guarded by an old woman or sable eunuch. They are quite as eager and as animated in shopping as any Western woman can be. The richer ladies have also goods brought to their houses by female traders, who make a very profitable trade out of their fanciful customers, who are entirely regardless of expense in gratifying any whim or caprice that seizes them.

The expenses of a man's harem in Turkey far surpass all those for the rest of his household. It is his most expensive luxury.

The best trait of these lazy, idle, and uneducated women is their devotion to their offspring. They are good mothers, and their love and devotion are reciprocated by their children. The strongest sentiment the Turk has is his reverence for his mother. However elevated his position, he always stands up in her presence until invited to sit down, a compliment he pays to none besides. It is related of the famous Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, that on one occasion, having offended his mother, the old lady intentionally omitted asking him to sit down, and compelled him to stand up for an hour—a severe punishment for an Oriental. Yet he at the time was absolute arbiter of life and death throughout Egypt, and still a slave to the whim of an old woman, because she was his mother. Women who can command reverence and obedience as unqualified as this surely must deserve it.

The practice of purchasing Georgian and Circassian women for the harems is still kept up, Constantinople being the great mart or central dépôt of these willing victims.

They prefer the gilded slavery of the harems, where they soon become despots, to the life of hardship and privation which would be their lot at home. On all the steamers coming from Constantinople you may meet some sensual-looking Turkish or Egyptian magnate in charge of a bevy of veiled females, whom he is bringing back to replenish his stock of wives or slaves. They are carefully secluded in private cabins, and

when permitted to breathe fresh air on deck, resemble walking bundles of black silk, so carefully are they enveloped, neither face nor figure to be seen.

The surprise of foreign visitors to these caged birds is very great when they are contemptuously condoled with on the little care their husbands take of them, and the indifference they must feel toward them, in permitting their unveiled faces to be seen by every eye. The Eastern woman is proud of the precautions her husband takes to insure her fidelity, conceiving it to be a mark of his interest in her. At the same time they conceive themselves perfectly at liberty to baffle that vigilance if they can, and intrigue is a passion with them, although the punishment, if detected, is sure and sudden death. The secrecy of the harem, into which even the officers of justice may not enter, insures impunity to the sternest tragedies perpetrated behind its impenetrable veil. It is a sanctuary, too, for the master of the house for other purposes, since in that retreat he may safely deposit his valuables, secure nowhere else. Hence, very often much of a man's wealth may be found in the possession and on the persons of his women, in the shape of precious stones, which even the ingenuity of the Turkish tax-gatherer, either as governor or other functionary, can not reach.

So it will be seen that the harem has its advantages in certain ways, both for the men and women.

As to what we regard as the pleasures of home and society, they are neither known nor prized in those regions. They live an animal existence, and enjoy life in that sense only. An educated and cultivated woman is a *rara avis* among them. Such a one was the princess of Said Pasha, former Viceroy of Egypt. She not only was a musician, but a poetess as well, and impressed all foreign ladies who saw her by the grace and elegance of her manners and speech. Yet even she spoke no foreign language, though she understood English imperfectly. But, as was truly said by Tennyson,

"As the husband is, the wife is."

Of what use would education and culture be to men who themselves neither possess nor prize either? With a few exceptions, the great mass of Turkish men are wholly uneducated, many high functionaries not knowing even how to read or write. Their signature is always stamped on a public document by the seal ring worn for that purpose. It is the rarest thing in the world to see an Eastern man reading a book. I never saw one reading a newspaper, although they have a few printed at Constantinople and Cairo, under government auspices, supported by enforced subscriptions from the pay of officials, who never see or care to see them.

While very young the Eastern women may be charming, but they become prematurely old at an age when Western women are in their prime. Early development (they are marriageable at ten years of age), and the indolent life they lead, stuffing themselves with unwholesome food, tend to produce this effect, together with the enervating effects of climate and early maternity.

Such is a true picture of the life of an Eastern woman, who is the pampered and petted plaything, not the companion, counselor, and friend, of her husband, and whose code of morality is so lax as to justify the restraints placed upon her, unless, indeed, it may be argued that the effect is produced by that very cause, and the system which seeks to prevent produces the universal laxity of morals, which no one can deny.

Of the profusion and luxury displayed in these gilded cages it is unnecessary to speak: they can not be exaggerated, and the financial distress in Turkey, both public and private, is doubtless due in great measure to this cause.

But while the Eastern man remains what he ever has been, and still is, this cherished institution of the East will continue to flourish. The harem and Islam are twins, which, like the Siamese, may not be put asunder.

It has been already stated that their amusements consist of visiting, the bath, shopping, stuffing sweetmeats, and smoking, with large dishes of gossip daily served up by friends or favorite slaves. Occasionally, but very rarely, the Turkish lady gives what may be termed a *soirée*, the male sex, of course, being absent; and all who recall that most monotonous and melancholy interval after dinner in civilized houses, while the gentlemen are sitting over their wine, and the ladies in the drawing-room are yawning in each other's faces, may fancy that these are dreary affairs. Of course the writer of this article, being of the prohibited sex, was never permitted to attend one of these Eastern "hen-parties," and must therefore borrow his description of them from a French authority, M. De Jerusalemey, who, in the *Tour du Monde*, gives a lively and graphic sketch of such a soirée, evidently derived from some fair Turkish friend.

A soirée in the harem is a rare event, night reunions being contrary to the Mussulman habits. No man attends them. The soirées of the *khalva* (so called from the name of a certain hard cake, friable and honeyed, that they serve to the invited guests) take place in the wealthiest harems, on the occasion of a birth, of a marriage, of an elevation in dignity of the sultan husband, or of a reconciliation of two hanoums, cohabitants, parents, or friends.

Some days before the entertainment *djariéhs* (maid-servants) carry verbal invitations to the designated ladies. Some of these invitations are given by the mistress of the house in her visits, others through the agency of the *effendis*. Observe that the Mussulmans are not alone invited: Christian ladies, Franks (Western or native), whose male relatives have business or friendly relations with the master of the house, can also come to these soirées.

About an hour after sunset the harems begin to arrive on foot, preceded in the dark streets (Stamboul is never lit at night) by negroes, or simply by a servant carrying a lantern or two or three candles. The *djariéhs* of the house, smiling and affable, meet the guests in the vestibule, address them with graceful *ténémas** (courtesies), the usual words of welcome, and conduct them into the lower hall, which serves as a dressing-room. There they divest themselves of the *férédjés* and *yashmacs*, of their *tchèles* and *papoutchs* (double walking shoes).

From the dressing-room the *djariéhs* conduct the guests to the first story, showing them the right staircase, and, if they are of high rank, supporting them by the elbows and armpits.

In the seraglios and the wealthy harems, after having traversed several galleries, corridors, and spaces of all shapes and sizes, the whole absolutely bare, one arrives at the room where the feast is held; it is the largest and the most magnificent. A circumferent divan, high mattresses, cushions stuffed with wool, a long fringe of silk mingled with gold, occupy three sides of this saloon, or, if it is overlarge, two divans, shaped like a horseshoe, face the two ends, while the space between them is unfurnished on two sides, except by some *tchités*, or square mattresses, ottomans, stools, and strips of carpet, or else by chairs, fauteuils, and sofas, if the French fashion has penetrated the house.

The mistress of the house remains seated at one of the *kioschés* (angles of the divans), the place of honor. The guests, introduced into the reception-room, advance without being announced toward the mistress, who invariably greets them with an amiable smile and words of welcome, exchanges with them courtesies and compliments, or gives her hand to the *kiz* to kiss, to all the other young hanoums, and to the common women who frequently present themselves without an invitation to assist at the soirée, and to whom they seldom close the doors. In Turkey equality is the rule, but it is not absolute. At the word of command from the hanoum mistress, the arrivals seat themselves successively side by side, right and left, upon the divan, with legs crossed or with one knee raised. The second place of honor is reserved for the wealthiest or the most respected of the invited guests, or that one for whom they make the feast of reconciliation.

If the number of the invited guests is so large that all are unable to find a place upon the divans, the *kiz* and the hanoums of inferior rank are requested to seat themselves upon the *tchités* and carpets which ornament the side of the room unfurnished with a divan.

After the preliminary ceremony chibouques and sweetmeats, with coffee, are served to the guests, and an animated buzz of conversation immediately arises. The hostess gives a sign, and those of her slaves who possess musical talent seat themselves on the floor in the middle of the room, and begin to sing and play those monotonous and droning nasalities which the Turks consider music, amidst grunts of satisfaction from the audience. The dancing girls follow the singing ones; and the complaint of monotony or want of vivacity certainly can not be made with reference to their truly remarkable performances, which shock and disgust civilized women, although probably the wildest indecencies of these dances are not indulged in before female audiences. But modesty (as we understand it) is not the attribute of the Eastern woman, that plant requiring a culture and a training which these untaught children of nature never receive either at home or in the harem. And all the while, in the midst of the distracting din of music, singing, and dancing, the sipping of coffee and sherbet, and the stowing away of sweetmeats below the capacious girdles of the full-bodied Turkish women, go steadily on, beneath a bluish cloud of fragrant smoke, rising like incense from innumerable chibouques, whose amber mouth-pieces the lips of the fair ones are persistently pressing, until old King Frederick of Prussia, were he to rise among them, might deem himself in his old "tobacco parliament" again, though with very different companions from his bearded old Teutons. Card-playing and the game of checkers also vary the amusements of the evening. Gambling is a passion with all Orientals, and this diversion absorbs much of their attention. From the half-naked Arab donkey-boy to the pasha, every body gambles in the East, and the ladies will never allow the sterner sex any where a monopoly of vices any more than of virtues. Story-telling by amateurs is also another amusement of theirs, and it is curious what a rehash of the old *Arabian Nights Entertainments* is perpetually being served up both by professional and private story-tellers, as though those wondrous tales had actually exhausted all Eastern invention, and

* *Ténéma*—a salutation which consists in bringing the open hand to the mouth, then upon the forehead, accompanying this movement by an inclination of the upper part of the body.

the many-colored life of the Orient as well. Supper is served in the Eastern style at a late hour, in the middle of the room, on an immense silver platter containing the famous paté "khalva," which looks like a large plum-pudding, and smaller trays covered with fruits, preserves, and other dainties. Round the central platter is a row of tall wax-lights. Of course there is no Champagne or wine, water and sherbets being the substitutes. Every one then has hands washed and dried by officious domestics, and resuming their former seats on the divans, the guests smoke and sip coffee and chat again. As it grows late the children whom their mothers have brought, of all ages, coil up on the floor or on their mothers' knees, fast asleep, and their elders, replete with food and smoke and much talk, begin to be "niddin-noddin" likewise. But no one can go before one of the leaders of rank and fashion sets the example. When one of these makes the move, and others imitate her by rising, it is etiquette for the hostess to remain seated and resist their departure with great apparent earnestness. Then ensues a war of compliments and of hand-kissing and protestations on both sides, and a perfect babel of uproar and confusion accompanies the departing guests, to which the shrill cries of the awakened children and the attendant slaves in charge of them contribute not a little. At about four in the morning, the soirée being over, the khanum, or hostess, devoutly thanks Allah for her deliverance from her friends, as her civilized sister would do, and shuffles off wearily to bed, overcome with her hospitable exertions.

Such is a Turkish soirée, and such the indoor amusements of our caged birds. Their out-door ones are more varied, but we have not space to describe them here and now. They consist of their visits to friends, to the bath, to shop, and chiefly to the sweet waters of Turkey in Asia, near Constantinople, or to the gardens of Cairo or Alexandria. Here they see men, though they may not accost or converse with them, and are equally seen through the gossamer tissues which pretend to veil and conceal charms whose effect they only enhance. Many a stern tragedy is commenced in these smiling gardens by the Bosphorus, and many a tale of crime remains unknown and untold which had its origin in these gay resorts or near those babbling waters. For jealousy in the East is as watchful and sleepless as Argus, and as remorseless and pitiless as the grave. Short is the shrift and sure the punishment which awaits the frail Zuleika when once her lord has reason to suspect her, and the harem curtain which shuts her out from common view often serves as her shroud when she disappears suddenly and mysteriously from behind its folds, and is heard of never more. For no one has the right to make such inquiries, and if they did, even the officials of the law and the ministers of justice must respect the mystery of the harem, nor carry their inquiries into it. Impunity for this class of crimes is therefore insured to the master of the harem, and he scruples not to avail himself of that license.

It is a popular fallacy, as a late author has truly observed, "that the elevation of woman is entirely due to Christianity, and that outside of that woman is but a toy and a brood-mare, without any social influence whatever." It is true that the benign influences and the practice as well as the teachings of Christ did much to elevate woman morally in the social scale, but the truth of history compels the acknowledgment that chivalry, which followed the Crusades and first elevated woman, was borrowed from the Saracens and the Moors of Spain. For in the Middle Ages, the corrupt age of Louis XIV., and in the equally infamous one of Charles II., woman had sunk morally and socially to a depth lower than that of the female savage; and as to her rights under the common law of England, she had none separate from her husband, and all her property, real and personal, was his.

Let us not scoff, then, too hastily at the Turk and the Arab, who from time immemorial have given their women full control over the property given them as dower, or otherwise beyond the control of the husband—who restored to a divorced woman all the property she brought, and compelled the husband to provide for her subsistence, and, in fact, endowed her with all those separate rights and privileges which it is the boast of our later civilization to have given her within the last twenty years.

The "Prophet" himself made great use of women in propagating "the Faith." For he said, "Paradise is at the feet of the mothers;" and the names of Ayesha, Fatima, and Khadija are identified with Islamism. The name of one of Mohammed's daughters (Fatima) was given to the dynasty of one of the sects—for Islamism has its sects as well as Christianity. The reverence, too, for the mother in a household is only equaled in France. She is the absolute mistress; for, as the Arab says, "I can get another wife, I can have other children, but I can be born but once, and never find another mother." As has been justly said, "The history of Turkish or of Arab dominion could not be written without giving the histories of the sultanas and of the mothers of the sultans."

There is another matter in which we might well take lessons from the Turks—the matter of divorce. The very interesting book of Madame Kibrizli-Mehemet Pasha, to which we have referred, gives curious illustrations of this. We have only space to say that although the wife can not take the steps to initiate a divorce, she has many ways of

compelling her husband to do so, one of which, among the Arabs, is the declaration of the woman that she intends remarrying with a better man than her husband. They have also limited marriages (from whence the St. Simonian idea in France), called *kabin*, which are legally contracted before a magistrate for a given period, the man contracting to take care of the children, and to pay her at the expiration of the contract a sum of money agreed upon. These children are considered legitimate, as are all children born at the father's house. It is a curious illustration of human nature that these temporary arrangements usually result in permanent ones, the very liberty of withdrawal seeming to make the matrimonial yoke less heavy to bear.

As early as nine years of age the Eastern woman is marriageable, and by Turkish law, at that age, if married, she is competent to manage her property and dispose of *one-third* of her fortune—a wise restriction on one so young.

Moreover, the law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She can not, as with us, be compelled to labor for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her, and it is a penal offense to insult or ill-treat her. On an accusation of infidelity her oath is accepted as equally good with his, and collateral proof must be obtained. Should he not furnish her with funds, she is authorized to borrow in his name, and even to sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he can not touch. For adultery, when proved by four witnesses, the punishment is death. But these cases are never brought into court—they are punished elsewhere, as has been already stated—and there is but one instance recorded in the Turkish annals where an indignant multitude stoned to death an adulteress on the public highway. The divorce courts in Turkey are by no means so busy as in more civilized countries, and it would not pay to give a judge a salary for that specialty. The man secretly avenges himself, or puts by the adulteress without clamor, and never figures in the newspapers or the courts.

Compare the condition of woman under this system and under ours, and will it not be evident that the Eastern sister has many compensations, and even many advantages, strange as it may seem? Yet even after the lapse of ages, and in despite of constant pilgrimages to the East annually made by tourists from Europe and America, it is scarcely strange that so dense an ignorance and so strong a prejudice exists in relation to a people of whom ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors see only the outer and more repulsive features. Among the Druses of Mount Lebanon, when the husband can prove the wife unfaithful, he sends her home to her family with the proofs, with the *khandjar*, or dagger, he had received on wedding her, but *without the sheath*. The father and brothers sit in solemn judgment over her, and if convinced of her criminality, with that weapon the elder brother severs her head from her body, and sends her *tantoon*, or head veil, back to the husband, steeped in blood, and with a lock of her hair, as a mute witness of her punishment.

But space and the patience of readers compel the conclusion of this article before the half has been told. There is no better way to conclude it than in the words of a famous French writer, who justly says, in reference to this very topic and the popular errors relating to it:

"Religious laws and manners in vain seek to shroud in servitude and in mystery the women of a country; for nature, beauty, and love will restore them to their own proper place, expressly made for them, within the heart of man."

SUB ROSA.

By ROSE TERRY.

Who knows the secret of the rose?
Deep in her silent heart it glows:
The sun alone, from upper air,
Discerns the heavenly mystery there.
Is there one human soul that knows
The sacred secret of the rose?

Not he who sad and daunted stands,
Afraid to reach his trembling hands,
Afraid to grasp the bliss that lies
Deep in those golden mysteries,
Lest men or angels shout in scorn
The legend of the rose's thorn.

Not he who wastes his listless hours,
Like idle moths, on any flowers:
High on the rose's front serene
Blazes the crown that marks the queen
No soul that dares that sign deny
Shall in her fragrant bosom lie.

Not he who knows no more delight
Than dwells within his fickle sight;
For blush and bloom may pass away
In compass of a summer's day;
But still the rose's heart is sweet,
Though all its outward glow be fleet.

But he who meets its keenest thorn
With gracious strength and tender scorn;
Who knows the royal heart that stands
Waiting the touch of royal hands;
Who trusts to love's eternity
When love's own blossoms fade and die;
Who waits with passion's patient strength
For passion's peace, that comes at length—
He only conquers, for he knows
The sacred secret of the rose.

THE GREAT FAIRS AND MARKETS OF EUROPE.

By R. H. HORNE.

Bartlemy Fair.—Donnybrook and Ballinasloe.—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton.—Jahrmarkts of Germany.—Carnivals of Rome, Naples, and Cologne.—A Russian Fair.—An Irish Pig Fair.—London Winter Fair on the Ice.

IT is not every body that has had "the luck to see the sprig of shillalah" flourished to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, the day of the great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every body had the peculiar fortune to see "Bartlemy Fair," or any other of the great English fairs. And those who have not will never again have an opportunity, as they have all been for some years abolished by act of Parliament. To the above we may add that every body has not had the equally grotesque delight of seeing a Continental fair, the carnivals of Italy, of France, a Russian fair, or the carnivals and jahrmarkts of Germany. But all of these latter are still flourishing at their appointed seasons. In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our subject, as to its treatment in all countries, we shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful exhibitions characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations. Sometimes we shall take them in succession, by reason of their similarity, at other times for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and sober class, so that our readers may be gradually prepared for the scenes of riotous jocularity which are to follow.

The jahrmarkt, or fair, of Germany is a very different sort of thing from an English fair, or an Italian carnival, or any scene of uproarious merriment and extravagant exhibitions. There is really very little fun in the jahrmarkt. For my own part, I could see none. It is not much more than a market, except that, instead of the chief features being confined to eatables, there is a preponderance in the jahrmarkts of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, crockery, pipes, and Tyrolese blue and scarlet caps. Books also, especially of a pictorial kind, abound; indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipsic, which is expressly a "books fair." But a carnival is quite another matter. I was once at a carnival in Cologne: it was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological, characters, in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels; all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals not easily distinguishable, who were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures on horseback and on foot, bearing banners with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortége* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter, and intensely cold. There had been a hard frost last night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough-shod for the occasion; but the dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hardy constitution. Toward the afternoon every body thronged to some special public dinner-table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) every body wore a tall, pointed paper *fool's cap*, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments, covered up with *(witzig)* absurdities and comic subjects. Every body seemed to get mentally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of Tyrolese fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind, and by continually practicing together, certain effects—and most delightful effects they must be pronounced to be—are produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other cities of Italy the chief fun of the carnival consists in pelting with sugar-plums. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and barouches, or other open carriages, with large bags at their feet filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass; now with a well-aimed *large* single sugar-plum—now with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the

word clearly proves—*Carni vale*—farewell to the flesh! How completely this became changed, in process of years, to very opposite observances is sufficiently obvious. In Rome and Venice the principal features are those of the masquerade, while with the former the horse-races are among the most favorite amusements. I should mention that horses are trained to run without riders on their backs. No horse can be bribed; every horse honestly does his best to win. A poor sort of amusement was at one time in vogue, consisting in carrying lighted tapers about the streets, and each person trying to blow out his neighbor's light and preserve his own. This may be regarded as a sort of Italian version of "beggar my neighbor." In Southern Italy there has been lately held quite a new sort of fair, viz., a "Wine Fair." There was no attempt or pretense to render this amusing in the general way. The first of these was held last March (1872), when the samples of the wines amounted to upward of 4000 bottles. The whole of this vinous army of four thousand in full array was, either most innocently or most irreverently, ranged three deep against the walls of Santa Maria la Nuova. But no priest or monk expressed any objection.

A carnival in Paris is a yet greater remove from the ordinary class of fairs. The French are much too elegant in their tastes to adopt any rude and rough amusements, especially the comic horse-plays that used to characterize the English and Irish fairs. A Parisian carnival is nothing more than a series of elegant and *recherché* little dinner and supper parties, under a mask. I pass hastily over most of these things, because they are still extant, reserving our more particular descriptions till we come to those which have been abolished.

But a fair in Russia is a wonderfully different sort of thing, and comes very much nearer to the Anglo-Saxon notions of what is proper on such occasions. Russian fairs may be divided into three very opposite classes. First, those which are made up of religious mysteries and superstitions, some of them being rich and magnificent in their display of idols and holy relics; others partaking of the squalid as much as the grotesque. One of the most striking characteristics of a Russian fair to the eyes—to the nose we might say—of a foreigner, particularly of French or English ideas of nicety, is that of the oppressive and overcoming odors of perfumed Russian leather, alcohol, sour beer, fermenting cabbages, the grease on the boots of the Cossacks, all mingling with the musk and ambergris of the fashionable. The second class of fairs in Russia consists almost entirely of dances of a kind not customary at other seasons; and these again must be divided into two sorts. There is the "Peasants' Ball," at which some of the dances are very graceful, and others very licentious on the part of the male dancer, while the woman receives all his gross overtures with the rigid imperturbability almost of a wooden image. There is, however, another sort of fancy ball, called the "Nobles' Ball," at which none but nobles and those related to nobility are permitted to attend. They indulge in all kinds of splendor in their dresses. The chief peculiarity of the ladies' ornaments consists in valuable cameos. They wear them on the arms and wrists, round the neck, round the waist, and on the bosom. Some of the dresses of both sexes are so sumptuous that whole fortunes may be said to lie upon their backs—lavished on a single dress. Altogether, this is a very dull and inanimate piece of business. As to "*fun*," Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work lords and ladies would be full as lively.

But the third class of Russian fairs I have to mention is the only one really deserving the name, and that is the *winter* fair. The principal of them is the fair on the ice of the river Neva. There you see races with sledges and skates, and with horses, dogs, goats, and stags, harnessed to different kinds of sledge vehicles. They also have their horizontal roundabouts, and their perpendicular high-fliers, like sedan-chairs going up in the air and down again. But the grand amusement of all is that of the "ice-hills." They are thus constructed: A strong scaffolding is raised to the height of thirty feet, with a landing at the top, ascended by a ladder. From the top of the landing a sloping plane of boards is laid, about twelve feet in width and ninety feet long, descending in a very acute angle to the surface of the frozen river. This inclined plane is supported by wooden piles, decreasing in height, and the sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Upon the down-sloping plane are laid square slabs of ice, close together, and then water is poured all down the slope. This water freezes—half a minute or so of a Russian winter is quite enough for that—and the incline then presents a broad sheet of pure ice. From the bottom of this incline the snow is cleared away upon the level surface of the frozen river for the distance of six hundred feet, and twelve feet wide (the same width as the inclined plane). The sides of this level course are ornamented with dark green firs and pines. Each fair-goer who wishes to indulge in the national amusement provides himself with a peculiar sort of sledge—more like a butcher's tray than any thing else—ascends the ladder to the landing at the top, seats himself in his tray on the edge of the glittering incline. Off he goes!—and away he skeels down the slope of ice. Such velocity does he attain before arriving at the bottom, that he is not only carried along the six hundred feet of

this icy level below, but clean up to the top of a second ice-hill like the first, with another slope on the other side, down which he skeels with the same rapidity as before, and away again to an equal distance on the level below. A succession of these fair-goers, fur-mantled, seated in their sliding trays, balancing themselves as they cut along, one close upon the other, yet no chance of overtaking each other (unless by some very unlucky and very unusual upset), presents a most peculiar and extraordinary scene. Whenever the balance does happen to be lost by a man, down he goes all the same, to the continual peril of his limbs or his neck, and it is impossible to predict whereabouts his headlong career will be stopped. Boys sometimes—boys will do any thing—by way of a delightful increase of the danger, skate like a flash down the bright inclined plane, balancing themselves on one leg!

Let us now offer a preliminary word or two concerning the fairs and other kindred exhibitions and popular out-door amusements of Great Britain.

A lady of my acquaintance in England, an authoress of superior education and refinement, once said to me, "How is it that the English people should have such a predilection for *ugliness* in their amusements? Foreign nations delight in mixing up a certain degree of poetical, pictorial, musical, or floral refinements with their most grotesque amusements; but the people of our country, though gradually improving in taste, have certainly a marked preference for coarse or vulgar things—in short, a love of ugliness. How is this?" You may be sure this lady did not mean to accuse her countrymen of a preference for ugly women; she only alluded to the sports and pastimes of the mass of the people, and with especial reference to an English fair. I should premise that this lady friend of mine was a Scottish lady, and having once had, as she considered it, the ill luck to be taken to see "Bartlemy Fair," she could never look back on that scene of crushing crowds and frantic noises without astonishment and dismay. Still, we must admit there was a good deal of truth in her observation, and before commencing my descriptions I will offer a few words in extenuation of what this lady and all our Continental friends are pleased to call the bad taste of the English.

There is an old saying that "all's fair at fair-time," which does not mean that any rough brutalities may be committed (such as ruffians only would commit *any where*, as well as at a fair), but that on this one occasion in the year people should agree to put off all gravity, and not take offense at hilarious hustlings of the crowd, or its harmless practical jokes of crackers and scratch-backs. In other words, those who were very *fine* and overnice, and who did not choose to descend from their ideas of dignity for the nonce, had no business to go to an English fair.

Now as to the question of a love of ugliness, it forms no part of our present design to accuse, and certainly not to defend or applaud, the taste which undoubtedly has of later years existed in England for mere shows or *spectacles*—gorgeous costumes, scenery, and burlesque. Even poetical extravaganza, and all the charms of the original fairy tales, have given place to burlesque, buffooneries, and local "hits." But while we may regard these things as a deplorable falling off in theatrical taste, we should fairly and firmly distinguish all permanent influences for good or for evil upon the national mind from the fitful fun of a yearly fair.

An English fair, as it existed some five-and-twenty years ago, and a foreign fair or carnival of the present period, must not be compared with any thing else; the former stood alone as a broad, honest, undisguised, outspeaking, and outacting annual exhibition of the love of fun, of the grotesque, of the broadly comic, and of the determination to find an outlet for the exuberant animal forces which are characteristic of the populace of most nations. Rough they are, and ugly enough, in many cases; but the comic drama of *Punch* (as acted by the showman) is studiously rough and ugly; yet we are all delighted with his unscrupulous fun, we rejoice in all the hard knocks he gives and takes, and every body applauds his unique triumphs over Jack Ketch, and his final victory over the wooden doll-devil in the last scene.

We now come to the once celebrated fairs of Great Britain. The most important of the English fairs used to be Bartholomew, commonly called "Bartlemy Fair," Greenwich Fair, Peterborough Fair, Edmonton Fair, commonly called Edmonton "Statty" (statute), and Fairlop Fair. All these great fairs, with the exception of Fairlop, were done away with by act of Parliament some years since, as I have already intimated. I believe there were never any of the fairs of the kind I allude to in Wales; but there was a great fair in Glasgow. In Ireland there was one pre-eminently great fair—need I say Donnybrook? In different parts of Ireland there are still what they call "pig fairs," and a great fair at Ballinasloe. But these are not properly fairs; they are "markets" for the sale of cattle, pigs, and other farm produce, with a few ornamental accompaniments in the way of whisky, fiddle-playing, jig-dancing, bacon-frying, and shillalahs in the course of the afternoon and evening. The chief days are for the great cattle market; the fun of the shows—in fact, what I call the fair—comes last. In like manner Limerick and Cork have great days called fairs, but they are chiefly butter

markets. With regard to Limerick, one is apt to think

"Of all the sweet faces
At Limerick races;"

while in respect of Cork, it would appear to supply half the globe with butter—it certainly goes far toward supplying the Australian part of half of the globe. The supply is enormous: nothing stops it. I was in Ireland during the great famine years; and while the people were starving the great ship-loads of butter, cheese, and bacon were sent away as usual. It was no wonder that riots occasionally ensued when the hungry men and their families stood on the wharves and beheld this.

Bartlemy Fair used to be held in Smithfield, the market-place being cleared of its sheep-pens and cattle-fences for the occasion. The outskirts of the great English fairs presented different characteristics; but Bartlemy Fair being in the thick of densely packed houses and densely packed old London, there was no room for any thing beyond the fair, except a certain waste corner, which was filled with closely ranged little tables, on which were constantly deposited little smoking plates containing very small fried sausages of about two inches long, the sound and the smell of sausage-frying continuing all day and all night while the fair lasted. The only other peculiarity on the outskirts (I have seen this also at Ballinasloe) was that sometimes a bull broke loose from one of the neighboring cattle-yards, being excited, no doubt, to indignation, which soon became rage, by the extraordinary uproar and mixture of strange noises in the fair, his emotion being rapidly brought to a climax by the sights he beheld, and by the additional confusion his presence created among the crowds. Of course there were shouts of "A mad bull!" "A mad bull!" on all sides, as he rushed along the wild lane of flying people, now and then stopping to stamp and look around—a look of furious bewilderment—not knowing *what* to think of it all, except that *the people* were gone mad, and being very quickly made really mad himself by the goads and blows he received, and the glittering shows, the cries and screams and shouts that resounded on all sides. Sometimes a Londoner was tossed, and three or four were knocked down and trampled upon, but very seldom, as the bull's eye-sight, ears, mind, and purposes were much too confused to enable him to direct his attention (and his horns) to any definite object. At Ballinasloe it was quite a common thing to see drunken men tossed; but, somehow, they did not seem much the worse for it. Any sober man would probably have been killed.

A marked contrast to such scenes was presented by the outskirts and environs of Edmonton "Statty" Fair. It will be subsequently explained why this statute fair, which used to be held at Upper Edmonton, claims by its historical associations, as well as by some other peculiarities, a rather prominent description. It was in reality *three* fairs, each within about a hundred or two hundred yards of each other—all held at the same time, and lasting for three days. The first was in the field at the back of the "Bell Inn"—which exulted in the sign of the "Johnny Gilpin"—the front of the inn and the whole house being surrounded with booths, stalls, and small shows. The large shows, the conjuring, the theatres, horsemanship, high swings and roundabouts, wild beasts and wax-work, were fitted up in an imposing array at the further end of the field behind the house; and the approaches to the great shows and booths for exhibition, as well as for eating, drinking, and dancing, were through double lines of gingerbread-nut stalls, toy stalls, sweetmeat, sugar-stick, almond-rock and taffy, elecampane, licorice, sugar-candy, brandy-balls, bull's-eyes, and lollipop stalls. In front of the inn, and ranged beneath the painted sign of the bald-headed "Johnny Gilpin," without his wig, and apparently shouting with widely open mouth, and clinging to the neck of his runaway horse, stalls of a similar description were closely packed and fitted, and extended on one side in double lines toward the high-road, continuing, with an occasional break (filled up by little gambling-tables, peep-shows, and cock-shies), until you arrived at the fair in front and rear of the "Angel Inn," within two bow-shots distance. Here there was always a still more imposing sight. The front of the inn lay farther back from the high-road than the "Bell," and besides this there was a little patch of green paddock on the left-hand side. Three double lines of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls led up to the "Angel Inn," with barrows full of green filberts close beneath the lower windows, and beneath the sign-board, on which was represented the figure of an enormous red-cheeked and red-armed dairy-maid, in flying white robes (but far more like a torn calico night-dress) and a pair of immense wings shooting up from behind her red shoulders, having written at her feet, in large gilt letters, "The Angel." In the little paddock stood the grand menagerie—Polito's Menagerie, afterward Wombwell's.

As all the great shows traveled about and visited every great fair, it is to be understood that when I describe one of them it will generally answer for all—Bartlemy, Edmonton, Donnybrook, Glasgow, etc. Polito's Menagerie, with its life-sized paintings of lions, tigers, birds, serpents, stags, and crocodiles, hanging tier above tier, all painted in the most glaring colors, and forming a very disadvantageous contrast

to the dingy, den-imprisoned beasts within—not to speak of the odors of dirty straw and sawdust—need not be further described, except that the splendor outside was greatly enhanced by a row of eight or nine portly men, gorgeously attired in scarlet and gold, as "beef-eaters," and forming a brass-band whose martial strains were often accompanied by the roars and gulf-like gaspings of the real beef-eaters inside. Nothing could equal a boy's disappointment on first going into this highly colored menagerie, from which he only recovered by approaching the cage of the lion or the "royal Bengal tiger," and being assured by the keepers that if he went too close they would break out and tear him *all* to pieces. One of the double lines of stalls in front of the "Angel Inn" led directly to the gateway of the yard, into which the line was carried, the avenue widening till double and treble lanes of gingerbread-nut and toy and confectionery stalls filled up the yard and a waste piece of skittle ground behind, and finally opened into a field, at the farther end of which were ranged the great shows and theatres: Gyngell's conjuring and feats of dancing on the slack wire, or balancing a heavy cart-wheel on the chin, flanked on one side by the "Spotted Boy" (a young gentleman of about nine years of age, whose body was literally piebald), the "Albinos" (two girls with long white hair reaching to their knees, and pink eyes), and on the other side by the caravan of the "Irish Giant" (Mr. Patrick O'Brien), the dwarf known as "Mr. Simon Paap," and by the house on wheels of the celebrated Miss Biffin, the lady who had no arms, but who painted, wrote, and cut out paper portraits in profile with her feet—not very flattering likenesses, as it may be supposed. Penny theatres, peep-shows, eating and drinking booths, swings, roundabouts, high-fliers, little round gambling-tables, little stalls and barrows, with all sorts of knickknacks and quack doctors' nostrums, filled up the rest of the available ground. It is to be understood that a large open space was always left in front of the grand stands of the great shows at the further end or top of the field.

The fair at the "Bell," or "Johnny Gilpin," was generally known as "Kennington's Field," and the fair at the "Angel" as "Whittington's Field."

Coming out again through the yard and gateway to the front of the "Angel Inn," you passed Polito's Menagerie, and made your way to the high-road and over the bridge, one side of which was always occupied by some half dozen mutilated beggars: one had been a tiler, and had fallen off a roof, and broken his back in seven places; another had lost an arm and a leg in the battle of Sham-jam-ballo, in the Heast Hinges; another had been blown up in the air from the deck of a ship at the battle of Trafalgar so high that he was nearly a minute in coming down, just as Lord Nelson was shot; another was stone-blind, particularly if any benevolent-looking papa or mamma with a number of nice, tender-hearted, ingenuous little boys and girls were passing. Crossing the bridge, with the high-road on your left, you soon arrived at a gateway on the right. This was the entrance to the largest of the three fairs, and was called "Bigley's Field." In this passage there was a constant crowd, enlivened by the drowning sound of Chinese toy drums, or whirly-hummers, boys' wooden whistles, and scratch-backs. The crowd here was often so dense as to come very nearly to a jam or a dead-lock, and at night it was dreadful. This was a rare spot for the London pickpockets. Once through, however, you were in a large yard, and beyond that you suddenly had the relief of arriving in the first field, of some twenty acres. A range of large trees ran across and partly divided it from the upper field, which (to my boyish recollections) was immense, but whether fifty or a hundred acres I would not now undertake to determine. Here were the grandest and most imposing of all the shows: the great tragic-comic company of Richardson's Theatre (at which the greatest tragic genius that ever trod the British stage had often acted in his early years of obscurity—Edmund Kean), and the great circus for horsemanship, and the tight-rope dancing of the "wonderful Master Saunders." In this field were the highest of the swings, the largest of the roundabouts, both for wooden horses and open cars, as also the most stupendous of the perpendicular revolving cars and close carriages, the "Crown and Anchor" booth, and other great booths for eating, drinking, and dancing; and in this field, also, were the largest number of pickpockets, all down from London as for harvest-time.

Beyond these great fields, and divided as usual by the old-fashioned English hedge, were other fields in succession; and here the outskirts of Edmonton Fair presented so great a contrast with the outskirts of Bartlemy Fair, of which we shall subsequently have to speak. Gypsies—several families of them—invariably attended this country fair, not as mere visitors, but professionally. The women went about all day telling your fortunes, and the men went about all night robbing your poultry-yards. Their little dingy blanket-tents were set up close under the thickest hedges of the adjoining fields, in the vicinity of which you could not set your foot but in a trice you saw a red cloak and a sibyl with a pair of dark bright eyes hurrying toward you, and then you heard a sweet voice seductively calling to you, with a very sunburned forefinger mysteriously

raised. In different parts of these outlying fields you might observe a lean horse or rough-coated little pony feeding, but more commonly one or two still rougher and more dirty-coated donkeys, with here and there a little ramshackle of a cart, while close beside the blanket-tent under the hedge, their feet lodged in the dried-up ditch or drain, you would generally notice one or two lazy-looking men, with very black locks and sun-burned faces and hands, and dark gleaming eyes, and a woman in a cloak of "many colors" nursing an infant, all of them with short pipes in their mouths.

Several children were usually rolling on the green grass in company with a few family dogs, while the eldest of the children sat watching the rise of a little wavering column of smoke proceeding from the genuine gypsy's kitchen range, viz., three long sticks and a dangling iron pot.

I have given more details concerning Edmonton Statute Fair than will be afforded to other fairs, for the following reasons. In the first place, it was the only instance of a combination of three large fairs occurring on the same day and in the same village or close neighborhood; secondly, they presented a genuine English fair, unmixed with the sale of pigs, cattle, or "baser matter;" nothing of the least utility or permanent value was to be found there, every thing being of the most ostentatious, gorgeous finery, gilt and painted trumpery, and grotesque absurdity; thirdly, Edmonton Fair was always regarded as one of the "genteelest of fairs" (only, of course, during two or three hours after the morning opening of the fair), when papas and mammas and kind uncles and aunts could take little boys and girls through the principal avenues of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls without much hustling and jamming and destruction of frocks and trowsers; and lastly, because Edmonton has several historical associations. One of the oldest English plays (written by Drayton) was entitled *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Edmonton was the birth-place of Christopher Marlowe, the father of the English tragic drama; the birth-place also of another dramatist of the present age, who has not the courageous vanity to name himself after "the writer of the mighty line," but who may be found in Vol. I. of Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. John Keats, also, and Charles Lamb resided for some time at Edmonton, and always went to the fair. The story of John Gilpin's involuntary gallop through Edmonton need not be mentioned; but I must add that the Rev. Dr. Tice, of this village, furnished Dr. Combe with the original of his Dr. Syntax; and the grandson of Dr. Tice, who now indites this motley chronicle, will answer for the truthfulness of the portrait. Curiously enough, this eccentric lover of the picturesque (Dr. Tice) was also the uncle of William Tice Gellibrand, one of the earliest, most talented, and energetic settlers in the Australian colonies. So strangely does the world of life go round!

Fairlop Fair, besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep, was a good "pleasure fair." Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described, but there were more gypsies, many of whom, no doubt, were residents of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater, but is easily explained. Fairlop Fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down one day for a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or wagon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on four wheels. Such a boat-load as this, consisting of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors afterward may also be attributed to the great and unique feature of this fair, which was the famous oak-tree, round which the fair was held. This tree was so enormous that, during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, and hung with drapery (pea-green, with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog. Now the special attraction to British tars must have been this tree, the topmost branch of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, to the imminent, delightful risk of breaking his British neck. You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak without a Jack Tar perched upon one of the topmost branches. The tree stood for many, many years, all trunk and bare dry boughs: not a leaf had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant. It stood there a colossal skeleton, a monument of itself, by the sheer strength of its bulk, and was pulled down at last by teams of oxen and long ropes, lest some fair-day a huge limb or so might fall and crush several theatres, menageries, peep-shows, and holiday people. Myriads of snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and fancy boxes were made of the wood—or *said* to have been made of the wood—and are sold as such to this day every fair-day.

Croydon Fair is a good one (especially for the gypsies from Norwood), but more famous as a market for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. It presents no special features beyond those already described, with the exception of a tradition or legend which used to be very

popular with all school-boys of the district and elsewhere, to wit, that the green lanes on the outskirts of Croydon were haunted by a certain "Spring-heeled Jack," who was possessed with a monomaniacal propensity to attack young men and women, and gash them with a fine-edged, silver-handled knife. The anomalous "Spring-heeled Jack" always eluded pursuit by the swiftness of his running and the fabulous leaps he could take clean over the high hedges or turnpike gates, attributable to his wearing India rubber boots, the soles and heels of which were full of steel watch springs, as every boy of us thoroughly believed.

Peterborough Market Fair is celebrated for only one peculiarity, viz., its immense quantities of wood-work for farming operations. There you might see piles on piles of axe, hoe, fork, rake, and spade handles; also handles for smiths' and carpenters' hammers; also tires and spokes for cart-wheels; window-frames, wheelbarrows, and dense arrays of field gates, hurdles, and fences.

Greenwich Fair was a very great fair. The extinction of this brilliant fair caused much regret to the holiday-making Londoners. It had several striking peculiarities, besides the usual number of large shows. First, there was the noble old hospital, and the frequent presence of old pensioners in their quaint old-fashioned sombre uniform of dark navy blue, with the three-cornered cocked hat, knee-breeches, and square-toed shoes with huge plated buckles. To see these veterans, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, who had well deserved all the care of a grateful country, wandering about—some with one arm, some with two wooden legs and a stick, some with one arm and one leg and *no* stick, mixing among the young fair-going folks, smiling and laughing at the grotesque groups, actions, and noise around them, and now and then showing signs that the eccentricity of their gait and bearing was not entirely attributable to a wooden leg—gave an additional interest to the scene, of a mixed kind of pathos and humor, not to be described in an off-hand way. The other great feature was the "Crown and Anchor" booth, which, varying its size at different fairs, invariably put forth its utmost magnitude and fullest splendors for Greenwich Fair. How many people had luncheons and suppers there through the day and night—how many scores of hampers of cold fowls and hams, turkeys and tongues, and hundreds of dozens of bottled ale and stout—is beyond any knowledge possessed by the present deponent; but that between two and three thousand people sometimes assembled therein at night to *dance*, and that sometimes more than two thousand Londoners were dancing there at the *same* time, after a fashion, he *can* answer for, as also for the fact of the whole scene being at such times enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, rising up from the creaking and yielding floors, and that, whatever colored coat you entered with, every body emerged with a coat the color of whity-brown paper, large black nostrils, and black semicircles of dust under his eyes. The "Crown and Anchor" booth was so long that a full band played for dances at the top, by the bar, another at the bottom of the booth, and a third in the centre; and though they often played different dances, different airs to suit, and in different keys, you could only hear the music of your own dance, the predominant accompaniment to each being the measured muffled thunders of the boots of the fair-going Londoners. At these "high" moments it may be supposed that the fun was too "fast and furious" for the gentler beings of creation—of course with some rather conspicuous exceptions. The last great specialty I shall notice connected with this fair was the roll down Greenwich Hill. Many persons at home as well as abroad have never seen that celebrated hill, never rolled down it, and some, perhaps, may not even have heard of it. But a word or two will suffice to make them in some degree aware of the "pleasure" they have lost. A number of fair-going young people of both sexes—but most commonly lovers or brothers and sisters—seated themselves on the top of this steep and beautifully green hill, and beginning to roll down slowly, they presently found that the rolling became quicker and quicker—that they had no power to govern their rapidity, still less to stop; and they invariably rolled to the bottom. It didn't agree with every body.

Of the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe enough has already been said; but of an Irish pig fair something remains. The peasant's pig—"the gintlemin that pays the rint," the favored spoiled son, almost the lord of the cabin—when for the first time in his life he finds himself forcibly driven the way his *master* chooses, which, *of course*, is the way he perseveres in objecting to, by the time he arrives at his journey's end enters the fair in a very bad state of mind. His temper, never, at the best of seasons, half so sweet as his flesh, has become morose, and something is sure to occur to render him savage. Among other things, he is sure to quarrel with the pig next to him for precedence of place, and the immediate consequence—for *this* pig is in quite as bad a state of mind as *that* pig—the immediate consequence is a fight. By a fight we do not mean an ordinary routing of snout to snout, but a savage fight of two wild beasts. They stand upon their hind-legs, and fight in lion-and-unicorn fashion. It is a fine thing to see a pig under such unusual circumstances, and shows that he is not merely a creature of fat and crackling, to be roasted or made

bacon of, but an animal whose blood, when roused, inspires him to fight to the death against what he considers insults and injuries. The most amusing part of the whole affair is to see the dismay of the respective owners, and their anxiety to separate the furious combatants; because a pig that has been overdriven in coming to the fair, or had a serious stand-up fight, is always reduced twopence or threepence a pound in his market value.

We must now take a turn through Donnybrook. All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory" was there; but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song which makes the "shillalah" the all in all belongs to a traditionary period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from *all* English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow—whisky. As for the interior or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different, indeed unique. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, tomb-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold and scalloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking in some cases seemed to be performed by individuals who had never before seen a sausage, certainly not an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat ashes improved the one, and sand and sawdust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this, and I will defy the world to produce any thing like it. Donnybrook is a village a few miles only from Dublin. The houses were all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than one floor above the ground-floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whisky-drinking, songs, jokes, politeness, and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and very much the same, but with more elaborate and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene—yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrower streets the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For, observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the "dancing," especially above stairs, being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the *fiddler*. We say there was no room left for him, and yet he must be among them. There was room for him as a man, be it understood, but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for *another* man, and this could not be afforded. The problem, therefore, was solved by opening the window up stairs: the fiddler sat out upon the window-sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow" playing outside the window of every upper floor, sometimes out of both upper and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way, and playing a similar kind of jig, surpassed any thing of that kind of humor in action it had ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is! The elbows all played so true a time that, if you had not heard a note, you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all these jaunty and "knowing" elbows!

A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one more custom, characteristic of the kindliness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so a large, close-covered police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about, unable to govern their emotions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along.

The impossibility of adequately describing any of these great fairs, and pre-eminently the renowned Bartlemy Fair, is attributable to several causes. It requires a panorama for its grotesque forms and colors and expansive varieties: all sorts of figures in all sorts of motions and attitudes, which even automatons could not convey much better than the pen; and all manner of sounds combining in one general uproar and confusion, because all these moving objects, colors, and sounds are going on at the same time, and all in most vigorous conflict with each other, and, indeed, with themselves. Under such circumstances our best plan will probably be that of giving a few of the most broad and striking general characteristics, dashed in with a scene-painter's brush, full of color, and almost at random.

St. Bartholomew's, *alias* Bartlemy, Fair was held in Smithfield Market-place, as previously stated, which used to be considered the very rowdy heart of London. All the butchers' stalls, sheep-pens, cattle-yards, pig and poultry inclosures, and all other wooden structures, were so completely cleared away that there was obtained a tolerably large open space. This was approached by

the different streets and avenues of gilt gingerbread stalls, toy stalls, and nondescript booths of various kinds, but more particularly for eating, drinking, little gambling-tables, and other similar things on a small scale, which would have been lost amidst the blaze and magnitude of the main structure. Nearly all round the great open area, the only intervals being the streets and other avenues of entrance, were ranged the theatres, the menageries; screened inclosures for the horsemanship, rope-dancing, balancing, tumbling, and leaping; the shows for conjuring, fire-eating, dancing dogs, learned pigs; the exhibition of wax-work and of living monstrosities, such as the calf with two heads and five legs, the mermaid (whom you were not allowed to examine very closely at the junction line), and the pig-faced lady, who was generally seen sitting at a piano in an elegant low evening dress, with a gold ring through her snout. A giant was always there, and both male and female dwarfs, but never together, as in present times, but always in rival caravans. The music, so-called, was a bedlamite mixture of brass-bands, screaming clarionets and fifes, clashing or hollow-toned cymbals, gongs, bells, triangles, double drums, barrel-organs, and prodigious voices bawling through immense speaking-trumpets. Now conceive the whole of these things going on at the same time!

Now imagine it to be night, and all the great and little shows and booths and stalls are ablaze with lights of all kinds of colors, magnitudes, and, we may add, smokes and odors, as many of them issue from a mysterious mixture of melted fat of various creatures. All the principal shows, and many of the smaller ones, have a platform or stage in front, and hereupon is enacted a wonderfully more brilliant, attractive, grotesque, and laughable performance than any thing inside. Portions of tragedies are enacted, including murders, combats, and spectres; dances of all sorts are given; men and women in gorgeous array of cotton velvet, spangles, and feathers stand upon horses, or promenade with most ostentatious dignity, sometimes coming forward and crying aloud, "Be in time! be in time! All in, to begin!" which is subsequently repeated half a dozen times before they retire, to console with their actual presence those who are waiting seated inside. Now and then part of the promised "grand pantomime" is repeated on the outer stage, and culminates with a rush of the clown, pantaloon, and acrobat, mounted on hobby-horses, down the steps of the platform, and right into the very thick of the crowd, causing one or two fights in the confusion and difficulty of their return, to the immense delight of all those who witness it, and to the great advantage of all the pickpockets and other ruffians then and there collected. While these things are going on below, there are other scenes above, such as the high-flying boat, swings full of laughing and screaming young men and women, the slack-rope dancers in their brilliant dresses of silver and gold tinsel and spangles, who are perched on swinging ropes amidst the white and scarlet draperies near the top ridges of the larger theatres and shows; and, rising over all, the coiling smoke-clouds of the blazing fat-lamps and pitchy torches roll and float upward toward the moon, every now and then rapidly cut through by the hissing head and tail of a rocket, which presently exploded in brilliant stars of white, green, and red over the frantic tumult beneath.

"Horn Fair" was held on Charlton Green, near Blackheath, and was by far the most elegant of all the fairs, if any thing so heterogeneous can ever be worthy of such an epithet. At any rate, Horn Fair was the most fashionable, even in the London sense of the term. It was to other fairs what "Ascot" is to other races. When we say that all the male branches of the royal family went to this fair it is hardly necessary to say that great numbers of the nobility, of both sexes, also displayed their graces amidst the toys and gingerbread-nuts. The military from Woolwich also paraded the area opposite the shows, some of the younger officers (not, of course, in uniform) getting into the high-flying swings, or mounting little wooden horses on the roundabouts.

One of the few fairs that remain in England is Barnet Fair, but this is more properly a market, the chief business of which is the sale of horses. The reporter of one of the London newspapers assured his readers that, on a recent occasion, if Rosa Bonheur, the great French painter of animals, had been present, she would have found a great variety of subjects for her pencil, from the unbroken, dangerous colt to the odd-looking, superannuated cab-horse. But the same writer evidently had a hankering after the "games of old," for he tells us that it was *consoling* to perceive by the gorgeous and auriferous display made at one gigantic stall that the time-honored gilt cakes and penny trumpets, once the glory of Greenwich, "had not yet become matter of history." Also—and this is very important—that the visitors bought the sweet trash liberally, and "ate them eagerly" and with perfectly innocent countenances, as if we were not at the close of the nineteenth century, when science fills, or at least fidgets, the universal mind. We hear that there was a "fat boy" among the mobs of the lower orders of horses, dressed in a Scottish Highland costume, with a conspicuous philibeg and snuff-horn, whom the spectators called "Young Tichborne;" but there were few other exhibitions of "monsters," very little dancing, and only one bar-

rel-organ in the whole fair. A boxing-booth, however, invited the farmers and butchers to come in and take a lesson in the once most popular branch of the fine arts in Great Britain. But fried fish, tobacco, and whisky constituted a far more general attraction.

It only remains for us to take a look at the winter fair which has been held in London at those rare intervals when the frost has been so strong and continuous that the ice even on the Thames, as well as Serpentine and other metropolitan waters, has attained a solid thickness capable of bearing the thousands of people who assembled there. Innumerable stalls and booths for eating, drinking, smoking, and dancing, portable ones for roast potatoes and chestnuts, together with swings, peep-shows, puppet-shows, and other amusements, were rapidly erected or wheeled on the ice; there were also many little card-sharping and thimble-rig tables, roundabouts, ballad-singers, and instrumentalists, from the humble Jew's-harp to the ostentatious brass-band. The many slips and tumbles upon the ice constituted a considerable part of the fun, and were promoted by the glassy surface of various cross slides, as well as by frequent jerks and sudden pushes with a view to the destruction of an equilibrium. The crowning joy, however, was at night, when a great bonfire was lighted upon the ice, and a bullock was roasted whole. As the form and face of the creature changed with the action of the flames and the red heat, and the head and horns became inexpressibly hideous, John Bull, far more than his emblematic representative, might be said to have been in his glory while dancing and whirling in uncouth and rampant mazes round the crackling and roaring flames, amidst which the national divinity, self-basted with black and crimson streams, was fiercely roasting.

DELUSIONS OF MEDICINE.*

CHARMS, TALISMANS, AMULETS, ASTROLOGY, AND MESMERISM.

IF we regard the mass of people among whom we are living, we are soon convinced that intellectually as well as bodily they are of very different ages. Unfortunately the proportion of those adult in mind is but small compared with those adult in body. Most men are in the infantile or child-like condition.

When, therefore, we speak of the high intelligence of the age we must remember that the remark applies to the few, and that these types of advance disseminate ideas with more or less difficulty through the masses. Nay, more, if too far ahead of the times, generations may elapse before their writings are credited.

Because the community as a whole does thus lag behind the age, it is of interest to us as physicians to study the medical ideas of former times, for we shall find that all those beliefs are prevailing in the various grades of society, and must be contended with, and often, alas! submitted to. It is instructive to the philosophical physician to trace, as in the case of Greece, the passage through fetichism, miracle-cure, and astrology to a sound system of medicine such as that propagated by Hippocrates, well called the Divine Old Man. In the rest of Europe —and from this point of view Americans are Europeans—the same progress has taken place as its nations have passed through their infancy and childhood toward the adult condition.

In considering the cures of all ages they may be divided into two classes: first, *cures by imagination;* and second, *cures by remedies, drugs, or hygiene.* Under the former head should be put miracle-cures, invocation, exorcism, astrological medicine, amulets, charms, talismans, and mesmerism; and under the latter a large part of the present plan of treatment, alchemical in its origin, in which drugs are relied on to crush disease. This will eventually be succeeded by the expectant and sustaining system, such as Hippocrates taught when he says that disease is caused by fermentations and other chemical changes in the fluids of the body, and that relief comes when such substances are discharged; that such changes may be local, as in erysipelas, or general, as in a fever. The power of the physician is to be shown by helping on the elimination. He should watch carefully the progress of the disease, and guide it without trying to stay it. When he has learned the course of a disease, he may predict the issue of a case from experience.

Let us, then, in the first place, consider *cures depending on the imagination*, apparently so supernatural.

That the mind can exercise a strong influence over the body might be proved by a thousand instances. Even such an insensitive tissue as the hair is authentically stated to have turned white from grief or fear. As Scott in *Marmion* says,

> "For deadly fear can time outgo,
> And blanch at once the hair."

The sad case of Marie Antoinette will oc-

* Introductory Lecture in the Medical Department of the University of New York. Session 1872-73. Delivered by Professor HENRY DRAPER, M.D.



GNOMES TERRIFYING A MINER.

cur to every one's mind, although the French revolutionists accounted for that in another way. Jaundice has been caused by a paroxysm of anger, and the relief of toothache by ascending a dentist's steps. Who has not suffered from a fit of the blues, when "the soul melteth away for very heaviness?" Macbeth may well say to the physician,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

But more than this Chaucer sings—

"Men may die of imagination,
So depe may impression be take;

and it is well known that Sophocles died of joy when his last tragedy was crowned with success.

Conversely, the body can react on the mind; for Voltaire profoundly remarks that the fate of empires is decided by the intrigues of women and the constipation of kings.

Taking for granted, then, that imagination can govern the operations of the body in instances where the impression is strong enough, consider the case of a nation in its infancy. Every natural object contains a good or bad spirit, and multitudes are wandering disembodied through the air. Draper's *Intellectual Development* well may say of the Middle Ages of Europe: "In its opinion the earth, the air, the sea, were full of invisible forms. With more faith than even by paganism itself were the supernatural powers of the images of the gods accepted, only it was imputed to the influence of devils. The lunatic was troubled by a like possession. If a spring discharged its waters with a periodical gushing of carbonic acid gas, it was agitated by an angel; if an unfortunate descended into a pit and was suffocated by the mephitic air, it was by some dæmon who was secreted; if the miner's torch produced an explosion, it was owing to the wrath of some malignant spirit guarding a treasure, and whose solitude had been disturbed. There was no end to the stories, duly authenticated by the best human testimony, of the occasional appearance of such spirits under visible forms; there was no grotto or cool thicket in which angels or genii had not been seen; no cavern without its dæmons. Though the names were not given, it was well understood that the air had its sylphs, the earth its gnomes, the fire its salamanders, the water its undines; to the day belonged its apparitions, to the night its fairies. The foul air of stagnant places assumed the visible form of dæmons of abominable aspect; the explosive gases of mines took on the shape of pale-faced malicious dwarfs, with leathery ears hanging down to their shoulders, and in garments of gray cloth."

Surrounded by such objects of marvel and

fear, was it wonderful that men adopted the notion that disease was a possession by devils? When a patient was struggling in an epileptic fit, did it not indeed seem as if a demon was striving to obtain possession of his body, and was not exorcism by holy men, and fervent prayer for aid by some benign spirit, a natural resort for their infantile and fetich-ridden minds? Such beliefs were as real to them as the ghosts of a dark room are to children now.



ST. DUNSTAN'S NEGOTIATION WITH THE DEVIL.

A profound desire to conciliate and form alliances with powerful spirits or with the devil was, therefore, a natural consequence of those times, and hence arose the various practices of magic and the belief in witchcraft. It is impossible for me to point out clearly the periods when these ideas originated, flourished, and died, because in a mixed community there are men of all intellectual ages, the infants being perhaps half a dozen centuries behind the adults, and all cherishing their own delusions. Multitudes of the superstitions of the Middle Ages flourish under our very eyes. I have but to mention a horseshoe to bring the fact home. Even among the most cultivated a leaven of superstition survives: and while we may blame Celsus for attributing diseases to the anger of the gods—"Morbos ad iram deorum immortalium relatos esse"—we should remember that many gentlemen and ladies of to-day will pale with fear if salt is spilled, and would as soon see their death-warrant signed as sit down thirteenth at a dinner. As physicians and physiologists, such things must not anger you; you must humor them as the delusions of children, not contradicting unless you wish to be overwhelmed with a myriad of instances in point.

The obvious result of supernatural disease and forms of cure was the coalescence of the functions of priest and physician in one person, and a resort to all kinds of magic, divination, sacrifices, incantations, exorcisms, and eventually mercenary practices. Even as early as A.D. 366, the Council of Laodicea found it necessary to forbid the study and practice of enchantment to priests; but the temptation to persist, and gain money by terrifying the sick and dying, was so great that the Lateran Council, A.D. 1123, had to forbid all medical attendance by the clergy, and that of A.D. 1139 threatened the disobedient with excommunication. Medicine was never completely severed from theology till physicians were allowed to marry. There is a singular resemblance between this state of affairs and that in Greece 1500 years before, just previous to the time of Hippocrates.

As the idea of fetichism died out among the more intelligent classes of Europe, the gods and demons who had inhabited surrounding objects were exiled to more distant spheres, and became controllers of the planetary motions. Simultaneously astrology arose, and horoscopes, nativities, and man-



PROTECTION FROM WITCHES BY A HORSESHOE.

sions of the sky filled the minds of men. Mackay remarks: "An undue opinion of our own importance is at the bottom of all our unwarrantable notions in this respect. How flattering to the pride of man to think that the stars in their courses watch over him, and typify by their movements and aspects the joys or the sorrows that await him! He, less in proportion to the universe than the all but invisible insects that feed in myriads on a summer leaf are to this great globe itself, fondly imagines that eternal worlds were chiefly created to prognosticate his fate. How we should pity the arrogance of the worm that crawls at our feet if we knew that it also desired to know the secrets of futurity, and imagined that meteors shot athwart the sky to warn it that a tomtit was hovering near to gobble it up!"

There is, nevertheless, a delusive basis for astrology, for in certain great natural phenomena the influence of distant orbs is plainly traced. The moon and sun conjointly rule the tides; the aurora and the magnetism of the earth seem to depend on eruptions and cyclones in the sun; maxima and minima of death are related to the rotation of the earth on its axis, and the inclination of that axis to the plane of the orbit. There is even a subtler connection; for chemistry has shown that, with one or two exceptions, all the force upon the globe, whether exhibited in the simple process of combustion or in the highest manifestations of animal life, is only a minute fraction of the power sent forth from the central luminary and transmuted here. Living beings are truly children of the sun.

The astrologers were not, however, content with any such general proposition. Lilly, in a copy of his work, published in 1647, that I have used, says: "There is nothing appertaining to the life of man in this world which in one way or another hath not relation to the twelve houses of heaven; and as the twelve signes are appropriate to the particular members of man's body, so also do the twelve houses represent not onely the severall parts of man, but his actions, quality of life, and living; and the curiosity and judgment of our forefathers in astrology was such as they have allotted to every house a particular signification, and so distinguished humane accidents throughout the whole twelve houses as he that understands the questions appertaining to each of them shall not want sufficient grounds whereon to judge, or give a rationall answer upon any contingent accident and successe thereof." In this book of 900 pages there is a world of quaint and curious information: the planet Saturn, for instance, "signifieth one of a swart color, palish like lead, or of a blacke, earthy brown; one of rough skin, thick, and very hairy on the body; not great eyes; many times his complexion is between blacke and yellow, or as if he had a spice of the blacke or yellow jaundies; he is leane, crooked, or beetle-browed; a thin whay beard; great lips like the black-Moores; he lookes to the ground; is slow in motion; either is bow-legged or hits one leg or knee against the other; most part a stinking breath; seldome free from a cough: he is crafty for his own ends, seducing people to his opinion; full of revenge and malice, little caring for the church or religion; it's a foule, nasty, slovenly knave; a great eater, or one of a large stomacke; a brawling fellow; big, great shoulders; covetous, and yet seldome rich."

Three planets, it appears, "signifie cures of diseases: ♃ by money and good councell; ☿ by medicine; ♀ by magick naturall, divine assistance, or chance."

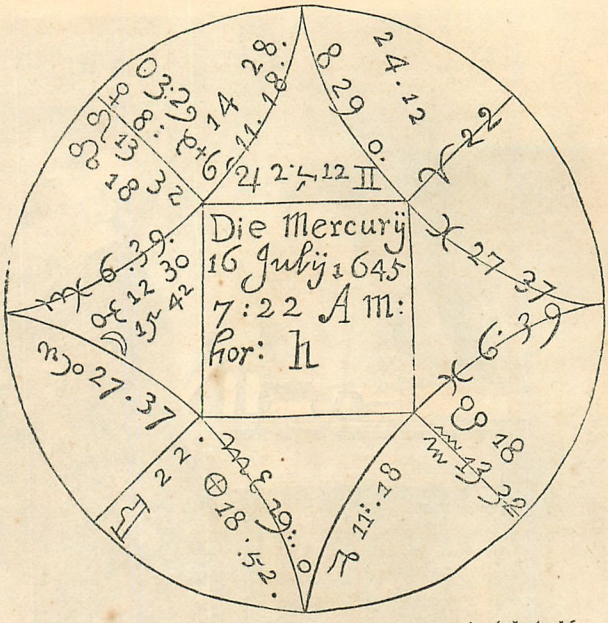
Werenfels, speaking of an astrological believer, says: "He will not commit his seed to the earth when the soil, but when the moon, requires it. He will have his hair cut when the moon is either in Leo, that his locks may stare like the Lion's shag, or in Aries, that they may curl like a ram's horn. Whatever he would have to grow, he sets about it when she is in her increase; but for what he would have made less, he chooses her wane. When the moon is in Taurus he never can be persuaded to take physic, lest that animal which chews its cud should make him cast it up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted to the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in

conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful." And Hudibras believes in

"The Queen of Night, whose vast command
Rules all the sea and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains
In high spring-tides at mid night reigns."

Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Trinculo that Caliban is a moon-calf—that is, a brute spawned by the moonlight on the scum of the sea—because he has "a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest."

The accompanying figure of a horoscope is from Lilly's book, and the text explaining it is as follows:



Whether the Sick would live or dye, and what his Disease was.

"JUDGMENT OF THE FIGURE AFORESAID.

"The signe ascending, viz., ♍, is in the figure most afflicted by the corporall presence of ♂, who is partly lord of the eighth house; therefore from that house and signe must we require the disease, cause, and member grieved. ♒ being the signe of the sixt, is fixed, afflicted by ♉; and ♄, who is lord of the sixt house, is in ♉, a fixed signe, earthly and melancholy, of the same nature and triplicity that ♍, the signe ascending, is of; the ☽ being a general significatrix in all diseases, being afflicted by her proximity to ♂, and posited in the ascendant in an earthly melancholy signe, together with the other significators, did portend the patient to be wonderfully afflicted with the spleen, with the wind-cholick, and melancholy obstructions in the bowels and small-guts, small feavers, a remisse pulse; and as the signe ♍ is the signe ascending, and ☽ and ♂ therein, it argued, the sick was perplexed with distempers in his head, slept unquietly, etc. [*All which was true.*]

"I perswaded the man to make his peace with God, and to settle his house in order, for I did not perceive by naturall causes that he could live above ten or twelve days."

To this very day a lingering confidence in planetary domination is retained. The moon

Head and Face. ♈ Aries, The Ram.

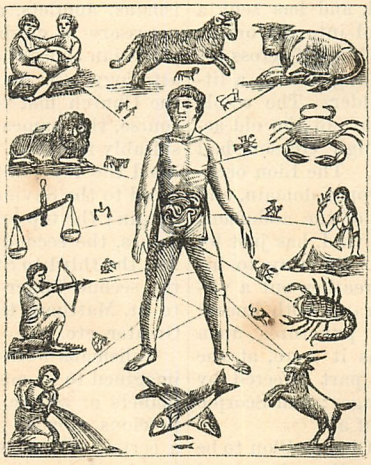
Arms.
♊ Gemini,
The Twins.

Heart.
♌ Leo,
The Lion.

Reins.
♎ Libra,
The Balance.

Thighs.
♐ Sagittarius,
The Bowman.

Legs.
♒ Aquarius,
The Waterman.



Neck.
♉ Taurus,
The Bull.

Breast.
♋ Cancer,
The Crab.

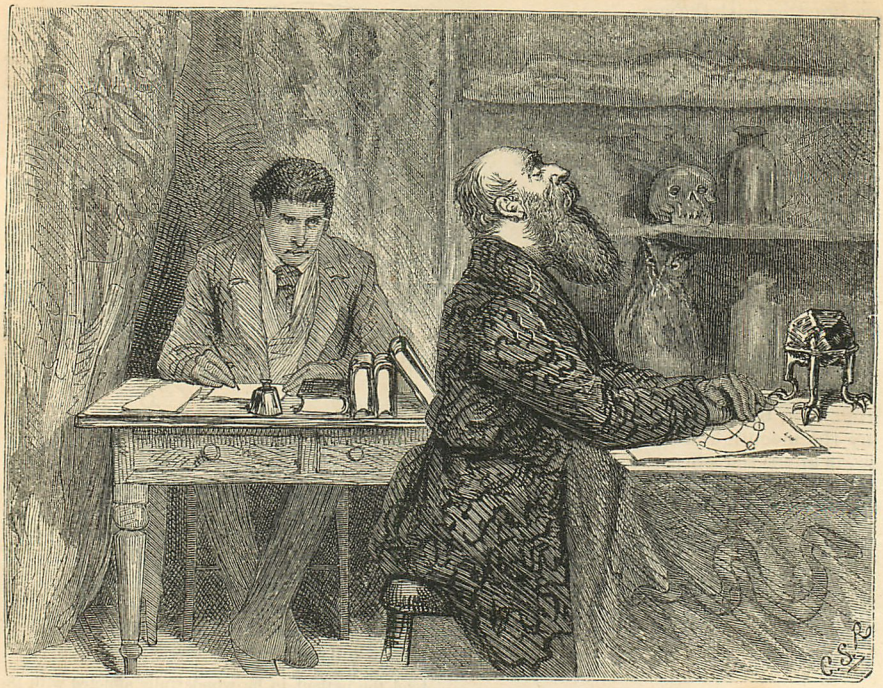
Bowels.
♍ Virgo,
The Virgin.

Secrets.
♏ Scorpio,
The Scorpion.

Knees.
♑ Capricornus,
The Goat.

Feet. ♓ Pisces, Fishes.

DOMINATION OF THE ZODIAC OVER MAN.



CANNEL-COAL MAKING REVELATIONS TO DR. DEE.

is believed to regulate the weather, and particularly the fall of rain, when, in truth, she has nothing whatever to do with it. So in our present almanacs one page usually contains the figure of a man with associated signs of the zodiac. As Southey describes it: "There Homo stands, naked but not ashamed, upon the two Fishes, one foot upon each, the fish being neither in air, nor water, nor upon earth, but self-suspended, as it appears, in the void. Aries has alighted with two feet on Homo's head, and has sent a shaft through the forehead into the brain; Taurus has quietly seated himself across his neck; the Gemini are riding astride a little below his right shoulder. The whole trunk is laid open, as if part of the old accursed punishment for high treason had been performed upon him. The Lion occupies the thorax as his proper domain, and the Crab is in possession of the abdomen; Sagittarius, volant in the void, has just let fly an arrow, which is on the way to his right arm; Capricornus breathes out a visible influence that penetrates both knees; Aquarius inflicts similar punctures upon both legs; Virgo fishes, as it were, at the intestines, Libra at that part affected by school-masters in their anger; and Scorpio takes the wickedest aim of all."

This figure is stated by Champollion to be derived by descent from the Egyptian ritual for the dead, and is often found in their papyri.

So, again, doctors still put at the beginning of a prescription the astrological sign for Jupiter, ♃, looking like ℞, and supposed to mean recipe.

I might multiply observations upon astrology *ad infinitum;* for hundreds upon hundreds of books have been written in various tongues, some legible and some utterly incomprehensible, some by arrant impostors, but more by men full of faith. But we must pass to other imagination-cures, such as talismans, amulets, and charms. It is only necessary in closing to state that in early Christian times the hold of Greek and Latin astrology was found to be so strong that the Church had to countenance it, but, of course, the names of heathen deities were suitably replaced. For instance, in the left hand the top joint of the thumb was dedicated to the Saviour, the second joint to the Virgin; the top joint of the forefinger to St. James, the second to St. John the Evangelist, the third to St. Peter; the first joint of the second finger to St. Simon, the second to St. Matthew, the third to St. James the Greater, etc.

Talismans were natural objects, generally imagined to be marked like the signs of the planets or zodiac, but sometimes they were precious stones. They are confounded to a certain extent with amulets, which Arabic word signifies any thing suspended. Charms, on the other hand, from the Latin *carmen*, a song, refer to written spells, col-

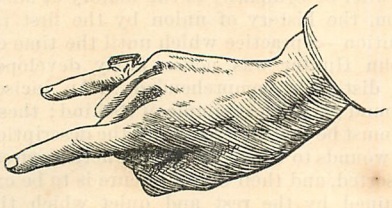
lections of words often without sense, like the famous *Abracadabra*.

In the time of the Crusades, as so interestingly narrated by Scott in the *Talisman*, faith in the virtues of precious stones was universal, and to each was attributed special properties. The heliotrope, or bloodstone, now worn in seal rings so much, "stancheth blood, driveth away poisons, preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh raine and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused." "A topaze healeth the lunaticke person of his passion of lunacie." The garnet assisteth sorrow and recreates the heart; the chrysolite is the friend of wisdom and enemy of folly. The great quack, Dr. Dee, had a lump of cannel-coal that could predict.

In the fancied resemblances found among talismans none are more extraordinary than those associated with color. Because Avicenna had said that red corpuscles moved the blood, red colors must be employed in diseases of that fluid, and even in 1765 the Emperor Francis I. was wrapped up in scarlet cloth to cure the small-pox, and so died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was good for scrofula.

Among amulets that of Pope Adrian was curious: it consisted of dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smaragd, and tragacanth, and was hung round the neck, and never removed. The arsenic amulets worn during the plague in London were active on the principle that one poison would prevent the entry of another. Ashmole's cure for ague was to take, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hang three spiders about his neck, "which drove it away, God be thanked."

Such statements may cause a smile, and men may say that it is well-nigh incredible that similar silly superstitions should ever have seriously influenced people; but the laugh is soon turned if we inquire whether any of these beliefs have come down to our time. How many now think there is virtue in camphor to prevent infection; that sulphur or a horse-chestnut in the pocket is good for rheumatism! Go to Italy and see



GETTATURA.

grown-up men carrying amulets, like a partly extended hand, to prevent the effects of the evil-eye. Coral is still worn as recommended by Paracelsus for infants, and many add to the mineral bells of silver, by which sorcerers and witches may be frightened off, on the same principle that bigger bells were used to scare comets away. Perhaps in this latter instance mothers act unwittingly, and only know by tradition that there is some good in the toy, for in many cases usage has continued a practice the significance of which is lost. As an illustration, necklaces and bracelets were originally not articles of ornament, but real amulets; those found on Egyptian mummies are carved with characters relating to the future of the body, the scarabæus, or tumble-bug, typifying symbolically by his performances the resurrection.

With regard to charms a wrong idea prevails: the true charm is written, and is not a natural or carved object; watch charms are in reality talismans or amulets. The virtue that resides in such verses is very great, for Cato the Censor says that a dislocation may be reduced by taking a reed four or five feet long, cutting it in the middle, and letting two men hold the ends opposite one another. While this is doing, say, "In Alio S. F. Motas væta, Daries Dardaries Astaries Dissunapitur," then separate them with a piece of iron, and bind them to the dislocation. It has been naïvely remarked that this system of cure works best in nervous and periodical disorders. The phylacteries of the Pharisees were charms.

Allied to charms was faith in numbers, and particularly in odd numbers. "There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More;" or, to go back a few centuries, "Numero Deus impare gaudet" (God enjoys an odd number); or, still earlier, hear Pythagoras declare that number is the essence or first principle of things. Singularly enough, modern chemistry, in adopting the atomic theory and symbolic notation, seems to lend itself to this conclusion, for it couples hydrogen with 1, oxygen with 16, etc.; and our daily papers attribute special powers to the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, as the advertising columns show. The taint of old things hangs about us yet.

Perhaps of all forms of cure the most miraculous, not in its effects, but as illustrating the credulousness of men, and their utter blindness to contradictions staring them in the face, was the royal touch for king's-evil. Of course no scrofulous patient ever could have been benefited, and yet Charles II., between May, 1662, and April, 1682, touched 92,107 persons; he had to set a regular day, Friday, for the purpose, and often touched 250 persons at a sitting, presenting each with a touch-piece of gold. I suspect that this gift must have had something to do with the number of cures, for impostors were drawn by multitudes, and yet he had the patients sifted out by his surgeon before they were presented. Johnson, the great lexicographer, when four years old, among others, was

touched by Queen Anne, but without avail. How such a belief could have been sustained surpasses comprehension; but yet many of you may remember Dr. Newton and his imposing of hands, in the vicinity of Cooper Union, within a few years.

On the imagination-cures I have thus far spoken of, all, doubtless, put a common estimate; but in the next, the last I shall refer to, people now would begin to divide; and should I venture into our own times, and mock at psychic force and table-tipping, angry passions might rise, and harmony be disturbed.

Mesmerism originated at the same period as our Revolution, and was in reality an attempt to replace demons and spirits by a natural force—magnetism—and thus come into relation with the spirit of the times. By the ingenious coalescence of truths established by experiment with statements resting on nothing, multitudes were, and are still, deluded. Mesmer began by expounding a truth which is more and more forcing itself on the attention of scientific men: "That the sun, moon, and fixed stars mutually affect each other in their orbits; that they cause and direct in our earth a flux and reflux not only in the sea but in the atmosphere; that there is a medium of a subtile and mobile nature which pervades the universe, and associates all things together in mutual intercourse and harmony." Sure enough, electricity is such a medium.

The application of magnetic ideas to cure does not belong to Mesmer: it had been practiced long before, for Paracelsus gives a method of transplanting diseases from man into the earth: "Take a magnet impregnated with mummy and mixed with rich earth; in the earth sow some seeds that have a congruity or homogeneity with the disease; then let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel, and let the seeds committed to it be watered daily with a lotion in which the diseased limb or body has been washed. Thus will the disease be transplanted from the human body to the seeds which are in the earth. Having done this, transplant the seeds from the earthen vessel to the ground, and wait till they begin to sprout into herbs: as they increase the disease will diminish, and when they have arrived at their full growth it will disappear altogether."

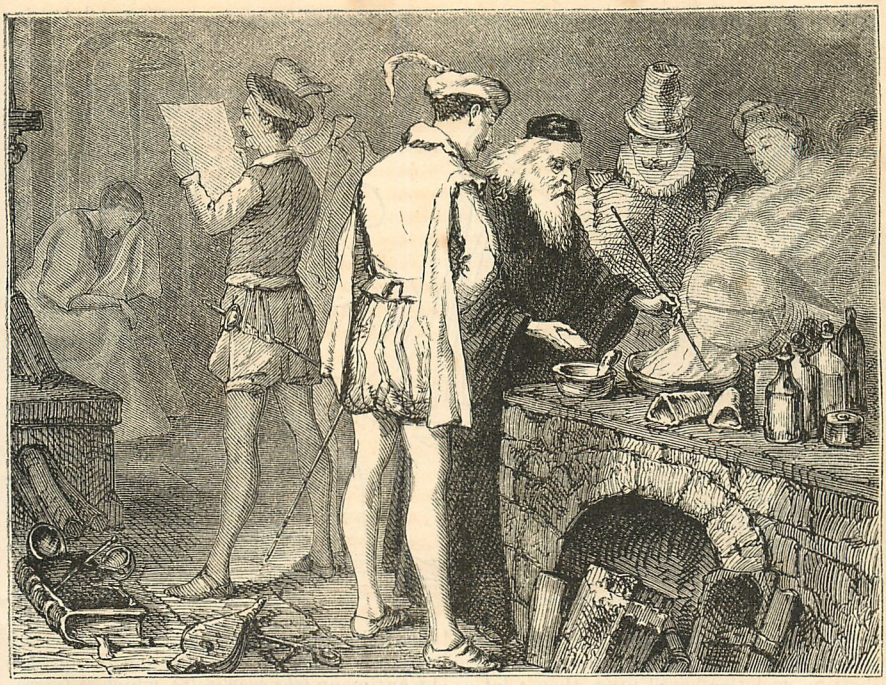
Kircher had a remarkable plan for reducing hernia, consisting in putting a poultice of iron filings on the outside, and then causing the patient to swallow a magnet, ground to powder, which, when it arrived opposite the spot, would draw in the tumor.

Magnetism was also applied to surgery, and gave rise to weapon salves, which were an improvement on those of ancient times, such as the following, recommended by Paracelsus: "Take of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air, of real mummy, of human blood still warm, each one ounce; of human suet two ounces; of linseed-oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole each two ounces. Mix all well in a mortar, and keep the salve in an oblong narrow urn." The sword was to be dipped in blood from the wound and anointed with the salve, and put in a cool place. The wound was to be kept clean, covered with linen, and dressed every day.

Dryden, in his *Tempest*, has the following dialogue between Hippolito and Miranda:

HIP. Oh! my wound pains me.
MIR. I am come to ease you.
[*She unwraps the sword.*
HIP. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.
[*She wipes and anoints the sword.*
MIR. Does it still grieve you?
HIP. Now methinks there's something
Laid just upon it.
MIR. Do you feel no ease?
HIP. Yes, yes: upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me. Sweet Heaven! how I am eased!

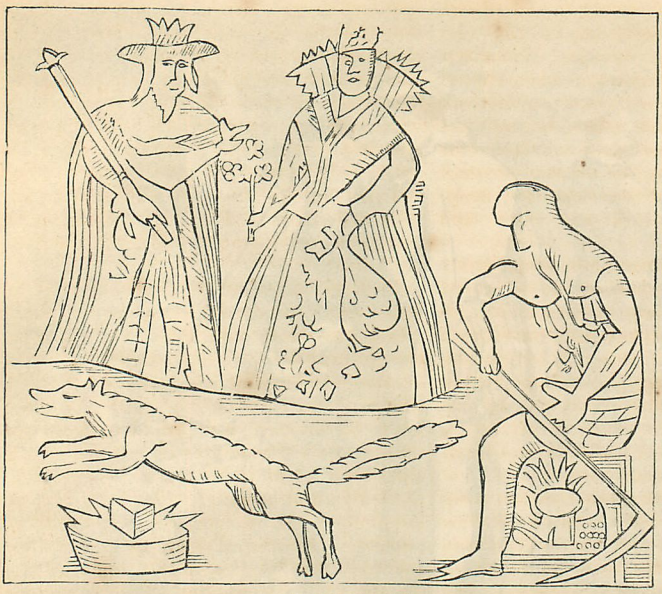
Pettigrew, in his valuable work, speaking of such salves and sympathetic powders, says: "It is not at all surprising that cures of this description should soon be looked upon as the result of magic, incantations, and other supernatural means, and that the professors of the sympathetic art, therefore, should have been anxious to account for the effects by natural causes. Such appears to have been Sir Kenelm Digby's chief aim before the doctors of Montpellier, and similar reasonings upon the subject may be found in the writings of the supporters of the system already mentioned, who advocated the plan of treatment, and vouched for its efficacy. In this search for natural means to account for the phenomena obtained, the obvious one was overlooked, and the history I have given would have been uninteresting but for the valuable practical lesson which these experiments have afforded. We owe to this folly the introduction of one of the first principles of surgery—one which in this country has done more to advance the science than any other besides—one which has saved a vast amount of human suffering, and preserved innumerable lives. The history of the doctrine of healing wounds by the powder of sympathy is the history of adhesion, the history of union by the first intention—a practice which until the time of John Hunter was never fairly developed or distinctly comprehended.....An incised wound is the most simple of its kind; these, it must be remembered, were the description of wounds to which the sympathetical curers resorted, and their secret of cure is to be explained by the rest and quiet which the wounded parts were permitted to enjoy, in opposition to the ordinary treatment under the fallacious doctrine and practice of that day of digesting, mundificating, incarnating, etc. Surgeons in former times seem really



DUTCH ALCHEMIST AND HIS STARVING WIFE.

by their modes of treatment to have tried how far it was possible to impede, instead of to facilitate, the processes of nature, and to those who are acquainted with modern surgery it almost appears miraculous that they ever should have been able to have produced union of any wound whatever. What is the mode of treatment now employed by a surgeon in the healing of a wound? To clear it from extraneous matter, to bring the edges in apposition, to keep them in contact by a proper bandage, to modify temperature, and to give rest. What is this but the mode of procedure on the part of the sympathetical curers? They washed the wound with water, kept it clean and undisturbed, and in a few days the union of parts —the process of adhesion—was perfected, and the cure was complete. The doctrine of adhesion—the exudation of lymph, the junction of old or the formation of new vessels, and the consequent agglutination of parts—was then ill understood; subtle and in many instances, it must be admitted, ingenious reasons were resorted to to account for the effects produced, and the true solution of the process was overlooked. The effect was apparent, but the cause was obscure."

Mesmer's operations depended on exciting the imagination by every device that could appeal to the senses. His house was luxuriously furnished, lighted by the richest stained glass, perfumed by the most overwhelming odors, and filled with a sighing of sweet music and soft female voices. According to Mackay's description: "In the centre of a saloon was placed an oval vessel about four feet in its longest diameter and a foot deep. In this were laid a number of wine-bottles filled with magnetized water, well corked up, and disposed in radii with their necks outward. Water was then poured into the vessel so as just to cover the bottles, and filings of iron were thrown in occasionally to heighten the magnetic effect. The vessel was covered with an iron cover pierced with many holes, and was called the baquet. From each hole issued a long movable rod of iron, which the patients were to apply to such parts of their bodies as were afflicted. Around this baquet the patients were directed to sit, holding each other by the hand, and pressing their knees together as closely as possible, to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid from one to the other. Then came in the assistant magnetizers, generally strong, handsome young men, to pour into the patient from their finger-tips fresh streams of the wondrous fluid. They embraced the patients between the knees, rubbed them gently down the spine and in the course of the nerves, using gentle pressure on the breasts of the ladies, and staring them out of countenance to magnetize them by the eye. Gradually the cheeks of the ladies began to glow, their imaginations to become inflamed, and off they went



ALCHEMICAL SYMBOLS.

one after another in convulsive fits." But enough of such perilous proceedings and the libertine societies based upon them; let us turn to systems

OF CURE BY REMEDIES.

All treatment by drugs was based on alchemical ideas, which in their turn were an offshoot of pantheism. The whole world has a soul; hence every object has a soul or spirit, which may, by suitable means, be expressed or solicited out. Fire and distillation, with incantations and charms, enable the philosopher to subtilize and purify these essences, and ascertain and utilize their various properties. So a spirit could then, as now, be procured from wine more powerful than the wine, and a ghost evoked from chalk able to tear apart the strongest metal vessel.

The spirit of the most noble of metals was long sought for as the elixir of life. Geber is made to say it should assuredly cure all maladies, for gold is the only metal without disease; but when he discovered aqua regia, and had the gold in a potable or dissolved condition, how intense must have been his disappointment! It is devoid of curative property. Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, however, discovered enough of the secret of life to animate a figure of brass, and make it perform the duties of a domestic: housekeepers say that a brazen kind of servant exists to this day.

Upon equally authentic testimony it is asserted that Alain de Lisle added sixty years to his life, and a recipe by Arnold di Vilanova shows how to add one hundred years. Rub yourself two or three times a week with marrow of cassia; every night put a plaster of saffron, rose leaves, sandalwood, aloes, and amber liquefied in oil of roses and wax over the heart. In the morning inclose the plaster in a leaden box; eat chickens that have been first starved and then fed on a broth of serpents and vinegar thickened with wheat and bran.

Here is an illustration of alchemical symbolic writing. To the initiated the figure explained itself, and in many works there was no exact written elucidation; but accompanying this was the following paragraph, the meaning of which is that gold (*the lion*) can be purified by antimony (*the gray wolf*), which is liberated from its gray sulphuret by iron (*valorous Mars*). The figure is from Basil Valentine's work.

"The king's diadem is made of pure gold, and a chaste bride must be married to him; wherefore, if ye will work on our bodies, take the most ravenous gray wolf, which by reason of his name is subject to valorous *Mars*, but by the genesis of his nativity he is the son of old *Saturn*, found in mountains and in valleys of the world. He is very hungry; cast unto him the king's body, that he may be nourished by it; and when he hath devoured the *king* make a great fire, into which cast the *wolf*, that he be quite burned; then will the king be at liberty again: when ye have done this thrice, then hath the *lion* overcome the *wolf*, neither can he find any more in him to feed on."

I might go on with these details for days, from the ethereal discoveries of Heydon, the Rosicrucian, who thought a man might live without eating or drinking, and that there was a "fine foreign fatness" in pure air, and that a plaster of nicely cooked meat on the epigastrium would satisfy the most voracious—through all the search for the elixir vitæ, the philosopher's stone, and the powder of projection, up to those really grand discoveries which lie at the bottom of modern chemistry, and are the basis of our daily comforts and present medication. But we have had enough of the follies of our ancestors: let us delude ourselves into the belief that we are men and they were children, and leave to future times the pleasing task of pulling us

to pieces, and laughing at our faith in drugs and fragmentary knowledge of the real course and nature of disease. When science has displaced quackery; when the organic chemistry of the body is understood, and missing ingredients can be supplied and noxious ones expelled; when dangerous germs are filtered from the air men breathe, the food they eat, and the water they drink —then medicine will become exact, and cease to be uncertain.

The ground-work for such hopes is partly found in the tendency that the advanced medical men of this day have to determine the efficacy of treatment by experiment, and not by faith and hypothesis. To be sure, the patient must be encouraged to hope for the best results, and not be harassed by the doubts that beset the mind of his physician, to whom the empirical nature of treatment is only too obvious.

But more efficacious than this has been, and will be, the abandonment of the idea that, in addition to a soul, the body of man presents another, lower form of spirit—a vital force which regulates the ordinary actions of the system, and dominates over and counterbalances the usual physical forces that rule the inorganic world. Such an idea strikes at the root of all application of exterior experiment to living beings, and is a relic of the fetich-worshiping age of nations, when every breeze was the breath of a demigod, and every cloud a frown — when the crashing lightning was a bolt sped by Jove, and the thunder the angry rolling of his car. It is associated with the time when naked savages were praying to the spirit of a dried cow's tail.

In these days of the impersonality of force, men know that there is no power which can resist that fiat of Omnipotence, the natural laws, ruling equally an ultra-microscopic atom or a succession of worlds stretched throughout the infinity of space. There is, therefore, a reason that physicians should apply discoveries of actions seen in the outer world to the inner workings of the body; and hence organic chemistry, the microscope, the spectroscope, methods of physical exploration, electrical conductions and inductions, theories of germ origin of disease, etc., are applied to investigation and cure.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN AN EMPTY ROOM.

AMONG inquiring friends Mrs. Morgan was one of the first and most persistent. Mrs. Palmer was very tired of her whispers and emphasis, and yawned and fidgeted without disguise, not a little to the elder lady's indignation. Mrs. Morgan's one consolation was that Mrs. Palmer felt, as they did, that dear Rhoda had behaved admirably and with the greatest discretion. Dolly is not at all kind about it, said Mrs. Morgan. Rhoda had come to see Dolly with a little modest, self-satisfied air that was very becoming to her. Dolly came from up stairs with heavy, red eyes. She had been crying, and was quite tired and confused with the two days' anxiety. Rhoda's kiss certainly was no comfort to her. If Rhoda had only told Dolly of George's moonlight visit it might have been of some use, but of this the girl did not say one word.

That same day Dolly, coming down into the garden, found Raban with her mother, and she went up eagerly to meet him, hoping for the news she was looking for. But news there was none, although her mother, arm in arm with Raban, had been for the last hour slowly pacing the gravel-walks, recapitulating all their anxieties and all the complaints they had against that tiresome boy.

"The Admiral will be so shocked. I expect him hourly; and I look to *you*, Mr. Raban, to tell me the plain truth."

The plain truth was that Frank could discover nothing of George. All that long day he had followed up every trace, been every where, questioned every one, including Rhoda, without result. He had come now in the faint hope of finding him at home, after all. When Dolly came to meet them he thought she looked anxious enough already,

and he made light of his long efforts, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no doubt George will turn up at Cambridge in the course of a day or two. I have some business calls me away. I will write immediately on my return," he said.

Frank saw Dolly's look of surprise and disappointment as she turned away, and his heart ached for her; but what could he do? He watched her as she turned back toward the house again, walking slowly and with a thoughtful bent head.

"It is quite painful to see Dolly: she has no feeling whatever for me left," cried Mrs. Palmer. "Ever since dear George's conduct I see the saddest change in her. I can do nothing. I would drive her out. Colonel Witherington offered me his sister's barouche any day, but Dolly won't hear of it. I am sure it is quite miserable for us all. Dolly, you know, is simply impossible," said Mrs. Palmer. "I never knew a more despondent nature."

"Indeed," said Raban.

It was not his place to be sorry for her. He was not able to shield her from grief. It was not his place to think for her, to love her in her trouble. It was not for him: all this was for Robert Henley to do.

There was a great red sunset in the sky, islands floating, and lakes and seas of crimson light overhead, as Dolly walked sadly and slowly into the house, and went back to the dim sick-room.

There is no need to dwell upon the slow hours. Dolly found that they came to an end somehow. And all the time one miserable conviction pursued her—George was gone. Of this she was convinced, notwithstanding all they could say to reassure her. While they had been expecting him, and blaming him, and wondering, and discussing his plans, he had fled from them all. Dolly at first did not face the truth, for she had sat by her aunt's bedside, half dull, half absorbed by her present anxiety; but when Lady Sarah began to rally a little the thought of George grew more constant, the longing for news more unendurable; time seemed longer: it became an eternity at last. One day she felt as if she could bear it no longer.

Robert found her looking very much moved; her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were shining blue; she had a cloak on her arm, and some white summer dress, and she began tying her bonnet strings nervously.

"Robert, I want you to take me to Cambridge," she said. "I want to go now. I know I could find him—I dreamed it. Aunt Sarah wants him back directly—"

"You are quite unreasonable, dearest," said Robert, soothingly.

"I am not; I am reasonable," poor Dolly said, with an effort at self-control. "Mr. Raban can not find him. Robert, let me go." And Robert yielded reluctantly to her wish.

"Have you got a *Bradshaw* in the house?" said he.

Dolly had got one all ready, with the page turned down—she could spare but a few hours, and was in a hurry to get back.

After all, sympathy is more effectually administered by indirect means than by the crow-bars of consolation with which our friends, even the kindest, are apt to belabor our grief. According to some, people don't die, they don't fall ill, they don't change—every thing always goes right. Some reproach us with our want of faith; others drag it forth—that silent grief that would fain lie half asleep and resting in our hearts. Poor Dolly could not speak of George scarcely even to Robert. She sat very silently in the railway carriage, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, while he refuted all the fears she had not even allowed herself to realize. This state of things annoyed Robert. He hated to see people dull and indifferent. It was distressing and tiresome too.

Few people were about when Robert and Dolly came across the great triumphant court of St. Thomas, with its gateways and many stony eyes and narrow doorways. They were on their way to All-Saints, close by. The place seemed chiefly given over to laundresses. A Freshman was standing under the arched gateway that leads to the inner court; he was reading some neatly written announcement in the glass shrine hanging outside the buttery. The oaken doors were closed. Robert, seeing a friend crossing the court, went away to speak to him. Dolly walked on a little, and stood by the railings and the flight of steps that lead into the beautiful inner court of this great Palace of Art. She watched the many lines flowing in waves of stone, of mist. At the far end of the arched inclosure were iron-scrolled gates, with green and gold, and misty veils of autumn drifting in the gardens beyond. And then she remembered the summer's day when she last stood there with George, and as she thought of him suddenly his image came before her so distinctly that she almost called out his name. It was but an instant's impression; it was gone; the steps were Robert's; the image was in her own mind.

"Are you tired of waiting?" said Henley. "Now, if you like, we will go on to All-Saints," he said.

It seemed to Dolly as if she was looking at the old summer day, dimmed, silenced, saddened, seen through some darkened pane, as they went on together, passing under archways and galleries, and coming at last into the quaint and tranquil court that Dolly remembered so vividly. There she had stood; and there was George's staircase, and there

was his name painted up, and there was his window with its lattice.

Robert went off for the key of George's room, and Dolly waited. It was so sweet, so sad, so tranquil—like the end of a long life. Dolly wandered in and out the narrow galleries; the silence of the place comforted her. She was glad to be alone a little bit, unconstrained, to feel as she felt, and not as she ought to feel; quietly despondent, not nervously confident, as they would all have her be. It was a crumbling, sweet, sunshiny sort of waking dream. Some gleams had broken through the clouds, and shone reflected from the many lattice windows round about the little court. She heard some voices, and some young men hurried by, laughing as they went. They did not see the young lady with the sweet, sad face standing under the gallery. Chrysanthemums were growing up against the wall, with faint lilac and golden heads, the last bright tints left upon the once gorgeous palette of summer. A delicate cool sky hung overhead, and the light was becoming brighter. Dolly passed an open door, and peeped in from the quaint gallery to a warm and darkened room, paneled and carpeted. It was dark and untenanted; a fire was burning in the grate.

"That is Fieldbrook's room; he will give us some tea presently," said Robert, coming up; "but now we can get into George's."

Robert, who seemed to have keys for every key-hole, opened an oak door, and led the way up some stone steps. George's room was on the first floor. Henley went in first, opened the window, dragged forward a chair. "If you will rest here," he said, "I will go and find Fieldbrook. They tell me he last heard from George. I have to speak to the Vice-Chancellor too." Then he was gone again, after looking about to see that there was nothing he could do for her.

Dolly was glad to be alone. She sat down in George's three-sided chair, resting her head upon her hand. She was in his room. Every thing in the place seemed to have a voice, and to speak to her: "George, George," it all said. She looked out of the little window across the court. She could see the old windows of the library shining, and then she heard more voices, and more young men hurried by, with many footsteps.

Ever after Dolly remembered that last half hour spent in George's rooms *with* George: so it seemed to her, looking back from a time when she had ceased to hope. She went to the writing-table, and mechanically began to straighten the toys and pens lying on the cloth. There was the little dagger his mother had sent him from India years before; the desk she had given him out of her savings; and it occurred to her to open the lid, of which she knew the trick. She pushed the spring, and the top flew up with a sudden jerk, as it always did. Then Dolly saw that the box was full of papers, hastily thrown in, verses, notes of lectures, and a letter torn through. "Dearest Rh—" it began; and there was a blue paper, not unlike one of Aunt Sarah's, sealed. She had no great shame looking over George's papers; a tear fell on the dear heap as she bent over the signs and ink-marks that told of her poor boy's trouble. What was this? A letter, stamped, and addressed to herself. Had it been thrown in with the rest by mistake? She tore it open hastily, with eager hands. He must have written the night of their water-party. It had no date.

"Dearest Dolly" (said the crooked lines),—"This is one more good-by, and one more service that I want you to do me: and you have never grudged any human being love or help. I am going, and before I go I shall make my will, and I shall leave what little I have—not to you—but to Rhoda; and will you see to this? Hers is but a frail measure of strength to struggle for a living. I sometimes think she has not even a heart to help her through life: she will like my money better than me. It is quite late at night, but I can not sleep; she comes and awakens me in my dreams. I shall go away from this as soon as the gates are open. It is no use struggling against my fate. Others are giving their lives for a purpose, and I shall join them if I can. I have been flung from my anchor here, and the waves seem to close over me. If I live you will hear from me. Dearest old Dolly, take warning by me, and don't expect too much. God bless you.

"G. V.

"Will you pay Miller at the boat-house £2 10*s*. I owe him. I think I have cleared up all other scores. I will leave the papers with him. I shall not come back here any more."

That was all. She was standing with her letter still in her hand, blankly looking at it, when the door opened and Tom Morgan came in. "'If I live!' What did he mean, 'Ask at the boat-house?'" She laid the letter down and went on turning over the papers without noticing the young man.

Tom walked in with a broad grin and great volubility. "Well," said he, cheerfully, "I thought it was you. I was walking with Magniac and some others, and noticed the windows open, and I saw you standing just where you are now, and I said to Magniac, 'I know that lady.' He wouldn't believe me; but I was right—knew I was. How are you, and how is Lady Sarah? Where's George? When did he come back?" Then suddenly remembering some rumor to which he had paid but little heed at first, "Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Tom.

"Tom! where is this?" said Dolly, without any preamble, in her old abrupt way; and she gave him a crumpled bill which she had been examining:

"Mr. Vanbug *to* J. Miller—
"To heir of the *Wave* twelve hours.
To man's time, etc., etc.
To new coteing hir with tare, etc."

"I want to go there," she said. "Will you show me the way?"

"To the boat-house?" said Tom, doubtfully looking at the bill. "Miller's, you mean?"

She saw him hesitate.

"I must go," she cried. "You must take me. Is it Miller's? Show me the way, Tom."

"Of course I can show you the way if you wish it," said Tom.

He looked even more stupid than usual, but he did not like to refuse. He had to be in Hall by three o'clock; that was why he had hesitated. He had been thinking of his dinner; but Dolly began to tie on her bonnet. She hurried out and ran down stairs, and he followed her across the court into the street. He was not loath to be seen walking with so pretty a young lady. He nodded to several of his friends with velvet bands upon their gowns. A professor went by; Tom raised his well-worn cap.

Dolly might have been amused, at any other time, by the quaint medieval ways of the old place.

It was out of term time, but there had been some special meeting of the college magnates. Crimson coats and black, square caps and tassels and quaint old things were passing. The fifteenth century was standing at a street corner. To-day heartily shook hands with 1450 and hurried on. Dolly saw it all without seeing it. Tom Morgan tried to give her the latest news.

"That is Brown," said he, "the new Professor of Modern Literature." Dolly never even turned her head to look after Brown.

"There's Smith," said Tom; "they say he will be in the first six for the Mathematical Tripos."

Then they came out of the busy High Street by a narrow lane with brick walls on either side. It led to the mill by the river, and beyond the river spread a great country of water-meadows. It was a world, not of to-day or of 1500, but of all time and all hours. Pollards were growing at intervals; the river flowed by, dull and sluggish; the land, too, seemed to flow dull and sluggish to meet a gray horizon. There were no animals to be seen—only these pollard-trees at intervals, and the spires of Cambridge crowding in the mist.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE POLLARD-TREES.

MISS VANBOROUGH walked on; she seemed to know the way by some instinct. Sometimes she looked at the water, but it gave her a sort of vertigo. Tom looked at Dolly with some admiration as she passed along the bank, with her clear-cut face and stately figure, following the narrow pathway. They came at last to a bend of the river where some boats were lying high and dry in the grass, and where a little boat-house stood upon a sort of jutting-out island among tall trees upspringing suddenly in the waste. Tall sycamore, ivy-grown stumps, greens of every autumnal shade, golden leaves dropping in lazy showers on the grass or drifting into the sluggish stream, along which they floated back to Cambridge once more. It was a deserted-looking grove, melancholy and romantic. But few people came there. But there was a ferry-man and a black boat-house, and a flat ferry-boat anchored to the shore. Some bird gave a cry and flew past, otherwise the place was still with that peculiar river silence of tall weeds straggling, of trees drooping their green branches, of water lapping on the brink.

"Is this the place you wanted?" said Tom; "or was it the other boat-house, after all?"

Dolly walked on without answering him. She beckoned to the boatman; and then, as he came toward her, her heart began to beat so that she could scarcely speak or ask the question that she had in her mind to ask. "Has my brother been here? Where is his letter? Is the *Wave* safe in your little boat-house?" This was what she would have said, only she could not speak. Some strange fever had possessed her and brought her so far: now her strength and courage suddenly forsook her, and she stopped short, and stood holding to an old rotten post that stood by the river-side.

"Take care," said Tom; "that ain't safe. You might fall in, and the river is deep just here."

She turned such a pale face to him that the young man suddenly began to wonder if there was more in it than he had imagined.

"It's perfectly safe, I mean," he said. "Why, you don't mean to say—"

He turned red; he wished with all his heart that he had never brought her there—that he could jump into the river—that he had staid to dine in Hall. To his unspeakable relief unexpected help appeared.

"Why, there is Mr. Raban," said Tom, as Raban came out of the boat-house and walked across under the trees to meet them.

Dolly waited for the two men to come up to her, as she stood by her stump among the willow-trees. Raban did not seem surprised to see her. He took no notice of Tom, but he walked straight up to Dolly.

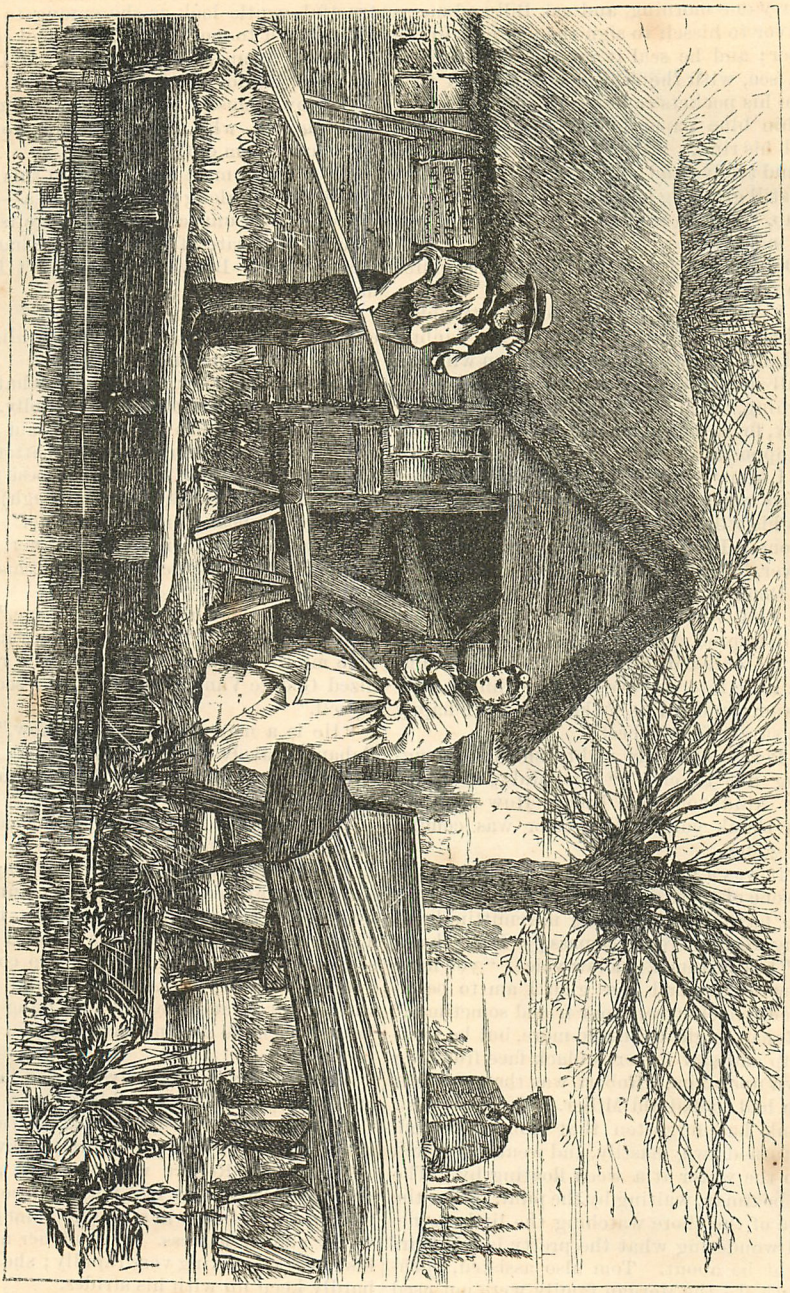
"You have come," he said; "I had just sent you a telegraphic message."

His manner was so kind and so gentle that it frightened her more than if he had spoken with his usual coldness.

"What is it?" she said, "and why have you come here? Have you too heard—"

She scanned his face anxiously.

Then she looked from him to the old boatman, who was standing a few steps off, in his shabby red flannel shirt, with a stolid brown face and white hair—a not unpicturesque figure standing by the edge of the stream.



"HER HEART BEGAN TO BEAT SO THAT SHE COULD SCARCELY SPEAK."

Winds and rain and long seasons had washed all expression out of old Miller's bronzed face.

"George came here on Tuesday," said Raban to Dolly. "I only heard of it this morning. Miller tells me he gave him a letter or a paper to keep."

"I know it," said Dolly, turning to the old boatman; "I am Mr. Vanborough's sister; I have come for the letter," she said, quickly, and she held out her hand.

"This gentleman come and asked me for the paper," said the old man, solemnly, "and he stands by to contradict me if I speak false; but if the right party as was expected to call should wish for to see it, my wish is to give satisfaction all round," said the old man. "I knows your brother well, miss, and he know me and my man too for as steady a young man and all, one could wish to see. The gentleman come up quite

hearty one morning, and ask Bill and me as a favor to hisself to sign the contents of the paper; and he seal it up, and it is safe, as you see, with the seal compact;" and then from his pockets came poor George's packet, a thin blue paper folded over, and sealed with his ring. "Mr. Vanbug he owe me two pound twelve and sixpence," old Miller went on, still grasping his paper as if loath to give it up, "and he said as how you would pay the money, miss."

Dolly's hands were fumbling at her purse in a moment.

"I don't want nothing for my trouble," said the old fellow. "I knows Mr. Vanbug well, and I thank you, miss, and you will find it all as the gentleman wished, and good-morning," said old Miller, trudging hastily away, for a passenger had hailed him from the opposite shore.

"I know what it is," said Dolly. "See, he has written my name upon it, Mr. Raban; it is his will. He told me to come here. He is gone. I found his letter." She began to quiver. "I don't know what he means."

"Don't be frightened," said Raban, smiling, and very kindly. "He was seen at Southampton, quite well and in good spirits. He has enlisted. That is what he means. You have interest; we must get him a commission; and if this makes him more happy it is surely for the best."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, struggling not to cry. "How did you hear? How kind you have been! How shall we ever thank you?" Her color was coming and going.

"It was a mere chance," Raban said. (It was one of those chances that come to people who have been working unremittingly to bring a certain result to pass.) "Don't thank me," he continued, in a low voice; "you have never understood how glad I am to be allowed to feel myself your friend sometimes."

Raban might have said more, but he looked up and saw Robert's black face frowning down upon him. Robert was the passenger who had hailed old Miller. For an instant Frank had forgotten that Robert existed. He turned away hastily, and went and stared into the water at a weed floating by. The old boatman, waiting by the punt, sat on the edge of the shore watching the little scene, and wondering what the pretty lady's tears might be about. Tom also assisted, open-mouthed—the Morgan family were not used to tears. Mrs. Morgan never cried, not even when Tom broke his leg upon the ice.

Robert was greatly annoyed. He had come all the way along the opposite bank looking for Dolly, who had not waited for him; who had gone off without a word from the place where he had expected to find her. Not even her incoherent "Oh, Robert, I am so sorry—I have heard—Mr. Raban has heard; he has found George for us!" not even her trustful, gentle look as she sprang to meet him seemed to mollify him. He looked anything but sympathizing as he said, "I have been looking for you every where."

("Brown must have told him," thought Tom Morgan, who was wondering how he had found them out.)

"You really must not run off in this way. I told you all along that all this—a—anxiety was quite unnecessary. George is well able to take care of himself. If I had not met Professor Brown, I really don't know now—"

"But what is to be done, Robert? Listen," interrupted Dolly. "He has enlisted; he was at Southampton yesterday."

And together they told Henley what had happened. Robert took it very coolly.

"Of course he has turned up," said Robert, "and we must now take the matter into our own hands, and see what is best to be done. I really think" (with a laugh) "he has done the best thing he could do."

Dolly was hurt again by his manner. Raban had said the same thing, but it had not jarred upon her.

"I see you do not agree with me," continued Robert. "Perhaps, Raban, you will give me the name of the person who recognized George Vanborough? I will see him myself."

"He is a man whom we all know," said Raban, gravely—"Mr. Penfold, my late wife's father;" and he looked Robert full in the face.

Dolly wondered why Robert flushed and looked uncomfortable.

"Come," he said, suddenly drawing her hand through his arm with some unnecessary violence, "shall we walk back, Dora? There are some other things which I must see about, and I should be glad to consult you immediately." And he would have walked away at once, but she hung back for a moment to say one more grateful word to Frank.

Then Robert impatiently dragged her off, and Raban with his foot kicked at a stone that happened to be lying in the path, and it fell with a circling plash into the river.

Meanwhile Robert was walking away, and poor Dolly, who had not yet recovered from her agitation, was stumbling alongside, weary and breathless. He had her arm in his; he was walking very rapidly; she could hardly keep up with his strides.

This was the moment chosen by Robert Henley to say: "I want you now to bring your mind to something which concerns myself, Dora, and you. I came here to-day not only to please you, but also because I had business to attend to. The Vice-Chancellor has, really in the most pleasant and flattering manner, been speaking to me about my appointment, and I have brought a letter for you."

"I am so confused, Robert," said Dolly.

"I will read it to you, then," said Robert; and immediately, in a clear, trumpet-like voice, he began to do so, stopping every now and then to give more emphasis to his sentences.

The letter was from the board of management of the college at Boggleywollah. They seemed to be in a difficulty. The illness of Mr. Martindale had already caused great delay and inconvenience; the number of applications had never been so numerous; the organization never so defective. In the event of Mr. Henley's being able to anticipate his departure by three weeks, the Board was empowered to offer him a quarter's additional salary, dating from Midsummer instead of from Michaelmas: it would be a very great assistance to them if he could fall in with this proposal. A few lines of entreaty from Mr. Martindale were added.

"It will have to come sooner or later," said Henley; "it is unfortunate every thing happening just now. My poor Dora, I am so sorry for all the anxiety you have had," he said, "and yet I am not sure that this is not the best thing that could happen under the circumstances;" and he attempted to take her hand and draw her to him.

Dolly stood, flushed and troubled and unresponding. She hardly took Robert's meaning in, so absorbed had she been in other thoughts. For a moment after he spoke she stood looking away across the river to the plain beyond.

"The college must wait," said she, wearily. Then suddenly, "You know, I couldn't leave them now, Aunt Sarah and every one; and you, Robert, couldn't leave me. Don't let us talk about it!"

Robert did not answer immediately. "It is no use," he said, deliberately, "shirking disagreeable subjects. My dearest Dora, life has to be faced, and one's day's work has to be done. My work is to organize the college at Boggleywollah; you must consider that; and a woman's work is to follow her husband. Every woman when she marries must expect to give up her old ties and associations, or there could be no possible union otherwise; and my wife can be no exception to the general rule—"

"Robert, don't talk in this way," said Dolly, passionate and nervous. "I don't want you to frighten me."

"You are unreasonable again, dearest," said Robert, in his usual formula. "You must be patient, and let me settle for us both."

Robert might have been more touched if Dolly had spoken less angrily and decidedly.

"If I put off going," said Robert, soothingly, "I lose a great deal more than the quarter's salary—I lose the prestige; the great advantage of finding Martindale. I lose three months, which, in the present state of affairs, may cause irreparable hinderance. Three months?—six months! Lady Sarah's illness may last any indefinite period: who can say how long it may last? and Lady Sarah herself, I am convinced, would never wish you to change your plans, and your mother will soon have her husband to protect her. You would not have the heart to send me off alone, Dolly. Is the alternative so very painful to you?" he said again. And Robert smiled with a calm and not very anxious expression, and looking down at her.

Suddenly it all rushed over Dolly. He was in earnest!—in earnest!—impossible. He meant her to go off now, directly, without seeing George; without hearing from him again; while her aunt was lying on her sick-bed. How could she go? He should not have asked such a sacrifice. She did not pause to think.

"No, a thousand times no, Robert!" she cried, passionately. "You *can't* go. If you love me, stay," she said, with great agitation. "I know you love me. I know you will do as I wish—as it is right to do. Don't go. Dearest Robert, you *mustn't* go." Her voice faltered; she spoke in her old soft tone, with imploring looks, and trembling hands put out. Robert Henley might have hesitated, but the "*must not*" had spoiled it all.

"You know what pain it gives me to refuse your request," said Robert; "but I have considered the subject as anxiously on your account as mine. I—really I can not give up my career at this juncture. You have promised to come with me. If you love me you will not hesitate. You can do your aunt no real good by remaining. You can do George no good; and, besides, you belong to me," said Robert, growing more and more annoyed. "As I told you before, I must now be your first consideration; otherwise—" He stopped.

"Otherwise what?" said Dolly.

"Otherwise you would not be happy as my wife," he said, beating his foot upon the gravel, and looking steadily before him.

"Robert!" said Dolly, blushing up, "you would not wish me to be ungrateful."

"To whom?" said Robert. "You propose to postpone every thing indefinitely, at a time when I had fully calculated upon being settled in life; when I had accepted an appointment chiefly with a view to our speedy marriage. There is no saying how long your conscience may detain us," cried Henley, getting more and more provoked; "nor how many people may fall ill, nor how often George may think proper to make off. You do not understand how matters stand, dear Dora."

Was this all he had to say? Her heart began to beat with a swift emotion.

"I understand you quite well," she said,

in a low voice. "But, Robert, I too have made up my mind, and I can not leave them, not even for you. You should never have asked it of me," she cried, with pardonable indignation.

"I am not aware that I have ever asked any thing that was not for your good as well as my own," said Henley, in an offended tone. "I begin to think you have never loved me, Dora, or you would not reproach me with my love for you. Who has influenced you?" said he, jealously. "What does it all mean?"

She stopped short, and stood looking at him steadily, wistfully—not as she used to look once, but with eyes that seemed to read him through and through, until the tears came once more to blind their keen sight.

Raban, who had crossed by the ferry, and who was walking back along the opposite side, saw the two standing by the river-side, a man and a woman, with a plain beyond, and a city beyond the plain.

The sun was setting, sadly gray and russet; the long day's mists dispersing; light clouds were slowly rising; turf and leaves stood out against the evening; it was all clear and sweet and faintly colored; a tranquil peace seemed to have fallen every where. It was not radiance, but peace and subdued calm. Who does not know these evenings? Are they sad? Are they happy? A break in the shadow. A passing medley of the lights of heaven and earth, of sweet winds and rising vapors.....The cool breeze came blowing into their faces, and Dolly turned her head away and looked across the river to the opposite bank. When she spoke again she was her old self once more.

She was quite calm now; her eyes no longer wet. "Robert," she said, "I have something to tell you. I have been thinking things over, and I see that it is right that you should go; but it is also right that I should stay," said Dolly, looking him steadily in the face; "and, perhaps, in happier times you will let me come to you, or come back for me, and you must not—you will not—think I do not love you because of this."

What was it in her voice that seemed to haunt him—to touch, to thrill that commonplace man for one instant into some emotion? She was so simple and so sad; she looked so fair and wistful.

But it was only for an instant. "Do you mean that you wish to break the engagement?" he asked, in his coldest voice.

"If we love each other, what does it matter that we are free?" said Dorothea, with a very sweet look in her face. "You need fear no change in me," she said, "but I want you to be free." Her voice failed, and she began to walk on quickly.

"Remember it is your own doing," she heard him say, as Tom Morgan, who had lingered behind, caught them up. "But we will speak of all this again," he added.

Dolly bent her head; she could not trust herself to answer.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THUS FAR THE MILES ARE MEASURED FROM THY FRIEND.

THE three came back to All-Saints by many a winding way. Raban met them at the college gate in his rusty black gown; he had to attend some college meeting after chapel. Two or three young men were standing about expecting them.

"You will find the tea is all ready," said Fieldbrook, gayly; "are you sure, Miss Vanborough, that you would not like something more substantial? My laundress has just been here to ask whether you were an elderly lady, and whether you would wish your bread-and-butter cut thick or thin. Let me introduce Mr. Magniac, Mr. Smith, Mr. Irvine, Mr. Richmond; Mr. Morgan you know."

Dolly smiled. The young men led her back across the court (as she crossed it the flowers were distilling their odors in the evening light); they opened the oak door of the very room she had looked into in the morning, and stood back to let her pass. The place had been prepared for her coming. Tea was laid, and a tower of bread-and-butter stood in the middle of the table. Books were cleared away, some flowers were set out in a cup. Fieldbrook heaped on the coals and made the tea, while Raban brought her the arm-chair to rest in. It was a pretty old oak-paneled room beneath the library. A little flat kettle was boiling on the fire; the young men stood round about, kind and cheery; Dolly was touched and comforted by their kindness, and they, too, were charmed with her sweet natural grace and beauty.

It was difficult not to compare this friendly courtesy and readiness with Robert's coldness. There was Raban ready to do her bidding at any hour; here was Mr. Fieldbrook emptying the whole canister into the tea-pot to make her a cup of tea; Smith had rushed off to order a fly for her. Robert stood silent and black by the chimney; he never moved, nor seemed to notice her presence. If she looked at him he turned his head away, and yet he saw her plainly enough. He saw Raban too. Frank was standing behind Dolly's chair, in the faint green light of the old oriel-window. It tinted his old black gown and Dolly's shadowy head as she leaned back against the oaken panel. One of the young men thought of an ivory head he had once seen set in a wooden frame. As for Frank, he knew that for him a pale ghost would henceforth haunt

that oriel—a fair, western ghost, with anxious eyes, that were now following Robert as he crossed the room with measured steps and went to look out for the fly. Tom Morgan and Mr. Magniac began a series of jokes; Mr. Richmond poked the fire; Mr. Irvine opened the window.

As he left the room they all seemed to breathe more freely. Raban sat down by Dolly, and began telling her of a communication he had had from Yorkshire, from his old grandfather, who seemed disposed to take him into favor again, and who wanted him to go back and manage the estate.

"I am very much exercised about it," said Frank. "It is going into the land of bondage, you know. The old couple have used me very ill."

"But of course you must go to them," said Dolly, trying to be interested, and to forget her own perplexities. "We shall miss you dreadfully, but you must go."

"You will not miss me as I shall miss you," said Frank.

And as he spoke, Robert's head appeared at the window.

"The fly is come; don't keep it waiting, Dora," said Robert, impatiently.

"And you will let me know if ever I can do any thing for you?" persisted Frank, in defiance of Henley's black looks.

"Of course I will. I shall never forget your kindness," said Dolly, quickly putting on her shawl.

The bells were clanging all over the place for an evening service. Doors were banging, voices calling: figures came flitting from every archway.

"There goes the reader! he is late," said Tom Morgan, as a shrouded form darted across their path. Then he pointed out the Rector, a stately figure in a black and rustling silk, issuing from a side-door; and then Rector, friendly young men, arches, gable ends, had vanished, and Dolly and Robert were driving and jolting through the streets together, jolting along through explanation and misunderstanding, and over one another's susceptibilities, and over chance ruts and stones, on their way to the station. He began immediately.

"We were interrupted in our talk just now; but I have really very little more to say. If you are dissatisfied, if you really wish to break off your engagement, it is much better to say so at once, without making me appear ridiculous before all those men. Perhaps," said Henley, "we may have both made some great mistake, and you have seen some one whom you would prefer to myself."

"You must not say such things, Robert," answered Dolly, with some emotion. "You know how unhappy I am. I only want you to let me love you. What more can I say?"

"Your actions and your words scarcely agree, then," said Henley, jealous and implacable. "I confess I shall be greatly surprised, on my return from India at some indefinite period, to find you still in the same mind. I, myself, make no professions of extra constancy—"

"Oh, you are too cruel!" cried poor Dolly, exasperated.

"Will you promise me never to see Raban, for instance?" said Robert.

"How can I make such a promise?" cried Dolly, indignant. "To turn off a kind friend for an unjust fancy! If you trust me, Robert, you must believe what I say. Anyhow, you are free. Only remember that I shall trust in your love until you yourself tell me that you no longer care for me."

The carriage stopped as she spoke. Robert got out and helped her down, produced the tickets, and paid the flyman.

The two went back in a dreary *tête-à-tête;* she wanted a heart's sympathy, and he placed a rug at her feet and pulled up the carriage window for fear of a draught. She could not thank him, nor look pleased. Her head ached, her heart ached; one expression of love, one word of faithful promise, would have made the world a different place, but he had not spoken it. He had taken her at her word. She was to be bound, and he was to be free. The old gentleman opposite never looked at them, but instantly composed himself to sleep; the old lady in the corner thought she had rarely seen a more amiable and attentive young man, a more ungracious young lady.

Once only Robert made any allusion to what had passed. "There will be no need to enter into explanations at present," he said, in a somewhat uneasy manner. "You may change your mind, Dora."

"I shall never change my mind," said Dolly, wearily, "but it is no use troubling mamma and Aunt Sarah; I will tell them that I am not going away. They shall know all when you are gone."

Dolly might have safely told Mrs. Palmer, who was not often disquieted by other people's sacrifices. With Lady Sarah it was different. But she was ill, and she had lost her grasp of life. She asked no question, only she seemed to revive from the day when Dolly told her that she was not going to leave her. It was enough for her that the girl's hand was in hers.

What is Dolly thinking of, as she stands by the sick-bed, holding the frail hand? To what future does it guide her? Is it to that which Dolly has sometimes imagined contained within the walls of a home, simple, as some people's lives are, and hedged with wholesome briers, and darling home ties, and leading straight, with great love and much happiness and sacred tears, to the great home of love? or is it to a broad way, unhedged, unfenced, with a distant horizon, a way un-

sheltered in stormy weather, easily missed, but wide and free and unshackled?.....

Mrs. Palmer, who troubled herself little about the future, was forever going off to Dean's Yard, where the Henleys were comfortably established. The eldest daughter was married, but there were two lively girls still at home; there were young officers coming and going about the place. There was poor Jonah preparing to depart on his glorious expedition. He was in good spirits; he had a new uniform. One day, hearing his aunt's voice, he came in to show himself, accoutred and clanking with chains. He was disappointed to find that Dolly was not there, as he had expected. Bell admired loudly, but her mother almost screamed to him to go and take the hideous thing off. The dry, brisk-tongued little woman was feeling his departure very acutely. She still made an effort to keep up her old cynical talk, but she broke down, poor soul, again and again; she had scarcely spirit left to contradict Philippa, or even to forbid her the house.

The first time she had seen Dolly she had been prepared to criticise the girl; Norah and Bell were more cordial, but Lady Henley offered her niece a kid glove and a kid cheek, and was slightly disappointed to find that Dolly's frivolity, upon which she had been descanting all the way to Church House, consisted in an old gray gown and a black apron, and in two black marks under her eyes, for poor Dolly had not had much sleep after that dismal talk with Robert. This was the day after the Cambridge expedition. Miss Vanborough was looking very handsome, notwithstanding the black marks, and she unconsciously revenged herself upon Lady Henley by a certain indifference and preoccupation, which seemed to put her beyond the reach of that lady's passing shafts, but one of them wounded her at last.

"I suppose Lady Sarah will be left to servants when you go?" says Lady Henley. "Your mother is certainly not to be counted on; Hawtrey is a much better nurse than she is. Poor dear Philippa! she sees every thing reflected in a looking-glass. Your school is a different one altogether from our plain, old-fashioned country ways."

Dolly looked surprised; she had not deserved this unprovoked attack from the little gayly dressed lady perched upon the sofa. Nora was very much distressed by her mother's rudeness; Bell was struggling with a nervous inclination to giggle, which was the effect it always produced upon her.

"I have no doubt mamma would take care of my aunt if it were necessary," said Dolly, blushing with annoyance; "but I am not going away," she said. "Robert and I have settled that it is best I should stay behind. We have made up our minds to part."

The two girls were listening, open-eared.

"Then she has never cared for him, after all," thought Bell.

But Lady Henley knew better. Notwithstanding a more than usual share of jealousy and cross-grainedness, she was not without a heart. Dolly's last words had been spoken very quietly, but they told the whole story. "My dear," said the little woman, jumping up suddenly and giving her a kiss, "I did not know this" (there were tears shining among the new green bonnet strings); "my trial is close at hand. You must forgive me, I—I am very unhappy." She made a struggle, and recovered herself quickly, but from that minute Dolly and her aunt Joanna were good friends.

The next time Robert called in Dean's Yard he was put through a cross-examination by Lady Henley. "When was he coming back for Dolly? What terms were they on?" Sir Thomas came in to hear all about it, and then Jonah sauntered in. "Only wish I could get a chance," said Jonah. Robert felt disinclined to give Jonah the chance he wished for. Lady Henley was now praising Dolly as much as she had abused her before, and Robert agreed to every thing. But he gave no clew to the state of his mind. He was surprised to find how entirely Lady Henley ignored his feelings, and sympathized with Dolly's determination to remain behind. He walked away thinking that it was far from his intention to break entirely with Dolly, but he had not forgiven her yet; he was not sorry to feel his liberty in his own hands again. He meant to come back, but he chose to do it of his own free-will, and not because he was bound by any promise.

As for Dolly, she was absorbed; she was not feeling very much just then; she had been overwrought and overstrained. A dull calm had succeeded to her agitation, and, besides, Robert was not yet gone.

CHAPTER XL.

UNDER THE CLOCK-TOWER.

An archway leads out of the great thoroughfare from Westminster Bridge into the sudden silence of Dean's Yard, where Sir Thomas had taken the house of a country neighbor. It stood within the cloisters of the Abbey, overtowered, overclocked, with bells pealing high overhead (ringing the hours away, the poor mother used to think). Dolly found time one day to come for half an hour to see Jonah before he left. She had a great regard for him. She had also found a stanch friend in Norah with the gray eyes like her own. Bell told Dolly in confidence that her mother had intended Robert to marry Norah, but this had not at all interfered with the two girls' liking

for one another. Mrs. Palmer, who was going on farther, set Dolly down at the archway, and as the girl was crossing the yard she met Robert coming from the house. He was walking along by the railing, and among the dead leaves that were heaped there by the wind. Dolly's heart always began to beat now when she saw Robert. This time he met her, and, with something of his old manner, said, "Are you in a hurry? Will you come with me a little way? I have something to say." And he turned into the cloister: she followed him at once.

From Dean's Yard one gateway leads to common life and to the day's work, struggling by with creaks and whips and haste; another gateway brings you to a cloister, arched, silent. The day's work is over for those who are lying in the peaceful inclosure. A side-door from the cloister leads into the Abbey, where, among high piles and burning windows, and the shrill, sweet echoes of the psalms, a silent voice sometimes speaks of something beyond rest, beyond our feeble mode of work and praise, and our music and Gothic types—of that which is, but which we are not.

The afternoon service was pealing on and humming within the Abbey as Dolly and Robert walked slowly along the cloister. He was silent a long time. She tried to ask him what he had to say, but she found it difficult to speak to him now. She was shy, and she scarcely knew upon what terms they were: she did not care to know. She had said that he should be free, and she meant it, and she was too generous to seek to extort unwilling promises from him, or to imply that she was disappointed that he had given none.

At last Robert spoke. "Dolly, shall you write to me?" he said.

"Yes, Robert, if you wish it," she answered, simply. "I should like to write to you."

As she looked at him, fair and blushing, Robert said, suddenly, "Tell me, Dora, have you never regretted your decision?"

Dolly turned away—she could not meet his eyes. Hers fell upon a slab to the memory of some aged woman, who had, perhaps, gone through some such experience before she had been turned into a stone. Dolly was any thing but stone. Tears slowly gathered in her eyes, and Robert saw them, and caught hold of her hand, and at that minute there came some pealing echo of an organ, and of voices bursting into shrill amens. All her life Dolly remembered that strange moment of parting, for parting she felt it to be. She must tell him the truth. She turned. "No, Robert—never once," she said; "although it is even harder than I thought to let you go."

They were standing by the door at the end of the first cloister. For the last time he might have spoken then, and told her that he only loved her the more, that distance was nothing to him, that time was nothing; but the service had come to an end; and while he hesitated a verger came out in his black gown, and the congregation followed; one or two strangers; then Jonah and Bell, with red eyes both of them, looking foolish somehow, and ashamed of being seen; then more strangers; and then with the last remaining verger came Rhoda and Zoe Morgan, who sometimes went to church at the Abbey. They all joined the young couple, and walked back to the house with them.

This was Dolly's last chance for an explanation with her cousin. The time was drawing to an end. Fate came in between them now, for this very afternoon it was settled rather suddenly, at Sir Thomas's request, that Robert and Jonah should go as far as Marseilles together. This was Thursday, and the young men were to start on the Saturday evening.

Lady Henley bore up very well at first, and clinched her teeth, and said they should all come to dinner on Friday.

"It is no use sitting alone and crying one's eyes out," said the poor woman, valiantly; and she made Sir Thomas ask a couple of Yorkshire friends to the feast. One was a county hero, in great favor with Bell. The other was Mr. Anley, Jonah's godfather. He had a great affection for the family, and regularly dined with them upon grave crises and great occasions.

Lady Henley, being liberal in her hospitality, ordered in her viands and her Champagne bottles, and the girls went to Covent Garden and bought fruit and pine-apples and autumn flowers to dress the table; and poor Jonah brought in a great baked pie from Gunter's.

"It's pâté de foie gras," said he. "My father likes it. I thought I might as well have it to celebrate the occasion." And he held it up triumphantly.

Poor Lady Henley had almost overrated her powers of endurance, for she looked into his honest, sallow face, and then suddenly got up and rushed out of the room.

"Go to her, Jonah," said the girls, looking very pale.

Jonah came down after a little while with a very red nose, and then he went out again to buy something else. All day long he kept coming and going in cabs, bringing home one thing after another—a folding-chair, a stick to open out suddenly; a whole kitchen battery fitted into a tea-kettle; brooches for the girls; toys for his eldest sister's children. As for the contrivances, they served to make one evening pass a little less heavily, and amused them for the time, and gave them something to talk about. But soon after all poor Jonah's possessions went down in the

Black Sea in an ill-fated ship that foundered with far more precious freight on board than tin pans and folding-chairs.

Punctual to her time on the Friday Lady Henley was there ready to receive her guests in her stiffest silks, laces, and jewels, looking like some battered fetich out of a shrine as she sat at the head of the table.

Dolly came to dinner sorely against her will; but she was glad she had come when she saw how Jonah brightened up, and when the poor little wooden mother held up her face and kissed her.

Lady Henley said, "How do you do?" to her guests, but never spoke to any of them. It was a dreary feast. Robert failed at the last moment, and they sat down to table with a gap where his place should have been. No one ate the pie except Sir Thomas, who swallowed a little bit with a gulp; then he called for Champagne, and his face turned very red, and he looked hard at his son, and drank a long draught.

Jonah quickly filled his glass, and muttered something as he tossed it off. He had got his mother's hand under the table in his long bony fingers. Lady Henley was sitting staring fixedly before her. As Jonah drank their healths Norah gave a little gasp. Mr. Anley took snuff. One of the country neighbors, young Mr. Jack Redmayne, whom Miss Bell used to meet striding, riding, and walking round about Smokethwayte, had begun a story about some celebrated mare; he paused for an instant, then suddenly rallying, went on and on with it, although nobody was listening, not even Miss Bell.

"I thought it best to go on talking," he said afterward. "I hope they didn't think it unfeeling. I'm sure I don't know what I said. I put my horse a dozen times over the same gate; even old Firefly wouldn't stand such treatment."

So the dinner went on; the servants creaked about, and the candles burned bright, but no one could rally, and Lady Henley was finally obliged to leave the table.

Immediately after dinner came old Sam with his cab, and Dolly and her mother got up to go.

"I can not think what possessed Joanna to give that funeral feast," said Mrs. Palmer, as they were putting on their cloaks.

"Hush, mamma," said Dolly, for Jonah was coming running and tumbling down stairs, breathless, from his mother's room.

"Look here, Dolly," he said, "mother wants you to come and see her to-morrow after I'm gone, and don't let her worry too much, and would you please take this," he said; "please do."

This was a pretty little crystal watch that he had bought for her; and when Dolly hesitated and exclaimed, he added, entreatingly, "It is my wedding present. I thought in case we never—I mean that I should like to give it to you myself," he said.

"Oh, Jonah," Dolly answered, in a low voice, "perhaps I may never want a wedding present."

"Never mind; keep it," said Jonah, staring at her hand, "and I'll look up George the first thing. You know my father has written to his colonel. Keep a good heart, Dolly, we are all in the same boat."

He stood watching the cab as it drove away under the stars.

Dolly was not thinking of Jonah any more. She was looking at all the passers-by, still hoping to see Robert.

"He ought to have come, mamma, this last night," she said.

"My dear, do you ever expect a man to think of any thing but his own convenience?" said Mrs. Palmer, with great emphasis.

"Oh, mamma, why must one ever say good-by?" said Dolly, going on with her own thoughts.

"I believe even now he might persuade you to run off with him," said Mrs. Palmer, laughing.

It was over. He was gone. He had come and gone. Dolly had both dreaded and longed to be alone with Robert, but her mother had persistently staid in the room. It was about four o'clock when he came, and Dolly left her aunt's bedside and came down to the summons, and stood for an instant at the drawing-room door. She could hear his voice within. She held the door-handle, as she stood dizzy and weary. She thought of the Henleys parting from their son, and envied them. Ah! how much easier to part where love is a certainty; and now this was the last time—and he was going, and she loved him, and she had sent him away, and he had never said one word of regret, nor promised once to come back.

She had offered to set him free; she had said she could not leave them all. At this moment, in her heart, Dolly felt as if she *could* have left them; and as if Robert, in going and in ceasing to love her, was taking away all the light and the strength of her life. He seemed to be making into a certainty that which she had never believed until now, and proving to her by his deeds that his words were true, although she had refused to believe them. She had given him a heart out of her own tender heart, a soul out of her own loving imagination, and now where were her imaginations? Some dry blast seemed to her to be beating about the place, choking her parched throat and drying her tears. Her eyes were dull and heavy-lidded; her face looked pale and frightened as she opened the door and walked in. "Dolly is so strong," Mrs. Palmer was saying, "she has courage for us all. I do not fear for her."

"Perhaps it is best as it is," Henley an-

swered, a little hurriedly. "I shall go out solely with a view to making money, and come home all the sooner."

He looked up and saw Dolly coming across the room, and was shocked by the girl's pale face.

"My dearest Dora," said Henley, going to meet her, "how ill you look! you would never have been fit for the journey."

"Perhaps not," said Dolly. She was quite passive, and let him hold her hand, but a cold shadow of bitterness seemed to have fallen upon her. It was a chilly August day.

They had lit a small wood fire, and they now brought some coffee to warm Robert before he left. Robert was very much moved, for him.

He put down his coffee-cup untasted, and stood by the tall chimney looking down into the fire. Then he looked at his watch, and went up to his aunt and kissed her, and then came and stood opposite Dolly, who was by the window, and looked her steadily in the face. She could not look up, though she felt his eyes upon her, and he kissed her. "God bless you," he said, deserting his post with a prayer, as people do sometimes, and without looking back once, he walked out of the room.

Robert left the room. Dolly stood quite still where he had left her: she heard the servants' voices outside in the hall, the carriage starting off, some one calling after it, but the wheels rolled on. She stood dully looking through the window at some birds that were flying across the sky. There were cloud heaps sailing, and dead leaves blowing along the terrace; the bitter, parching wind was still blowing. It was not so much the parting as the manner of it. She had thought it so simple to love and to be loved; she had never believed that a word would change him. Was it her fault? Had she been cold, unkind? She was very young still; she longed for one word of sympathy. She turned to her mother with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, piteously.

"I can not think how you can have been so hard-hearted, Dolly," said her mother. "*I* could not have let him go alone. How long the time will seem, poor fellow! Yes, you have been very tyrannical, Dolly."

Was this all the comfort Mrs. Palmer had to give?

Something seemed choking in Dolly's throat: was it her hard heart that was weighing so heavily?

"Oh, mamma! what could I do?" she said. "I told him he was free: he knows that I love him, but indeed he is free."

Mrs. Palmer uttered an impatient exclamation. She had been wandering up and down the room. She stopped short.

"Free! what do you mean? You have never said one word to me. What *have* you been about? Do you mean that he may never come back to you?"

But Dolly scarcely heard her mother's words. The door had opened and some one came in. Never come back? This was Robert himself who was standing there. He had come to say one more farewell. He went straight up to her and he caught her in his arms. "There was just time," he said. "Good-by once more, dearest Dora!" It was but a moment; it was one of those moments that last for a lifetime. Dolly lived upon it for many a day to come; but then some things are states, and not mere measures of life. He loved her, she thought to herself, or he would never have come back to her; and if he loved her, the parting had lost its sting.

A WAIF AND ESTRAY.

AT the bottom of the stairs in the long lobby or entry of the almshouse at W——, which every one who knows any thing at all about it knows to be one of the largest, finest, and best managed of all our rural pauper establishments, two little girls were sitting, closely and fondly nestling together.

The history of these two children (as much as was known of it) was as peculiarly sad as it was brief. They were supposed to be of the humbler ranks of life, had been traveling *somewhere*, none knew where *from* or where *to*, with their mother, and were on board a steamboat when one of those terrible accidents occurred which so often startle and shock the community. The accident was a fearful one, wide-spread in its ruin, involving much loss of life and limb; the mother was reported as "among the missing," it was supposed drowned, but, by some almost miracle, her two helpless little ones were saved unharmed.

Sympathy and philanthropy we claim to be indigenous in our favored land, and they flowed forth freely in behalf of the desolate little orphans, who were still too young to comprehend the full extent of their terrible loss, or the lonely desolation and destitution of their future lives. Kind-hearted people stretched forth liberal hands; the little deserted children were pitied and caressed, clothed and fed and sheltered, while diligent inquiries were made in every direction to find out some clew to the family or antecedents of the little ones, who could give no account of themselves beyond the mere facts that they were sisters and twins. One of them did once assert that she believed they had come over the sea, but upon farther questioning, her childish ideas of time and space were found to be so vague that no reasonable supposition could be founded upon her remark. Several times their eager friends fancied that they had got upon the right trail, but followed up, it never led to any final conclusion; no light ever came to show

the path by which the little wanderers had traveled, and the uncertainty grew daily more hopelessly certain.

Philanthropy is, as has been said already, native and spontaneous here, but it is not a plant of *perennial* growth; it is rather of an impulsive and spasmodic nature, and is subject to early chills.

There was certainly nothing to blame in the kindly people who had sheltered and fed the little orphans, while there was still hope of one day reaping the pleasure of giving them back to their own friends, if, when that hope utterly died out, they began to count the cost of what they had undertaken.

Two pretty little children may be clothed and fed and petted for a while at little cost, and with a pleasure and self-satisfaction that is more than compensatory; but to adopt two little girls *for one's own*, to feed and clothe and educate them up to womanhood, and perhaps for life, voluntarily to take upon one's self the whole charge and responsibility of training, directing, and forming the characters of two children whom God did not send to you, of whose parentage you can know nothing, and in whom there may be lurking the latent seeds of inherited evil diseases and vices which may ripen under the most watchful care, is a solemn thing to do; and who can wonder, though they may regret, if, after all prospect of any discovery failed, the children were reluctantly transferred from private to public benevolence, and finally were sent to the almshouse at W——? The superintendent of the establishment, Captain Proctor, was an honest, well-meaning man (as men go); he was a busy, bustling, fussy little man, as kind as circumstances would allow to the unfortunates under his charge, strict in his discipline, but never unnecessarily severe, with an unbounded and all-absorbing reverence for "the board," as he always called the directors or trustees, or whatever such high officials chose to term themselves, zealous in their interest, and faithful to their instructions.

He was not a man of quick sensibilities, refinement of feeling, or gifted with a delicate perception of peculiarities and distinctions of character; but then we do not expect to find *all* the softer graces and virtues in a man who offers himself as superintendent of a country almshouse; possibly they would not add to his efficiency in his business, and certainly they would detract very much from his own happiness in the performance of it.

Mrs. Larrabee, the matron, was a superior nature to his; she had, possibly, less brain, but far more heart; she had been a mother, and her kindly nature went out in motherly feeling to every poor creature that came beneath her charge; and though in position and self-estimation Captain Proctor felt himself immeasurably her superior, and always spoke and thought of her as a "weaker vessel," her real influence in the house was felt and appreciated far beyond his own. She had done what she could for the little orphan sisters, kept them out of the way of evil influences as much as she could, saw that they were clean and well fed, and gave them all the pleasure and instruction in her limited power to bestow.

But Captain Proctor has a charge upon his mind. "The board," whose lightest intimations were to him as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and never to be questioned or evaded, had at their last visit intimated to him that the house was too full, and had laid upon him the expression of their wish that he should, if possible, find places for any of the younger inmates who were strong-bodied and old enough to be put out to service, particularizing among others the two little sisters, who, having been several years in the house, were supposed to be about ten years of age, and old enough to be put out to light labor. But of all this the children of course knew nothing; and so, like Pope's *unreasonable lamb*, they continued "to skip and play," quite unconscious of the coming evil which was lowering in the dim future.

They had always asserted that they were twins, and their unbounded and constant affection and devotion to each other, which no petty differences such as often arise between other children ever seemed to affect, confirmed the statement; but the wonderful likeness to each other which so often makes twin sisters or brothers a pretty puzzle even to their nearest and dearest did not exist in their case: they were quite unlike; both were pretty children, but wholly dissimilar. Fanny was the prettiest, and at first sight the most attractive. She was tall and slight, with fair, delicate complexion, soft violet eyes, clear and blue, and smiling as the skies of a bright spring morning, and long, loose-dropping curls of glossy, golden floss; while Anne was of a smaller, more compact figure, quicker in motion, and more robust in appearance, with a little piquant face of warmer hue, darker hair, and large, dark, lustrous eyes, sparkling and overflowing with irrepressible mirth and mischief.

And these outward traits and peculiarities were fully confirmed by the marked difference in the character and bearing of the two children. Fanny was shy, timid, and yielding; Anne was more confident and more resolute; Fanny's mild, sweet blue eyes were appealing; Anne's sparkling, dancing, saucy brown ones were defiant; Anne, although she looked the youngest of the two, was always, though unconsciously, the leader, and Fanny quite as unconsciously leaned upon her, and was led by her, in all their childish plays or discussions; Anne was in-

variably the suggester, and Fanny followed in unquestioning faith and undoubting affection.

They were seated now at the foot of the stairs, Fanny upon the lowest step, and Anne upon the next above her. Fanny was leaning back, with her head resting against Anne's shoulder, and her left arm thrown carelessly across her sister's lap, while Anne's right arm encircled Fanny's waist in a protecting clasp, and her bright, glowing cheek rested lovingly upon her sister's golden curls, while their left hands were united in a sisterly clasp, and both looked flushed and rosy with health and recent exercise.

Steps were heard coming slowly down another lobby, which crossed at a distant angle the one where the children had seated themselves.

"Hark!" said Anne, laughingly; "there comes old Daddy Proctor; I hear him, old hop-and-go-one. He is coming this way."

"Oh, Anne, *don't*," said Fanny, in a tone that suggested mild reproof, or at least little Anne so understood it.

"I know," she said, laughing, "but I can't for the life of me help it; and I don't much care, it is so funny. Just hear him now—*one*, two, three—*one*, two, three—*one*, two, three. He goes one, two, threeing all over the house!"

Captain Proctor had the misfortune to be lame; he had a crippled limb, which was supported by a long iron-heeled boot, and walked with a cane; and the triple beat of first the well foot, next the cane, and then the iron heel, had impressed itself upon the sensitive ear of the quick-witted child.

"But hark, Fanny," she added, as the steps drew nearer, "there is somebody else with him. I don't know whose step that is; that is a stranger, I guess."

"Yes, dear," remarked Fanny, carelessly, "that is a stranger, I think; it is a gentleman; I saw him get out of a carriage at the captain's office while we were playing in the yard."

"*I* did not see him," said Anne. "Why did not I, if *you* did?"

"I guess, dear, it was while you were blinded and I was hiding. *I saw him.*"

"Well, we can *both* see him *now*," laughed Anne as the two men turned into their lobby and came slowly toward them.

"If they are coming this way, let's go up stairs," said shy little Fanny, half rising.

"No, no," said Anne, drawing her sister down again; "I am too tired to move. Don't mind them, Fanny; they won't mind us. Chance if they see us, if we keep still."

But the child was mistaken. The steps then approaching bore persons who were in direct search of them. Captain Proctor's visitor was a man who represented himself as the agent and friend of a wealthy gentleman who wished to adopt a little girl as his own. The little twins had been mentioned to him, and he came bringing such credentials as fairly satisfied the business-like little superintendent, and made him feel sure that if he could secure the situation for either of the little sisters, he should have been fortunate beyond his hopes.

Of course he was beaming with satisfaction, in view of the benefit to the child, and still more of the bland approval of "the board," when he should make known to them his successful negotiation of the duty required of him.

"Ah!" he said, halting as they drew near the stairs where the children made a pretty and graceful picture; "here are my little twin girls, I declare! And pray what are you doing here, my children?" he asked in a fatherly tone, calculated to show to the stranger the mild paternal nature of his intercourse with the inmates under his charge; but Anne's quick ear detected the false ring in his voice instantly.

"Nothing, Sir," she answered, curtly, turning away her head as she spoke.

"Only resting ourselves," said the more courteous Fanny, lifting her sweet blue eyes.

"*Resting*, indeed!" said the superintendent, wishing to draw them out before the stranger. "And pray tell me what have you been doing to tire yourselves so much that you have need to sit down to rest? Hard at work, I suppose, hey?"

At this question, pleased to find the captain in such a friendly and familiar mood, the children both laughed, and answered, simultaneously, "Playing, Sir."

"*Playing?* I don't doubt it, till you have run your little legs off, and are all tired out. Two nice little merry girls, aren't they, Sir?" said Captain Proctor to his companion.

"Very," said the gentleman, who had his admiring eye upon the little blonde Fanny—"two nice little girls, indeed! I want a nice, good little girl to take home with me, and I think I should like one of you. Will you go with me?"

As this is one of the most common forms of flattery addressed to pretty children, the little girls evidently regarded it in that light only. They looked at each other, laughed and blushed, but did not reply to the question.

"I suppose I can have one of you, can't I?" continued the stranger. "Which shall it be?"

"Please do you want *two* little girls, Sir?" answered Anne, lifting her bright, laughing dark eyes to his face.

"No, my dear," said the gentleman; "I can not take but one."

"Then you can't have either of *us*," said Anne, decidedly, shaking her dark curls at him; "*us is twins*; us can't be parted."

"Oh yes, you can," began the eager superintendent; but Anne interrupted him.

"No, Sir, we can't; we are twins—mother's little pair of ponies. We always goes every where together. *We can't be parted,* Fan and I; but," she said, turning to the gentleman again, "if you want us *both,* we will go."

"But I do not," said the gentleman; "I can only take one of you. But she would live in a fine house, with a beautiful garden, and ride in a nice carriage, and have a good education, and have birds and flowers and every thing that she wanted."

"I would rather have my Fanny than all that!" said the little girl as the gentleman paused; and her little arm tightened its clasp about her sister.

"But Fanny will go; won't you, my dear?" said the gentleman, laying his hand caressingly upon the little golden head of the other sister.

"*No, she won't,* Sir; I *know* she won't," said Anne, decidedly. "You *would not,* Fanny; you *would not go,* would you, dear?"

Fanny, who up to this time had sat blushing and silent, now murmured a gentle "No," and turned up her sweet face to meet her sister's eager kiss.

"But listen to me, Fanny," said the stranger. "Would you not like to be rich, and live in a fine house, and have beautiful dresses, and flowers, and birds, and a pony, and—and—a lap-dog?" said the stranger, throwing into the enchanting picture whatever he thought a child's tastes might most covet and appreciate.

"She would rather have *me, I know,*" said Anne, confidently; "hadn't you, Fanny?"

"Yes," murmured the gentle little Fanny.

"And you *wouldn't* go away with any body, and leave *me,* your owny-downy little twin sister? You wouldn't, *would* you, darling?"

"No," said Fanny, more decidedly.

"There! there! I told you so. I knew well enough she would not. So you see you can not have *one* unless you take *all,*" sung Anne, exultant and fearless.

"Oh, but I think she will change her mind when she remembers how many beautiful things she would have," said the stranger.

"No, she won't; I *know* she won't," laughed Anne.

"I do not feel so sure of that," said the gentleman. "I think I shall have her yet."

"No," said Anne, "you can't have her—you can't *now,* and you *never* can't."

"Oh, very well," said the gentleman. "Good-by for the present."

"Good-by, Sir;" and the children rose and dropped their little courtesies as the captain and his guest walked away. Poor little things! they thought of it only as an idle jest of the moment, and forgot it at once. They little knew that in the captain's office an interview which would affect all their future lives was then going on.

"What a lovely child that little fair-haired one is!" said the visitor. "She is just what would suit my friend's fastidious taste. She is a perfect little beauty, and, you say, sweet-tempered and amiable: she will do exactly. For myself, I might prefer the other little saucy, brown-eyed witch, but he would not. But now how are we to get her away? That is the question."

"It does seem to me, gentlemen, it would be awful cruel to separate them two children," said the kindly hearted matron, who had been called in after the business part of the transaction was ended. "You never see two children so fond of each other; they have never been parted, not for an hour. Why they set such store by each other I really don't know but they would *die* if they was to be parted."

"Oh, pooh! nonsense! no, they won't. I'll risk it," said Captain Proctor, proud of the story he should render to "the board" at the next meeting. "Of course they'll cry—you'd expect them to do that. But law, bless you! that won't hurt them; all children cry—it is their nature to cry," said the captain, laughing at his own wit. "But they'll get over it afore you'd think. It won't last long, I guess."

"Poor little dears!" said Mrs. Larrabee, wiping away the pitying tears as she spoke. "It will break their poor little hearts; I know it will. Don't ask me to tell them; I would not do it, not for a quarter's salary. It makes my heart ache to think of it—don't ask me to tell them."

"No need of telling them a word about it," said the superintendent. "When would you like to take the child, Sir?"

"I am not quite certain what day, but I will write and let you know."

"Very well. Then suppose you write and fix the day, and then come with a carriage in the evening, and take her away while they are both asleep."

"But, Captain Proctor," remonstrated the matron, trembling with sympathy, "I don't see how you can do that. Poor dears! they always sleep together."

"Well, what if they do? Children sleep soundly. They will not know it till morning, and then it will be all over, and they can't help themselves."

"But who is to go and bring her down?" questioned Mrs. Larrabee. "I would not go and do it, not for my right hand! I would not, so there! Don't ask me—I *won't!*"

"I'd go myself," said the captain, "if it was not for my lameness. I'm afraid I should wake them; and besides, I could not carry her. I can't go without my cane."

"Then I had better do it," said the gentleman. "I'm used to children, and I could take her at once to the carriage, and be less likely to wake her up."

This was then agreed upon, and the gen-

tleman, expressing his satisfaction at his part of the bargain, and bestowing upon the superintendent a liberal gift, which completed his satisfaction with his, they parted.

"Better luck than I expected," said the delighted captain, returning to the matron's little room, after seeing the gentleman to his carriage.

"I don't know about that, Captain Proctor," said the worthy woman, wiping her tearful eyes. "I think it is an awful thing to do to separate them two children, and I feel sure and certain no good will come of it. I keep a-thinking of the Babes in the Wood."

"Why, bless your soul and body, woman, what could you ask for more? A rich man to take the girl, and bring her up as his own child, to clothe and educate her and every thing, and leave her well provided for when he dies—he agrees to all that! Why, she'll live the life of a lady! I am sure I never expected to do half so well by either of them."

"Yes; but then to part them, *twins so!*"

"Law, well, I s'pose they'll cry a while; at least Anne will, no doubt on't. But I guess half a pound of candy will comfort her. I only wish I was sure of doing half as well by her. But mind now, be sure you don't let on to them."

"*Me! I tell them?* Why, Captain Proctor, I wouldn't tell 'em if you'd give me a fortin!"

Two days later the expected letter came, appointing the night of the proposed cruel abduction. It came; the unsuspecting little sisters were in bed, sleeping the deep, sound sleep of youth, health, and innocence. Usually they slept hand in hand, or with their soft arms around each other's neck; but the summer night was hot and sultry, and, oppressed by the heat, they had unconsciously rolled apart.

The moon was shining brightly in the chamber as the stranger, bending over the bed to be sure that he took the little golden-haired one, lifted her gently in his arms, and gliding noiselessly down stairs, stepped into the waiting carriage with his prize without waking her or the lonely one left behind in the darkness of desolation.

When morning came poor Anne awoke, and for the first time in her life found herself alone. A strange, vague, terrible dread came upon her, but the brave-hearted child mastered it. Hastily dressing, she ran down stairs, asking of all she met for Fanny; but no one had seen her: no one knew, or, knowing, dared to tell her. Next she went in quest of Mrs. Larrabee, but she was told she had a headache, and could not see any one; for the compassionate but rather weak-minded woman, shrinking from the sorrow she could not alleviate, had kept in her own room to avoid the sight of poor Anne's distress.

She inquired for Captain Proctor: he was away; and with her nameless apprehension growing stronger and more distinct at every step, she sought out all their usual haunts, calling upon her sister's name in tones of tender, tearful supplication. In vain!

When the day was nearly ended she encountered the superintendent. Rushing up to him with frantic vehemence, she cried out, "Captain Proctor, where is my sister?"

"I do not know," said Captain Proctor, salving his conscience with the pitiful quibble that he did not know just exactly where she was at that very moment of time.

But this temporizing did not serve him or satisfy the excited child.

"You *do* know!" she shrieked, in mad impatience. "You are lying—you *know* you are! I can see the lie written in your white face. Tell me what you have done with her; tell me where she has gone to, or I will kill you!"

"And then," said the captain, putting her aside with his hand, and laughing at her, "you will be hung for murder—do you know that?"

"I do not care for that. If I can't find Fanny I want to die, and then I will go straight up to God, and tell him of you, you wicked thief, and ask him to send down his lightning to strike you."

"What! after you have killed me?" said the captain. "Now, Anne, listen to me," he went on, holding her little quivering figure at arms-length, and thinking, perhaps, that as she could not be *more* violent, it might be well to have the whole over at once. "Listen to me, you little vixen. I have got your sister an excellent place, where she will have every comfort, and be well educated and provided for for life; and I think I was very fortunate to find her such a home."

"But you had no right to give her away," shrieked Anne, breaking from his grasp. "She was not *yours;* she was not *your* little girl; she did not belong to you; she was *mine*—*my* sister—my owny-downy little sister, and you have *stolen* her! Yes, you are a wicked, bad thief; you are worse than the bad men the missionary preacher told us of, for they only stole *black niggers,* and you have stole a dear little white girl. Oh, I hate you—I hate you!"

"Stop this noise at once, Anne; I won't have it," said the captain.

"You've got to have it; as long as I live I'll make it, till I find my sister. Tell me where my sister has gone—tell me, tell me!"

"Lord, child, I don't know: over the seas by this time, I guess."

Captain Proctor said this at a venture. He had no idea she had gone out of the country, but he thought it would settle the question, and show Anne the uselessness of her demand; but it was only adding new fuel to the flames.

"The sea? the sea?" screamed poor Anne; "the cruel, bitter, dreadful sea that drowned our poor mother? Oh, she will be drowned too—my own Fanny will be drowned! Oh, you wicked, wicked man, I shall never see my own dear Fanny again!"

"No, I don't expect you ever will," said the captain, whose temper was now fairly roused by her taunts; "so you had better go cry it out, and have done with it." But poor Anne, though she unwittingly followed the first part of this coarse advice, could not follow the second: she might *cry it out*, but she could not *have done with it*.

Captain Proctor had not calculated upon the depth of the spirit in that little childish form. The Scripture simile of "a bear robbed of her whelps" is tame even to triteness compared with her. A demon was let loose within her; a fury took possession of her. With the mad despairing cry of an Ate she flung herself upon him in ungovernable rage, and the miserable little cripple had as much as he could do to make an escape from her frantic violence.

When at length the superintendent beat his ignominious retreat, the child flung herself down upon the floor, and gave way to a wild burst of rage and anguish pitiable to witness, her distress now rising into piercing shrieks and incoherent denunciations, then dying away into convulsive sobs and spasmodic twitchings, only to break forth again into fierce paroxysms of hysterical violence.

As the day wore on to evening, and the sad story of the cruel abduction of Fanny became known through the house, it was a touching thing to see how, one by one, the pitying old pauper inmates crept softly up, with the simple but kindly meant words of helpless sympathy or delusive hope; for little Anne's quaint, merry ways, and her little acts of daily kindness, had won many friendless hearts; but they whispered in deafened ears; Anne turned away, and hiding her face from them all, shrunk into her desolate loneliness, which none could comfort.

When night and darkness came, Mrs. Larrabee, silent and weeping in sympathy, came up, took the exhausted and now unresisting child in her arms, and bore her to her own room, tenderly undressed her, softly bathed the wild staring eyes, the burning face, and hot, throbbing hands, forced the swollen, purple lips to swallow some warm, composing drink, and then, hushing her in her motherly arms, as if she had been an infant, laid her upon her own bed. She would not give her back to the terrible solitude of the chamber whose security had been so ruthlessly invaded.

Days, weeks, and months rolled away, and little Anne did not die. Captain Proctor had said she would not, and she did not, but in time he came almost to wish he had said she *would*, for she was his Nemesis. It seemed as if the child's character was wholly changed, as if her fierce nature acknowledged but two duties in life—to mourn for her sister, and to torment the unhappy superintendent.

Gibes, sneers, contradictions, jeers at his deformity, caricatures of his lameness, vituperations, denunciations, nothing that could annoy, wound, or irritate him, was beyond or beneath her; it seemed to be her religion to hate, and her mission to torment him; he was never secure from her, within-doors or without; she laid in wait for him in lurking-places, broke in upon him at strange and unexpected moments, sprung up in his path every where, and seemed gifted with supernatural powers to harass and annoy him.

The unhappy man bore it as he best could for a long time, but it grew worse day by day; it was a bad example, too, and it was contagious; insubordination was spreading; his power in the house was shaken, and his wonted authority was threatening to crumble to pieces about him.

"She is a spitfire!" he said one day to Mrs. Larrabee, when Anne had been more than usually irritating and insulting. "What *can* I do with her?"

"Don't ask me; I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Larrabee; and meekly folding her arms under her apron, she murmured something about *reaping* and *sowing*, which the captain did not exactly catch.

"I'd put her out if I could," said the captain, excitedly, "if any body would only take her; but she is such a limb of Satan, folks round here are afraid of her; but I will get her off of my hands just as soon as I can, if it is to the devil himself. I guess she would suit him; she is just fit to do his work!"

"Captain Proctor," said the matron, gravely, "that child has been cruelly treated; I told you so at the time; and if I speak my mind, I'd say you hain't got to the end on't yet."

"Well, I will get to the end of it, one way or another, pretty quick. I can't stand every thing, not if I died; *you* couldn't, not if *you* died; *nobody* couldn't, not if *they* died," cried the captain, waxing eloquent if not clear in his remarks; "and I will get her off upon somebody or other the very first chance."

The chance came sooner than he expected. A farmer wanted a young girl to go into the country, on to a large farm, to help in the farm-work. The man was coarse and rough, his wife looked hard and grasping, but they were willing to take the girl to be bound out to them, and the captain was delighted.

"She is not a very pleasant-tempered girl," said the superintendent, hesitatingly.

"I'll look out for that; I'll chance her," said the stern-looking woman. "I guess she won't try to cut up much *with me*." And the bargain was concluded.

Anne made no objection; she seemed utterly indifferent as to her fate in life. "How long am I to stay there?" was the only inquiry she made.

"Till you are eighteen," said the captain, with deep satisfaction.

"Very well," answered Anne, demurely. "I was eleven last Christmas, that will be—let me see—nearly seven years. When my time is out I will return here. It is not very likely that your little, shriveled, miserable body will remain above-ground so long as that; but if it is, you shall then render me an account of the sister you stole from me; *and if not*," and she raised her childish hand high as she spoke the solemn words, and her fierce eyes blazed over his shrinking figure, "*then* you shall render it to the Father of the fatherless!"

As she turned away those who stood by said that the miserable man grew ashen pale, and shivered as if a curse had fallen upon him; and yet (as has been said before) he was not at heart a bad man, and in the beginning had really been conscientiously pleased that he had found so good a situation for little Fanny.

Poor little Anne! from what unknown ancestor had the child inherited the ardent, passionate nature, the glowing, poetic temperament, and the strange, dramatic talent which gave such startling intensity and rhythm to her childish words?

So Farmer Blodget and his stern-looking wife bore off their unresisting little victim, feeling well satisfied with the bargain they had made.

"She looks like a real smart one, if she is onruly," said the farmer, confidentially, to his wife; "the man said there wasn't nothing against her but her temper, and I reckon, old lady, we can manage that, you and I."

"Yes; fore-warned is fore-armed," said his wife. "I guess she won't try it on with us *more than once;* but we had better be on the watch, and curb her in the first time she tries to kick."

"Yes, yes," laughed her husband, "we'll be ready, and take the bull by the horns."

But to the wonder and surprise of her new owners, there *were no horns*, and there *was no bull!*

The change was to the little bondswoman an infinite relief. It had broken up the dreary monotony of her life, and lifted her out of the terrible groove in which she had so long been moving; for at the almshouse she had nothing to do but to brood over her wrongs and her revenge. Of course she had no enmity to the new people who were around her, and relieved from the rasping, irritating daily sight of Captain Proctor, her exasperated feelings had a chance to compose themselves. All was new around her, and the very novelty had a charm for her. She was amused and interested in the constant bustle of the farm-work. It was a large market-farm, employing much help, both male and female; and Anne was the merest little slave, the veriest little drudge, driven round at the command of all of them. But what did she care for that? She had no dignity to be wounded, and no position to maintain, so that did not trouble her.

She was not strong enough for hard labor, and that was not required of her; but such small services as she could render were constantly called for. All day long her little capable hands were kept busy in somebody's employ, or the active little feet kept running on somebody's errands; and when night came on she sank upon her hard bed so entirely wearied out that she often dropped asleep with the "Now I lay me" of her childhood falling in broken murmurs from her lips.

In one sense this was certainly good for her: she had no time to brood over her wrongs and her sorrow. Not that she had ceased to love and hate; not that she had forgotten Fanny, or forgiven Captain Proctor in any degree for "the deep damnation of her taking off;" but these were not now ever the uppermost thoughts of her days and nights. The sad wound in her poor little heart was not *healed*, but it was cicatrized; it was no longer "all naked feeling and raw life;" and that was much.

But, on the other hand, little Anne was sinking gradually but surely in the social and moral scale, drifting daily farther and farther from the purity and rectitude of her childhood. How could it be otherwise? She was surrounded by baser natures; her only companions and exemplars were the lowest and coarsest grade of farm work-people, native and foreign; vice, profligacy, and meanness were all around her, and the daily exhibition of them vitiated her mind. How *could* she escape?

What a pity it is that only the *evil* things of this world—its sins, its deformities, and its diseases—are contagious and epidemic! A squint, a sneer, an awkward grimace, a sore throat, the hooping-cough, lying, and stealing are easily caught; but who ever hears of the reflex action? A beaming glance, a gentle smile, a healthy action of the lungs, honesty, truthfulness, the holy graces of a pure and innocent spirit—*these*, alas! *are not transferable.* Poor little Anne was daily witness to sights and words unfit for childish eyes and ears; and then she had her small temptations of her own. The parsimony of her vulgar employers stinting her of the food which a growing and hard-worked child naturally requires obliged her to pilfer what was necessary to satisfy the cravings of nature. At first she was shocked and conscience-stricken at having done so; but very soon, adopting the loose morality that was around her, she satisfied her scruples with the plausible argument that if she gave her

time and work for her living, she was entitled to take her food for her work. So she learned to be *dishonest*. Then, when blamed for some delinquencies of her own, or cognizant of the faults of others which she was forbidden to reveal, an adroit and ready falsehood lifted her over the dilemma; and was it not better, she argued, to keep the peace, even if she broke her word? And so Anne learned to *lie*. And she learned to swear too; but *that*, it must be owned, she was not driven to. There was no necessity for *that*. She took it up for her own pleasure, as an accomplishment, a fine art! Common language had always been too slow, too cold for her ardent temperament and glowing fancy. What wonder if she learned to enrich its tameness from the full vocabulary of slang and profanity among which she "lived and breathed and had her being?" And the coarse applause of her vulgar associates at the daringly witty speech or the ready lie became to her the meed of victory; and so, downward, downward drifted the poor helpless little waif.

But as the slow years rolled on, the passage of time, constant employment for body and mind, free exercise in the pure country air—the only pure thing about her—had wrought marvelous physical changes in the girl. The bent, listless, diminutive figure had straightened, and run up to womanly height, and rounded out to womanly perfection. The old-time saucy sparkle had come back to the bright dark eyes; a new bloom was upon cheek and lips. And at sixteen Anne was a tall and beautiful girl—the object of coarse admiration of all the men upon the farm, and of the still coarser envy and jealousy of all the women.

But Anne repelled *both*, and heeded and feared *neither*. She could fight her own way now. She had not been a pupil in that terrible school so long for nothing. She had learned "to hold her own;" and biting satire, cool scorn, and fierce recrimination—she had a whole store-house of such weapons, and unbounded power to use them. She could parry and cut and thrust with the sharpest of them; but behind all this brazen bravado one remnant of her innocent childhood still throbbing in her heart, one little invisible, attenuated thread of memory linking her still with the pure spirits of her dead mother and lost sister, preserved her from grosser vices. She still kept her shadowy faith in heaven, and of reunion with her mother there, and she still looked forward to one day regaining possession of her sister; but with a strange inconsistency to the hard, practical, common-sense which had been forced upon her in other things, she still, regardless of the lapse of time that had wrought such changes in herself, continued to think of Fanny as the little golden-haired child who had nestled so lovingly in her own childish embrace, and her one dream of the future was a pilgrimage to seek and find her sister.

The years sped on, Anne's term of bondage was out, and she was entitled to freedom; but she had become so important at the farm, with her quick wit and capable hands, that her employers would gladly have kept her. They appealed to her interest, and offered her high wages, while her numerous rustic admirers clamored for her stay; but "not for love or money" could she be won to remain. Her hour had come, and the dream of her life was now to be fulfilled: she was free to go and seek for Fanny.

With an outfit far less than she was legally entitled to—for she did not know her own rights, and there was no one to speak for her, and wring out her dues from the hard hands of her miserly employers—she left the farm, and made her way back to W——, to the almshouse, and asked for Captain Proctor. He had been dead four years; and though this news cut off her first step toward success, still she felt a fierce, unholy joy and triumph as she thought of the account he had been required to render.

She asked for Mrs. Larrabee. She had left years ago, and gone out West to her son. All information from that place seemed closed against her, for Anne was too ignorant to know that records were kept, or to imagine "the board" would know any thing of the transaction that had blighted her whole life; so she turned sadly away. Anne's traveling expenses from the farm had made a deep inroad upon her very limited means, and taught her the sad lesson that before she could commence her search for Fanny she must first earn the means to make it, and she decided to go at once to the nearest city, and devote herself to making money.

But when she got there, alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange place, a poor country girl, ignorant of city ways, she did not know what to do next. She was unskilled in all but farm-work, and for that there could be no demand, she knew; and even if capable of needle or house work, who would take a young girl without a word of recommendation or a person to refer to?

Her bold, bright beauty was against her too, and perils and temptations were thick around her, and beset her at every step; but Anne did not care for this in the least. If she retained something of the innocence and fearlessness of her childhood, she had lost its ignorance and guilelessness. She knew the old serpent, sin, when she saw him, and could beat him with his own weapons, for she was as "wise as the serpent," if not as "harmless as the dove."

At last, all other courses seeming closed against her, and her small means wholly exhausted, she drifted into factory life, and

became a mill hand. Here she threw her whole soul into her employment (for she was working for Fanny), and her youthful strength, untiring industry, and quick capacity soon found their fitting remuneration.

At first her brilliant and striking beauty attracted attention; but as she repelled admiration, and seemed to set no value upon her personal appearance, the whole passion of her soul being given seemingly to making money, she was gradually left to herself. And so, for nearly two years more, she toiled on, using of her earnings only what was needed to support herself in the most frugal way, and hoarding up all the rest to be spent in her search for "little Fanny."

One day a traveling party, resting for a few days in the city, came in to visit the mill. Among them was a young newly married pair, accompanied by the bride's parents. But the advent of visitors was a common thing, and one which never interested Anne; and though it so chanced that the little party stopped some moments near the machine she worked, while Mr. Gray, the overseer, explained some new improvements to the gentlemen, who seemed interested in it, Anne, scarcely raising her eyes, went on with her monotonous work, while the young bride, struck possibly by the mill-girl's exceeding beauty, stood dreamily watching her.

"Come, my dear," called her father as the explanation ended.

The party moved on, but the lady did not move.

"Come, my dear Frances," said her husband, returning for her. "We are detaining Mr. Gray unnecessarily, and his time is no doubt precious."

"In a moment, Charles," said the bride. "I want to ask this young woman how long it took her to learn to do this work."

That voice! Anne started and looked up. A tall, fair girl, richly dressed and of queenly presence, with large sapphire-blue eyes and long golden curls, was standing before her, and for one brief moment the bold dark eyes looked full into the heavenly blue ones; then they sunk suddenly, subdued and tearful, for the long-parted little sisters had met face to face!

Fanny never suspected it. How should she? But Anne knew it in a moment—*knew* it, *felt* it—throbbing, thrilling through every fibre of her sensitive being. In dizzy silence she walked to the other end of her loom as if to adjust the threads. It was but a moment, but her resolve was taken.

"Betray her sister? *Never!* Drag her angel Fanny down from her high estate to the level of her own misery? *Never, never!* Not if her own soul's salvation depended upon it. *Never, never!*"

Then she walked calmly back again, and again that sweet, musical voice spoke to her:

"I wanted to ask you how long—" But as the fair young bride bent forward in her graceful earnestness, one of her long drooping curls became entangled in the rapidly revolving machinery, and in one moment she was in imminent and deadly peril. There was no time for words or calls for help; but Anne was equal to the emergency. Quick as light, with rare presence of mind, she snatched up a pair of large shears that lay upon her loom, and severed the imprisoned lock close to the fair head of its owner, though at a fearful risk to herself; then pushing Fanny back, with a fierce violence that sent her reeling into her husband's arms, she said, in a choking tone, almost savage in its hoarse earnestness, "Take her away, if you care for her. Why did you bring her here? This is no place for such as she!"

The whole affair had been so sudden, the danger and rescue so instantaneous, that the rest of the party who now gathered around them were ignorant of what had occurred. "Frances, my darling," said the mother, "are you hurt? What was it? Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"No, no; not hurt in the least," said the sobbing bride, releasing herself, pale and tearful, from the trembling arms that held her. "But oh, from what a dreadful fate that good, brave girl has saved me! Her quickness has saved my life. Oh, how can I ever repay her?"

"Let that be my part," said her husband, and turning to the mill-girl, who now, almost as pale as the one she had saved, was leaning, breathless, panting and silent, against her loom, he drew out his purse.

"No, no, no!" said Anne, foreseeing his intent, while her wild eyes blazed over him in mad scorn and jealous hate; "don't offer it to me! I will not have it—I do not want it! Keep your money—I have no use for it now; I want no gold but *this*, if I may have it;" and as she spoke she deftly threaded out the long golden tress from the now stilled machine, folded it carefully, and hid it in her bosom.

"Oh, Charles, Charles! See! she is wounded herself; only look there!" cried the shuddering bride, as she saw the crimson stream soaking its way through the old woolen shawl which Anne had hastily wound round her arm.

"Oh, *that* is nothing," said the poor girl, though even as she spoke she grasped the wounded arm tightly with the other hand, to deaden the intense pain. "That is nothing; we are used to accidents here. We take them into the account when we come here to work. *Now, please,*" she said, gently and appealingly, "do go away, and never come into a mill again."

"May I not send a surgeon?" asked the elder gentleman.

"It is not necessary," said the overseer. "We have good surgical attendance always at hand, and I will see that the girl has every needed attention." And with this assurance the visitors felt compelled to depart.

The next day Mr. Olney called to inquire for the poor girl, and the report was a favorable one. "The doctor says," replied Mr. Gray, "that the girl is doing well. The wound is a very severe one, but not necessarily dangerous; and the patient's youth, strength, and fine physical condition are much in her favor."

But a few days later the report was less favorable; there was a change; the patient was more feverish. Mr. Olney had already sent an experienced nurse, and his wife and her mother had sent fruit and flowers, wine and jellies; and they now requested that the best medical skill in the city should be called in to consult with; but the accounts grew steadily worse.

The wound would have healed readily, the doctor had said, were it not for the fever and the poor girl's extreme nervous restlessness of body and mind, which nothing could subdue. Opiates had no effect upon her, ether and chloroform failed to put her senses to sleep; she was not still one moment, and all this told fearfully upon the wounded arm, and the physicians grew less and less hopeful.

Mrs. Olney and her mother had been to the house repeatedly, offering to come and sit with the sufferer, but the girl had declined the offer, refusing to see them. One morning when the doctor made his early call he found his poor patient quiet, though very weak and sunken.

"Doctor," she said, fixing her earnest dark eyes full upon him, "my pain has suddenly wholly left me." The doctor made no reply, but felt her pulse. "Tell me, doctor," she said, her eager eyes studying his face as she spoke, "do you think that is a favorable symptom?"

"Well, perhaps *not exactly*," said the doctor, seeing there was no escape from her earnest look; "but it is much for you to be quiet and free from pain."

"Do you not think," she went on, calmly, while her gaze never wandered from his face, "that 'tis mortification coming on?"

"My poor child," said the kindly physician, vainly trying to turn away from that penetrating and persistent gaze, "I can not tell; we must hope for the best."

"Yes, I know," she said. "But who can tell what the best is? Doctor, you know I am not like a nervous fine lady, who can not bear to be told the truth; my life has been a hard one, and I do not cling to it very closely. Now, if you please, tell me *truly*, shall I ever get well?"

"I can not tell; but I think—I fear—the chances are against it."

"I thank you," said the girl, calmly. "And now one thing more; how long shall I live?"

"My poor girl," answered the doctor, solemnly, "your times are in God's hands, not in mine."

"I know it," she said; "but still medical skill can sometimes *guess*. Do you think I shall live to see another day?" The doctor hesitated. "Speak plainly, Sir; do not fear; for I have something on my mind that I much wish to do before I die."

"Then you had better do it," said the doctor, gravely.

"I thank you, Sir. I understand," said poor Anne. "And now one more question. The young lady—" She hesitated and faltered.

"Do you mean young Mrs. Olney?"

"Yes, I think so; I mean the *lady that* was in the mill that day. Do you think she would come and see me?"

"I am sure she would, my dear. She has been here repeatedly, but you declined to have her come up to see you."

"I know I did; but I feel differently now. I want to see her. Would it be wrong in me to ask her to come to me for half an hour, *alone?* I want to speak to her."

"Not in the least. I am sure she will come. I will see her myself and tell her."

"Thank you. Tell her, if you please, if I can see her *alone* for a few moments I shall die easier. There is something on my mind I want to say to her. Now, nurse," she said, languidly, when the doctor had gone, "I want you to make me look as neat and nice as you can; and when the lady comes I must see her *alone*. Promise me that we shall not be interrupted."

In less than an hour Mr. and Mrs. Olney and her mother went to the boarding-house, and Mrs. Olney, alone, pale and trembling, entered the sick-room.

"You are very kind to come to me," faltered Anne as the trembling visitor drew near the bedside.

"Oh no, no!" sobbed Mrs. Olney; "think what you have done for me, *and at what cost!*"

"Do not talk like that; do not think of it; I don't. But are we quite alone? I have something I want to say to you. You do not fear to be alone with me, do you?"

The lady shook her head, but did not speak, and Anne went on:

"I have something very important to say to you, but it is a great secret. Will you promise me never to betray it?"

The young wife started. "I may tell my husband?"

"No, no; tell no one; not *him*, most of all. It is an innocent secret, and concerns only myself, and I am dying. I swear to you that there is no guilt in it, and it will make me die happier if you will promise to keep it."

"I *will*, then," said the trembling listener.

"You promise me by all you hold dearest, by your love for *your mother*, that you will not betray what I tell you?"

"*I do;*" and the lady bowed her head as if she had taken a solemn oath.

"That is right. Now lay your hand in mine and listen. Fanny Carlton, do you remember the W—— almshouse, and your little sister Anne, from whom you were stolen one night in your sleep?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Fanny, with wide dilated eyes. "*Do I remember?* My sister! my darling! how *could I but remember?* Oh, what do *you know of my Anne?* Where is she? Tell me—tell me quick."

"Fanny! Fanny! oh, my owny-downy little sister, *I am Anne!*"

In one moment the graceful, exquisitely dressed visitor had thrown herself upon her knees by the low bedside, her arm around her sister's neck, as in the days of their childhood, and the fresh, young, rosy lips pressed closely to poor Anne's feverish ones; and for a few moments they lay thus clinging together in unbroken silence—lost in the deep ineffable joy of their reunion.

But Fanny was the first to recall the dreadful present. Half rising, she spoke: "Oh, Anne! Anne! my long-lost sister! my darling! you *must* get well; you *must* try to live for me. I can not let you go again!"

"No, dearest," said Anne, tenderly but sadly; "it is better as it is. We *must* part; but it is such a blessing to have met, to know that you had not forgotten me, and that you love me yet. Oh, Fan, I knew *you* in a moment, as soon as you spoke; but if I had lived, I would never have told you. I would have gone away and borne it all rather than drag you down to me; but I suppose my sickness has weakened me (I never was sick before), and am grown a coward, and I did so long to look on you and kiss you that I could not bear it." Again Fanny's tearful kisses fell on the pale piteous face. "But *now* I have seen you, I am satisfied, and ready to die."

"Oh no, no, Anne!" sobbed her sister; "you must live for me."

"No, Fanny; I would not live now if I could. I should only disgrace you. I am not a fit companion for you *now*. You are a lady, rich and educated—and oh, how beautiful you are, darling!—and I am a poor mill-girl, coarse, vulgar, uneducated, and wicked!"

"Still my own, dear, only, and twin sister," sobbed Fanny. "All the waters of the sea can never wash out that. You are *my Anne still.*"

"But, Fanny, I am not even what I was when we parted; you would shrink from me if you knew me better. But, Fanny, you still believe in God, the God our dead mother used to tell us of—*do you, do you,* Fanny?" and she spoke eagerly.

"Yes, indeed; surely, *surely*, yes. And *you*, dear Anne; you do too?"

"Yes, I think so—I *hope* so. And Jesus Christ, who, mother said, blessed little children?"

"Yes, Anne darling. But why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to speak to God for me; I know *I* have been wicked, but *you* are good and pure: He will listen to you. Tell Him, dear, how tempted I was, and lonely: never a good word said to me, and all alone with my poor broken heart! But oh!" she said, turning wearily upon her pillow, "I suppose He knows it all already. But you will ask Him to forgive me, won't you? And the 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!' How we used to sing that after we went to bed—do you remember, Fanny? Well, when He was on earth He forgave women who were worse than ever I was; and you will ask Him to pardon me, and let me go to my mother, won't you? I have been alone *so long!* And now one more kiss, and then go, darling! I am cold and dizzy and faint. Remember your promise—and, Fanny, my sister, good-by!"

As she sunk back, white and fainting upon her pillow, Fanny, who, as the adopted child of wealth and luxury, had been kept from all contact with sickness and death, mistook the swoon for dissolution, and, opening the door, called wildly for help.

"The girl has only fainted, madam," said the nurse to Fanny's adopted mother, in whose arms she lay sobbing and exhausted; and before she recovered herself she was hurried into the carriage and driven home; and that night poor Anne dropped quietly and peacefully away.

And Fanny kept the secret intrusted to her, not for her own sake (for hers was one of those tender natures upon which a concealment weighs as a sin), but from fealty to her sister. Anne had bidden her to keep the secret: it was her sister's last request; and as in her childish days she had done just what Anne had told her to do, so now she never questioned her judgment in the least, or hesitated to follow it.

Possibly the adopted parents, knowing the events of Fanny's childhood, guessed at the nature of the revelation made to her; but if so, they had the tact and the good taste never to question her. And if Charles Olney wondered at the deep hold this little tragedy had taken upon his wife's feelings, her mother had only to whisper to him, "Can you wonder at it, Charles? She would be unworthy of our love if she did not feel it. Remember the poor girl gave her own life to save our darling's! Do not blame her if she weeps for her." And in view of the preciousness of the life so saved to him, the husband ceased to blame his young wife's persistent but natural regret.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. STAINES begged leave to distinguish; he had not said he would set up a carriage at the first one hundred guinea fee, but only that he would not set one up before. There are misguided people who would call this logic; but Rosa said it was equivocating, and urged him so warmly that at last he burst out, "Who can go on forever saying 'no' to the only creature he loves?"—and caved. In forty-eight hours more a brougham waited at Mrs. Staines's door. The servant engaged to drive it was Andrew Pearman, a bachelor, and hitherto an under-groom. He readily consented to be coachman, and do certain domestic work as well. So Mrs. Staines had a man-servant as well as a carriage.

Ere long three or four patients called or wrote, one after the other. These Rosa set down to brougham, and crowed; she even crowed to Lady Cicely Treherne, to whose influence, and not to brougham's, every one of these patients was owing. Lady Cicely kissed her, and demurely enjoyed the poor soul's self-satisfaction.

Staines himself, while he drove to or from these patients, felt more sanguine, and buoyed as he was by the consciousness of ability, began to hope he had turned the corner.

He sent an account of Lord Aycough's case to a medical magazine: and so full is the world of flunkyism, that this article, though he withheld the name, retaining only the title, got the literary wedge in for him at once; and in due course he became a paid contributor to two medical organs, and used to study and write more, and indent the little stone yard less, than heretofore.

It was about this time circumstances made him acquainted with Phœbe Dale. Her intermediate history I will dispose of in fewer words than it deserves. Her Ruin, Mr. Reginald Falcon, was dismissed from his club for marking high cards on the back with his nail. This stopped his remaining resource—borrowing; so he got more and more out at elbows, till at last he came down to hanging about billiard-rooms, and making a little money by concealing his game; from that, however, he rose to be a marker.

Having culminated to that, he wrote and proposed marriage to Miss Dale, in a charming letter: she showed it to her father with pride.

Now if his vanity, his disloyalty, his falsehood, his ingratitude, and his other virtues, had not stood in the way, he would have done this three years ago, and been jumped at.

But the offer came too late; not for Phœbe—she would have taken him in a moment—but for her friends. A baited hook is one thing, a bare hook is another. Farmer Dale had long discovered where Phœbe's money went: he said not a word to her, but went up to town like a shot; found Falcon out, and told him he mustn't think to eat his daughter's bread. She should marry a man that could make a decent livelihood; and if she was to run away with *him*, why they'd starve together. The farmer was resolute, and spoke very loud, like one that expects opposition, and comes prepared to quarrel. Instead of that, this artful rogue addressed him with deep respect and an affected veneration that quite puzzled the old man; acquiesced in every word, expressed contrition for his past misdeeds, and told the farmer he had quite determined to labor with his hands. "You know, farmer," said he, "I am not the only gentleman who has come to that in the present day. Now, all my friends that have seen my sketches assure me I am a born painter; and a painter I'll be—for love of Phœbe."

The farmer made a wry face. "Painter! that is a sorry sort of a trade."

"You are mistaken. It's the best trade going. There are gentlemen making their thousands a year by it."

"Not in our parts, there bain't. Stop a bit. What be ye going to paint, Sir? Housen, or folk?"

"Oh, hang it, not houses. Figures, landscapes."

"Well, ye might just make shift to live at it, I suppose, with here and there a signboard. They are the best paid, our way; but, Lord bless ye, *they* wants head-piece! Well, Sir, let me see your work. Then we'll talk further."

"I'll go to work this afternoon," said Falcon, eagerly; then, with affected surprise, "Bless me! I forgot. I have no palette, no canvas, no colors. You couldn't lend me a couple of sovereigns to buy them, could you?"

"Ay, Sir, I could, but I won't. I'll lend ye the things, though, if you have a mind to go with me and buy 'em."

Falcon agreed, with a lofty smile, and the purchases were made.

Mr. Falcon painted a landscape or two out of his imagination. The dealers to whom he took them declined them; one advised

the gentleman painter to color tea-boards; "that's your line," said he.

"The world has no taste," said the gentleman painter; "but it has got lots of vanity: I'll paint portraits."

He did—and formidable ones. His portraits were amazingly like the people, and yet unlike men and women, especially about the face. One thing, he didn't trouble with lights and shades, but went slap at the features.

His brush would never have kept him; but he carried an instrument in the use of which he really was an artist, viz., his tongue. By wheedling and underselling—for he only charged a pound for the painted canvas—he contrived to live; then he aspired to dress as well as live. With this second object in view, he hit upon a characteristic expedient.

He used to prowl about, and when he saw a young woman sweeping the afternoon streets with a long silk train, and, in short, dressed to ride in the park, yet parading the streets, he would take his hat off to her with an air of profound respect, and ask permission to take her portrait. Generally he met a prompt rebuff; but if the fair was so unlucky as to hesitate a single moment, he told her a melting tale: he had once driven his four-in-hand, but by indorsing his friend's bills was reduced to painting likenesses—admirable likenesses in oils, only a guinea each.

His piteous tale provoked more jibes than pity, but as he had no shame, the rebuffs went for nothing. He actually did get a few sitters by his audacity, and some of the sitters actually took the pictures and paid for them; others declined them with fury as soon as they were finished. These he took back with a piteous sigh that sometimes extracted half a crown. Then he painted over the rejected one, and let it dry; so that sometimes a paid portrait would present a beauty enthroned on the *débris* of two or three rivals, and that is where few beauties would object to sit.

All this time he wrote nice letters to Phœbe, and adopted the tone of the struggling artist, and the true lover, who wins his bride by patience, perseverance, and indomitable industry; a babbled of "Self-help."

Meantime Phœbe was not idle: an excellent business woman, she took immediate advantage of a new station that was built near the farm to send up milk, butter, and eggs to London. Being genuine, they sold like wildfire. Observing that, she extended her operations by buying of other farmers and forwarding to London; and then, having, of course, an eye to her struggling artist, she told her father she must have a shop in London, and somebody in it she could depend upon.

"With all my heart, wench," said he; "but it must not be thou. I can't spare thee."

"May I have Dick, father?"

"Dick! He is rather young."

"But he is very quick, father, and minds every word I tell him."

"Ay, he is as fond of thee as ever a cow was of a calf. Well, you can try him."

So the love-sick woman of business set up a little shop, and put her brother Dick in it, and all to see more of her struggling artist. She staid several days, to open the little shop and start the business. She advertised pure milk, and challenged scientific analysis of every thing she sold. This came of her being a reader. She knew, by the journals, that we live in a sinful and adulterating generation; and any thing pure must be a Godsend to the poor poisoned public.

Now Dr. Staines, though known to the profession as a diagnost, was also an analyst, and this challenge brought him down on Phœbe Dale. He told her he was a physician, and in search of pure food for his own family—would she really submit the milk to analysis?

Phœbe smiled an honest country smile, and said, "Surely, Sir." She gave him every facility, and he applied those simple tests which are commonly used in France, though hardly known in England.

He found it perfectly pure, and told her so; and gazed at Phœbe for a moment, as a phenomenon.

She smiled again at that, her broad country smile. "That is a wonder in London, I dare say. It's my belief half the children that die here are perished with watered milk. Well, Sir, we sha'n't have that on our souls, father and I: he is a farmer in Essex. This comes a many miles, this milk."

Staines looked in her face with kindly approval marked on his own eloquent features. She blushed a little at so fixed a regard. Then he asked her if she would supply him with milk, butter, and eggs.

"Why, if you mean sell you them, yes, Sir, with pleasure. But for sending them home to you in this big town, as some do, I can't, for there's only brother Dick and me: it is an experiment like."

"Very well," said Staines; "I will send for them."

"Thank you kindly, Sir. I hope you won't be offended, Sir; but we only sell for ready money."

"All the better: my order at home is, no bills."

When he was gone, Phœbe, assuming vast experience, though this was only her third day, told Dick that was one of the right sort. "And oh, Dick," said she, "did you notice his eye?"

"Not particklar, sister."

"There, now! the boy is blind. Why,

'twas like a jewel. Such an eye I never saw in a man's head, nor a woman's neither."

Staines told his wife about Phœbe and her brother, and spoke of her with a certain admiration that raised Rosa's curiosity, and even that sort of vague jealousy that fires at bare praise. "I should like to see this phenomenon," said she. "You shall," said he; "I have to call on Mrs. Manly. She lives near. I will drop you at the little shop, and come back for you."

He did so, and that gave Rosa a quarter of an hour to make her purchases. When he came back he found her conversing with Phœbe as if they were old friends, and Dick glaring at his wife with awe and admiration. He could hardly get her away.

She was far more extravagant in her praises than Dr. Staines had been. "What a good creature!" said she. "And how clever! To think of her setting up a shop like that all by herself; for her Dick is only seventeen."

Dr. Staines recommended the little shop wherever he went, and even extended its operations. He asked Phœbe to get her own wheat ground at home, and send the flour up in bushel bags. "These assassins, the bakers," said he, "are putting copper into the flour now as well as alum. Pure flour is worth a fancy price to any family. With that we can make the bread of life. What you buy in the shops is the bread of death."

Dick was a good, sharp boy, devoted to his sister. He stuck to the shop in London, and handed the money to Phœbe when she came for it. She worked for it in Essex, and extended her country connection for supply as the retail business increased.

Staines wrote an article on pure food, and incidentally mentioned the shop as a place where flour, milk, and butter were to be had pure. This article was published in the *Lancet*, and caused quite a run upon the little shop. By-and-by Phœbe enlarged it, for which there were great capabilities, and made herself a pretty little parlor, and there she and Dick sat to Falcon for their portraits; here, too, she hung his rejected landscapes. They were fair in her eyes; what matter whether they were like nature? his hand had painted them. She knew from him that every body else had rejected them. With all the more pride and love did she have them framed in gold, and hung up with the portraits in her little sanctum.

For a few months Phœbe Dale was as happy as she deserved to be. Her lover was working, and faithful to her—at least she saw no reason to doubt it. He came to see her every evening, and seemed devoted to her; would sit quietly with her, or walk with her, or take her to a play, or a music-hall—at her expense.

She now lived in a quiet elysium, with a bright and rapturous dream of the future; for she saw she had hit on a good vein of business, and should soon be independent, and able to indulge herself with a husband, and ask no man's leave.

She sent to Essex for a dairy-maid, and set her to churn milk into butter, *coram populo*, at a certain hour every morning. This made a new sensation. At other times the woman was employed to deliver milk and cream to a few favored customers.

Mrs. Staines dropped in now and then, and chatted with her. Her sweet face and her naïveté won Phœbe's heart; and one day, as happiness is apt to be communicative, she let out to her, in reply to a feeler or two as to whether she was quite alone, that she was engaged to be married to a gentleman; "but he is not rich, ma'am," said Phœbe, plaintively; "he has had trouble—obliged to work for his living, like me; he painted these pictures, *every one of them*. If it was not making too free, and you could spare a guinea—he charges no more for the picture, only you must go to the expense of the frame."

"Of course I will," said Rosa, warmly. "I'll sit for it here any day you like."

Now Rosa said this out of her ever-ready kindness, not to wound Phœbe; but, having made the promise, she kept clear of the place for some days, hoping Phœbe would forget all about it. Meantime she sent her husband to buy.

In about a fortnight she called again, primed with evasions if she should be asked to sit; but nothing of the kind was proposed. Phœbe was dealing when she went in. The customers disposed of, she said to Mrs. Staines, "Oh, ma'am, I am glad you are come. I have something I should like to show you." She took her into the parlor, and made her sit down: then she opened a drawer, and took out a very small substance that looked like a tear of ground glass, and put it on the table before her. "There, ma'am," said she, "that is all he has had for painting a friend's picture."

"Oh! what a shame!"

"His friend was going abroad—to Natal; to his uncle that farms out there, and does very well. It is a first-rate part, if you take out a little stock with you, and some money; so my one gave him credit, and when the letter came with that postmark he counted on a five-pound note; but the letter only said he had got no money yet, but sent him something as a keepsake; and there was this little stone. Poor fellow! he flung it down in a passion; he was so disappointed."

Phœbe's great gray eyes filled; and Rosa gave a little coo of sympathy that was very womanly and lovable.

Phœbe leaned her cheek on her hand and said, thoughtfully, "I picked it up, and

brought it away; for, after all, don't you think, ma'am, it is very strange that a friend should send it all that way if it was worth nothing at all?"

"It is impossible. He could not be so heartless."

"And do you know, ma'am, when I take it up in my fingers it doesn't feel like a thing that was worth nothing."

"No more it does; it makes my fingers tremble. May I take it home, and show it to my husband? he is a great physician and knows every thing."

"I am sure I should be much obliged to you, ma'am."

Rosa drove home on purpose to show it to Christopher. She ran into his study. "Oh, Christopher, please look at that. You know that good creature we have our flour and milk and things of. She is engaged, and he is a painter. Oh, such daubs! He painted a friend, and the friend sent that home all the way from Natal, and he dashed it down, and *she* picked it up, and what is it? ground glass, or a pebble, or what?"

"Humph! by its shape, and the great—brilliancy—and refraction of light on this angle, where the stone has got polished by rubbing against other stones in the course of ages, I'm inclined to think it is—a diamond."

"A diamond!" shrieked Rosa. "No wonder my fingers trembled. Oh, can it be? Oh, you good, cold-blooded Christie! Poor things! Come along, Diamond! Oh, you beauty! Oh, you duck!"

"Don't be in such a hurry. I only said I thought it was a diamond. Let me weigh it against water, and then I shall *know*."

He took it to his little laboratory, and returned in a few minutes, and said, "Yes. It is just three times and a half heavier than water. It is a diamond."

"Are you positive?"

"I'll stake my existence."

"What is it worth?"

"My dear, I'm not a jeweler: but it is very large and pear-shaped, and I see no flaw: I don't think you could buy it for less than three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds! It is worth £300."

"Or sell it for more than £150."

"A hundred and fifty! It is worth £150."

"Why, my dear, one would think you had invented 'the diamond.' Show me how to crystalize carbon, and I will share your enthusiasm."

"Oh, I leave you to carbonize crystal. I prefer to gladden hearts: and I will do it this minute, with my diamond."

"Do, dear; and I will take that opportunity to finish my second article on Adulteration."

Rosa drove off to Phœbe Dale.

Now Phœbe was drinking tea with Reginald Falcon, in her little parlor. "Who is that, I wonder?" she said, when the carriage drew up.

Reginald drew back a corner of the gauze curtain which had been drawn across the little glass door leading from the shop.

"It is a lady, and a beautiful— Oh! let me get out." And he rushed out at the door leading to the kitchen, not to be recognized.

This set Phœbe all in a flutter, and the next moment Mrs. Staines tapped at the little door, then opened it, and peeped. "Good news! may I come in?"

"Surely," said Phœbe, still troubled and confused by Reginald's strange agitation.

"There! It is a diamond!" screamed Rosa. "My husband knew it directly. He knows every thing. If ever you are ill, go to him and nobody else—by the refraction, and the angle, and its being three times and a half as heavy as water. It is worth £300 to buy, and £150 to sell."

"Oh!"

"So don't you go throwing it away, as he did." (In a whisper) "Two tea-cups! Was that him? I have driven him away. I am so sorry. I'll go; and then you can tell him. Poor fel-low!"

"Oh, ma'am, don't go yet," said Phœbe, trembling. "I haven't half thanked you."

"Oh, bother thanks. Kiss me; that is the way."

"May I?"

"You may, and must. There—and there—and there. Oh dear, what nice things good luck and happiness are, and how sweet to bring them for once."

Upon this, Phœbe and she had a nice little cry together, and Mrs. Staines went off refreshed thereby, and as gay as a lark, pointing slyly at the door, and making faces to Phœbe that she knew he was there, and she only retired, out of her admirable discretion, that they might enjoy the diamond together.

When she was gone, Reginald, whose eye and ear had been at the key-hole, alternately gloating on the face and drinking the accents of the only woman he had ever really loved, came out, looking pale and strangely disturbed; and sat down at the table without a word.

Phœbe came back to him, full of the diamond. "Did you hear what she said, my dear? It is a diamond; it is worth £150 at least. Why, what ails you? Ah! to be sure! you know that lady."

"I have cause to know her. Cursed jilt!"

"You seem a good deal put out at the sight of her."

"It took me by surprise, that is all."

"It takes me by surprise too. I thought you were cured. I thought *my* turn had come at last."

Reginald met this in sullen silence. Then Phœbe was sorry she had said it; for, after

all, it wasn't the man's fault if an old sweetheart had run into the room, and given him a start. So she made him some fresh tea, and pressed him kindly to try her home-made bread and butter.

My lord relaxed his frown and consented, and, of course, they talked diamond.

He told her, loftily, he must take a studio, and his sitters must come to him, and must no longer expect to be immortalized for £1. It must be £2 for a bust, and £3 for a kit-cat.

"Nay, but, my dear," said Phœbe, "they will pay no more because you have a diamond."

"Then they will have to go unpainted," said Mr. Falcon.

This was intended for a threat. Phœbe instinctively felt that it might not be so received; she counseled moderation. "It is a great thing to have earned a diamond," said she: "but 'tis only once in a life. Now, be ruled by me: go on just as you are. Sell the diamond, and give me the money to keep for you. Why, you might add a little to it, and so would I, till we made it up £200. And if you could only show £200 you had made and laid by, father would let us marry, and I might keep this shop—it pays well, I can tell you—and keep my gentleman in a sly corner; you need never be seen in it."

"Ay, ay," said he, "that is the small game. But I am a man that have always preferred the big game. I shall set up my studio, and make enough to keep us both. So give me the stone, if you please. I shall take it round to them all, and the rogues won't get it out of *me* for a hundred and fifty; why, it is as big as a nut."

"No, no, Reginald. Money has always made mischief between you and me. You never had fifty pounds yet, you didn't fall into temptation. Do pray let me keep it for you; or else sell it—I know how to sell; nobody better—and keep the money for a good occasion."

"Is it yours, or mine?" said he, sulkily.

"Why yours, dear; you earned it."

"Then give it me, please." And he almost forced it out of her hand.

So now she sat down and cried over this piece of good luck, for her heart filled with forebodings.

He laughed at her. But, at last, had the grace to console her, and assure her she was tormenting herself for nothing.

"Time will show," said she, sadly.

Time did show.

Three or four days he came, as usual, to laugh her out of her forebodings. But presently his visits ceased. She knew what that meant: he was living like a gentleman, melting his diamond, and playing her false with the first pretty face he met.

This blow, coming after she had been so happy, struck Phœbe Dale stupid with grief. The line on her high forehead deepened; and at night she sat with her hands before her, sighing, and sighing, and listening for the footsteps that never came.

"Oh, Dick!" she said, "never you love any one. I am aweary of my life. And to think that, but for that diamond—oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Then Dick used to try and comfort her in his way, and often put his arm round her neck, and gave her his rough but honest sympathy. Dick's rare affection was her one drop of comfort: it was something to relieve her swelling heart.

"Oh, Dick," she said to him one night, "I wish I had married him."

"What, to be ill-used?"

"He couldn't use me worse. I have been wife and mother and sweetheart and all to him, and to be left like this. He treats me like the dirt beneath his feet."

"'Tis your own fault, Phœbe, partly. You say the word, and I'll break every bone in his carcase."

"What, do him a mischief! Why, I'd rather die than harm a hair of his head. You must never lift a hand to him, or I shall hate you."

"Hate *me*, Phœbe?"

"Ay, boy, I should. God forgive me, 'tis no use deceiving ourselves; when a woman loves a man she despises, never you come between them: there's no reason in her love, so it is incurable. One comfort, it can't go on forever; it must kill me before my time, and so best. If I was only a mother, and had a little Reginald to dandle on my knee and gloat upon, till he spent his money and came back to me. That's why I said I wished I was his wife. Oh! why does God fill a poor woman's bosom with love, and nothing to spend it on but a stone? for sure his heart must be one. If I had only something that would let me always love it—a little toddling thing at my knee, that would always let me look at it, and love it—something too young to be false to me, too weak to run away from my long—ing arms—and—yearn—ing heart!" Then came a burst of agony, and moans of desolation, till poor Dick blubbered loudly at her grief, and then her tears flowed in streams.

Trouble on trouble. Dick himself got strangely out of sorts, and complained of shivers. Phœbe sent him to bed early, and made him some white wine whey very hot. In the morning he got up, and said he was better; but after breakfast he was violently sick, and suffered several returns of nausea before noon. "One would think I was poisoned," said he.

At one o'clock he was seized with a kind of spasm in the throat that lasted so long it nearly choked him.

Then Phœbe got frightened, and sent to the nearest surgeon. He did not hurry, and poor Dick had another frightful spasm just as he came in.

"It is hysterical," said the surgeon. "No disease of the heart is there. Give him a little sal volatile every half hour."

In spite of the sal volatile these terrible spasms seized him every half hour; and now he used to spring off the bed with a cry of terror when they came; and each one left him weaker and weaker; he had to be carried back by the women.

A sad, sickening fear seized on Phœbe. She left Dick with the maid, and, tying on her bonnet in a moment, rushed wildly down the street, asking the neighbors for a great doctor, the best that could be had for money. One sent her east a mile, another west, and she was almost distracted, when, who should drive up but Doctor and Mrs. Staines, to make purchases. She did not know his name, but she knew he was a doctor. She ran to the window, and cried, "Oh, doctor, my brother! Oh, pray, come to him! Oh! oh!"

Doctor Staines got quickly but calmly out, told his wife to wait, and followed Phœbe up stairs. She told him, in a few agitated words, how Dick had been taken, and all the symptoms; especially what had alarmed her so, his springing off the bed when the spasm came.

Doctor Staines told her to hold the patient up. He lost not a moment, but opened his mouth resolutely, and looked down.

"The glottis is swollen," said he: then he felt his hands, and said, with the grave, terrible calm of experience, "He is dying."

"Oh, no! no! Oh, doctor, save him! save him!"

"Nothing can save him, unless we had a surgeon on the spot. Yes, I might save him, if you have the courage: opening his windpipe before the next spasm is his one chance."

"Open his windpipe! Oh, doctor, it will kill him! Let me look at you."

She looked hard in his face. It gave her confidence.

"Is it the only chance?"

"The only one: and it is flying while we chatter."

"Do it."

He whipped out his lancet.

"But I can't look on it. I trust to you and my Saviour's mercy."

She fell on her knees, and bowed her head in prayer.

Staines seized a basin, put it by the bedside, made an incision in the windpipe, and got Dick down on his stomach, with his face over the bedside. Some blood ran, but not much. "Now!" he cried, cheerfully, "a small bellows! There's one in your parlor. Run."

Phœbe ran for it, and, at Dr. Staines's direction, lifted Dick a little, while the bellows, duly cleansed, were gently applied to the aperture in the windpipe, and the action of the lungs delicately aided by this primitive but effectual means.

He showed Phœbe how to do it, tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, wrote a hasty direction to an able surgeon near, and sent his wife off with it in the carriage.

Phœbe and he never left the patient till the surgeon came with all the instruments required; among the rest, with a big, tortuous pair of nippers, with which he could reach the glottis and snip it. But they consulted, and thought it wiser to continue the surer method; and so a little tube was neatly inserted into Dick's windpipe, and his throat bandaged; and by this aperture he did his breathing for some little time.

Phœbe nursed him like a mother; and the terror and the joy did her good, and made her less desolate.

Dick was only just well when both of them were summoned to the farm, and arrived only just in time to receive their father's blessing and his last sigh.

Their elder brother, a married man, inherited the farm, and was executor. Phœbe and Dick were left £1500 apiece, on condition of their leaving England and going to Natal.

They knew directly what that meant. Phœbe was to be parted from a bad man; and Dick was to comfort her for the loss.

When this part of the will was read to Phœbe she turned faint, and only her health and bodily vigor kept her from swooning right away.

But she yielded. "It is the will of the dead," said she; "and I will obey it; for, oh, if I had but listened to him more when he was alive to advise me, I should not sit here now, sick at heart and dry-eyed, when I ought to be thinking only of the good friend that is gone."

When she had come to this she became feverishly anxious to be gone. She busied herself in purchasing agricultural machines, and stores, and even stock; and, to see her pinching the beasts' ribs to find their condition, and parrying all attempts to cheat her, you would never have believed she could be a love-sick woman.

Dick kept her up to the mark. He only left her to bargain with the master of a good vessel; for it was no trifle to take out horses, and cows, and machines, and bales of cloth, cotton, and linen.

When that was settled they came in to town together, and Phœbe bought shrewdly, at wholesale houses in the city, for cash, and would have bargains: and the little shop in —— Street was turned into a warehouse.

They were all ardor, as colonists should be; and, what pleased Dick most, she never mentioned Falcon; yet he learned from the

maid that worthy had been there twice, looking very seedy.

The day drew near. Dick was in high spirits.

"We shall soon make our fortune out there," he said: "and I'll get you a good husband."

She shuddered, but said nothing.

The evening before they were to sail Phœbe sat alone, in her black dress, tired with work, and asking herself, sick at heart, could she ever really leave England, when the door opened softly, and Reginald Falcon, shabbily dressed, came in, and threw himself into a chair.

She started up, with a scream, then sank down again, trembling, and turned her face to the wall.

"So you are going to run away from me?" said he, savagely.

"Ay, Reginald," said she, meekly.

"This is your fine love; is it?"

"You have worn it out, dear," she said, softly, without turning her head.

"I wish I could say as much: but, curse it, every time I leave you I learn to love you more. I am never really happy but when I am with you."

"Bless you for saying that, dear. I often thought you *must* find that out one day: but you took too long."

"Oh, better late than never, Phœbe! Can you have the heart to go to the Cape, and leave me all alone in the world, with nobody that really cares for me? Surely you are not obliged to go."

"Yes; my father left Dick and me £1500 apiece to go: that was the condition. Poor Dick loves his unhappy sister. He won't go without me—I should be his ruin—poor Dick, that really loves me; and he lay a-dying here, and the good doctor and me—God bless him—we brought him back from the grave. Ah, you little know what I have gone through. You were not here. Catch you being near me when I am in trouble. There, I must go. I must go. I will go; if I fling myself into the sea half-way."

"And, if you do, I'll take a dose of poison; for I have thrown away the truest heart, the sweetest, most unselfish, kindest, generous—oh! oh! oh!"

And he began to howl.

This set Phœbe sobbing. "Don't cry, dear," she murmured, through her tears: "if you have really any love for me, come with me."

"What, leave England, and go to a desert?"

"Love can make a desert a garden."

"Phœbe, I'll do any thing else. I'll swear not to leave your side. I'll never look at any other face but yours. But I can't live in Africa."

"I know you can't. It takes a little real love to go there with a poor girl like me. Ah, well, I'd have made you so happy. We are not poor emigrants. I have a horse for you to ride, and guns to shoot; and me and Dick would do all the work for you. But there are others here you can't leave for me. Well, then, good-by, dear. In Africa or here I shall always love you; and many a salt tear I shall shed for you yet: many a one I have, as well you know. God bless you. Pray for poor Phœbe, that goes against her will to Africa, and leaves her heart with thee."

This was too much even for the selfish Reginald. He kneeled at her knees, and took her hand and kissed it, and actually shed a tear or two over it.

She could not speak. He had no hope of changing her resolution: and presently he heard Dick's voice outside; so he got up to avoid him. "I'll come again in the morning before you go."

"Oh no, no!" she gasped; "unless you want me to die at your feet. I am almost dead now."

Reginald slipped out by the kitchen.

Dick came in, and found his sister leaning with her head back against the wall. "Why, Phœbe," said he, "whatever is the matter?" and he took her by the shoulder.

She moaned, and he felt her all limp and powerless.

"What is it, lass? Whatever is the matter? Is it about going away?"

She would not speak for a long time.

When she did speak, it was to say something for which my male reader perhaps may hardly be prepared.

"Oh, Dick, forgive me!"

"Why, what for?"

"Forgive me, or else kill me: I don't care which."

"I do, though. There, I forgive you. Now what's your crime?"

"I can't go. Forgive me!"

"Can't go?"

"I can't. Forgive me!"

"I'm blessed if I don't believe that vagabond has been here tormenting of you again."

"Oh, don't miscall him. He is penitent. Yes, Dick, he has been here crying to me—and I can't leave him. I can't—I can't. Dear Dick, you are young and stout-hearted; take all the things over, and make your fortune out there; and leave your poor foolish sister behind. I should only fling myself into the salt sea if I left him now, and that would be peace to me, but a grief to thee."

"Lordsake, Phœbe, don't talk so. I can't go without you. And do but think. Why the horses are on board by now, and all the gear. It's my belief a good hiding is all you want to bring you to your senses; but I hain't the heart to give you one, worse luck. Blessed if I know what to say or do."

"I won't go!" cried Phœbe, turning violent all of a sudden. "No, not if I am

dragged to the ship by the hair of my head. Forgive me!" And, with that word, she was a mouse again.

"Eh, but women are kittle cattle to drive," said poor Dick, ruefully. And down he sat at a nonplus, and very unhappy.

Phœbe sat opposite, sullen, heart-sick, wretched to the core, but determined not to leave Reginald.

Then came an event that might have been foreseen, yet it took them both by surprise.

A light step was heard, and a graceful, though seedy, figure entered the room, with a set speech in his mouth: "Phœbe, you are right. I owe it to your long and faithful affection to make a sacrifice for you. I will go to Africa with you. I will go to the end of the world sooner than you shall say I care for any woman on earth but you."

Both brother and sister were so unprepared for this that they could hardly realize it at first.

Phœbe turned her great, inquiring eyes on the speaker, and it was a sight to see amazement, doubt, hope, and happiness animating her features, one after another.

"Is this real?" said she.

"I'll sail with you to-morrow, Phœbe; and I will make you a good husband, if you will have me."

"That is spoke like a man," said Dick. "You take him at his word, Phœbe; and if he ill-uses you out there, I'll break every bone in his skin."

"How dare you threaten him?" said Phœbe. "You had best leave the room."

Out went poor Dick, with the tear in his eye at being snubbed so. While he was putting up the shutters, Phœbe was making love to her pseudo-penitent. "My dear," said she, "trust yourself to me. You don't know all my love yet; for I have never been your wife, and I would not be your jade; that is the only thing I ever refused you. Trust yourself to me. Why, you never found happiness with others; try it with me. It shall be the best day's work you ever did, going out in the ship with me. You don't know how happy a loving wife can make her husband. I'll pet you out there as man was never petted. And besides, it isn't for life; Dick and me will soon make a fortune out there, and then I'll bring you home, and see you spend it any way you like but one. Oh, how I love you! do you love me a little? I worship the ground you walk on. I adore every hair of your head!" Her noble arm went round his neck in a moment, and the grandeur of her passion electrified him so far that he kissed her affectionately, if not quite so warmly as she did him: and so it was all settled. The maid was discharged that night, instead of the morning, and Reginald was to occupy her bed. Phœbe went up stairs with her heart literally on fire, to prepare his sleeping-room, and so Dick and Reginald had a word.

"I say, Dick, how long will this voyage be?"

"Two months, Sir, I'm told."

"Please to cast your eyes on this suit of mine. Don't you think it is rather seedy—to go to Africa with? Why, I shall disgrace you on board the ship. I say, Dick, lend me three sovs., just to buy a new suit at the slop-shop."

"Well, brother-in-law," said Dick, "I don't see any harm in that. I'll go and fetch them for you."

What does this sensible Dick do but go up stairs to Phœbe, and say, "He wants three pounds to buy a suit; am I to lend it him?"

Phœbe was shaking and patting her penitent's pillow. She dropped it on the bed in dismay. "Oh, Dick, not for all the world! Why, if he had three sovereigns he'd desert me at the water's edge. Oh, God help me, how I love him! God forgive me, how I mistrust him! Good Dick! kind Dick! say we have suits of clothes, and we'll fit him like a prince, as he ought to be, on board ship: but not a shilling of money: and, my dear, don't put the weight on me. You understand?"

"Ay, mistress, I understand."

"Good Dick!"

"Oh, all right: and then, don't you snap this here good, kind Dick's nose off at a word again."

"Never. I get wild if any body threatens him. Then I'm not myself. Forgive my hasty tongue. You know I love you, dear!"

"Oh ay: you love me well enough. But seems to me your love is precious like cold veal; and your love for that chap is hot roast beef."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, ye can laugh now, can ye?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, the more of that music the better for me."

"Yes, dear: but go and tell him."

Dick went down, and said, "I've got no money to spare, till I get to the Cape; but Phœbe has got a box full of suits, and I made her promise to keep it out. She will dress you like a prince, you may be sure."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said Reginald, dryly.

Dick made no reply.

At nine o'clock they were on board the vessel; at ten she weighed anchor, and a steam-vessel drew her down the river about thirty miles, then cast off, and left her to the southeasterly breeze. Up went sail after sail; she nodded her lofty head, and glided away for Africa.

Phœbe shed a few natural tears at leaving the shores of Old England; but they soon dried. She was demurely happy, watching

her prize, and asking herself had she really secured it, and all in a few hours?

They had a prosperous voyage: were married at Cape Town, and went up the country, bag and baggage, looking out for a good bargain in land. Reginald was mounted on an English horse, and allowed to zigzag about, and shoot, and play, while his wife and brother-in-law marched slowly with their cavalcade.

What with air, exercise, wholesome food, and smiles of welcome, and delicious petting, this egotist enjoyed himself finely. He admitted as much. Says he, one evening, to his wife, who sat by him for the pleasure of seeing him feed, "It sounds absurd: but I never was so happy in all my life."

At that, the celestial expression of her pastoral face, and the maternal gesture with which she drew her pet's head to her queenly bosom, was a picture for celibacy to gnash the teeth at.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING this period, the most remarkable things that happened to Doctor and Mrs. Staines, were really those which I have related as connecting them with Phœbe Dale and her brother; to which I will now add that Dr. Staines detailed Dick's case in a remarkable paper, entitled *Œdema of the Glottis*, and showed how the patient had been brought back from the grave by tracheotomy and artificial respiration. He received a high price for this article.

To tell the truth, he was careful not to admit that it was he who had opened the windpipe; so the credit of the whole operation was given to Mr. Jenkyn; and this gentleman was naturally pleased, and threw a good many consultation fees in Staines's way.

The Lucases, to his great comfort—for he had an instinctive aversion to Miss Lucas—left London for Paris in August, and did not return all the year.

In February he reviewed his year's work and twelve months' residence in the Bijou. The pecuniary result was—outgoings, £950; income, from fees, £280; writing, £90.

He showed these figures to Mrs. Staines, and asked her if she could suggest any diminution of expenditure. Could she do with less housekeeping money?

"Oh, impossible! You can not think how the servants eat; and they won't touch our home-made bread."

"The fools! Why?"

"Oh, because they think it costs us less. Servants seem to me always to hate the people whose bread they eat."

"More likely it is their vanity. Nothing that is not paid for before their eyes seems good enough for them. Well, dear, the bakers will revenge us. But is there any other item we could reduce? Dress?"

"Dress! Why, I spend nothing."

"Forty-five pounds this year."

"Well, I shall want none next year."

"Well, then, Rosa, as there is nothing we can reduce, I must write more, and take more fees, or we shall be in the wrong box. Only £860 left of our little capital; and, mind, we have not another shilling in the world. One comfort, there is no debt. We pay ready money for every thing."

Rosa colored a little, but said nothing.

Staines did his part nobly. He read; he wrote; he paced the yard; he wore his old clothes in the house. He took off his new ones when he came in. He was all genius, drudgery, patience.

How Phœbe Dale would have valued him, co-operated with him, and petted him, if she had had the good luck to be his wife!

The season came back, and with it Miss Lucas, towing a brilliant bride, Mrs. Vivian, young, rich, pretty, and gay, with a waist you could span, and athirst for pleasure.

This lady was the first that ever made Rosa downright jealous. She seemed to have every thing the female heart could desire; and she was No. 1 with Miss Lucas this year. Now Rosa was No. 1 last season, and had weakly imagined that was to last forever. But Miss Lucas had always a sort of female flame, and it never lasted two seasons.

Rosa did not care so very much for Miss Lucas before, except as a convenient friend; but now she was mortified to tears at finding Miss Lucas made more fuss with another than with her.

This foolish feeling spurred her to attempt a rivalry with Mrs. Vivian in the very things where rivalry was hopeless.

Miss Lucas gave both ladies tickets for a flower-show, where all the great folk were to be, princes and princesses, etc.

"But I have nothing to wear," sighed Rosa.

"Then you must get something, and mind it is not pink, please; for we must not clash in color. You know I'm dark, and pink becomes me." (The selfish young brute was not half as dark as Rosa.) "Mine is coming from Worth's, in Paris, on purpose. And this new Madam Cie, of Regent Street, has such a duck of a bonnet, just come from Paris. She wanted to make me one from it; but I told her I would have none but the pattern bonnet—and she knows very well she can't pass a copy off on me. Let me drive you up there, and you can see mine, and order one if you like it."

"Oh, thank you; let me just run and speak to my husband first."

Staines was writing for the bare life, and a number of German books about him, slav-

ing to make a few pounds, when in comes the buoyant figure and beaming face his soul delighted in.

He laid down his work, to enjoy the sunbeam of love.

"Oh, darling, I've only come in for a minute. We are going to a flower-show on the 13th; every body will be so beautifully dressed — especially that Mrs. Vivian. I have got ten yards of beautiful blue silk in my wardrobe, but that is not enough to make a whole dress. Every thing takes so much stuff now. Madame Cie does not care to make up dresses unless she finds the silk, but Miss Lucas says she thinks, to oblige a friend of hers, she would do it for once in a way. You know, dear, it would only take a few yards more, and it would last as a dinner-dress for ever so long."

Then she clasped him round the neck, and leaned her head upon his shoulder, and looked lovingly up into his face. "I know you would like your Rosa to look as well as Mrs. Vivian."

"No one ever looks as well—in my eyes—as my Rosa. There, the dress will add nothing to your beauty; but go and get it, to please yourself: it is very considerate of you to have chosen something of which you have ten yards already. See, dear, I'm to receive twenty pounds for this article; if research was paid, it ought to be a hundred. I shall add it all to your allowance for dresses this year. So no debt, mind; but come to me for every thing."

The two ladies drove off to Madame Cie's, a pretty shop, lined with dark velvet and lace draperies.

In the back room they were packing a lovely bridal dress, going off, the following Saturday, to New York.

"What! send from America to London!"

"Oh dear, yes!" exclaimed Madame Cie. "The American ladies are excellent customers. They buy every thing of the best and the most expensive."

"I have brought a new customer," said Miss Lucas, "and I want you to do a great favor, and that is to match a blue silk, and make her a pretty dress for the flower-show on the 13th."

Madame Cie produced a white muslin polonaise, which she was just going to send home to the Princess ——, to be worn over mauve.

"Oh, how pretty and simple!" exclaimed Miss Lucas.

"I have some lace exactly like that," said Mrs. Staines.

"Then, why don't you have a polonaise? The lace is the only expensive part, the muslin is a mere nothing; and it is such a useful dress, it can be worn over any silk."

It was agreed Madame Cie was to send for the blue silk and the lace, and the dresses were to be tried on on Thursday.

On Thursday, as Rosa went gayly into Madame Cie's back room to have the dresses tried on, Madame Cie said, "You have a beautiful lace shawl, but it wants arranging—in five minutes I could astonish you with what I could do to that shawl."

"Oh, pray do," said Mrs. Staines.

The dress-maker kept her word. By the time the blue dress was tried on, Madame Cie had, with the aid of a few pins, plaits, and a bow of blue ribbon, transformed the half-lace shawl into one of the smartest and most *distingué* things imaginable; but when the bill came in at Christmas, for that five minutes' labor and *distingué* touch she charged one pound eight.

Before they left, Mrs. Staines ordered a bonnet like the pattern bonnet from Paris; and Madame Cie, with oily tongue, persuaded her to let her send home the pink bonnet, which was so becoming to her; it was only slightly soiled, and there were certainly two good wears out of it, and they would not quarrel about the price, which the Simpleton understood to mean the price was to be small; whereas it meant this, "I, in my brutal egotism, can not conceive that you will object to any price I charge, however high."

Madame Cie then told the ladies, in an artfully confidential tone, she had a quantity of black silk coming home, which she had purchased considerably below cost price; and that she should like to make them each a dress—not for her own sake, but theirs—as she knew they would never meet such a bargain again. "You know, Miss Lucas," she continued, "we don't want our money when we know our customers. Christmas is soon enough for us."

"Christmas is a long time off," thought the young wife; "nearly ten months. I think I'll have a black silk, Madame Cie; but I must not say any thing to the doctor about it just yet, or he might think me extravagant."

"No one can ever think a lady extravagant for buying a black silk; it's such a useful dress; lasts forever—almost."

Days, weeks, and months rolled on, and with them an ever-rolling tide of flower-shows, dinners, at-homes, balls, operas, lawn-parties, concerts, and theatres.

Strange that in one house there should be two people who loved each other, yet their lives ran so far apart, except while they were asleep: the man all industry, self-denial, patience; the woman all frivolity, self-indulgence, and amusement; both chained to an oar, only one in a working-boat, the other in a painted galley.

The woman got tired first, and her charming color waned sadly. She came to him for medicine to set her up. "I feel so languid."

"No, no," said he; "no medicine can do the work of wholesome food and rational re-

pose. You lack the season of all natures, sleep. Dine at home three days running, and go to bed at ten."

On this the doctor's wife went to a chemist for advice. He gave her a pink stimulant; and, as stimulants have two effects, viz., first, to stimulate, and then to weaken, this did her no lasting good. Doctor Staines cursed the London season, and threatened to migrate to Liverpool.

But there was worse behind.

Returning one day to his dressing-room, just after Rosa had come down stairs, he caught sight of a red stain in a washhand-basin. He examined it; it was arterial blood.

He went to her directly, and expressed his anxiety.

"Oh, it is nothing," said she.

"Nothing! Pray how often has it occurred?"

"Once or twice. I must take your advice, and be quiet, that is all."

Staines examined the house-maid; she lied instinctively at first, seeing he was alarmed; but, being urged to tell the truth, said she had seen it repeatedly, and had told the cook.

He went down stairs again, and sat down, looking wretched.

"Oh dear!" said Rosa. "What is the matter now?"

"Rosa," said he, very gravely, "there are two people a woman is mad to deceive—her husband and her physician. You have deceived both."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

CALEB CUSHING.

WITH the single exception of Mr. Adams, I never met a gentleman, in Congress or out, whose fund of information was so extensive, copious, and exact as that of Mr. Cushing. He writes and speaks most of the languages of modern Europe with the facility, purity, and precision of the most accomplished native, and he is a thorough classical scholar as well. Mr. Cushing came to Washington when quite young, and his appearance was more youthful than his years. Although a gentleman of great personal firmness, his bearing was modest, subdued, and deferential. He spoke readily enough, and with uncommon accuracy; but he prepared whatever he had to say with great care, and generally wrote his speeches out at length. He appreciated the importance of being exact in his statements, and regular, consecutive, and logical in arrangement and argument. He was superior to the weakness often exhibited by men of distinguished ability of professing to speak from the inspiration of the moment. In fact, he was free from affectation of every kind, and never denied or concealed the labor bestowed on oral efforts. Sometimes he read his speeches, and occasionally, when discussing questions to which he had given much study, he spoke without notes or any evidence of preparation. Early in his first session Mr. Cushing read a carefully written argument on a subject of more than ordinary interest. The great ability displayed, and his appearance of extreme youth, attracted general interest. It so happened that his views ran counter to those of most of the Western members, and old Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, a coarse, rude man of great intellectual vigor, likened by John Randolph to a "kitchen knife sharpened on a brickbat," replied to him in a strain in which invective was mingled with argument, and which was intentionally cutting and offensive. He evidently supposed Cushing to be a mere bookworm—a man of the closet—whom he could silence by a sarcasm. He knew Cushing's speech had been written out, and thought a harsh impromptu reply would crush the young man. But to his astonishment the rejoinder, made on the spur of the moment, turned the tables, and the House, which had heartily enjoyed the vituperative eloquence of Hardin, relished still more Cushing's tart and effective answer. Hardin flew into a passion, intimating a resort to the code duello, and assuming that a New England man would not respond to a demand for satisfaction, said gentlemen who did not recognize the doctrine of personal responsibility should be specially cautious and reserved in their language. If their own principles or the sentiments of their constituents prevented them from according satisfaction, certainly they should not give offense. Cushing's reply was admirable in tone, and unanswerable in its defiant protestation. He spoke with fluency, with great animation, and carried the House with him from the start. He was not responsible for the sentiments of his constituents, nor should he be governed by them in personal matters. He should avoid giving offense to honorable members, not from apprehension of disagreeable consequences, but from considerations of self-respect and what was due to his peers in the House. While he should not intentionally wound the feelings of any body, he should exact instant reparation when remarks were made derogatory to his character or injurious to his feelings. From that time forth Mr. Cushing was treated with marked respect and forbearance in all personal discussions.

When our government was on the verge of a war with Great Britain in consequence of the frontier troubles, during the Patriot

rebellion, the relations of the two countries having been seriously complicated by the arrest and indictment of M'Leod on a charge of murder, the difficulty became greatly exasperated by the inability or unwillingness of ministers to comprehend the structure of our complex form of government. M'Leod had been arrested by the authority of the State of New York, and Governor Seward declared his determination to hold him for trial. He was charged with having violated a law of the State, and must be brought to trial on that charge. President Tyler sought to arrange the matter, and Mr. Crittenden, then Attorney-General, visited Albany to confer with Governor Seward. Meantime the British minister, Mr. Fox, inspired by the imperial government, was pressing in his demands for the unconditional release of M'Leod. Mr. Seward, with a just appreciation of his authority as the executive of the State, peremptorily refused to discharge the prisoner. He should have an impartial trial, and be discharged or punished, according to the finding of the jury. Great excitement prevailed in England and along the Canadian border; and our people were beginning to participate in the feeling of agitation and alarm. About this time orders came out to the admiral in command of the British naval forces in North America, Lord George Seymour, I think it was, to hold himself in readiness to bombard Portland, Boston, or New York, in case M'Leod should be tried for his life. Governor Seward persisted, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of affairs, and the earnest endeavors of the Federal government for the release of the prisoner, and the trial commenced before the Supreme Court, at Utica. The minister, Mr. Fox, a nephew of the great Fox, and a man of pluck and determination, although reserved and quiet and even timid in his manner, took the responsibility of advising the admiral to disobey the peremptory orders of the Lords of the Admiralty. M'Leod was acquitted, and I had my suspicions at the time that Fox was advised that such would be the result, and acted in accordance with that information. But anyway the thing blew over, and very few of our countrymen knew at the time how near we were to a bloody collision with Great Britain.

But this is a digression. My purpose was to describe a circumstance that will tend to illustrate what I have been saying in respect to the fertility and general knowledge of Mr. Cushing.

While the excitement was at its height, and many well-informed men had strong apprehensions that Governor Seward's determination to assert the constitutional authority of the State of New York would precipitate a war, it became necessary for me, as correspondent of the *Herald*, to present the circumstances of the case, and forecast the result, keeping probabilities in view. I accordingly called upon Mr. Adams, who knew every thing, on all subjects, and who was specially kind in furnishing me information and suggestions. He happened to be engaged, and advised me to see Mr. Cushing, who, he said, was always good authority.

I found the gentleman busy, as usual, for he was never idle, but he cheerfully gave me his attention. He commenced talking in an instructive and luminous manner, I meantime taking notes of what he said, intending to write my letter at leisure. But I soon found he was giving me material enough for a pamphlet, instead of a communication to a newspaper of the ordinary length. So I begged him to note down his suggestions and arguments. This he did, writing with great rapidity for more than an hour. It was a thorough exposition of the whole question, succinctly and forcibly done. The relations between the central government and municipalities or States were clearly described, each being shown to be supreme in its own sphere, and the inability of the Federal government to coerce a sovereign State was so demonstrated that the most muddled-headed Englishman who should carefully read the article would no longer have any doubt on the subject. And he wound up the paper with a historical anecdote so apposite and snug-fitting as to make an admirable coping to the structure. It was to the following effect: During the reign of Queen Anne the embassador of Peter the Great was arrested by his tailor for debt and thrown into a sponging-house. When the news reached St. Petersburg the czar flew into a passion, and immediately wrote to London demanding that the tailor, the bailiff who made the arrest, and the judge who granted the writ, and every body else concerned in the affair, should be gibbeted without delay. The queen laid the matter before Parliament and recommended immediate action in the premises. A law was promptly enacted making it a felony to molest the representative of a foreign power on a question of debt. And Queen Anne wrote Peter a letter with her own hand, reciting what had been done by Parliament, inclosing a copy of the act, and stating that the laws were supreme in England, and that the sovereign had no power to violate a law of the realm. The great Russian was placated, and that is believed to have been the first act of a national legislature making the person of a representative of a foreign power sacred.

When the letter came back in the *Herald* a couple of days thereafter it attracted much attention, and I received no end of compliments for the intelligence and ability displayed therein. Mr. Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, one of the most elegant and

forcible writers and accomplished publicists in the country, expressed his surprise at the beauty and appositeness of the article. He had never seen such a comprehensive and compact exposition of the question. He had no idea I had devoted so much study and reflection to the subject as the letter evinced. This was sufficiently embarrassing, for no one but a Bohemian could at that time safely avow any connection with the New York *Herald*, and to disclaim the authorship of the communication might be an indiscretion. Still I felt obliged to tell the truth to Mr. Gales, he of course pledging himself to keep it secret.

But this was not the end of it. I sent the communication to the *Herald* in Mr. Cushing's handwriting—a peculiar one, easily identified—and a knavish printer stole it from the office and gave the manuscript to Colonel Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*. The colonel, always a warm partisan, and bitterly opposing Mr. Tyler and every body connected with him, charged Mr. Cushing with being the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*. I was awkwardly placed, but knowing that an appeal to Colonel Webb's generosity was never made in vain, I laid the case before him, and soon returned Mr. Cushing his manuscript.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

One of the most creditable things ever witnessed in Congress, a transaction in which party feeling and party advantages were wholly subordinated to a patriotic impulse—a determination to avert a war with Great Britain, declared by conspicuous public men to be inevitable—took place early in the administration of Mr. Polk. In his inaugural address the President, acting under the malign influences that had procured his nomination at Baltimore, had insisted upon our right to the territorial line in the Northwest of 54 degrees and 40 minutes, declaring our title to be indisputable. This aroused a strong feeling of indignation in Great Britain, the response to the American President coming back in tones of thunder. The position of the administration was a very difficult one. Fifty-four forty had been the cry in the Presidential campaign. Old Mr. Ritchie was still echoing this cry in the *Union*, and the great body of the Democracy, led by General Cass, was in favor of extreme measures. During the recess of Congress in the summer of 1845 the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, reopened the negotiation on the boundary question, proposing the line of latitude forty-nine to the ocean. This offer was rejected. Meantime a strong feeling had been aroused in the country, the Democracy generally supporting the extreme territorial pretensions of the government. The President, in his annual message, recommended strong measures to maintain our title, the delivery of the notice terminating the joint occupation of the country by British and American citizens being one of them. This exciting question absorbed the attention of Congress, and for the first and only time in our history the national legislature took the management of a diplomatic matter into its own hands, and exercising practically a function pertaining to the executive, settled a controversy which the President found himself unable to manage.

The friends of Mr. Polk in Congress were divided on the question. The fifty-four-forties, claiming to speak for the administration, insisted that the Democratic party was planted on that line, and that without treachery our claim to the whole of Oregon could not be abandoned. Mr. Haywood, a Senator from North Carolina, and an intimate personal as well as political friend of Mr. Polk, undertook to show that the President was not so far committed against the line of forty-nine that he could not form a treaty upon it. There was an animated and acrimonious debate in the Senate on the subject, Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, denouncing the conduct of the President as treacherous and infamous, if Mr. Haywood correctly expounded his views and sentiments. At this juncture Congress interposed, much to the relief of the President, and settled the question. Discarding all party considerations, and moved solely by a patriotic determination to save the country from the horrors of war, the great men of the Senate combined together. It was agreed that Colonel Benton should take the laboring oar, and gentlemen sympathizing with him in this supreme exigency volunteered their assistance in gathering such information as should enable him to elucidate the question, and demonstrate that the true boundary of the two countries lay on the line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. Mr. Evans wrote to Timothy Pitkin, of Connecticut, the eminent historian and statistician, and Mr. Webster furnished important geographical information. All the facts obtained were placed in the hands of Colonel Benton. He was a man of vast research and untiring industry, and he availed himself of all the intelligence of his associates. He was inspired, too, by his personal hostility to General Cass and those who co-operated with him in his efforts to embroil the relations of the two countries, and the result was the greatest speech of his life. He analyzed and illuminated the Treaty of Utrecht, clearly demonstrating the fallacy of the claim of the ultraists that fifty-four forty was the true boundary, and justified the course of the administration in negotiating a treaty on that line. The question was settled, the country tranquilized, and the people rejoiced in the restoration of amicable relations between the two countries.

Meeting Colonel Benton on the Avenue, soon after the delivery of his great speech, I told him I wished to make my acknowledgments for the instruction and satisfaction I had derived from reading that extraordinary production. The old gentleman strutted and swelled like an exaggerated turkey-cock.

"Did you like it, Sir? did you like it?" he inquired, with supreme self-complacency.

"That word don't express my feelings at all," I replied. "The speech was an illumination to me. A year's reading would not have supplied me with the information which was contained in your exposition of the Treaty of Utrecht. You exhausted the subject, Sir, and there is nothing more to be said on either side."

"You take so much interest in this matter, Sir," he answered, "that I should like to illustrate two or three points that I had time merely to glance at in the Senate. Come and see me, and I will make every thing plain to you."

"Pray tell me, colonel, what you meant when you spoke of cutting General Cass for the simples."

"Did you not understand that, Sir? The term has a local signification. In my State horses are often afflicted with a disease known as the simples. It is something like the blind staggers. The suffering animal loses control of himself, reeling about under the influence of the malady, and unless speedily relieved, dies after a short time. Taken in the early stage of the attack, a vein judiciously opened in the mouth or neck will generally restore the creature. Then we have another horse distemper, known as the *big head*. It prostrates the animal at once, and is generally fatal. The head swells to twice the usual size, blindness frequently ensues, and recovery rarely takes place. A few cases have occurred in which the horse has been saved by a desperate remedy. When in the last extremity a charge of powder is fired into the back of his neck, and he is killed or cured at once. Generally the horse dies, but there are said to have been instances where the creature has been saved. Now if I had not cured Cass by cutting him for the simples, by Jove, Sir, I would have shot him for the big head."

ONE QUIET EPISODE.

THEY had been waiting for her all the evening; tea had been ignored altogether in the general anxiety, and at last they had settled down round the fire. Tom absorbed in a book as usual, and consequently oblivious to surroundings; Letty half kneeling, half sitting, on the hearth-rug; Norah in her father's chair, knitting in defiance of suspense and the dimness of the fire-light. The good mother was in the kitchen superintending the preparation of some marvelous tea-cakes.

They had settled down thus, because it seemed the best plan. It was no use "fidgeting," Norah said, discreetly. She would come, of course; she had promised to come, and she never broke her word in her life. "She" meant Jenny Galloway.

"Never broke her word in her life!" said Letty, after pondering the matter over. "That was what you said, Norah. Don't you mean that you never knew her to break her word?"

"No," answered Norah, decidedly. Norah was decided, just as Letty was thoughtful and conscientious. "No; I mean what I say. She is the sort of girl who could no more break her word than she could be glaringly dishonest in a great matter. You don't know her, you see, and I do. She was pupil-teacher at Miss Fell's for five years—all the time I was there; and in the worst of her troubles—and she had plenty, I can tell you—she never did one thing, no, not one thing, that could lead one to believe she could ever falter in doing what was right. She was only fourteen, too, when her father died, and she came to school to be a drudge for Miss Fell; but she was just as bright and quick-witted and industrious then as she is to-day, and the way she managed all those troublesome children was a positive miracle."

Just at this moment Tom rather incomprehensibly roused himself and looked up from his book—incomprehensibly, because it was so seldom that any thing had power to rouse him when he was reading.

"Who is it you are talking about?" he asked, in his usual absent fashion, his delicate, intellectual, unhealthy face looking scarcely half awake even while he spoke.

"Jenny Galloway," answered Norah, "the young lady who is coming here to-night to pay me a visit before she is married. We have been talking about her all day, only I suppose you have not heard us."

"I dare say not," he said, and turning to his book again, heard nothing, saw nothing, and forgot himself and the world so utterly that in the lapse of ten minutes Jenny Galloway was as much of a myth to him as before.

It was scarcely ten minutes after this that the cab which brought her rattled up to the door, and Norah, rushing out of the room with very unusual enthusiasm, met her guest with open arms, creating quite a little excitement thereby in the narrow hall. Letty was quite bewildered, it was so unlike Norah to be enthusiastic—it was so unlike her, in fact, to be any thing but sensible and decided and cool; and here she was with her face absolutely on fire with joy, fairly dragging the new arrival into their midst.

And seeing this new arrival, Letty was

bewildered again. She had been quite sure of seeing a soft-voiced, quiet little creature with a saintly face—the sort of woman people would be likely to invest with poetic attributes; but this Jenny Galloway of Norah's, who entered amidst a pleasant bustle, half held in Norah's arms and laughing in a ringing, high-pitched, joyous fashion—well, the truth was, Letty was compelled to admit that she was too thorough a girl, and too bright and commonplace, to look saintly in the least. She was rather tall, and very supple of figure; her face was soft and round, and even a trifle babyish; and her upcurled lashes gave her big hazel-brown eyes an innocent, surprised air. And somehow or other—so Letty decided—though she was by no means pretty, she was lovable and attractive from head to foot. She thought this even at first when the girl, setting aside the ceremony of their introduction, stooped down and kissed her, and shook hands unaffectedly with poor sensitive, awkward Tom; but ten minutes later she began to comprehend dimly how it was that Norah appeared so infatuated. She was so honestly unsophisticated, and seemed so ready to enjoy herself with *naïve* if rather unceremonious heartiness. Indeed, when, having been up stairs to remove her things, she came down without her hat, and slipped down upon the hearth-rug, nestling up to Norah with her eyes all alight, chatting and laughing like a talkative child let loose from school, Letty could not help wondering if she really was twenty years old, as she had heard.

"I wonder how it is that I have never seen a girl like her in all my life before," she said to herself, after looking on with secret admiration for a while. "What pretty hair she has! And how unlike a woman she seems! and how fond of her the lover Norah spoke of must be! I am sure I should be fond of her myself if I was a gentleman."

It seemed quite a natural thing that every one should like her, and that she should be installed prime favorite at once. The good mother, coming in warm from the kitchen and the tea-cakes, fell in love with her at once in a motherly style, and was rendered quite happy by the hearty, girlish way in which the said tea-cakes were praised and appreciated. Even Tom was wakened up a little, and chancing to glance up once, found his attention arrested by the careless, comfortable grace of the figure on the hearth-rug near Norah. He noticed the pretty hair, too, just as Letty had done: it was pretty hair, soft and thick, and massed up in a great loose curly knot, like the wondrous graceful knots on the heads of Greek goddesses; but Jenny Galloway's face had not a Greek, or even a tolerably regular, feature to boast of. Perhaps in the whole of his life before he had never looked at a woman as he looked at Jenny Galloway that night. He had always been too studious to care for women; and besides this, his studious habits had worked upon his naturally delicate constitution, and made him almost an invalid. So he had been shut out from the world through all his manhood, and the sight of such a woman as Jenny was a bewildering novelty to him. Before the evening was half over he began to discover that though her ringing laugh disturbed him and prevented his reading, he did not exactly object to hearing it; in fact, it was actually pleasant. He liked to look at her too; and though he was quite unconscious of the fact, he looked at her with absent-minded admiration of her every peculiarity. Her small turned-up nose, her dimples, her wide but nicely curved red lips, her unclassical chin, and her lovely upcurled lashes, were each charming alike to his ignorant and unaccustomed eyes. He had never seen an orthodox beauty, so he was not fastidious; and besides, as I have said before, the girl really was attractive in defiance of her imperfect style.

When she bade him good-night before retiring she upset his equilibrium altogether with the mere touch of her soft, heartily grasping young hand; and after she had gone out of the room with the girls he could not return to his studies at all, but sat poring over his book without being in the least conscious of what he was reading. Indeed, his usually quiet face wore so disturbed and uncertain an expression that the good mother, always on the alert, looking up from her darning of stockings, saw that something was wrong, and at once laid his perturbation to the merry chatter of the girls.

"They have been too noisy for you, my dear," she said, regretfully. This silent only son of hers she regarded quite in the light of the figurative ewe lamb, the more so because his ill health made him so great an anxiety to her mother heart. "I am afraid they have annoyed you; but girls will be girls, you know; and this friend of Norah's seems such a bright, lively young creature."

He gave a little start at the sound of her sweet, deprecating voice, and then recovering himself, closed his book and stood up, stretching his long limbs—a pale, overworked young man, with an actually gentle face, and a mouth too sweet and feminine not to be a dangerous feature in a man whose chief experience of the world had lain within four walls.

"The girls," he repeated, abstractedly: "Norah's friend. No, I don't think they disturbed me, or—or at least—I should say it mattered very little."

"You shall have a fire in your own room to-

morrow night," said his mother. "It would be a pity to check their enjoyment, dear. I never saw Norah enjoy herself so heartily as she seemed to this evening. It is so unlike Norah to be excitable like other girls. Yes, you shall have a fire up stairs to-morrow."

"Thank you," he answered, a trifle hesitatingly; and as he said it a faint color showed itself on his thin cheek.

And in the mean time, up stairs in one of the tiny bedrooms, Jenny and Norah were discussing the future, as they crooned together, in true girl fashion, over the fire.

"Are you happy?" said Norah, half wonderingly. "Are you quite happy? It seems such a queer thing to think that you are going to be married, and have had a romance, just like the people in books. Is it as nice as you thought it would be, Jenny?"

"It is a great deal nicer," answered Jenny, with pretty frankness, "because it is more real. In the books, you know, every thing seemed to be brought to an end after the wedding, but we—Robert and I—look forward to being happy together all our lives, until we grow old and die. And it is the being happy *together*, Norah, that makes it all seem so beautiful. I had quite made up my mind, you see, to being a teacher all my days, and when I fell in love with Robert, and Robert fell in love with me, it made me happier than it would have made most people, because I had nothing before, and after that it seemed as if I had every thing—all at once, you may say."

"But," said Norah, reflectively, "if this had never happened, would you have been happy always alone at Miss Fell's?"

"I would have tried to be," said Jenny, her bright face falling somewhat; "and when one tries honestly one can hardly fail. But oh, Norah"—with a sudden subtle softening of both voice and eyes—"since the very first night when Robert kissed me and said, 'Is this my wife?' and I answered, 'Yes,' I have never said my prayers once without thanking God for him."

It was not a rich man she was going to marry: he was only a poor young drawing-master, this Robert to whom she was so willing to render up her whole existence. There was plenty of hard work before her, and perhaps something of privation; many small economies and much self-denial; but poor pretty Jenny Galloway was quite happy in her prospect of facing them for Robert's sake. A small household in which she could reign supreme as the mistress of Robert's heart and life would hold quite enough of bliss to seem restful and fair to her simple mind. Only give her life to Robert and Robert's to her, and she was unselfish and tender enough to take the two threads of existence into her loving young hands, and weave them from heart to heart into a cord bright to see and firm to depend upon.

Catching glimpses of her from day to day, and sharing with the rest in his silent, restrained manner the influence of her light-hearted, innocent joyousness, poor absent-minded Tom Grahame found his studies seriously interrupted. It was useless to retire to his room: one merry laugh would rouse him strangely, even if for a few minutes he had managed to fix his attention upon his books, and five minutes after such a sound had fallen upon his ear he would wake up to discover that he was listening for a repetition of it, and had forgotten all else. He never asked himself why this was. Two weeks after the girl's arrival he was quite as unconscious of the intensity of his own admiration for her as he had been the first night he watched her as she nestled on the hearth-rug close to Norah's side, the light of the fire touching her hair.

He had never thought again of Norah's reference to her approaching marriage, and though he had observed once or twice that his mother accompanied the two girls on mysterious shopping expeditions, which seemed to occupy much attention and give rise to grave consultations, he knew nothing of what their object might be. The fact was that the simple bridal outfit was the matter under deliberation, and the good mother, ruled by the gentle instinct of maternity, was as deeply interested in its small economies as if she had been managing the affair for a daughter of her own. But of this the young man knew nothing, and no one thought of telling him. It would have been such incongruous nonsense to imagine that Tom cared to hear bridal outfits discussed. So Tom, looking on from his apparent stronghold of preoccupation, began to regard Norah's favorite with a nervous, secret admiration. In time the mere sight of her thrilled him to his finger ends, and the sound of her voice, when she re-entered the room after having been absent for a while, set his heart beating.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she would say, coming in sometimes when he was pretending to read; "I'm only going to write a letter." And then when she sat down, and drawing ink and paper toward her, began to write one of Robert's letters quite unconsciously, he would sit opposite in an agony of sensitive watchfulness, taking in the bright charm of her innocent, self-possessed face, and making notes of every peculiarity in spite of himself, from the shadow of the thick brown lashes to the simple dress and the round, long, white throat with the strip of black velvet about it. They rarely talked to each other, though Jenny liked and admired him very much, sheerly because she was so generously fond of the rest of the family. She thought he was quiet, and worked too hard, and she felt somewhat drawn toward him because he was so pale, and his mother had said he was

so delicate, and so her manner gained an additional touch of warmth from her pity.

"You have a dreadful cough," she said to him, with *naïve* concern, stopping in her run down the stairs just as he was going out one foggy night. "I am sure you oughtn't to go into the damp air without something round your throat. Stop a moment, and I will run up to my room and bring you a woolen muffler I have in my trunk."

She did not wait for his reply, but turned round, and was half-way up the staircase before he could speak. And she came down again just as quickly with the woolen muffler in her hands.

"There!" she said. "You see, if you fold this round your throat, it will protect it. It used to be poor papa's; he was consumpt—" She had been going to say "consumptive," but stopped. "He was very delicate," she added.

It was not a romantic sort of thing to look at, the woolen muffler, but it was a very dangerous thing for Tom Grahame, and when he took it from the friendly young hands, and began to try to put it on, with Jenny standing near, under the hall lamp, he was so nervous and excited that he was quite clumsy about it. And Jenny seeing this, and being so accustomed to wait on people and offer assistance upon all occasions, volunteered to help him, quite forgetting, in her warm-hearted interest, that it was Norah's brother, instead of Norah, she was talking to.

"Oh dear!" she said, in some consternation at his awkwardness; "that isn't the way. Let me help you." And she rearranged the refractory folds and ends with the merest touches in the world.

But the next instant all at once she started and looked up with half-questioning, half-frightened eyes. As her head had been bent she had felt something brush against her hair, ever so lightly and ever so swiftly, but she felt it, and at the same time she was sure she had felt that Tom Grahame stooped for just one second. And when she started and looked up she saw that he seemed oddly excited, and also that he faltered miserably instead of returning her gaze. Still he did not speak, and how could she accuse him; and puzzled as she was, what could she accuse him of? though for one brief moment she had been almost certain that his lips had touched her hair. She drew back a little, coloring scarlet.

"It is right now," she said.

"Thank you," he answered; "you are very good. Will you tell my mother that I shall not be in until late? Good-night, Miss Jenny." And the next minute she was left standing alone, and the door had closed upon him.

In the intensity of her bewilderment she actually put her hands up to her eyes and rubbed them.

"I can't believe it," she said; "and yet for a minute I was so sure that I was quite angry. But then he is the last person in the world likely to do such a foolish, unkind thing. Oh dear, no; I must be mistaken." And she went into the parlor, humming a little song Robert was fond of, just at the very time poor excited, wretched, yet happy Tom Grahame was turning the corner of the street, thrilled to his very heart by the memory of his mad and uncontrollable audacity.

It was so unlike him to have done such a thing that by the time they met again Jenny had quite banished from her mind the possibility of his guilt, and accordingly met him without any embarrassment. It seemed far more probable that she herself had been mistaken than that this silent, awkward young man should have suddenly lost possession of his senses.

But the next morning an event before unheard of in the annals of this quiet family occurred. As Norah was going out of the parlor after breakfast Tom called her back, and having called her back, began fumbling in his pockets for something or other.

"I have got some—some tickets for the theatre here, Norah," he said, blushing quite painfully, poor fellow, in his efforts to speak indifferently. "I—I thought that perhaps you would like me to take you and Miss Jenny while this London company is performing. The acting is worth going to see, I hear; and—and so" (with a desperate attempt at calmness)—"there are the tickets;" and he laid them on the table.

In her astonishment Norah's eyes opened to their widest extent. "Why, Tom!" she exclaimed, "what a strange thing for you to do!" And then, seeing his nervous face, she added, quickly, "But it is very kind of you, dear, and I know Jenny will be delighted, for she was only saying to me last night that she had never been to the theatre in her life. I will go tell her about it; and thank you, dear. But perhaps," suggestively, "you had better put the tickets in your pocket again, as you are going to take us."

If the unromantic woolen muffler had been a dangerous sort of thing, Jenny's delighted face and open rejoicings were doubly dangerous when she ran into the room shortly afterward to give thanks and accept the unexpected offer. To most girls of her age the prospect of spending the evening in the least fashionable part of the theatre would not have been an especially exciting one, but to poor pretty, unexacting Jenny Galloway, who was so easily pleased, and to whom the smallest of pleasures was a novelty, it was quite an era. It never occurred to her for an instant that she was unnecessarily thankful, and that her escort's enjoyment was likely to be enhanced by her presence. It only seemed to her guileless mind that this studi-

ous, fireside-loving brother of Norah's must be making something of a sacrifice in giving up one of his quiet evenings for the sake of three girls. So she came down, and finding him in the breakfast-room, poured out such a pretty, impulsive gush of thanks that he was quite bewildered, and scarcely knew how to reply to her.

"It was very good of you to think about it," she said, lifting the big, sweet eyes to his. "I am sure we shall all enjoy it, and it will be so new to me. I dare say Norah told you I had never been in a theatre. I never had any one to take me, you know, when I was at Miss Fell's."

And even this was not the most dangerous part of the affair. To see her, when night came, in such a charming state of excitement about it; to see her bewitchingly simple out-door costume; to see her innocent anxiety lest they should be too late or should fail in getting seats; to hear her delightfully unsophisticated queries; and having lived through this, to have the exquisite pleasure of piloting her through the crowded streets, and taking entire charge of her, was enough to have proved hazardous even to a more worldly-wise and less susceptible man than Tom Grahame. To him the evening's venture was a desperate, ecstatic undertaking, feverishly enjoyed, and never to be forgotten. If she had only known what irreparable mischief she was doing that night—poor bright, simple-minded Jenny Galloway! But she never even guessed at the truth, and so threw herself heart and soul into the enjoyment of her present happiness, and was so merry and sweet-tempered, and so ready to laugh at the poorest of jokes or let the tears gather in her soft eyes at the most ranting exhibition of sentiment, that she was a bewitching and novel entertainment in herself. And when, the evening over, they returned home together, and she, standing by the fire with her hat in her hand, and her cheeks tinted, and her soft hair a little roughened, and consequently defiantly lovely and curly, detailed their joint experiences to Mrs. Grahame in quite a flush of delight, she was enough to have stirred the heart of a stoic or a cynic, or any one else equally uncomfortable.

"It was beautiful from the beginning to the end," she said; "wasn't it, Norah? wasn't it, Letty? I couldn't help thinking all the time how Robert would have enjoyed it if he had been with us. And but for Mr. Tom we should never have gone. I am sure I shall never forget it."

It was very unwise in the object of her gratitude to be so utterly oblivious to that affectionate mention of Robert, but Tom Grahame's attention was too fully occupied with the speaker herself. He leaned on the mantel, listening and looking on, drinking in every tone of the girl's voice and marking her every gesture and expression. He was not sufficiently self-possessed to make gallant, fine speeches to her; it would never have suggested itself to his mind that he might tell her this was the happiest evening he had spent in his life; but he knew it was the happiest, and, knowing it, was a new man.

He never slept at all that night, but lay awake thinking excitedly and making wild, blissful plans for the future. He was unconscious no longer: he loved this girl, and longed to win her. How loving she was! how inimitable! how fond she was of Norah! and how fond all of them were of her! If he could only make her love him as she loved Norah, talk to him as she talked to Norah! If there was only the barest possibility that at some future period, however far away, she would caress him with one tithe of the warmth she lavished upon Norah! And then he pictured to himself again the bright pleasure in the eyes that had been lifted to his so often during the evening, and tried to realize again the light touch of her hand as it had rested on his sleeve as they made their way through the streets together. Oh! to have her always in the house, to know that she would be there to greet him when he came in, to be allowed to sit and watch her as she moved about the room helping Norah and Letty with their work, or standing by their mother talking in her loving, appealing fashion! It could not be that such perfect bliss could fall to his lot, and yet he meant to fight hard for it. He would not wait another day before beginning to try to win her; he would put forth all his powers. He could scarcely wait until the morning came, in his restless fear lest something should come between him and his new hopes. And the next day he began, with nervous trepidation and much self-distrust, but with earnest steadfastness enough.

There was not an hour of his life during the weeks following which was not an anxious sacrifice laid at her unconscious feet. He tried to please her in a hundred ways, and because he was sure he succeeded was fearfully happy, though he was never at rest or content.

There were so many little things he could do, and, in her kindly, half-pitying liking for him, she was so ready to let him do them. Perhaps there was a letter to post (Robert's letters always), or some trifling commission to execute in town, and so he gradually gained upon her warm, unsuspecting heart. There was a pleasant confidence established between them, which made it the most natural thing in the world that she should ask him to take such commissions in charge. Another man would have learned by instinct that her readiness to rely upon him was too unsentimental and frank, and another woman would in

all probability have seen that the sudden, subtle change in his manner had a meaning of its own; but his heart was too full of his efforts at success, and hers was too utterly free. And then, again, it was so incongruous and inconsistent a thing that he should be roused to an interest in any woman; and the fact of his being a tyro in the school of such tender art made him so reserved and silent even in his most anxious moods that the rest of the household did not suspect that the apparently slight change in his manner implied other than a simple liking for their guest.

"It is a wonderful thing for Tom to be so fond of a girl, even in his restrained, quiet way," they said sometimes; "but he really must be fond of you, Jenny." And then they would forget all about it, and go on talking about Robert, and the wedding outfit, and the hundred and one things connected with the exciting topic. So, if the awakening was bitter enough, at least Tom Grahame tasted perfect bliss before it came to him. There was nothing to disturb his happiness. She was always near, and that itself was happiness enough. She was so fond of them all, and so great a favorite, and every hour of the day showed him some fresh charm. To come down to breakfast and find her in the room, to think of her all day, and returning at night to see her again, and sit watching her, drinking in her simple sweetness—was not this a fair if frail foundation for future hope?

But inexperienced and unsuspecting as she was, there came a time when Jenny was somewhat puzzled. At first when she found Tom's eyes following her about the room, and resting upon her wherever she was, she used to smile back at him brightly, feeling a little flattered by the unusual attention, but after a while it became rather trying, and at last something occurred which startled her strangely.

Her visit was drawing to a close; the modest outfit was all safely packed in her trunks but the wedding-dress, which was expected home every day. Robert's letters were becoming more frequent and tender, and contained sundry allusions to the pretty homeliness of a certain small house which awaited its youthful mistress. So Jenny was looking brighter and happier than ever, and had taken to much practicing of before rather neglected music and divers little jewels of love-songs much affected by Robert. It would be so nice to be able to play them to him when he came home tired in the evening, she told herself, with a simple thrill of happiness: she had so many guileless dreams of that gentle, orthodox bliss which takes the form of easy-chairs and blazing fires, drawn curtains and warmed slippers. So she used to play these songs and merry trilling pieces of music with such an innocent throb of joy at her heart that Tom, looking on and seeing its glow on her face, used to listen and quite forget himself in blind dreams, which she would have found strangely like her own if she had only known of their existence. But she did not know of it, and indeed was so full of her own that she used to forget every one else but that fortunate Robert of hers, so of course it was quite a shock to her to be awakened from her reverie as she was.

She had been playing for an hour one evening without looking round, and in the mean time one by one had dropped out of the room until only poor Tom remained; and Tom, drawn nearer and nearer to the piano, at last stood close behind her, so worked upon by his foolish, sweet fancies and the music that he forgot his shyness; forgot he had only known Jenny Galloway a few weeks; forgot that, as he had never uttered a word of love to her or paid her a compliment in the whole course of their acquaintance, she could scarcely know the passion of love and tenderness swelling his heart; forgot every thing but the impulse he could not resist.

"Oh, Jenny!" he cried out; "oh, Jenny!"

There was such a thrill of actual suffering in his imploring tone that it fell upon Jenny's unaccustomed ears like a shock. Even Robert had never spoken to her in such a tone; but then there had never been any need for Robert to doubt either her love or his power. She swung round on the music-stool and looked up at his pale, agitated face, startled and bewildered.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, feeling half frightened. "Is any thing the matter, Mr. Tom?"

And then all at once he snatched both her hands and covered them with wild, beseeching kisses. But this only frightened her more, and worse still, made her angry. She pulled them away from his grasp, quite fierce in her indignation at his usurpation of her Robert's rights.

"How dare you do such a thing?" she broke out, with a tiny stamp of her foot. "I don't know what you mean. How dare you be so rude, Sir? I shall tell Norah."

And how it would all have ended it is impossible to tell, had not Norah's voice broken in upon them just at that moment. When Jenny had turned round to speak to Tom there had come a loud ring at the door-bell, and Norah having answered it, summoned her friend from the lobby in some small excitement.

"Jenny," she called out, "it is here at last! Do come up stairs."

And Jenny, perhaps finding her courage fail her all at once at the sight of Tom's blank, miserable, thunder-struck face, turned away from him without another word, and ran out of the room, with burning cheeks.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Norah and Letty both at once when she almost rushed into the little chamber up stairs and confronted them; "what ails you, Jenny?"

Jenny put her hands up to her hot cheeks and actually stared at them in her flutter of amazement.

"I don't know," she said, wofully. "Don't ask me."

And then for a few seconds there was an uncomfortable silence, which at last was broken by Norah, who pointed to a large bandbox.

"Your wedding-dress has just come," she said; "that was why I called you up stairs. Do put it on, Jenny, and let us call mamma to look at it."

But it took Jenny fully ten minutes to recover herself sufficiently even to get up an interest in the bridal dress, whose arrival had been so anxiously looked for. She was so distressed and terrified. She had been rather fond of Tom Grahame before, but his sudden outburst had quite destroyed her good-natured platonic affection for him. What right had he to kiss her hands when he knew—when he must know—all about Robert? How would he like it if he was engaged to be married, and some gentleman was to kiss the hands of his betrothed? And then she recollected the night she had fancied he kissed her hair, and how she had persuaded herself that it was all fancy, and he was too steady and shy to be guilty of such a piece of audacity. But by the time she had got this far the bandbox was opened, and Norah and Letty were becoming ecstatic over the white dress.

"How pretty it is!" they cried. "Let us call mamma. Wasn't it a good thing we got the tulle instead of the tarlatan, Jenny? It was only another shilling, you know, and see how much better it looks!"

Of course it was quite natural then that in the general enthusiasm Jenny should forget poor Tom almost entirely, and be a trifle excited too. It was such a pretty zephyr of a dress, and Robert was so fond of white, cloud-like attire. Indeed, it had been all for Robert's sake that she had admitted to that extra shilling on the yard which had been such a grave consideration with her.

"You had better try it on, my dear," said Mrs. Grahame, on being summoned up stairs to join the council. "It is better to be sure that there will be no alteration needed." So the dress was donned, with every body's assistance; and when the dress was donned the two girls insisted on adding the veil and the orange flowers, and even Robert's gifts, the pretty, simple necklace and bracelets; and then they gave her her fan, "just to see how it would all look," as they said. And then all three stepped back to admire, and Jenny stood laughing and blushing up to her great, soft, lovely eyes, and playing with her fan through sheer nervousness.

"If the girls at Miss Fell's could just see you," said Norah, "wouldn't they be pleased, Jenny? Don't you remember how we all used to crowd to the window to get a peep at the weddings at the little church across the way, and how we used to enjoy it, and say what we would be married in when our turn came?"

"I tell you what, mamma and Norah," said Letty, suddenly, "Tom must see her; he really must. You wouldn't mind, would you, Jenny, just showing yourself to Tom? He is so fond of you, you know, and it will make the poor old silent fellow feel as if he had a bit of a share in you."

A thought flashed across Jenny's mind with odd rapidity. "Of course; yes, of course. Tom knows about it," she said; "he couldn't help knowing, could he?"

"Oh dear, no," was the answer. "How could he help hearing us talk about the shopping? though of course we never said much to him openly. Besides, Norah told him the first night you came that you were going to be married. He may have forgotten, he is so absent, but he knew then."

"Then he meant to be rude," was Jenny's mental comment—a comment made with new indignation. "And it will serve him right to be punished a little."

"Surely you don't mind Tom," said Letty.

"No," answered Jenny; "I don't mind Tom, and I would as soon let him see me as not."

And in the mean time Tom, stunned and blind with the blow he had received, was still staggering under it. Somehow or other, in the simplicity of his passionate first love, he had been so sure she would understand him—so sure, when he made that blundering, tender appeal, that at least she would know what it meant, and would, in some undefined way, be prepared for it. He did not ask himself what he had ever said or done that would be likely to prepare her for it. He had been so absorbed in the growth of his secret, his life had been so full of it, that he never dreamed it could be possible that it could be a secret to quick-sighted Jenny Galloway. And if she did not love him yet, surely it could not surprise her to know that he was ready to die for her, to lay down his life at her feet, to be her faithful slave forever; and surely, surely such love could not go unrewarded. And yet when she looked up at him when his foolish heart cried out aloud to her, he had seen that she was only puzzled and alarmed; and when she tore her indignant young hands from his grasp, he had seen that his caresses had made her angry, and he had never seen her angry before. What wrong had he done? Only forgotten himself so far as to show her that he loved her, and longed for a word of comfort

and hope. Wherein lay the wrong of this? Blind as he was, he could not help seeing that the wrong lay in his blindness. She did not love him; she never could. That was what it meant.

He dropped into a chair near the table, and hid his face on his folded arms, stunned, dead to every thought but this one. He had staked all the long-hoarded passion of his life upon this one poor throw, and lost. He knew that now. Jenny Galloway—pretty, bright Jenny Galloway!—all the tissue of bright dreams with which he had surrounded her was as far out of his reach as if she had been a star.

This was what he was stumbling at, in a stupefied way, when the whispering at the door fell on his ear, but he had no thought of what was coming, poor fellow! The door was flung open wide, and Letty entered, holding a lamp high above her head, so that all the light could fall on Jenny as she came in. And Letty was laughing a little in a pleased, triumphant way.

"Open the gates as high as the sky, and let the queen and her court pass by," she cried out. "See, Tom!—why, he must be asleep. Tom, look at her!"

Tom got up.

But he had been so long in the darkness that he was only dazzled for a minute, though after that minute the girl in the filmy white drapery stood out against the dark background of the narrow lobby like a picture seen in a dream. If she had seemed sweet and fresh before in her half-shabby every-day dresses, what was she now, all white from head to foot, all spotless and soft like a dove, the mist of her veil vesting her with an actual radiance, the spray of white blossom clinging to her hair, the tiny downy fan fluttering in her nervous fingers, her eyes drooping in spite of her effort to set him at defiance? It was not Jenny Galloway's way to be defiant; she was deprecating and appealing even while she was trying to look grand and angry.

"What!" he cried out. "Norah—Letty—mother!"

"What!" echoed Letty. "You don't mean to say you don't see what it means? You dear old stupid bat-blind Tom. It is her wedding-dress, you know."

So the sword fell, and in falling cut his last frail golden thread of hope in two.

"I did not remember," he faltered; "I must have forgotten—" A ring at the door-bell broke in upon him there, as it had done before. Norah answered the summons, and came back with some one following her.

"Jenny—" she began.

Jenny turned round; there was a little start, a little cry of "Robert," and the newcomer, meeting her more than half-way, caught her, laughing and crying, veil and wedding finery and all, in his arms.

He had come sooner than he was expected, that was all. Business had brought him to town, and he could not go away without seeing Jenny. And then Jenny was introducing him to them, one after the other, but when she turned to the table, Tom was gone.

A few days more and Jenny left them, taking the girls with her to London to the house of the relative who had charitably decided to give the hard-worked young bride her wedding breakfast. Tom was not well enough to go; his cough was worse, which naturally precluded all possibility of the good mother's leaving him; but she gave Jenny her blessing in true mother fashion, and bestowed upon her much counsel and many recipes, and promised her a visit in the spring, when they should be "settled."

And Tom—well, the fact was, Jenny was a trifle shy of Tom, and was not really sorry to leave him behind; but she shook hands with him at parting, and was very grateful for his good wishes.

"I hope you will be happy, Jenny," he said, wistfully: "you deserve to be."

"I am sure to be," said Jenny, in her soft young voice; "I am sure to be—with Robert." And though she was beginning to comprehend dimly that she had been mistaken in being angry with the poor fellow, she never dreamed for an instant what a terrible pang her words gave him.

When she was gone he settled back into his old groove again, laboring steadily among his books and musty parchments, and growing even more absent-minded than he had been before. Yet no one but Letty really suspected his secret, and Letty only showed that she suspected it by being very tender and solicitous for his comfort indeed. "Norah," she said once to her sister, "did you ever fancy Tom cared for Jenny?"

"For Jenny? My dear child, Tom never cared *in that way* for any body," answered Norah, decidedly.

But Letty, keeping close guard upon herself, and never referring to the matter again, knew better.

MY QUEEN.

A SONNET.

I CALL her "Queen"—the lady of my love—
Since, that in all one sceptreless may claim
Of true nobility to suit the name,
She is right royal, and doth so approve
My loving homage. All that painter's art
And poet's fantasy delight to find
In queenliness is hers: the noble mind,
The stately bearing, and the gracious heart;
The voice most musical; the brow serene,
And beaming benediction—like a queen;
And oh! such peerless beauty, that I swear
(Recalling each fair face that loud Renown
Hath found or feigned beneath a jeweled crown)
I flatter queens to call her "queenly fair!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY MEET AGAIN.

ABSORBED in herself, Mercy failed to notice the opening door or to hear the murmur of voices in the conservatory.

The one terrible necessity which had been present to her mind at intervals for a week past was confronting her at that moment. She owed to Grace Roseberry the tardy justice of owning the truth. The longer her confession was delayed, the more cruelly she was injuring the woman whom she had robbed of her identity—the friendless woman who had neither witnesses nor papers to produce, who was powerless to right her own wrong. Keenly as she felt this, Mercy failed, nevertheless, to conquer the horror that shook her when she thought of the impending avowal. Day followed day, and still she shrank from the unendurable ordeal of confession—as she was shrinking from it now!

Was it fear for herself that closed her lips?

She trembled—as any human being in her place must have trembled—at the bare idea of finding herself thrown back again on the world, which had no place in it and no hope in it for *her*. But she could have overcome that terror—she could have resigned herself to that doom.

No! it was not the fear of the confession itself, or the fear of the consequences which must follow it, that still held her silent. The horror that daunted her was the horror of owning to Horace and to Lady Janet that she had cheated them out of their love.

Every day Lady Janet was kinder and kinder. Every day Horace was fonder and fonder of her. How could she confess to Lady Janet? how could she own to Horace that she had imposed upon him? "I can't do it. They are so good to me—I can't do it!" In that hopeless way it had ended during the seven days that had gone by. In that hopeless way it ended again now.

The murmur of the two voices at the further end of the conservatory ceased. The billiard-room door opened again slowly, by an inch at a time.

Mercy still kept her place, unconscious of the events that were passing round her. Sinking under the hard stress laid on it, her mind had drifted little by little into a new train of thought. For the first time she found the courage to question the future in a new way. Supposing her confession to have been made, or supposing the woman whom she had personated to have discovered the means of exposing the fraud, what advantage, she now asked herself, would Miss Roseberry derive from Mercy Merrick's disgrace?

Could Lady Janet transfer to the woman who was really her relative by marriage the affection which she had given to the woman who had pretended to be her relative? No! All the right in the world would not put the true Grace into the false Grace's vacant place. The qualities by which Mercy had won Lady Janet's love were the qualities which were Mercy's own. Lady Janet could do rigid justice—but hers was not the heart to give itself to a stranger (and to give itself unreservedly) a second time. Grace Roseberry would be formally acknowledged—and there it would end.

Was there hope in this new view?

Yes! There was the false hope of making the inevitable atonement by some other means than by the confession of the fraud.

What had Grace Roseberry actually lost by the wrong done to her? She had lost the salary of Lady Janet's "companion and reader." Say that she wanted money, Mercy had her savings from the generous allowance made to her by Lady Janet; Mercy could offer money. Or say that she wanted employment, Mercy's interest with Lady Janet could offer employment, could offer any thing Grace might ask for, if she would only come to terms.

Invigorated by the new hope, Mercy rose excitedly, weary of inaction in the empty room. She, who but a few minutes since had shuddered at the thought of their meeting again, was now eager to devise a means of finding her way privately to an interview with Grace. It should be done without loss of time—on that very day, if possible; by the next day at latest. She looked round her mechanically, pondering how to reach the end in view. Her eyes rested by chance on the door of the billiard-room.

Was it fancy? or did she really see the door first open a little, then suddenly and softly close again?

Was it fancy? or did she really hear, at the same moment, a sound behind her as of persons speaking in the conservatory?

She paused; and, looking back in that direction, listened intently. The sound—if she had really heard it—was no longer audible. She advanced toward the billiard-room, to set her first doubt at rest. She stretched out her hand to open the door, when the voices (recognizable now as the voices of two men) caught her ear once more.

This time she was able to distinguish the words that were spoken.

"Any further orders, Sir?" inquired one of the men.

"Nothing more," replied the other.

Mercy started, and faintly flushed, as the second voice answered the first. She stood irresolute close to the billiard-room, hesitating what to do next.

After an interval the second voice made itself heard again, advancing nearer to the dining-room; "Are you there, aunt?" it asked, cautiously. There was a moment's pause. Then the voice spoke for the third time, sounding louder and nearer. "Are you there?" it reiterated; "I have something to tell you." Mercy summoned her resolution, and answered, "Lady Janet is not here." She turned as she spoke toward the conservatory door, and confronted on the threshold Julian Gray.

They looked at one another without exchanging a word on either side. The situation—for widely different reasons—was equally embarrassing to both of them.

There—as Julian saw *her*—was the woman forbidden to him, the woman whom he loved.

There—as Mercy saw *him*—was the man whom she dreaded, the man whose actions (as she interpreted them) proved that he suspected her.

On the surface of it, the incidents which had marked their first meeting were now exactly repeated, with the one difference that the impulse to withdraw this time appeared to be on the man's side and not on the woman's. It was Mercy who spoke first.

"Did you expect to find Lady Janet here?" she asked, constrainedly.

He answered, on his part, more constrainedly still.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "Another time will do."

He drew back as he made the reply. She advanced desperately, with the deliberate intention of detaining him by speaking again.

The attempt which he had made to withdraw, the constraint in his manner when he had answered, had instantly confirmed her in the false conviction that he, and he alone, had guessed the truth! If she was right—if he had secretly made discoveries abroad which placed her entirely at his mercy—the attempt to induce Grace to consent to a compromise with her would be manifestly useless. Her first and foremost interest now was to find out how she really stood in the estimation of Julian Gray. In a terror of suspense, that turned her cold from head to foot, she stopped him on his way out, and spoke to him with the piteous counterfeit of a smile.

"Lady Janet is receiving some visitors," she said. "If you will wait here, she will be back directly."

The effort of hiding her agitation from him had brought a passing color into her cheeks. Worn and wasted as she was, the spell of her beauty was strong enough to hold him against his own will. All he had to tell Lady Janet was that he had met one of the gardeners in the conservatory, and had cautioned him as well as the lodge-keeper. It would have been easy to write this, and to send the note to his aunt on quitting the house. For the sake of his own peace of mind, for the sake of his duty to Horace, he was doubly bound to make the first polite excuse that occurred to him, and to leave her as he had found her, alone in the room. He made the attempt, and hesitated. Despising himself for doing it, he allowed himself to look at her. Their eyes met. Julian stepped into the dining-room.

"If I am not in the way," he said, confusedly, "I will wait, as you kindly propose."

She noticed his embarrassment; she saw that he was strongly restraining himself from looking at her again. Her own eyes dropped to the ground as she made the discovery. Her speech failed her; her heart throbbed faster and faster.

"If I look at him again" (was the thought in *her* mind) "I shall fall at his feet and tell him all that I have done!"

"If I look at her again" (was the thought in *his* mind) "I shall fall at her feet and own that I am in love with her!"

With downcast eyes he placed a chair for her. With downcast eyes she bowed to him and took it. A dead silence followed. Never was any human misunderstanding more intricately complete than the misunderstanding which had now established itself between those two.

Mercy's work-basket was near her. She took it, and gained time for composing herself by pretending to arrange the colored wools. He stood behind her chair, looking at the graceful turn of her head, looking at the rich masses of her hair. He reviled himself as the weakest of men, as the falsest of friends, for still remaining near her—and yet he remained.

The silence continued. The billiard-room door opened again noiselessly. The face of the listening woman appeared stealthily behind it.

At the same moment Mercy roused herself and spoke: "Won't you sit down?" she said, softly, still not looking round at him, still busy with her basket of wools.

He turned to get a chair—turned so quickly that he saw the billiard-room door move, as Grace Roseberry closed it again.

"Is there any one in that room?" he asked, addressing Mercy.

"I don't know," she answered. "I thought I saw the door open and shut again a little while ago."

He advanced at once to look into the room. As he did so Mercy dropped one of her balls of wool. He stopped to pick it up for her—

then threw open the door and looked into the billiard-room. It was empty.

Had some person been listening, and had that person retreated in time to escape discovery? The open door of the smoking-room showed that room also to be empty. A third door was open—the door of the side hall, leading into the grounds. Julian closed and locked it, and returned to the dining-room.

"I can only suppose," he said to Mercy, "that the billiard-room door was not properly shut, and that the draught of air from the hall must have moved it."

She accepted the explanation in silence. He was, to all appearance, not quite satisfied with it himself. For a moment or two he looked about him uneasily. Then the old fascination fastened its hold on him again. Once more he looked at the graceful turn of her head, at the rich masses of her hair. The courage to put the critical question to him, now that she had lured him into remaining in the room, was still a courage that failed her. She remained as busy as ever with her work—too busy to look at him; too busy to speak to him. The silence became unendurable. He broke it by making a commonplace inquiry after her health.

"I am well enough to be ashamed of the anxiety I have caused and the trouble I have given," she answered. "To-day I have got down stairs for the first time. I am trying to do a little work." She looked into the basket. The various specimens of wool in it were partly in balls and partly in loose skeins. The skeins were mixed and tangled. "Here is sad confusion!" she exclaimed, timidly, with a faint smile. "How am I to set it right again?"

"Let me help you," said Julian.

"You!"

"Why not?" he asked, with a momentary return of the quaint humor which she remembered so well. "You forget that I am a curate. Curates are privileged to make themselves useful to young ladies. Let me try."

He took a stool at her feet, and set himself to unravel one of the tangled skeins. In a minute the wool was stretched on his hands, and the loose end was ready for Mercy to wind. There was something in the trivial action, and in the homely attention that it implied, which in some degree quieted her fear of him. She began to roll the wool off his hands into a ball. Thus occupied, she said the daring words which were to lead him little by little into betraying his suspicions, if he did indeed suspect the truth.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"YOU were here when I fainted, were you not?" Mercy began. "You must think me a sad coward, even for a woman."

He shook his head. "I am far from thinking that," he replied. "No courage could have sustained the shock which fell on you. I don't wonder that you fainted. I don't wonder that you have been ill."

She paused in rolling up the ball of wool. What did those words of unexpected sympathy mean? Was he laying a trap for her? Urged by that serious doubt, she questioned him more boldly.

"Horace tells me you have been abroad," she said. "Did you enjoy your holiday?"

"It was no holiday. I went abroad because I thought it right to make certain inquiries—" He stopped there, unwilling to return to a subject that was painful to her.

Her voice sank, her fingers trembled round the ball of wool; but she managed to go on.

"Did you arrive at any results?" she asked.

"At no results worth mentioning."

The caution of that reply renewed her worst suspicions of him. In sheer despair, she spoke out plainly.

"I want to know your opinion—" she began.

"Gently!" said Julian. "You are entangling the wool again."

"I want to know your opinion of the person who so terribly frightened me. Do you think her—"

"Do I think her—what?"

"Do you think her an adventuress?"

(As she said those words the branches of a shrub in the conservatory were noiselessly parted by a hand in a black glove. The face of Grace Roseberry appeared dimly behind the leaves. Undiscovered, she had escaped from the billiard-room, and had stolen her way into the conservatory as the safer hiding-place of the two. Behind the shrub she could see as well as listen. Behind the shrub she waited as patiently as ever.)

"I take a more merciful view," Julian answered. "I believe she is acting under a delusion. I don't blame her: I pity her."

"You pity her?" As Mercy repeated the words, she tore off Julian's hands the last few lengths of wool left, and threw the imperfectly wound skein back into the basket. "Does that mean," she resumed, abruptly, "that you believe her?"

Julian rose from his seat, and looked at Mercy in astonishment.

"Good heavens, Miss Roseberry! what put such an idea as that into your head?"

"I am little better than a stranger to you," she rejoined, with an effort to assume a jesting tone. "You met that person before you met with me. It is not so very far from pitying her to believing her. How could I feel sure that you might not suspect me?"

"Suspect *you!*" he exclaimed. "You don't know how you distress, how you shock me. Suspect *you!* The bare idea of it never en-

tered my mind. The man doesn't live who trusts you more implicitly, who believes in you more devotedly, than I do."

His eyes, his voice, his manner, all told her that those words came from the heart. She contrasted his generous confidence in her (the confidence of which she was unworthy) with her ungracious distrust of him. Not only had she wronged Grace Roseberry—she had wronged Julian Gray. Could she deceive *him* as she had deceived the others? Could she meanly accept that implicit trust, that devoted belief? Never had she felt the base submissions which her own imposture condemned her to undergo with a loathing of them so overwhelming as the loathing that she felt now. In horror of herself, she turned her head aside in silence, and shrank from meeting his eye. He noticed the movement, placing his own interpretation on it. Advancing closer, he asked anxiously if he had offended her.

"You don't know how your confidence touches me," she said, without looking up. "You little think how keenly I feel your kindness."

She checked herself abruptly. Her fine tact warned her that she was speaking too warmly—that the expression of her gratitude might strike him as being strangely exaggerated. She handed him her work-basket before he could speak again.

"Will you put it away for me?" she asked, in her quieter tones. "I don't feel able to work just now."

His back was turned on her for a moment, while he placed the basket on a side-table. In that moment her mind advanced at a bound from present to future. Accident might one day put the true Grace in possession of the proofs that she needed, and might reveal the false Grace to him in the identity that was her own. What would he think of her then? Could she make him tell her without betraying herself? She determined to try.

"Children are notoriously insatiable if you once answer their questions, and women are nearly as bad," she said, when Julian returned to her. "Will your patience hold out if I go back for the third time to the person whom we have been speaking of?"

"Try me," he answered, with a smile.

"Suppose you had *not* taken your merciful view of her?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose you believed that she was wickedly bent on deceiving others for a purpose of her own—would you not shrink from such a woman in horror and disgust?"

"God forbid that I should shrink from any human creature!" he answered, earnestly. "Who among us has a right to do that?"

She hardly dared trust herself to believe him. "You would still pity her?" she persisted, "and still feel for her?"

"With all my heart."

"Oh, how good you are!"

He held up his hand in warning. The tones of his voice deepened, the lustre of his eyes brightened. She had stirred in the depths of that great heart the faith in which the man lived—the steady principle which guided his modest and noble life.

"No!" he cried. "Don't say that! Say that I try to love my neighbor as myself. Who but a Pharisee can believe that he is better than another? The best among us to-day may, but for the mercy of God, be the worst among us to-morrow. The true Christian virtue is the virtue which never despairs of a fellow-creature. The true Christian faith believes in Man as well as in God. Frail and fallen as we are, we can rise on the wings of repentance from earth to heaven. Humanity is sacred. Humanity has its immortal destiny. Who shall dare say to man or woman, 'There is no hope in you?' Who shall dare say the work is all vile, when that work bears on it the stamp of the Creator's hand?"

He turned away for a moment, struggling with the emotion which she had roused in him.

Her eyes, as they followed him, lighted with a momentary enthusiasm—then sank wearily in the vain regret which comes too late. Ah! if he could have been her friend and her adviser on the fatal day when she first turned her steps toward Mablethorpe House! She sighed bitterly as the hopeless aspiration wrung her heart. He heard the sigh; and, turning again, looked at her with a new interest in his face.

"Miss Roseberry," he said.

She was still absorbed in the bitter memories of the past: she failed to hear him.

"Miss Roseberry," he repeated, approaching her.

She looked up at him with a start.

"May I venture to ask you something?" he said, gently.

She shrank at the question.

"Don't suppose I am speaking out of mere curiosity," he went on. "And pray don't answer me unless you can answer without betraying any confidence which may have been placed in you."

"Confidence!" she repeated. "What confidence do you mean?"

"It has just struck me that you might have felt more than a common interest in the questions which you put to me a moment since," he answered. "Were you by any chance speaking of some unhappy woman—not the person who frightened you, of course—but of some other woman whom you know?"

Her head sank slowly on her bosom. He had plainly no suspicion that she had been speaking of herself: his tone and manner both answered for it that his belief in her

was as strong as ever. Still those last words made her tremble; she could not trust herself to reply to them.

He accepted the bending of her head as a reply.

"Are you interested in her?" he asked next.

She faintly answered this time. "Yes."

"Have you encouraged her?"

"I have not dared to encourage her."

His face lit up suddenly with enthusiasm. "Go to her," he said, "and let me go with you and help you!"

The answer came faintly and mournfully. "She has sunk too low for that!"

He interrupted her with a gesture of impatience.

"What has she done?" he asked.

"She has deceived—basely deceived—innocent people who trusted her. She has wronged—cruelly wronged—another woman."

For the first time Julian seated himself at her side. The interest that was now roused in him was an interest above reproach. He could speak to Mercy without restraint; he could look at Mercy with a pure heart.

"You judge her very harshly," he said. "Do *you* know how she may have been tried and tempted?"

There was no answer.

"Tell me," he went on, "is the person whom she has injured still living?"

"Yes."

"If the person is still living, she may atone for the wrong. The time may come when this sinner, too, may win our pardon and deserve our respect."

"Could *you* respect her?" Mercy asked, sadly. "Can such a mind as yours understand what she has gone through?"

A smile, kind and momentary, brightened his attentive face.

"You forget my melancholy experience," he answered. "Young as I am, I have seen more than most men of women who have sinned and suffered. Even after the little that you have told me, I think I can put myself in her place. I can well understand, for instance, that she may have been tempted beyond human resistance. Am I right?"

"You are right."

"She may have had nobody near at the time to advise her, to warn her, to save her. Is that true?"

"It is true."

"Tempted and friendless, self-abandoned to the evil impulse of the moment, this woman may have committed herself headlong to the act which she now vainly repents. She may long to make atonement, and may not know how to begin. All her energies may be crushed under the despair and horror of herself, out of which the truest repentance grows. Is such a woman as this all wicked, all vile? I deny it! She may have a noble nature; and she may show it nobly yet. Give her the opportunity she needs, and our poor fallen fellow-creature may take her place again among the best of us—honored, blameless, happy, once more!"

Mercy's eyes, resting eagerly on him while he was speaking, dropped again despondingly when he had done.

"There is no such future as that," she answered, "for the woman whom I am thinking of. She has lost her opportunity. She has done with hope."

Julian gravely considered with himself for a moment.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "She has committed an act of deception to the injury of another woman. Was that what you told me?"

"Yes."

"And she has gained something to her own advantage by the act?"

"Yes."

"Is she threatened with discovery?"

"She is safe from discovery—for the present, at least."

"Safe as long as she closes her lips?"

"As long as she closes her lips."

"There is her opportunity!" cried Julian. "Her future is before her. She has *not* done with hope!"

With clasped hands, in breathless suspense, Mercy looked at that inspiriting face, and listened to those golden words.

"Explain yourself," she said. "Tell her, through me, what she must do."

"Let her own the truth," answered Julian, "without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice every thing that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that—for conscience sake, and for pity's sake—to her own prejudice, to her own shame, to her own loss—then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved! If I saw the Pharisees and fanatics of this lower earth passing her by in contempt, I would hold out my hand to her before them all. I would say to her in her solitude and her affliction, 'Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!'"

In those last sentences he unconsciously repeated the language in which he had spoken, years since, to his congregation in the chapel of the Refuge. With tenfold power and tenfold persuasion they now found their way again to Mercy's heart. Softly, suddenly, mysteriously, a change passed over her. Her troubled face grew beautifully still. The shifting light of terror and suspense vanished from her grand

gray eyes, and left in them the steady inner glow of a high and pure resolve.

There was a moment of silence between them. They both had need of silence. Julian was the first to speak again.

"Have I satisfied you that her opportunity is still before her?" he asked. "Do you feel, as I feel, that she has *not* done with hope?"

"You have satisfied me that the world holds no truer friend to her than you," Mercy answered, gently and gratefully. "She shall prove herself worthy of your generous confidence in her. She shall show you yet that you have not spoken in vain."

Still inevitably failing to understand her, he led the way to the door.

"Don't waste the precious time," he said. "Don't leave her cruelly to herself. If you can't go to her, let me go as your messenger, in your place."

She stopped him by a gesture. He took a step back into the room, and paused, observing with surprise that she made no attempt to move from the chair that she occupied.

"Stay here," she said to him, in suddenly altered tones.

"Pardon me," he rejoined, "I don't understand you."

"You will understand me directly. Give me a little time."

He still lingered near the door, with his eyes fixed inquiringly on her. A man of a lower nature than his, or a man believing in Mercy less devotedly than he believed, would now have felt his first suspicion of her. Julian was as far as ever from suspecting her, even yet.

"Do you wish to be alone?" he asked, considerately. "Shall I leave you for awhile and return again?"

She looked up with a start of terror. "Leave me?" she repeated, and suddenly checked herself on the point of saying more. Nearly half the length of the room divided them from each other. The words which she was longing to say were words that would never pass her lips unless she could see some encouragement in his face. "No!" she cried out to him, on a sudden, in her sore need, "don't leave me! Come back to me!"

He obeyed her in silence. In silence, on her side, she pointed to the chair near her. He took it. She looked at him, and checked herself again; resolute to make her terrible confession, yet still hesitating how to begin. Her woman's instinct whispered to her, "Find courage in his touch!" She said to him, simply and artlessly said to him, "Give me encouragement. Give me strength. Let me take your hand." He neither answered nor moved. His mind seemed to have become suddenly preoccupied; his eyes rested on her vacantly. He was on the brink of discovering her secret; in another instant he would have found his way to the truth. In that instant, innocently as his sister might have taken it, she took his hand. The soft clasp of her fingers, clinging round his, roused his senses, fired his passion for her, swept out of his mind the pure aspirations which had filled it but the moment before, paralyzed his perception when it was just penetrating the mystery of her disturbed manner and her strange words. All the man in him trembled under the rapture of her touch. But the thought of Horace was still present to him: his hand lay passive in hers; his eyes looked uneasily away from her.

She innocently strengthened her clasp of his hand. She innocently said to him, "Don't look away from me. Your eyes give me courage."

His hand returned the pressure of hers. He tasted to the full the delicious joy of looking at her. She had broken down his last reserves of self-control. The thought of Horace, the sense of honor, became obscured in him. In a moment more he might have said the words which he would have deplored for the rest of his life, if she had not stopped him by speaking first. "I have more to say to you," she resumed, abruptly, feeling the animating resolution to lay her heart bare before him at last; "more, far more, than I have said yet. Generous, merciful friend, let me say it *here!*"

She attempted to throw herself on her knees at his feet. He sprang from his seat and checked her, holding her with both his hands, raising her as he rose himself. In the words which had just escaped her, in the startling action which had accompanied them, the truth burst on him. The guilty woman she had spoken of was herself!

While she was almost in his arms, while her bosom was just touching his, before a word more had passed his lips or hers, the library door opened.

Lady Janet Roy entered the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH IN THE GROUNDS.

Grace Roseberry, still listening in the conservatory, saw the door open, and recognized the mistress of the house. She softly drew back and placed herself in safer hiding, beyond the range of view from the dining-room.

Lady Janet advanced no further than the threshold. She stood there and looked at her nephew and her adopted daughter in stern silence.

Mercy dropped into the chair at her side. Julian kept his place by her. His mind was still stunned by the discovery that had burst on it; his eyes still rested on her in mute terror of inquiry. He was as completely ab-

sorbed in the one act of looking at her as if they had been still alone together in the room.

Lady Janet was the first of the three who spoke. She addressed herself to her nephew.

"You were right, Mr. Julian Gray," she said, with her bitterest emphasis of tone and manner. "You ought to have found nobody in this room on your return but *me*. I detain you no longer. You are free to leave my house."

Julian looked round at his aunt. She was pointing to the door. In the excited state of his sensibilities at that moment, the action stung him to the quick. He answered without his customary consideration for his aunt's age and his aunt's position toward him.

"You apparently forget, Lady Janet, that you are not speaking to one of your footmen," he said. "There are serious reasons (of which you know nothing) for my remaining in your house a little longer. You may rely upon my trespassing on your hospitality as short a time as possible."

He turned again to Mercy as he said those words, and surprised her timidly looking up at him. In the instant when their eyes met, the tumult of emotions struggling in him became suddenly stilled. Sorrow for her—compassionating sorrow—rose in the new calm and filled his heart. Now, and now only, he could read in the wasted and noble face how she had suffered. The pity which he had felt for the unnamed woman grew to a tenfold pity for *her*. The faith which he professed—honestly professed—in the better nature of the unnamed woman strengthened into a tenfold faith in *her*. He addressed himself again to his aunt, in a gentler tone. "This lady," he resumed, "has something to say to me in private which she has not said yet. That is my reason and my apology for not immediately leaving the house."

Still under the impression of what she had seen on entering the room, Lady Janet looked at him in angry amazement. Was Julian actually ignoring Horace Holmcroft's claims, in the presence of Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife? She appealed to her adopted daughter. "Grace!" she exclaimed, "have you heard him? Have you nothing to say? Must I remind you—"

She stopped. For the first time in Lady Janet's experience of her young companion, she found herself speaking to ears that were deaf to her. Mercy was incapable of listening. Julian's eyes had told her that Julian understood her at last!

Lady Janet turned to her nephew once more, and addressed him in the hardest words that she had ever spoken to her sister's son.

"If you have any sense of decency," she said—"I say nothing of a sense of honor—you will leave this house, and your acquaintance with that lady will end here. Spare me your protests and excuses; I can place but one interpretation on what I saw when I opened that door."

"You entirely misunderstand what you saw when you opened that door," Julian answered, quietly.

"Perhaps I misunderstand the confession which you made to me not an hour ago?" retorted Lady Janet.

Julian cast a look of alarm at Mercy. "Don't speak of it!" he said, in a whisper. "She might hear you."

"Do you mean to say she doesn't know you are in love with her?"

"Thank God, she has not the faintest suspicion of it!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he made that reply. It proved his innocence as nothing else could have proved it. Lady Janet drew back a step—utterly bewildered; completely at a loss what to say or what to do next.

The silence that followed was broken by a knock at the library door. The man-servant—with news, and bad news, legibly written in his disturbed face and manner—entered the room.

In the nervous irritability of the moment, Lady Janet resented the servant's appearance as a positive offense on the part of the harmless man. "Who sent for you?" she asked, sharply. "What do you mean by interrupting us?"

The servant made his excuses in an oddly bewildered manner.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. I wished to take the liberty—I wanted to speak to Mr. Julian Gray."

"What is it?" asked Julian.

The man looked uneasily at Lady Janet, hesitated, and glanced at the door, as if he wished himself well out of the room again.

"I hardly know if I can tell you, Sir, before her ladyship," he answered.

Lady Janet instantly penetrated the secret of her servant's hesitation.

"I know what has happened," she said: "that abominable woman has found her way here again. Am I right?"

The man's eyes helplessly consulted Julian.

"Yes, or no?" cried Lady Janet, imperatively.

"Yes, my lady."

Julian at once assumed the duty of asking the necessary questions.

"Where is she?" he began.

"Somewhere in the grounds, as we suppose, Sir."

"Did *you* see her?"

"No, Sir."

"Who saw her?"

"The lodge-keeper's wife."

This looked serious. The lodge-keeper's wife had been present while Julian had

given his instructions to her husband. She was not likely to have mistaken the identity of the person whom she had discovered.

"How long since?" Julian asked next.

"Not very long, Sir."

"Be more particular. *How* long?"

"I didn't hear, Sir."

"Did the lodge-keeper's wife speak to the person when she saw her?"

"No, Sir: she didn't get the chance, as I understand it. She is a stout woman, if you remember. The other was too quick for her—discovered her, Sir, and (as the saying is) gave her the slip."

"In what part of the grounds did this happen?"

The servant pointed in the direction of the side hall. "In that part, Sir. Either in the Dutch garden or the shrubbery. I am not sure which."

It was plain, by this time, that the man's information was too imperfect to be practically of any use. Julian asked if the lodge-keeper's wife was in the house.

"No, Sir. Her husband has gone out to search the grounds in her place, and she is minding the gate. They sent their boy with the message. From what I can make out from the lad, they would be thankful if they could get a word more of advice from you, Sir."

Julian reflected for a moment.

So far as he could estimate them, the probabilities were that the stranger from Mannheim had already made her way into the house; that she had been listening in the billiard-room; that she had found time enough to escape him on his approaching to open the door; and that she was now (in the servant's phrase) "somewhere in the grounds," after eluding the pursuit of the lodge-keeper's wife.

The matter was serious. Any mistake in dealing with it might lead to very painful results.

If Julian had correctly anticipated the nature of the confession which Mercy had been on the point of addressing to him, the person whom he had been the means of introducing into the house was—what she had vainly asserted herself to be—no other than the true Grace Roseberry.

Taking this for granted, it was of the utmost importance that he should speak to Grace privately, before she committed herself to any rashly renewed assertion of her claims, and before she could gain access to Lady Janet's adopted daughter. The landlady at her lodgings had already warned him that the object which she held steadily in view was to find her way to "Miss Roseberry" when Lady Janet was not present to take her part, and when no gentlemen were at hand to protect her. "Only let me meet her face to face" (she had said), "and I will make her confess herself the impostor that she is!"

As matters now stood, it was impossible to estimate too seriously the mischief which might ensue from such a meeting as this. Every thing now depended on Julian's skillful management of an exasperated woman; and nobody, at that moment, knew where the woman was.

In this position of affairs, as Julian understood it, there seemed to be no other alternative than to make his inquiries instantly at the lodge, and then to direct the search in person.

He looked toward Mercy's chair as he arrived at this resolution. It was at a cruel sacrifice of his own anxieties and his own wishes that he deferred continuing the conversation with her from the critical point at which Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted it.

Mercy had risen while he had been questioning the servant. The attention which she had failed to accord to what had passed between his aunt and himself she had given to the imperfect statement which he had extracted from the man. Her face plainly showed that she had listened as eagerly as Lady Janet had listened; with this remarkable difference between them, that Lady Janet looked frightened, and that lady Janet's companion showed no signs of alarm. She appeared to be interested; perhaps anxious—nothing more.

Julian spoke a parting word to his aunt.

"Pray compose yourself," he said. "I have little doubt, when I can learn the particulars, that we shall easily find this person in the grounds. There is no reason to be uneasy. I am going to superintend the search myself. I will return to you as soon as possible."

Lady Janet listened absently. There was a certain expression in her eyes which suggested to Julian that her mind was busy with some project of its own. He stopped as he passed Mercy, on his way out by the billiard-room door. It cost him a hard effort to control the contending emotions which the mere act of looking at her now awakened in him. His heart beat fast, his voice sank low, as he spoke to her.

"You shall see me again," he said. "I never was more in earnest in promising you my truest help and sympathy than I am now."

She understood him. Her bosom heaved painfully; her eyes fell to the ground—she made no reply. The tears rose in Julian's eyes as he looked at her. He hurriedly left the room.

When he turned to close the billiard-room door he heard Lady Janet say, "I will be with you again in a moment, Grace; don't go away."

Interpreting these words as meaning that his aunt had some business of her own to attend to in the library, he shut the door.

He had just advanced into the smoking-room beyond, when he thought he heard the door open again. He turned round. Lady Janet had followed him.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" he asked.

"I want something of you," Lady Janet answered, "before you go."

"What is it?"

"Your card."

"My card?"

"You have just told me not to be uneasy," said the old lady. "I *am* uneasy, for all that. I don't feel as sure as you do that this woman really is in the grounds. She may be lurking somewhere in the house, and she may appear when your back is turned. Remember what you told me."

Julian understood the allusion. He made no reply.

"The people at the police station close by," pursued Lady Janet, "have instructions to send an experienced man, in plain clothes, to any address indicated on your card the moment they receive it. That is what you told me. For Grace's protection, I want your card before you leave us."

It was impossible for Julian to mention the reasons which now forbade him to make use of his own precautions—in the very face of the emergency which they had been especially intended to meet. How could he declare the true Grace Roseberry to be mad? How could he give the true Grace Roseberry into custody? On the other hand, he had personally pledged himself (when the circumstances appeared to require it) to place the means of legal protection from insult and annoyance at his aunt's disposal. And now, there stood Lady Janet, unaccustomed to have her wishes disregarded by any body, with her hand extended, waiting for the card!

What was to be done? The one way out of the difficulty appeared to be to submit for the moment. If he succeeded in discovering the missing woman, he could easily take care that she should be subjected to no needless indignity. If she contrived to slip into the house in his absence, he could provide against that contingency by sending a second card privately to the police station, forbidding the officer to stir in the affair until he had received further orders. Julian made one stipulation only before he handed his card to his aunt.

"You will not use this, I am sure, without positive and pressing necessity," he said. "But I must make one condition. Promise me to keep my plan for communicating with the police a strict secret—"

"A strict secret from Grace?" interposed Lady Janet. (Julian bowed.) "Do you suppose I want to frighten her? Do you think I have not had anxiety enough about her already? Of course I shall keep it a secret from Grace!"

Reassured on this point, Julian hastened out into the grounds. As soon as his back was turned Lady Janet lifted the gold pencil-case which hung at her watch-chain, and wrote on her nephew's card (for the information of the officer in plain clothes), "*You are wanted at Mablethorpe House.*" This done, she put the card into the old-fashioned pocket of her dress, and returned to the dining-room.

Grace was waiting, in obedience to the instructions which she had received.

For the first moment or two not a word was spoken on either side. Now that she was alone with her adopted daughter, a certain coldness and hardness began to show itself in Lady Janet's manner. The discovery that she had made on opening the drawing-room door still hung on her mind. Julian had certainly convinced her that she had misinterpreted what she had seen; but he had convinced her against her will. She had found Mercy deeply agitated; suspiciously silent. Julian might be innocent, she admitted—there was no accounting for the vagaries of men. But the case of Mercy was altogether different. Women did not find themselves in the arms of men without knowing what they were about. Acquitting Julian, Lady Janet declined to acquit Mercy. "There is some secret understanding between them," thought the old lady, "and she's to blame; the women always are!"

Mercy still waited to be spoken to; pale and quiet, silent and submissive. Lady Janet—in a highly uncertain state of temper—was obliged to begin.

"My dear!" she called out, sharply.

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"How much longer are you going to sit there with your mouth shut up and your eyes on the carpet? Have you no opinion to offer on this alarming state of things? You heard what the man said to Julian—I saw you listening. Are you horribly frightened?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Not even nervous?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Ha! I should hardly have given you credit for so much courage after my experience of you a week ago. I congratulate you on your recovery. Do you hear? I congratulate you on your recovery."

"Thank you, Lady Janet."

"I am not so composed as you are. We were an excitable set in *my* youth—and I haven't got the better of it yet. I feel nervous. Do you hear? I feel nervous."

"I am sorry, Lady Janet."

"You are very good. Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"I am going to summon the household. When I say the household, I mean the men;

the women are no use. I am afraid I fail to attract your attention?"

"You have my best attention, Lady Janet."

"You are very good again. I said the women were of no use."

"Yes, Lady Janet?"

"I mean to place a man-servant on guard at every entrance to the house. I am going to do it at once. Will you come with me?"

"Can I be of any use if I go with your ladyship?"

"You can't be of the slightest use. I give the orders in this house—not you. I had quite another motive in asking you to come with me. I am more considerate of you than you seem to think—I don't like leaving you here by yourself. Do you understand?"

"I am much obliged to your ladyship. I don't mind being left here by myself."

"You don't mind? I never heard of such heroism in my life—out of a novel! Suppose that crazy wretch should find her way in here?"

"She would not frighten me this time as she frightened me before."

"Not too fast, my young lady! Suppose—Good Heavens! now I think of it, there is the conservatory. Suppose she should be hidden in there? Julian is searching the grounds. Who is to search the conservatory?"

"With your ladyship's permission, *I* will search the conservatory.

"You!!!"

"With your ladyship's permission."

"I can hardly believe my own ears! Well, 'Live and learn' is an old proverb. I thought I knew your character. This *is* a change!"

"You forget, Lady Janet (if I may venture to say so), that the circumstances are changed. She took me by surprise on the last occasion; I am prepared for her now."

"Do you really feel as coolly as you speak?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Have your own way, then. I shall do one thing, however, in case of your having overestimated your own courage. I shall place one of the men in the library. You will only have to ring for him, if any thing happens. He will give the alarm—and I shall act accordingly. I have my plan," said her ladyship, comfortably conscious of the card in her pocket. "Don't look as if you wanted to know what it is. I have no intention of saying any thing about it—except that it will do. Once more, and for the last time—do you stay here? or do you go with me?"

"I stay here."

She respectfully opened the library door for Lady Janet's departure as she made that reply. Throughout the interview she had been carefully and coldly deferential; she had not once lifted her eyes to Lady Janet's face. The conviction in her that a few hours more would, in all probability, see her dismissed from the house, had of necessity fettered every word that she spoke—had morally separated her already from the injured mistress whose love she had won in disguise. Utterly incapable of attributing the change in her young companion to the true motive, Lady Janet left the room to summon her domestic garrison, thoroughly puzzled and (as a necessary consequence of that condition) thoroughly displeased.

Still holding the library door in her hand, Mercy stood watching with a heavy heart the progress of her benefactress down the length of the room on the way to the front hall beyond. She had honestly loved and respected the warm-hearted, quick-tempered old lady. A sharp pang of pain wrung her as she thought of the time when even the chance utterance of her name would become an unpardonable offense in Lady Janet's house.

But there was no shrinking in her now from the ordeal of the confession. She was not only anxious—she was impatient for Julian's return. Before she slept that night Julian's confidence in her should be a confidence that she had deserved.

"Let her own the truth, without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice every thing that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that, then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved." Those words were as vividly present to her as if she still heard them falling from his lips. Those other words which had followed them rang as grandly as ever in her ears: "Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!" Did the woman live who could hear Julian Gray say that, and who could hesitate, at any sacrifice, at any loss, to justify his belief in her? "Oh!" she thought, longingly, while her eyes followed Lady Janet to the end of the library, "if your worst fears could only be realized! If I could only see Grace Roseberry in this room, how fearlessly I could meet her now!"

She closed the library door, while Lady Janet opened the other door which led into the hall.

As she turned and looked back into the dining-room a cry of astonishment escaped her.

There—as if in answer to the aspiration which was still in her mind; there, established in triumph on the chair that she had just left—sat Grace Roseberry, in sinister silence, waiting for her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

RECOVERING from the first overpowering sensation of surprise, Mercy rapidly advanced, eager to say her first penitent words. Grace stopped her by a warning gesture of the hand. "No nearer to me," she said, with a look of contemptuous command. "Stay where you are."

Mercy paused. Grace's reception had startled her. She instinctively took the chair nearest to her to support herself. Grace raised a warning hand for the second time, and issued another command:

"I forbid you to be seated in my presence. You have no right to be in this house at all. Remember, if you please, who you are, and who I am."

The tone in which those words were spoken was an insult in itself. Mercy suddenly lifted her head; the angry answer was on her lips. She checked it, and submitted in silence. "I will be worthy of Julian Gray's confidence in me," she thought, as she stood patiently by the chair. "I will bear anything from the woman whom I have wronged."

In silence the two faced each other; alone together, for the first time since they had met in the French cottage. The contrast between them was strange to see. Grace Roseberry, seated in her chair, little and lean, with her dull white complexion, with her hard, threatening face, with her shrunken figure clad in its plain and poor black garments, looked like a being of a lower sphere, compared with Mercy Merrick, standing erect in her rich silken dress; her tall, shapely figure towering over the little creature before her; her grand head bent in graceful submission; gentle, patient, beautiful; a woman whom it was a privilege to look at and a distinction to admire. If a stranger had been told that those two had played their parts in a romance of real life—that one of them was really connected by the ties of relationship with Lady Janet Roy, and that the other had successfully attempted to personate her—he would inevitably, if it had been left to him to guess which was which, have picked out Grace as the counterfeit and Mercy as the true woman.

Grace broke the silence. She had waited to open her lips until she had eyed her conquered victim all over, with disdainfully minute attention, from head to foot.

"Stand there. I like to look at you," she said, speaking with a spiteful relish of her own cruel words. "It's no use fainting this time. You have not got Lady Janet Roy to bring you to. There are no gentlemen here to-day to pity you and pick you up. Mercy Merrick, I have got you at last. Thank God, my turn has come! You can't escape me now!"

All the littleness of heart and mind which had first shown itself in Grace at the meeting in the cottage, when Mercy told the sad story of her life, now revealed itself once more. The woman who in those past times had felt no impulse to take a suffering and a penitent fellow-creature by the hand was the same woman who could feel no pity, who could spare no insolence of triumph, now. Mercy's sweet voice answered her patiently, in low pleading tones.

"I have not avoided you," she said. "I would have gone to you of my own accord if I had known that you were here. It is my heart-felt wish to own that I have sinned against you, and to make all the atonement that I can. I am too anxious to deserve your forgiveness to have any fear of seeing you."

Conciliatory as the reply was, it was spoken with a simple and modest dignity of manner which roused Grace Roseberry to fury.

"How dare you speak to me as if you were my equal?" she burst out. "You stand there and answer me as if you had your right and your place in this house. You audacious woman! *I* have my right and my place here—and what am I obliged to do? I am obliged to hang about in the grounds, and fly from the sight of the servants, and hide like a thief, and wait like a beggar, and all for what? For the chance of having a word with *you*. Yes! you, madam! with the air of the Refuge and the dirt of the streets on you!"

Mercy's head sank lower; her hand trembled as it held by the back of the chair.

It was hard to bear the reiterated insults heaped on her, but Julian's influence still made itself felt. She answered as patiently as ever.

"If it is your pleasure to use hard words to me," she said, "I have no right to resent them."

"You have no right to any thing!" Grace retorted. "You have no right to the gown on your back. Look at Yourself, and look at Me!" Her eyes traveled with a tigerish stare over Mercy's costly silk dress. "Who gave you that dress? who gave you those jewels? I know! Lady Janet gave them to Grace Roseberry. Are *you* Grace Roseberry? That dress is mine. Take off your bracelets and your brooch. They were meant for me."

"You may soon have them, Miss Roseberry. They will not be in my possession many hours longer."

"What do you mean?"

"However badly you may use me, it is my duty to undo the harm that I have done. I am bound to do you justice—I am determined to confess the truth."

Grace smiled scornfully.

"You confess!" she said. "Do you think I am fool enough to believe that? You are

one shameful brazen lie from head to foot! Are *you* the woman to give up your silks and your jewels, and your position in this house, and to go back to the Refuge of your own accord? *Not you*—not you!"

A first faint flush of color showed itself, stealing slowly over Mercy's face; but she still held resolutely by the good influence which Julian had left behind him. She could still say to herself, "Any thing rather than disappoint Julian Gray?" Sustained by the courage which *he* had called to life in her, she submitted to her martyrdom as bravely as ever. But there was an ominous change in her now: she could only submit in silence; she could no longer trust herself to answer.

The mute endurance in her face additionally exasperated Grace Roseberry.

"*You* won't confess," she went on. "You have had a week to confess in, and you have not done it yet. No, no! you are of the sort that cheat and lie to the last. I am glad of it; I shall have the joy of exposing you myself before the whole house. I shall be the blessed means of casting you back on the streets. Oh! it will be almost worth all I have gone through to see you with a policeman's hand on your arm, and the mob pointing at you and mocking you on your way to jail!"

This time the sting struck deep; the outrage was beyond endurance. Mercy gave the woman who had again and again deliberately insulted her a first warning.

"Miss Roseberry," she said, "I have borne without a murmur the bitterest words you could say to me. Spare me any more insults. Indeed, indeed, I am eager to restore you to your just rights. With my whole heart I say it to you—I am resolved to confess every thing!"

She spoke with trembling earnestness of tone. Grace listened with a hard smile of incredulity and a hard look of contempt.

"You are not far from the bell," she said; "ring it."

Mercy looked at her in speechless surprise.

"You are a perfect picture of repentance—you are dying to own the truth," pursued the other, satirically. "Own it before everybody, and own it at once. Call in Lady Janet—call in Mr. Gray and Mr. Holmcroft—call in the servants. Go down on your knees and acknowledge yourself an impostor before them all. Then I will believe you—not before."

"Don't, don't turn me against you!" cried Mercy, entreatingly.

"What do I care whether you are against me or not?"

"Don't—for your own sake don't go on provoking me much longer!"

"For my own sake? You insolent creature! Do you mean to threaten me?"

With a last desperate effort, her heart beating faster and faster, the blood burning hotter and hotter in her cheeks, Mercy still controlled herself.

"Have some compassion on me!" she pleaded. "Badly as I have behaved to you, I am still a woman like yourself. I can't face the shame of acknowledging what I have done before the whole house. Lady Janet treats me like a daughter; Mr. Holmcroft has engaged himself to marry me. I can't tell Lady Janet and Mr. Holmcroft to their faces that I have cheated them out of their love. But they shall know it for all that. I can, and will, before I rest to-night, tell the whole truth to Mr. Julian Gray."

Grace burst out laughing. "Aha!" she exclaimed, with a cynical outburst of gayety. "Now we have come to it at last!"

"Take care!" said Mercy. "Take care!"

"Mr. Julian Gray! I was behind the billiard-room door—I saw you coax Mr. Julian Gray to come in! Confession loses all its horrors, and becomes quite a luxury, with Mr. Julian Gray!"

"No more, Miss Roseberry! no more! For God's sake, don't put me beside myself! You have tortured me enough already."

"You haven't been on the streets for nothing. You are a woman with resources; you know the value of having two strings to your bow. If Mr. Holmcroft fails you, you have got Mr. Julian Gray. Ah! you sicken me. *I'll* see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are opened; he shall know what a woman he might have married but for Me—"

She checked herself; the next refinement of insult remained suspended on her lips.

The woman whom she had outraged suddenly advanced on her. Her eyes, staring helplessly upward, saw Mercy Merrick's face, white with the terrible anger which drives the blood back on the heart, bending threateningly over her.

"'You will see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are opened,'" Mercy slowly repeated; "'he shall know what a woman he might have married but for you!'"

She paused, and followed those words by a question which struck a creeping terror through Grace Roseberry, from the hair of her head to the soles of her feet:

"*Who are you?*"

The suppressed fury of look and tone which accompanied that question told, as no violence could have told it, that the limits of Mercy's endurance had been found at last. In the guardian angel's absence the evil genius had done its evil work. The better nature which Julian Gray had brought to life sank, poisoned by the vile venom of a woman's spiteful tongue. An easy and a terrible means of avenging the outrages heaped on her was within Mercy's reach, if she chose to take it. In the frenzy of her indignation she never hesitated—she took it.

"Who are you?" she asked for the second time.

Grace roused herself and attempted to speak. Mercy stopped her with a scornful gesture of her hand.

"I remember!" she went on, with the same fiercely suppressed rage. "You are the madwoman from the German hospital who came here a week ago. I am not afraid of you this time. Sit down and rest yourself, Mercy Merrick."

Deliberately giving her that name to her face, Mercy turned from her and took the chair which Grace had forbidden her to occupy when the interview began.

Grace started to her feet.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," answered Mercy, contemptuously, "that I recall every word I said to you just now. It means that I am resolved to keep my place in this house."

"Are you out of your senses?"

"You are not far from the bell. Ring it. Do what you asked *me* to do. Call in the whole household, and ask them which of us is mad—you or I."

"Mercy Merrick! you shall repent this to the last hour of your life!"

Mercy rose again, and fixed her flashing eyes on the woman who still defied her.

"I have had enough of you!" she said. "Leave the house while you *can* leave it. Stay here, and I will send for Lady Janet Roy."

"You can't send for her! You daren't send for her!"

"I can and I dare. You have not a shadow of a proof against me. I have got the papers; I am in possession of the place; I have established myself in Lady Janet's confidence. I mean to deserve your opinion of me—I will keep my dresses and my jewels and my position in the house. I deny that I have done wrong. Society has used me cruelly; I owe nothing to Society. I have a right to take any advantage of it if I can. I deny that I have injured you. How was I to know that you would come to life again? Have I degraded your name and your character? I have done honor to both. I have won every body's liking and every body's respect. Do you think Lady Janet would have loved you as she loves me? Not she! I tell you to your face I have filled the false position more creditably than you could have filled the true one, and I mean to keep it. I won't give up your name; I won't restore your character! Do your worst; I defy you!"

She poured out those reckless words in one headlong flow which defied interruption. There was no answering her until she was too breathless to say more. Grace seized her opportunity the moment it was within her reach.

"You defy me?" she returned, resolutely. "You won't defy me long. I have written to Canada. My friends will speak for me."

"What of it, if they do? Your friends are strangers here. I am Lady Janet's adopted daughter. Do you think she will believe your friends? She will believe me. She will burn their letters if they write. She will forbid the house to them if they come. I shall be Mrs. Horace Holmcroft in a week's time. Who can shake *my* position? Who can injure Me?"

"Wait a little. You forget the matron at the Refuge."

"Find her, if you can. I never told you her name. I never told you where the Refuge was."

"I will advertise your name, and find the matron in that way."

"Advertise in every newspaper in London. Do you think I gave a stranger like you the name I really bore in the Refuge? I gave you the name I assumed when I left England. No such person as Mercy Merrick is known to the matron. No such person is known to Mr. Holmcroft. He saw me at the French cottage while you were senseless on the bed. I had my gray cloak on; neither he nor any of them saw me in my nurse's dress. Inquiries have been made about me on the Continent—and (I happen to know from the person who made them) with no result. I am safe in your place; I am known by your name. I am Grace Roseberry; and you are Mercy Merrick. Disprove it if you can!"

Summing up the unassailable security of her false position in those closing words, Mercy pointed significantly to the billiard-room door.

"You were hiding there, by your own confession," she said. "You know your way out by that door. Will you leave the room?"

"I won't stir a step!"

Mercy walked to a side-table, and struck the bell placed on it.

At the same moment, the billiard-room door opened. Julian Gray appeared—returning from his unsuccessful search in the grounds.

He had barely crossed the threshold before the library door was thrown open next by the servant posted in the room. The man drew back respectfully, and gave admission to Lady Janet Roy. She was followed by Horace Holmcroft with his mother's wedding present to Mercy in his hand.

MY LADY'S CHOICE.

THERE be laurels in the garden set,
And glowing roses—Love's own messengers—
And passion-flowers, and dainty mignonette,
The shyest darling summer doth call hers.
But my lady would have none of these;
She bade me bring her only heart's-ease.

So in the garden, when the days were bright
With every gracious charm that Nature knows,
I gathered heart's-ease for my love's delight,
And in her gentle bosom now it blows.
No other flower doth my lady please;
She will have none but little heart's-ease.

VALENTINES—FOR MY TWO.

FOR FAY.

Fairy! Fairy! fair and fine,
Will you be my Valentine?
Little sprite of flame and dew,
Fairy fingers fashioned you!
Spun their flax for shining hair,
Sun-lit snow for forehead fair;
Painted soft each crimson lip
With the rose-dew that they sip;
Set the pinkness of a shell
On those rounded cheeks to dwell;
Drew from some pure tiny lake
Shadows water-spiders make,
Crystal clear and diamond bright,
For those eyes of dauntless light,
Tempered with a fairy tear
Lest their brightness shine too clear;
And for that sweet sudden smiling,
Every hardest heart beguiling,
Caught the splendor of the sun,
When his day-long race is run,
And the space 'twixt cloud and hills
All his rapid glory fills.
Ah! my love, my sweet, my baby,
Did the fairies give thee, maybe,
All these gifts, and add the smart
Of a loving human heart,
Lest so many gracious things
Should too early give thee wings?
Fairy! Fairy! fair and fine,
Be my darling Valentine!

FOR BIRDIE.

I want a Valentine!
Who will be mine?
She must have lips as red, as red,
As strawberries in the garden bed;
She must have eyes as blue and sweet
As speedwell blossoms at her feet;
Two cheeks as soft as summer roses;
The tiniest, funniest of noses;
A chin as round as apples are,
And dimples twinkling like a star;
A forehead smooth and very fair,
With shining, shadowy, tumbled hair;
A look both saucy and coquettish,
Sometimes too sweet, sometimes too pettish;
A laugh like any bobolink,
Too gay to scold, too glad to think:
A little, willful, mortal thing,
That to its sweetheart's arms will spring,
And kiss and tease in equal measure—
Birdie! can this be you, my treasure?

Rose Terry.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE most conspicuous and painful event of the month was the sudden and tragical death of Horace Greeley. On the last day that he was at his office, after the death of his wife and his defeat in the election, he wrote this pathetic letter to one of his political friends:

"My dear Friend,—I am a man of many sorrows, and doubtless have deserved them; but I beg to say that I do not forget the gallant though luckless struggle you made in my behalf. I am not well.

"Yours, Horace Greeley."

He was not well, indeed. The sorrows that stung his heart and brain banished sleep. He declined swiftly. But the truth was not known. It was only evident, although he had formally announced his return to his old post, that he was not there. There was a certain public forbearance of inquiry—a profound sympathy for a man so stricken. His wife had died a month before, and he had been an unwearied watcher by her side. The election followed, which was not only a defeat, but which left him wondering what his relations were, and must hereafter be, with those with whom he had always acted, and with whom he really most sympathized. Then, as is understood, the heaviest of blows fell upon his oldest daughter. The storm was pitiless; and although he was an old and tough sailor who had weathered many a furious tempest, and had cried to them ha! ha! as the war-horse to the trumpets, this conquered him, and sad, exhausted, broken-hearted, with weakened body and clouded brain, he sank suddenly, and the whole country rose from its Thanksgiving feast shocked and grieved to know that Horace Greeley was dead.

There seemed to be no striking and dramatic incident wanting to add to the common feeling. For at the very moment in which, under the heavy-hanging sombre draperies in the church, and among the flowers which were heaped profusely around his bier, and in the presence of the most conspicuous citizens, his friends Mr. Beecher and Mr. Chapin were speaking of his life and of his death with the true eloquence of the heart, the electoral colleges in the various States were casting their votes for the President, who sat, touched with manly grief, by the coffin of his opponent. "Should I be elected—" said Mr. Greeley only a few weeks before. And now the final record of the votes that had overwhelmed him was being made, and he lay white and thin and forever silent. Indeed, the incessant restless activity of his life had been so familiar to the country that, with all the shock and sorrow at his death, there was doubtless also a feeling of satisfaction as if he rested at last, and rested utterly.

If there seemed something extravagant in the tone of eulogy that followed—if genuine feeling

seemed to gush in a torrent of sentimental rhetoric—if there seemed to be even a strain of compunction or remorse—if those whose estimate of his character and career could not be changed by his death listened with a kind of incredulous contempt to the praise that deified but did not discriminate—it was not surprising. For death, under circumstances that deeply impress the imagination, is happily often the sudden disappearance of all but the best characteristics of the man. The saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is not wholly sentimental. Death seems often to free men of all accidents, and the *bonum* remains as the essential quality of the man. Errors of judgment, like imperfect knowledge, disappear with death. They do not affect our feeling of the future. It is the good that lives after us, because the evil is often shallow and evanescent.

Thus the moment that Mr. Greeley died the figure that filled the memory was not the positive and at last fatally deceived politician, nor the man of queer personal eccentricities and weaknesses, with whom, living, his contemporaries had to deal, and must accept as he was, but it was the honest American citizen, laboriously industrious, the friend of the oppressed, of the working-man, of education, of liberty, and progress. He was instantly idealized by death, as conspicuous public characters often are. Whittier, in one of his poems, had called Mr. Greeley "our later Franklin," and the title had become very familiar from a certain obscure feeling of its fitness. And certainly death has idealized nobody more than the earlier Franklin. He is the popular American god of simplicity, frugality, and honesty. Theodore Parker calls him upon the whole the greatest of Americans hitherto. But his contemporaries saw, and the student of history may see now, qualities in him that were not altogether celestial. Yet who doubts the substantial justice of the popular estimate of Franklin? And it was the same kind of instinct that, in the hour of Mr. Greeley's death, saw that his characteristic qualities were essentially admirable.

It is painful to think that his death was largely due to his inability to see, what nobody else in the country doubted, that for all the noble purposes to which his life, and doubtless his heart, were devoted, the position to which his own peculiar genius had called him was infinitely more desirable than the position which he sought. He was by common consent the tribune of the people. There was no man in the country better known. There was general confidence in his upright character and honest intention. His ability was shown by the great journal that he had founded, which was unquestionably the first and most powerful in the country. A blunt, aggressive, sturdy editorial tone, touched at times with racy and even grim humor, and a tenderness of feeling and nature that was feminine, added to personal eccentricities which are always grateful to the public, gave him a popularity which was not affected by what seemed to many the crudeness and fallacy of many of his opinions, and his apparent faith that every body can do any thing. The great results of the later days in this country were those for which he had striven, and with which his name was identified. He was in a peculiar sense the *Tribune*, and he was well named.

But Mr. Greeley had always a singular fancy for official distinction, and certainly it is not always to be blamed. John Adams, one of the most valuable public servants this country ever had, had a passion for office, and justified it with many reasons. If, as Napoleon was fond of saying, the tools should be given to those who can use them, there is no reason why those who are conscious that they can use them should not aspire to hold them. And, indeed, if only those who can use them aspired! But Raphael should distrust himself when he turns from the "Transfiguration," the "Sistine Madonna," and the "*Stanze*," to take the clay to model a statue; and Dante might well pause when asked to build a cathedral instead of the lofty rhyme. Had Mr. Greeley preferred to remain in the position for which he had so triumphantly shown his vocation, he would have continued not only to influence the government, but to mould the nation. But his theory was often announced. It was that no citizen should decline any public duty which his fellow-citizens chose to require of him. Yet that is a theory which assumes that public demand, or even intrigue and caprice, shall take the place of individual consciousness, and that all duties, however sacred and paramount, shall be sacrificed to what can only be a duty under favorable conditions. This, however, was the feeling of Mr. Greeley, and to this he was faithful to the end.

Those who at an earlier day have had the freedom of the *Tribune* office will always pleasantly recall the humorous traditions that were even then rife of the editor in chief. He had always a ready answer; and when, one morning, a "temperance" article had appeared in the paper, which spoke of claret, hock, Heidsick, Champagne, and other pernicious liquors, there was a general laugh and chaffing of the editor when he appeared. He listened tranquilly to the good-natured gibes of the younger men, and then said, with twinkling eyes, and with the familiar drawl in the high-keyed voice, "Well, gentlemen, I suppose that I am the only man in this office who could possibly make that mistake." The memories of his associates of many years must be rich in racy reminiscences of him. For Mr. Greeley was signally what is called "a character." His "individuality" was very strongly marked, and he was not averse to encouraging by his conduct the impression which it made upon the popular mind. Certainly during our entire history there has been no American—and in this connection we can not except even Franklin—whose individuality has made so striking an impression upon his contemporaries.

The tragic and pathetic circumstances of his death naturally affected the eulogies that immediately followed. But Mr. Greeley was a man whose sympathies were so generous, whose life was so industrious and pure, and whose personality was so peculiar, that he deeply impressed the popular imagination, and the general estimate that was so universally and tenderly expressed will remain the judgment of history. He was one of the men who easily represent to the common imagination what it wishes conspicuous public characters to be. His friend and pastor, Mr. Chapin, said that it was goodness, which is better than greatness, that distinguished him. And how true it is that the conviction of good-

ness in a man who is gone makes the grief for him a hundredfold deeper and sincerer than the consciousness of mere greatness. It was not the mere shock of Mr. Lincoln's death, nor the public regard for his sagacity and steadiness—it was the general feeling that instinctively expressed itself in the phrase, "Father Abraham," which explained the profound sincerity of grief, the sorrowing heart, that were every where apparent. There was something of the same sentiment in the "Uncle Horace," which was a familiar name for Mr. Greeley. It showed itself at the funeral, which was not a sombre ceremony, but a service of great and general affection.

Mr. Greeley was sorely smitten. "My wife still lingers with us, but is very feeble," he writes to his friend Leslie Coombs, at the end of October. "She may drop off any day. I wish she were well, and I lay where she does." And on the same 10th of November when he wrote the letter saying "I am not well," he wrote to General Coombs: "My dear old Friend,—My sky is black. I may never write you again. I thank you for your letter of the 4th, and pray that the evening of your days may be bright and sunny, and that you may be blessed in your friends and your family." To the broken heart, to the overwrought brain, death seems a precious boon—an infinite relief. As the winter evening fell he was buried at Greenwood; and in his grave lies the dust of the man who has probably had a wider and deeper influence in this country than any whom he has left behind.

It was with amazement that the Easy Chair heard a voice say in the city of Boston as the crowd was thronging out of the Music-hall after a Harvard classical concert, "This Bach business is a fashion that has nearly gone out!"

"Shame!" said a severer voice; "some of us will stand by the ark to the last. Don't you know that Rubinstein will never play in a concert where Strauss's name and music are upon the programme?"

"He is ill at those 'numbers,' I suppose," said a sarcastic voice, emphasizing the "numbers" in derision of the pedantry of musical criticism which describes the various pieces by that word.

But another voice began to hum the *Blue Danube* waltz.

"Shame, I say again," exclaimed Severity. "How can a rational being with a soul for music profess pleasure in the shallow tum-ti-tum tum-ti-tum of Strauss's waltzes! Why, I remember in other days, when Ralph Yale, fresh from his musical studies in Germany, jumped up from his seat in the parquet during *Norma*, and said that the tum-ti-tum tum-ti-tum of the accompaniment would drive him mad if he did not leave the theatre. And he departed."

"Good riddance," said the Blue Danube, intermitting the humming only long enough to say it.

"I repeat," said the first voice, firmly, "that the Bach business is gone by. There are fashions in music, as there are in painting and architecture and oratory and bonnets. Thank mercy, Bach is going with the old pokes and the coal-scuttles."

The Easy Chair trembled as it heard such musical blasphemy in the very adytum of the temple. It had been listening in the lofty but dim and melancholy hall to the performance of a noble orchestra, and to singing and virtuoso-playing. The audience sat in grim propriety, and there was an occasional sound of grave applause. But as the Easy Chair listened to the music and watched the other listeners, it became conscious of some spell, as often in a church when every body painfully attends to the preacher, and yet it is folly to pretend that any body cares for the sermon. The audience gradually became a congregation engaged in unwilling worship, and as the eyes of the observer wandered about the hall they suddenly saw the colossal bronze statue of the great master Beethoven standing before the great organ. The huge figure fronting the audience with thunders upon its tremendous brow, its hands clasped, and with an aspect of Titanic defiance, suddenly became in the frightened imagination of the Easy Chair an enormous idol sternly glaring at its worshipers, and seeming to say, "Cease to worship at your peril!"

Simultaneously there was a prolonged fugue movement in the orchestra, a series of unmelodic vanishings of sound, giving the impression of frightened instruments escaping pell-mell in every direction from that awful presence. The audience assumed an appearance of grotesque anxiety to placate the offended deity; and the Easy Chair, with imagination now seriously disordered, fancied that the attention of the worshipers had momentarily swerved from their devotions, and that, half suspecting the colossus had perceived it, they now redoubled the grimness of their propriety, that he might believe himself deceived.

"What thunders upon that majestic brow!" remarked the Easy Chair, with a sense of awe, to a young neighbor.

"Yes, a thundering scowl," returned the young neighbor, aggressively, as if his thoughts were impatiently, and even indignantly, wandering from the solemn theme.

"How very Bach-like!" suggested the Easy Chair, anxious to be Roman in Rome, and to recall its erring neighbor.

"If 'twere only Bacchic, the subscriber would shout hallelujah," was the astounding reply. It was a young man evidently capable of liking the *Blue Danube* waltz or of any similar sin.

The Easy Chair found itself looking furtively about, and wondering whether there were other scoffers of the same reckless character. But it lost its breath when its young neighbor wantonly whispered, "I wish those confounded fiddles would stop wallowing and floundering in the inexpressible and the unattainable, and play a waltz."

The instinct of the Easy Chair was to make the sign of the cross, but after a few moments of recovery it answered that it thought melody was accounted sacrilege and profanation in that temple of harmony.

"Certainly it is," said the young neighbor, in a tone of anguish; "it is absolutely forbidden. We are not allowed to have it." Then lowering his voice and looking apprehensively around, like a Spaniard in the days of the Inquisition, or a Venetian trembling before the Ten, he said in a startled whisper, "There's one that rules us with a rod of iron. He thinks melody is wicked! He's all for what I call mummied music—nothing but actual ancient mummies or their modern imita-

tors. A little mummy is well enough, but, O dear anonymous stranger! mummy all the time is dreadful! You see how it is, we all look like mummies ourselves. What with the rod of iron and that brazen giant upon the platform—*de profundis clamavi!*"

Yet when the Easy Chair asked if the worshipers did not enjoy the worship, the young neighbor said, "Who can tell? They don't dare to say whether they do or not. We are all taught to think that this alone is music. As if there could be no poetry except *Paradise Lost!* Good? Why, of course 'tis the very best. But who wants the very best all the time? Am I accursed if I do not always wish to read of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute? My stuttering friend thought that M-M-M-M-Macaulay was a good writer, but shall there be nothing but Macaulay? Pooh!" said the young neighbor, contemptuously. "Do you see that old fellow with the pigtail? That's old Wax Candles. Do you suppose he cares about Bach? It's the fashion to come, and he comes. If 'twere the fashion to sit on the State-House steps, he'd piously seat himself and look as if he liked it. Come, now, I have my theory as well as old Rod of Iron, and my theory is that any body who is susceptible to music delights in all, as a man who has song in his soul, and enjoys Shakespeare's sonnets and the *Divine Comedy*, also likes Burns. I tell you, Sir, compassionate Sir, if you will allow me," said the young neighbor—"for really I feel toward you as the unhappy spirits in the *Inferno* felt toward Dante and his guide—I tell you that our fate is dreadful; and I believe that if, at the end of this insufferable thing which sounds like a complicated exercise, the orchestra should go off into an airy measure, full of easy and comprehensible melody, the congregation would be delighted."

The justification of the opinion was in the remark overheard by the Easy Chair that the "Bach business is a fashion that has nearly gone out." Is it perhaps possible that even the Harvard concerts have been too severely classical? Is there a tendency in the development of musical taste as in that of wine to a constantly drier and drier flavor? The Easy Chair has sat at sumptuous tables where the Champagne was as dry as old Rhenish; and although it knew that its character of connoisseur would be forever lost with the courteous host, it has ventured to say, "Oh for a beaker of d'Asti!" 'Tis a sweet foaming wine of Piedmont. When the young neighbor sighed and groaned and raged furiously like the heathen at that music, it was only satiety with the dry old Bach vintage and a longing for the sweet foaming liquor of Strauss or another.

And, indeed, as the Easy Chair reflected upon all the voices that it heard that day, and upon the sombre hall, yet noble with its double galleries and lofty height, it remembered that while the massive and grand Beethoven stands upon the platform, high in an opposite niche is the Apollo of the Belvidere, smiling and graceful, springing gayly forward into the hall. Shall not he also be worshiped in that temple of harmony? Shall not the strains to which all hearts beat time, and to which all feet and canes and umbrellas would do likewise, if it were seemly—not the *Blue Danube* only, but all that it stands for—shall not these be heard mingling with the other, lest the other prove by too great severity to be, as the first voice said, a fashion?

The Central Park in New York is an indirect as well as direct influence of refinement. It quickens the sense of enjoyment of art, and opens a theatre for its achievements. Hitherto in this country, with that dislike of profuse or symbolic expression which is characteristic of our race, and which is unfavorable to our æsthetic development, there have been few statues of famous persons in our galleries and public buildings, and many of those which we have erected have, as Dr. Johnson would have said, produced profound despondency in the judicious mind. Our attempts at fêtes also have generally been lamentable failures. It is not only that we take our pleasures sadly, as Froissart thought, but that there is a certain depth and sincerity of feeling which avoids lavish expression.

Mr. Adolphus Trollope, speaking of Isabella Andreini, a famous Italian actress three hundred years ago, says: "Every Italian is an actor more or less—has a natural talent for 'externating' the feelings that are in him, to use a very expressive Italian phrase—a talent that Englishmen are more deficient in than any other people under the sun. To us how often is it distasteful, how often impossible, to 'externare'—to make outwardly manifest—that which is inside us." This is equally true of Americans. How indignant we always are with the rhetorical republicans of other countries who sometimes seem to think as much of a ribbon as of a principle!

It is a truer and loftier taste which is raising statues to the famous dead. And every such ceremony as that of unveiling the statue of Shakespeare, and more recently that of Scott, in the Central Park, is a moderating and refining influence which can not easily be exaggerated. It is an honor to that unseen force which is so often forgotten, but oftener misappreciated. It is, indeed, an assertion of the great influence in human society of intellectual and moral power in its most charming and admirable development. It is not in the case of the poet and story-teller an honor to the genius that penetrates the secret of natural laws and extends actual human knowledge, but to that high genius, called by distinction creative, which peoples the imagination with new characters that not only cheer and solace our lives, but mould our characters. Fill the Park with the figures of really noble men only, and it will be an inspiring Walhalla.

And for such occasions Mr. Bryant, the Nestor of American letters, whom time can not wither, is the happiest of orators. The sympathy of genius, ample scholarship, prolonged experience, the finest tact, and a sweet and manly felicity of diction, combine to make his addresses delightful and memorable. His dinner speeches are not less fortunate. Always the oldest and most honored guest, Mr. Bryant speaks upon such occasions with a grace and humor and, so to say, lightness of touch that nobody rivals. It will be always pleasant hereafter to associate him with the statues of Shakespeare and Scott in the Central Park. He was the one of all living Americans to welcome those memorials. He was one of the young genera-

tion to whom the living Scott spoke. As he looked upon the assembly he said, "I perceive few persons of my own age—few who can remember, as I can, the rising and setting of this brilliant luminary of modern literature." He said in ending, and how truly!

"And now as the statue of Scott is set up in this beautiful Park, which a few years since possessed no human associations, historical or poetic, connected with its shades, its lawns, its rocks, and its waters, these grounds become peopled with new memories. Henceforth the silent earth at this spot will be eloquent of old traditions; the airs that stir the branches of the trees will whisper of feats of chivalry to the visitor. All that vast crowd of ideal personages created by the imagination of Scott will enter with his sculptured effigy, and remain: Fergus and Flora MacIvor, Meg Merrilies and Dirk Hatteraick, the Antiquary and his sister and Edie Ochiltree, Rob Roy and Helen Macgregor, and Baillie Jarvie and Dandie Dinmont, and Diana Vernon and Old Mortality—but the night would be upon us before I could go through the muster-roll of this great army. They will pass in endless procession around the statue of him in whose prolific brain they had their birth until the language which we speak shall perish, and the spot on which we stand shall be again a woodland wilderness."

A RECENT traveler describes a state of society among a singular people, which amusingly supposes that it is both civilized and humane. These people, he says, especially pride themselves upon their superiority to all others, and upon their triumphs in science and what they call modern improvement. Captain Gulliver does not seem to have reached them in his travels, although it is said that Dean Swift himself hoped at one time to be sent out as a bishop among them; and it would appear that they are sadly in need of bishops or of some other truly humanizing influence, for the traveler's faithful pictures of their condition show a situation which should lead the Board of Foreign Missions to lose no time in sending out missionary reinforcements. There are two new and striking illustrations of the situation of these people, who have not, like the Houyhnhnms, the faces of animals; but what they may have for hearts, as the traveler aptly remarks, "mercy only knows."

It is one of their customs to take a man who has killed another and strangle him with a rope. They pique themselves upon their science, while they resort to the most brutal and shocking method of suffocation. The races whom this people denounce as semi-barbarous kill their criminals with fatal certainty, and with no other shock than that which necessarily arises from a violent death. This nation of high pretension until recently made the occasion of capital execution a public festival, but now it has changed its custom, and issues invitations to the strangling to a select party only. Our adventurous traveler, who congratulates himself upon having escaped safely from their shores, says that but a month or two since he was present at one of these terrible scenes, and that the wretch who suffered, instead of being destroyed at once, was two or three times swung up by the neck before life was extinct, while the invited guests, mad with the fiery liquor which is the popular drink of the country, shouted and swore in a frenzy of glee, so that the ferocity of the throng in the old Coliseum when gladiators slaughtered each other, or of the Spanish crowds at a bull-fight when the animal disembowels the man, was tame and spiritless in the comparison. It is but just to these people to say, says this traveler, that some of them are shocked by this traditional custom, and protest against the bungling horrors of such scenes. But they are derided as milksops and sentimental fools who reserve all their sympathies for poor dear murderers. And such is the sensitiveness of this heroic people that they are more afraid of a sneer than of an argument. For there are men among them who put an enormous speaking-trumpet to their mouths, fill it with their own wind, and then call its blast public opinion.

This latest traveler also describes another fact about this singular people which to us, who are truly civilized, seems absolutely incredible. He says that in their cities they build enormous buildings called hotels, which rise to a great height, and are filled with strangers, who happen to be in the town, who are lodged in little cells arranged upon corridors, so that the whole resembles a honey-comb. These structures are built of solid material in the lower stories, from which escape is always easy, should a fire break out, and which can readily be flooded with water. But the higher parts are constructed of lighter and more inflammable stuffs, which, should they take fire, are beyond the reach of water, and the higher you go, escape in case of danger is more and more hopeless.

In countries of a low civilization, of course, such lofty buildings would either be really fireproof or they would be so amply provided with means of escape that there would be the same feeling of security upon the roof as in the lowest rooms. But our traveler says that in one of the largest and most renowned of these buildings there was a room in the very roof, beyond the reach of water, and accessible only by a wooden staircase. The passage in which it was built was, of course, a huge roaring draught the moment a fire began below. There were windows in the room covered with iron netting, which could not be broken. One night during his stay in the country a fire began near the staircase, and swept roaring up to the roof, and eleven poor women, servants of the great house, sleeping in that cruel room, were caught, without chance of succor, and so, God help them! perished in inconceivable agony.

As the traveler remarks, this is a kind of catastrophe which is simply unnecessary. An honest and efficient regard for human life would make it absolutely impossible. But, he adds, there is something ghastly in the fact that a people which permits such needless human slaughter disdains, with apparent sincerity, other times and countries, and actually plumes itself upon its civilization and knowledge. To us who are truly civilized and humane, and full of all wisdom, the tales of such a traveler, if we can really believe them, bring only a mingled gratitude and pity. "Mamma," said the good little boy, whose toes were peeping out of his shoes, "what do the poor children do who are out at elbows?"

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

FROUDE'S *History of England* is the history only of a critical half century, and the work, which is popularly entitled Froude's *History of Ireland*, is more properly designated in the title-page as *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). A critical analysis of and judgment concerning this work, of which the first volume only has yet appeared, would almost necessarily involve a discussion of the Irish question. It is enough to say here that it is a thoroughly English history—English in its political principles, English in the authorities on which it is based, and English in the personal prejudices which unmistakably pervade it. In his introductory chapter the author lays down as an axiom the following fundamental principle: "There neither is nor can be an inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honorable courses; and the rights of man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control." Not even Mr. Froude's brilliant advocacy will secure from American readers the acceptance of this doctrine; and Irishmen may well question the competency of any author to write the history of the bitter, fruitless, and often wild struggles of Ireland for emancipation who regards the rights of man as hypothetical. It is, indeed, possible that the Irish question is one of political philosophy rather than of historical fact; for legislation which seems in the last degree tyrannous to those who hold to the inherent rights of man may appear to be just, if not expedient, to one who holds that an ignorant or degraded community may be rightly "driven into more honorable courses" by a nation which is wiser and stronger. At all events, the reader of Froude's *History of Ireland* must bear in mind the political principles which underlie it, and which are so frankly avowed in the introduction. As these principles are characteristically English, so are the authorities on which the author relies. A document in the Record-office possesses in his eyes the sanctity which a Protestant attributes to the Bible, or a Romanist to a church tradition. That he has studied his authorities well is evident; that he has made fair and honest report of them there is no good reason to doubt. But a history of Ireland based on English state papers is like a history of the Waldenses based on the manuscripts of the Vatican; it may be painstaking, but it can not be impartial. Indeed, Mr. Froude hardly pretends to impartiality. He declares of the Irish of the twelfth century that they were "scarcely better than a mob of armed savages," and in his brilliant portraiture of the national character he allows only so much semblance of virtue as is necessary to set off by contrast the vices which he imputes to them. "If," says he, "they possess some real virtues, they possess the counterfeits of a hundred more. They are without the manliness which will give strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their dispositions; while the surface and show are so seductive and so winning that only experience of their instability can resist the charm." In brief, Mr. Froude writes his history with the scarcely disguised purpose of gaining a verdict from the reading public in favor of his client, England. The vigor of his advocacy tends to defeat his aim; and while careless readers may be carried away by the combined charm of his brilliant style and his contagious enthusiasm, thoughtful minds will recognize in the structure of the work itself abundant evidences of his incapacity to see or to present more than one side of a problem which certainly possesses two. In this paragraph we have contented ourselves with pointing out the essential characteristics of the work as they appear, undisguised, in the introduction. Of the work as a whole we must reserve a description till the second and concluding volume is published.

Mr. FREDERIC HUDSON'S *Journalism in the United States* (Harper and Brothers) opens a new and exceedingly interesting chapter in the history of literature. For upward of eighteen years Mr. Hudson was the managing editor of the New York *Herald*, and therefore not only writes with an enthusiasm for his own profession, but gathers his materials from an acquaintance with newspaper life and work, and from a personal knowledge of the leading newspaper men of the last quarter of a century. He gives a history of the origin of the press, and an account of the early newspapers of this country, and then traces its history down to the present day. The most interesting part of his volume is the last half, which gives not only a record of the public events in connection with the wonderful development of the American press, but also much that the public has not known, and that only such a newspaper man could write. Not the least entertaining feature in his history consists of the pictures of character of such leaders of public sentiment as Horace Greeley, H. J. Raymond, and James G. Bennett. The work not only possesses peculiar value to all of the editorial fraternity by pointing out the elements of failure and success as exhibited in actual experiments and results, but also peculiar fascination for all newspaper readers—that is, for every body.

POETRY.

TENNYSON'S last poem, *Gareth and Lynette* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), though last in order of time, belongs first, or perhaps more strictly second, in the final arrangement of the *Idyls of the King*. "It is," says the London *Spectator*, "the porch to his great Arthurian building." The English critics are very much divided in their estimate of it. The *Daily News* characterizes it as "the weakest and least interesting of the whole series;" while the *Spectator* says, "we can not think that it has been surpassed in beauty by any other." Certainly it is not surpassed by any of the Idyls in simplicity; and while in some passages the allegory is obscure, and needs an interpreter, its essential meaning reveals itself on even the first reading. The myth out of which the poem is evolved is simple enough. When Gareth, "kingliest of all kitchen knaves," follows Lynette to deliver her mistress, we know what the issue of his mission will be, as certainly as we know that

Bunyan's pilgrim will reach the end of his journey after he once undertakes it. Yet we follow with none the less interest the knight's threefold battle, the glorious and easy ones against the *Morning Star* and the Noonday Sun, and the more bitter conflict with the Star of Evening, whose "hardened skins fitting him like his own" so aptly represent the power of resistance to every good impulse afforded by life-long habit. Very beautifully, too, does Tennyson represent the truth that he who has fought life's battles well, and meets death bravely, finds in him no serious foe, by his picture of Gareth's last battle with the seemingly hideous monster Night and Death, when

> "With a stronger buffet he clove the helm
> As throughly as the skull; and out from this
> Issued the bright face of a blooming boy,
> Fresh as a flower new born."

Gareth clearly enough represents Mr. Tennyson's ideal of a true chivalric knight. And in these days when women are becoming their own defenders, and, in consequence, men are losing what little chivalry they once possessed, the ideal is one well worth study. But what does Lynette, with her "slender nose tip, tilted like the petal of a flower," represent? A verier shrew it would not be easy to find in fact or fiction; and the intimation that Gareth married her at last is discouraging to would-be knights.—In undertaking to translate the *Æneid of Virgil* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), Mr. C. P. Cranch had two difficulties to contend with. His volume is in style and general appearance like Bryant's *Homer*, and Longfellow's *Dante*. He had therefore to submit to a comparison both with the original which he undertook to render into English, and with the work of translation performed by the two foremost American poets. It is high praise to say of him that he has succeeded, and bears the double comparison well; but it is not higher than he deserves. He has wisely chosen blank verse as the form of his work—a medium between the rhyming versions, which are never satisfactory because they always and by necessity lack the strength of the original, and prose, which is if possible more unsatisfactory, because it lacks the grace of the original. He has preserved the idiom of the great Latin poet with wonderful skill, possibly has followed him too closely at times. Some forms of expression we note which will puzzle the reader who has no acquaintance with the original, but will be an additional charm to any one who takes this volume to recall the pleasant memories of Virgil's great poem. The style is at once strong and graceful, and only in a few exceptional passages obscure. The book is admirably adapted to give English readers a true idea of the great Latin epic, and still better adapted to recall it to those to whom the story of the fortunes of the man who first came from the coasts of Troy to Italy is now only a dimly remembered yet delightful dream.

In our grateful commemoration of the victories of the present we are apt to forget the earlier and seemingly unsuccessful warriors. All Protestantism praises Luther, but comparatively few Protestants have so much as heard of such reformers before the Reformation as Arnold of Brescia. The men who in this country were in the forefront of the antislavery battle when the victory was won will never be forgotten; but the graves are unknown of those who first awakened the conscience of America to its national wrong. Such a one was Francis Daniel Pastorius; and it is to keep his memory green that J. G. Whittier has written *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* (J. R. Osgood and Co.).

> "The garland which his meekness never sought
> I bring him; over fields of harvest sown
> With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness grown,
> I bid the sower pass before the reaper's sight."

Pastorius was one among the Pennsylvania Pilgrim Fathers, a leader among the Friends, a teacher of a simple and yet somewhat mystical form of Christianity; and the poem is a quiet, simple, historical picture of times and manners little known, and of a faith and fidelity that deserve, yet never have received, fame.

Peter Bayne has in his various essays displayed such marvelous aptitude for character-sketching that we expected to find in his *Days of Jezebel* (Gould and Lincoln) a rare insight into the historical characters in that most dramatic period of the Jewish history. The book is in this respect a disappointment. It presents in the form of a drama a portion of the story of Jezebel's life, but ends abruptly with the prophecy of her death. The Jezebel of the poem lacks the fierce and unwomanly wickedness which characterizes the Lady Macbeth of Hebrew history, and Scripture readers will hardly recognize in the "fiery ruthlessness" of Elijah, in the scene on Mount Carmel, the features of the inspired prophet of God.—Dr. J. G. Holland's *Marble Prophecy* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is almost an invective against the Church of Rome. Its biting sarcasm consorts not well with the spirit of poetry, hardly with the spirit of Christianity. It contains some passages that are thought-provoking, and it is certainly far from being stupid or inane. But neither in the opening description of the festival of St. Peter's Chair, where its spirit of contempt for the "brave pageant" is almost painful, nor in its subsequent meditation on the Laocoön, does it contain any of that depth or tenderness of feeling which one expects of a true poet in communion with such a present as that of modern Rome, and with such a past as that of the Rome that has perished. Some of the shorter poems in this volume are really finer than the one which gives the book its title.—There is something intensely human—we know not how else to characterize the indescribable spirit which we feel, but which it is difficult to define or describe—in the poems of J. W. Watson, whose *Outcast and Other Poems* (T. B. Peterson and Co.) awaken in the heart a genuine sympathy for the poor, the outcast, the suffering, and the abandoned. That appreciation of the universal heart-life that makes all the world kin, which gives a peculiar charm and power to the novels of Dickens, pervades these poems.—*Songs from the Old Dramatists* (Hurd and Houghton) is a collection of lyrics from the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, and other early play-writers. The collection will be esteemed chiefly by those who are fond of cultivating the old or comparing it with the new. Most readers will vote modern poetry so much better that it is not worth while to go back to that which is antique. The illustrations wonderfully preserve the effect of India-

ink sketches, and the whole book is, in paper, printing, and engraving, exceptionally beautiful. —In *Home; or, the Unlost Paradise* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) RAY PALMER has aimed, he tells us in his preface, "to present such a picture of home as not only may be, but actually has been, substantially realized in instances almost without number." It may be described as a poet's endeavor to shield marriage and home from those who would loosen the one, and consequently undermine the other. It is, as befits its theme, a quiet and placid poem—a lake, not a stream—with much that is pleasant, but with no demonstration of power, and perhaps no real occasion for such demonstration. Some passages, as the description of the New England home in the opening book, are very happy, though we note occasionally a borrowed phrase from the stores of the poetry of the past. Such, for example, is the line, "They thread the winding paths and seek the bower," bowers being of very infrequent occurrence in the New England home, and the paths of the prosaic reality being for the most part straight.—We do not fully understand why such a poem as *Treasure Trove* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) should be so full of illustrations, and such a one as *Gareth and Lynette* should be so barren. The sketches of Mr. Eytinge are very graphic, and some of them genuinely humorous. But the poem is not a work of a very high order; it is too tragic in its incidents to be a comedy, and too light and humorsome in its treatment to be a tragedy. Flaying alive, for instance, is not a fit topic for a jest, a fact of which, indeed, the poet himself seems to have a dim consciousness for a moment.—The household edition of *The Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Whittier* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) puts within the reach of all American households the poems of one who is characteristically both an American and a household poet. Though the book is not a fine one, in the book-maker's sense, it is free from faults; the type is clear and plain, and sufficiently large to be readable, and the edition admirably fitted for the purpose of bringing these poems within the reach of meagre purses.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

J. R. Ford and Co. produce, in their uniform edition of HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Works, a new edition of his earliest book, *Lectures to Young Men*. Of these eleven lectures the first seven were originally delivered by Mr. Beecher in Indianapolis. They are of double value. They are of inestimable worth as warnings of danger to young men, and they are admirable pictures of society as it existed in the West twenty-five years ago. Morals have improved somewhat since then; and doubtless in these paintings the artist—for Mr. Beecher is an artist even where he does not mean to be—has used his imagination with consummate skill in portraying the reality. But it is the reality which he has portrayed. The picture is no whit darker than the original. In preparation for these lectures Mr. Beecher studied life, and possibly in their preparation formed those habits of life-study which have made him the foremost preacher in America. With that wonderful dexterity in catching men, in which he is without a peer in the American pulpit, he secured an interview with one of the most noted gamblers in Indianapolis, which was at that time a great gambling centre, and in his lecture on that vice he described not what a ministerial imagination might suppose to be the dangers, but what they actually were, as told to him by one who knew every trick of the trade, and who had employed not a few of them successfully in transferring spoils from the purses of his victims to his own purse. The contrast between the original seven lectures and the four subsequently added is very marked. The rhetoric of the earlier lectures is more ornate and elaborate; it lacks the soberer judgment and more careful statement of later years; but it has all the intense earnestness, all the yearning for men, all the hate of wrong and inhumanity, which throbs beneath all Mr. Beecher's preaching, because throbbing evermore in his great heart. There is no book a father or mother could better give their boy on his first starting out from home to city life or to college than this volume of lectures to young men.

Those whose test of sermons is "soundness," who expect a minister to be an intellectual and spiritual guide whom they may follow safely with unquestioning credence, will not have much hesitation in condemning *Thoughts for the Times* (Holt and Williams), by Rev. H. R. HAWEIS; but those who desire a minister not to think for them, but to stimulate them to do their own thinking, will welcome this suggestive and intellectually stimulating volume, none the less because, whatever their theological philosophy, they will find so much in it that provokes their dissent. It would be difficult to say to what school Mr. Haweis belongs, unless it be to the Indefinables, a large and increasing sect in modern religious philosophy. We should be inclined from such a sentence as the following to class him among the rationalists: "In three words, rationalism means infinite Sincerity, infinite Aspiration, and infinite Faith." But elsewhere he recognizes, with a fullness that reminds one of the mystics of the Middle Ages, the doctrine of personal communion with God, and His ever-present and ever-living inspiration of those that trust in Him. While there are some sermons, as that "On the Idea of God," which seem too metaphysical for popular discourses, and while their whole character is such that the intimation in one of his illustrations that camp-stools are necessary for the congregation is rather a surprise, yet, on the whole, they impress the reader as the earnest and sympathetic utterances of a man who is heartily sincere in his desire to get at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whose religious aspirations are none the less genuine because they exist in combination with a rare critical faculty, and who has a true love for his fellow-men, and a real and controlling desire to bring them into communion with God, and into a higher and holier life.

The City of God and the Church-Makers, by R. ABBEY (Hurd and Houghton), is amenable to the criticism that "what is new is not true, and what is true is not new." The author, in his introductory address, sets forth twenty-four theses which he undertakes to explode as popular errors, and twenty-four others which he undertakes to establish in their place. Some of these supposed errors have never been generally accepted in the Christian Church, though certain

loose and popular phraseology in theological writing may seem to indicate their acceptance. Such, for example, is the first thesis: "There are two separate and distinct systems of religion in Scripture, one in the Old Testament, and one in the New." On the other hand, Mr. Abbey will hardly succeed in persuading any intelligent reader that the mob which coerced Pilate into consenting to the crucifixion of Christ consisted of "only a few persons, perhaps twenty or fifty." The main part of his book is devoted to a trenchant criticism of popular religious authors, and possesses very little general interest. Only about one hundred pages of the book are devoted to the advocacy of the author's views in respect to the Church of Christ, which he regards as identical with the Jewish Church, and a large portion of even this part of his treatise is practically devoted to a criticism of those from whom he really or in imagination differs.—The *Revision of the English Version of the New Testament* (Harper and Brothers) is a valuable and timely publication on an important topic, and one which interests the entire Christian Church. It consists of four distinct treatises. First, an introductory chapter by Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, which gives a brief history of the present movement in this country and England for a revision of the Scripture, together with a statement of the principles upon which it is conducted; second, a treatise of Dr. LIGHTFOOT, of Cambridge, England, setting forth some of the errors in our present version, and discussing the principles which should be applied in its revision; third and fourth, two similar treatises by Archbishop TRENCH and Bishop ELLICOTT. Apart from the value of the information which the work contains respecting the revision now going on, it is of great critical value to every student of the Scripture, who, whether it be revised for popular use or not, needs in his own use of it to recognize its errors and imperfections, and to know how to revise it for himself.

The object of Mr. JOHN R. LIEFCHILD in *The Higher Ministry of Nature* (G. P. Putnam and Sons) is to show that nature has a higher ministry to serve than that of the mere temporal and transient, and that in the light of this ministry it appears that natural science aids rather than interferes with or is derogatory to true religion. His style is clear and sometimes eloquent, but not compact; and the book, while it will prove acceptable to religious readers, lacks that concentration of thought and fullness of information which make the works of such thinkers as Spencer and Darwin so incomprehensible to many readers, and so peculiarly attractive to others.—The last volume of "Lange's Commentaries," *The Psalms*, by C. B. MOLL, D.D., with American additions (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), possesses the character of the entire series, of which it is one of the most valuable volumes. It is elaborate, erudite, scholarly, but it is not always clear, is often lacking in Anglo-Saxon common-sense, and is too diffuse for the scholar and too scholastic for the common reader. Yet the homiletical and practical notes are full of suggestions to the teacher, the preacher, and the devotional reader, and the exegetical notes are quite exhaustive, if one has time to study them.—Harper and Brothers publish the second volume of *Sermons* by Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. It is prefaced by a biographical sketch of the preacher, which is very brilliantly written, but is somewhat too eulogistic in tone. There are other preachers more profound in thought and more finished in style, but there are few or none who are more thoroughly in earnest, or who have greater power to compel the attention of the irreligious and unconcerned to the deepest religious truths. The book can not but do good, however the critics may condemn some seeming infelicities in style.—Dr. BUSHNELL'S last volume, *Sermons on Living Subjects* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is one of living and life-imparting discourses. They are full of thought which is always suggestive, though not always sound; and are infused with a genuine feeling, though far from emotional. The style is generally forcible, despite some barbarisms which one does not expect to find outside the pages of Carlyle, and some involutions which are pardonable in the spoken address, but which the writer ought not to leave the reader to disentangle.—Every thing which Dr. GUTHRIE writes is characteristically readable. His *Studies of Character from the Old Testament* (Robert Carter and Brothers) do not require much study on the part of the reader, but are the fruit of much study by the author, and are very suggestive, but rather to the imagination than to the reason. They embrace sixteen sketches, and range from Abraham to Jehu.—A somewhat similar book is *Tales of the Warrior Judges*, by J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), a series of sketches of Ehud, Deborah, Gideon, Jephthah, and Samson, written with peculiar reference to boys, but constituting good Sabbath reading for older readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How and Where to Find Them, by Professor JAMES ORTON (Washington, Dustin, and Co.), is a practical text-book for those who are engaged in practical mineralogy in any of its departments. It will slip easily into the pocket, and gives a series of very simple tests, such as require no laboratory, no knowledge of chemistry, no scientific apparatus, for determining the character of stones which, by their resemblance to diamonds, gold, silver, etc., often deceive the unwary. Nature is full of counterfeits, and this little volume might well be termed nature's counterfeit detector. It is strictly scientific in fact, but carefully avoids all scientific terminology, and by its simple tests and clear language puts it in the power of an unscientific investigator to try the value of any mineral which claims his attention or awakens his hopes.—It may almost be said that there is no one in this country competent to criticise Professor WHITNEY'S volume of essays, *Oriental and Linguistic Studies* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). He has no superior, probably no equal, in his department. His volume will be welcomed by all students of philology, not only in this country, but also in England, as the work of one who is at once cautious and fearless. He does not hesitate to apply a caustic but courteous criticism to some of Professor Müller's theories, and makes short and sharp work of the hypothesis which traces human language to a purely brute origin. But he is more than a critic of others, for there is not to be found any where else within our knowledge so clear, concise, and accurate an account of the sacred literature of

India and the Zoroastian religion of Persia, and some other kindred topics.—We have already given our readers some account of TAINE's work on English literature. We are glad to receive a *Taine's English Literature Condensed* (Holt and Williams), because there are many, especially among the student classes in our schools and colleges, who have not the time nor the opportunity to master the larger work, to whom this smaller volume will be not impracticable. The work of condensing, by Professor JOHN FISKE, of Harvard University, appears to have been well done, the words of the author as well as his ideas being in all cases retained.—*Hints on Dress*, by ETHEL C. GALE (G. P. Putnam and Sons), is really an admirable little treatise—sensible, practical, and giving details of information as to expenditure, as well as very wise and perfectly practicable advice as to habits and methods of dress. It is a real surprise to find so much that is useful crowded into so few pages.—Mr. F. G. DE FONTAINE has prepared a curious book, but one that will be welcome to all lovers of the great English novelist, in his *Cyclopedia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens* (E. J. Hale and Sons). The volume consists of extracts from Dickens's works, classified topically and arranged alphabetically. It is really a dictionary of quotations, but from Charles Dickens only.—Lee and Shepard issue a "student's edition" of *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations by Archbishop Whately*, and with notes by FRANKLIN FISKE HEARD. We do not think that the ordinary reader will find the value of the work greatly enhanced by Mr. Heard's notes, which appear to be largely provided on the principle upon which questions are furnished in the ordinary Sabbath-school question books, or comments in a certain class of diffuse though pious Scripture annotations. We do not need, for example, to be told that "doctors of the church" are "teachers," or that the phrase "a jealous God" occurs in Exodus, or that "divers" means different, all of which specimens we cull from a couple of pages opened at hazard. However, the translation of Bacon's Latin quotations may be convenient to English readers, and the book is none the worse for such notes as are unnecessary, since they need not be read. As to the substance of the work, English literature contains nothing finer of its kind than *Bacon's Essays*, and though Whately's annotations suffer somewhat by comparison, seeming diffuse in contrast with his master's concentrated wisdom, yet it is only by comparison, and these annotations contain some of the ablest thoughts of one who deservedly ranks as one of the most liberal and progressive, as well as one of the most able and cultured, thinkers in the English Church—one who combined Bacon's respect for religion with his broadness of philosophic views, and because lacking his aphoristic style is therefore admirably fitted to explain it. The book is exceedingly well prepared and printed, and it is every way to be commended as an excellent edition of what will always hold a foremost place in English classics.

Editor's Scientific Record.

POLARIZING ACTION OF TARTARIC ACID.

IN the extensive series of organic substances there are some that, as is well known, are endowed with the peculiar faculty of deflecting the plane of polarization of the luminous rays. This property was discovered by Biot, in 1815, in various liquids—among others, in spirits of turpentine—and the laws which most of these substances follow are, *first*, the rotation produced by the liquids in the plane of polarization is proportional to the length of the path which the luminous rays must traverse in the liquid; *second*, in the mixture of substances endowed with the rotatory power with those that are inactive, and which exercise no chemical action upon the former, rotation is in proportion to the quantity of the active substance; *third*, when several liquid columns are superposed in the path of the luminous rays, the total rotation is equal to the algebraic sum of the rotations peculiar to each of them; *fourth*, the angle of rotation corresponding to the different simple colors is very nearly in the inverse ratio to the square of the length of the luminous rays. Tartaric acid does not follow the law of Biot, constituting a special exception to the second and fourth law. This anomaly induced Krecke to take up the inquiry the result of which he has lately published.

The special points that he desired to investigate were, whether the anomaly which tartaric acid exhibits at the ordinary temperature is seen also at a more elevated temperature; if the tartrates present the same anomalies as free tartaric acid; and if tartrates follow the law of simple relations. The results which he attained in the course of his inquiry he sums up as follows: For all the rays of the spectrum the specific rotatory power augments with the temperature, but in a quantity different for different solutions of the acid, and the peculiar irregularity presented by tartaric acid—namely, that the green rays are displaced more than the yellow or the violet—disappears with the augmentation of the temperature. It decreases also in proportion to the increase of the quantity of water, as had already been demonstrated by Biot. He also informs us that the tartrates, as far as examined, follow the laws of Biot; that the molecular rotatory power is very nearly the same in all the normal tartrates and alkaloids, but considerably more in tartar-emetic; and that the molecular rotatory power of the tartrates is threefold that of tartaric acid, thus following the laws of simple relations.

INFLUENCE OF A DIAMAGNETIC BODY ON THE ELECTRIC CURRENT.

Professor Stephan has been engaged in investigating the phenomena exhibited when an electric current is opened or closed in the presence of a diamagnetic body, and has arrived at the following conclusions: *First*, the presence of a diamagnetic body at the moment of closing the circuit accelerates the ascending movement of the current, and the chemical action developed simultaneously within the pile is less than when

the closing takes place in the absence of a diamagnetic body. *Second*, the heat developed at the moment of opening the current by the secondary current is less when the interruption takes place in the presence of a diamagnetic body. *Third*, when the current sets in motion a diamagnetic body, the action simultaneously supplied by the chemical force inside of the pile will be to the live force furnished by this body as two to one. This surplus of chemical action is manifested as soon as we open the current in the secondary circuit, reinforced by the absence of a diamagnetic body. The contrary takes place every time that a body of this nature is moved in a direction opposite to that of the electrodynamic forces. *Fourth*, the energy of the needle increases or diminishes according as it is removed or approximated to a diamagnetic body. If this body is set in motion by a needle it furnishes a sum of live force equivalent to the action of the live forces acting in the needle.

EFFECT OF BATHING ON THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY.

Drs. Jamin and De Laures, in an account of some experiments made by them upon the loss of weight experienced by the human body in a bath, remark that, under ordinary conditions, a man of good constitution will consume about 4000 grams of food in the course of a day, of which 1500 grams are excreted, while the remaining 2500 grams are consumed in the course of twenty-four hours, either by the lungs or by the skin, being a loss of about 100 grams per hour. This loss, however, is not uniform, as it amounts to about 125 grams after dinner, diminishing until the following morning, when it is only 80 grams between six and seven o'clock, and increasing again after breakfast. In exercising under a hot sun it sometimes amounts to as much as 340 grams per hour.

When the body is immersed in a bath there is a certain temperature at which the weight is maintained unchanged, this, however, increasing when the temperature is lowered, and diminishing very rapidly as the water becomes more and more heated. Before taking the bath 30 grams may be lost by respiration, and 60 by perspiration; but during the hour after it the conditions are different: a much less loss will take place, and sometimes none at all; indeed, occasionally there may be a slight increase of weight. As, however, the quantity of water exhaled can not be less than before taking the bath—and, indeed, should be greater, in consequence of the humidity of the epidermis—the diminution or loss of weight, it is thought, can not but be the result of a single cause, namely, a diminution in the amount of carbonic acid expired. But these conclusions are not to be considered as established, and further investigations are to be made by the gentlemen named.

IMPROVING THE QUALITY OF POOR COAL.

According to the *Journal of Applied Sciences*, the qualities of the best anthracite or cannel coal may be given to poor tertiary coals by soaking them in a mixture of naphtha and bitumen. A similar treatment of peat, by means of the residuum of kerosene refineries, has lately been adopted in the United States, as furnishing a fuel far superior in heating power, in freedom from foreign substances, and in availability to the best qualities of true coal.

CARBONIC ACID IN SEA-WATER.

Oscar Jacobsen, of Kiel, has made a communication to *Nature* in reference to the carbonic acid in sea-water, the determination of the amount of this gas being considered a matter of much importance in deep-sea researches. He states that the complete expulsion of oxygen and nitrogen from sea-water presents no difficulty, the comparative proportion of the two gases not being sensibly different in the first and last portions of the gas expelled. Carbonic acid is only partially driven off by boiling the sea-water for hours in a vacuum, and the proportion of acid found in the expelled gas justifies no conclusion as to the amount in the water. The portions of the sea-water gas first displaced are almost entirely free from carbonic acid, the later being richer.

The complete expulsion of carbonic acid from sea-water is attained by its distillation in a current of air free from carbonic acid; but even under this operation it is detached so slowly that only after the evaporation of a considerable amount of water does the carbonate of lime begin to separate. The distillation must be continued until only one-fourth of the original quantity of water remains. The fact, therefore, that carbonic acid is present in sea-water not as a dissolved gas in the same sense as oxygen and hydrogen but in a peculiar condition of combination, Mr. Jacobsen considers of great importance, not only as respects animal and vegetable life, but also in reference to the geological relations of the sea. He is now prosecuting an inquiry as to which of the constituents of sea-water is due its power of close combination with carbonic acid, and what is the proportion of this acid to the salt.

GLACIAL PERIOD OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Mr. James Geikie has lately published an elaborate article upon the successive changes of climate experienced in Great Britain, especially during the glacial epoch; and among some of the more general conclusions at which he has arrived are the following:

1. That at some distant period (according to Mr. Croll's calculations, upward of 200,000 years ago), owing to the eccentricity of the earth's orbit being at a high value, and the winter of our hemisphere happening to fall in aphelion, a climate of intense severity covered Scotland, Ireland, and the major portion of England with a massive sheet of snow and ice. At the same time similar conditions characterized the mountainous and northern regions of Europe and America.

2. That one result of this glacial action was the erosion of rock-basins.

3. That intense glacial conditions were interrupted by intervening periods characterized by mild and even genial climates, the changes of climate being directly due to the precession of the equinoxes, which during a period of extreme eccentricity would gradually cause the ice cap to shift from one pole to the other.

4. That these interglacial climates are represented in Scotland by stratified deposits intercalated with the till, and containing, in places,

mammalian and vegetable remains; in England by beds in the boulder clay, and by some portions of the valley gravels and cave deposits, with paleolithic implements and bones of the extinct mammalia; on the Continent by similar deposits; in America by layers of peat, with buried trees and extinct mammalia.

5. That the climate of the earlier cold periods was more severe than in subsequent glacial periods of the same great cycle.

6. That when submergence, in consequence of subsidence of the land, was approaching its limits in the northern latitudes of Europe, a change of climate gradually supervened, and icebergs and ice-rafts set sail from the frozen islets that represented Scandinavia and Great Britain and Ireland.

In connection with the glaciation of the northern hemisphere, Mr. Geikie recognizes a *Pre-glacial Period*, a *Glacial Epoch*, and a *Post-glacial Period*, followed directly by the *Recent Period*. The *Pre-glacial Period* is represented in England by the Norwich Crag, and is characterized by remains of the elephant and mastodon; but Mr. Geikie finds no evidence of the existence of man, as shown by the discovery of stone implements. The Glacial Epoch is divided into the *Great Cycle* of *Glacial* and *Inter-glacial Periods*, a *Last Inter-glacial Period*, and a *Last Glacial Period*. The first-mentioned is characterized in Europe generally by the occurrence of traces of man in the form of paleolithic implements and of remains of arctic and southern mammals.

In the second, or *Last Inter-glacial Period*, there are also river gravels and cave deposits, paleolithic implements, and extinct mammalia, or species no longer indigenous to Europe. These include the *Elephas antiquus*, the rhinoceros, etc.

In the *Last Glacial Period* we have also river and cave deposits, with arctic mammals—the arctic mammoth, the Siberian rhinoceros—and paleolithic implements. The *Post-glacial Period* is marked by the existence of raised beaches, river and cave deposits, neolithic implements, and the passage from the stone to the bronze and iron periods; and in Denmark by the occurrence of peat, and buried trees, and kjökkenmöddings. The series is closed by the *Recent Period*, with its well-known characteristics.

DEFECTS OF VISION IN THE YOUNG.

Dr. Liebreich, the eminent ophthalmic surgeon connected with St. Thomas's Hospital, London, has lately written an article in regard to school life in its influence on sight, and attributes many of the permanent defects of vision from which educated people suffer to the physical conditions of the school-rooms in which they were taught. The more important changes in the functions of sight developed under these circumstances, according to the author, are three in number—namely, decrease of the range of vision, decrease of the acuteness of vision, and decrease of the endurance of vision. Decrease of the range, or short-sightedness, he remarks, is developed almost exclusively during school life, rarely afterward, and very rarely before. It may be true that short-sightedness is often hereditary, but this condition is suspended, and in most cases would not probably be developed but for the tendencies of school life. The effect of short-sightedness is to injure the general health by inducing the habit of stooping for the purpose of more readily seeing objects, and this result of the defect, in a national point of view, is to be considered a serious evil.

The decrease in the acuteness of vision is generally the result of a positive disease of the eye, which may be exceptionally induced at school; while the decrease of endurance arises principally from two causes: the first, a congenital condition, which can be corrected by convex glasses, and can not, therefore, be the product of school life; the second, a disturbance in the harmonious action of the muscles of the eye, a defect difficult to cure, generally caused by unsuitable arrangements for work. All these three anomalies in vision may arise from the same circumstances—namely, insufficient or ill-arranged light, or a wrong position during work, the former obliging us to lessen the distance between the eye and the book while reading or writing, and the same being required if the desks or seats are not in the right position, or of the right shape and size.

If the muscles of the eye are not strong enough to resist such tension for any length of time, one of the eyes is left to itself, and while one eye is being directed on the object, the other deviates outwardly, receives false images, and its vision becomes indistinct—*amblyopic*. Or perhaps the muscles resist these difficulties for a time, become weary, and thus is produced the diminution of endurance.

To prevent these evils the light of the school-room should be sufficiently strong, and should fall on the table from the left-hand side, and, as far as possible, from above. The children should be obliged to sit straight, and not have the book raised nearer the eye than ten inches. In addition to this, the book should be raised twenty degrees for writing, and forty degrees for reading. Dr. Liebreich thinks that in very few schools are the conditions here stated complied with. He remarks that the proper light is most easily obtained if the class-room is of an oblong shape, the windows being in one of the long sides, and the tables arranged parallel to the short walls, so that the light falls from the left side. The desk of the master should be near the short wall toward which the scholars look.

This simple and practical arrangement, which in some places is a matter of course, is in England almost exceptional. Light coming from the right hand, according to Dr. Liebreich, is not so good as that from the left, because the shadow falls upon the part of the paper to which we are looking. Light from behind is still worse, because the head and upper part of the body throw a shadow upon the book; but the light that comes from the front, and falls on the face, is by far the worst of all.

A similar principle should be adopted in regard to the use of artificial light. Naked gas jets Dr. Liebreich considers to be injurious because of their unsteadiness, and he recommends that glass cylinders be used with them; and reflectors are still better. Ground-glass globes ought not to be used. These are useful for the ordinary lighting-up of a room, as they diffuse the light more equally throughout all parts, but for that very reason they give an indistinct light for work, and, if they are opposite the eye, are daz-

zling and injurious. Ground glass, for the same reason, is objectionable for lighting rooms, and should only be used for sky-lights or the upper portion of windows.

The arrangement of seats in drawing schools should differ from that in ordinary class-rooms by having a diagonal arrangement; or if the room be long and very narrow, and the pupils only draw from copies, while the light comes from the top, it will be best to turn the back to the light.

ALLEN ON THE BIRDS OF KANSAS, ETC.

Mr. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, has lately published "Notes of an Ornithological Reconnaissance of portions of Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah," forming No. 6 of the third volume of the *Bulletin* of the Museum. This, like the preceding memoir on the "Birds of Florida," is a very important addition to the philosophy of American zoology, giving, in addition to the facts observed, many important generalizations as to the climatic and other influences which tend to modify the forms, colors, and notes of birds.

According to Mr. Allen, in the woodlands of Eastern Kansas there is a decided general tendency to a greater intensity of color than at the northward. The males of the common indigo-bird are more than ordinarily lustrous, and the females also have a decided tinge of blue, which is not the case in the Eastern States; while in Middle Kansas the light band on the wing of the Baltimore oriole becomes either pure white, or scarcely tinged with a pale yellowish color. In the plains proper the faded aspect of the birds generally struck his attention, especially of species that range across the continent. This abstraction of a dusky or melanistic shade of the birds tends to bring out the pattern much more distinctly, as seen in the representatives in that region of the night-hawk, the meadow-lark, etc.

Most of the species of this region, heretofore supposed to be distinct, Mr. Allen considers as simple races of forms found in the Atlantic States. The difference in color between the Pacific forms of the arid and the comparatively moist regions is greater toward the end of the breeding season, or just before the autumnal moult, than afterward, or in spring specimens, showing the more unmistakably the direct influence of the intensely heated dry winds and strongly reflected light upon the color of birds in semi-desert regions.

Another generalization referred to by Mr. Allen is that birds exhibit a greater tendency to the enlargement of the bill to the southward, along the Pacific slope of the continent, just as there is, to perhaps a less extent, in the Atlantic region. As regards color, there is a narrow belt extending from the valley of the Columbia River northward along the Pacific coast, where the annual rain-fall is nearly double that of any other portion of the continent, and in which the birds not only exhibit the brighter colors of the region east of the great plains, but frequently take on a peculiar deep plumbeous, or dusky brown, accompanied by a partial obsolescence of spots and streaks, especially in the *Fringillidæ*.

Mr. Allen takes strong ground against the idea of hybridity in birds, by which it has been attempted to explain the occurrence of intermediate forms, linking the so-called species of the different provinces of North America along or near their supposed line of separation. These hybrids, according to some authors, Mr. Allen considers to be expressions of the same law of variation which established the primary races; and he suggests that, in passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the forms will be comparatively uniform as long as the physical conditions remain constant, while as these conditions change more or less abruptly the effect upon the birds will be more or less strongly marked.

The observations of Mr. Allen establish the occurrence of numerous eastern species at points several hundred miles to the westward, and of western species considerably to the eastward of localities hitherto assigned them. Northern species were also met with at points considerably farther south than their previously known range, having been found breeding above the timber line in Middle Colorado. The imaginary boundary of the eastern and western species, as existing along the 100th meridian, heretofore suggested, Mr. Allen is therefore inclined to remove, and to look to the extension of forests and plains, as well as of wooded river-bottoms, as determining the limits of the range of the birds. In consequence of the great irregularity of the surface, the faunæ of the middle and western portion of the continent have very irregular and broken areas, the more southern, while occupying the lower table-lands, extending also up into the lower mountain valleys to a limit varying with the latitude and the peculiar local condition of the valleys themselves. Above this basal zone are several other zones, which are continuous for considerable distances along the main chains, but also embrace distinct insular patches in the more isolated groups of mountains. The higher zones are still less regular in their continuity and in their respective areas, the highest having an arctic character, and occupying only the partially snow-covered summits that rise above the limit of tree growth.

FILARIA IN THE BRAIN OF THE WATER-TURKEY.

In the course of some explorations in Florida several years ago Professor Wyman ascertained that in a large percentage of cases the brain of the Florida water-turkey (*Plotus anhinga*) contained numerous specimens of a *Filaria* (*F. anhingæ*) in the space between the cerebral lobes and the cerebellum. The professor demonstrated the fact that these worms are viviparous, their oviducts containing eggs in all stages of development, from the egg just formed to the mature embryo. In the lower portion of the oviduct the eggs were hatched and ready for exclusion.

A more recent investigation has shown the professor the existence of both sexes of the *Filaria* in some specimens of the *Plotus*, while two contained female worms only. Where both sexes were present the eggs were found in various stages of development; in the others, where females only occurred, the oviducts were equally full of eggs, but there were no signs of impregnation, and no developmental changes. From these facts it seems almost certain that impregnation, with the *Filaria*, takes place in the head of the bird, and that unless both sexes are pres-

ent the brood fails. It is also inferred, on the supposition that the worms are migratory, that it is in the head of the *anhinga* that the sexual organs are developed, the young arriving there in an immature state. Every effort to find traces of this worm in other parts of the body, or even of the brain, failed entirely.

PHYSIOLOGY OF VIRUS.

Professor Chauveau has lately published an elaborate memoir upon the general physiology of virus, and sums up his inquiries with the following propositions: *First*, healthy or non-putrid pus has the power of producing inflammation in any conjunctive tissue with which it is brought in contact; *second*, this power belongs exclusively to the solid particles held in suspension in the serum, the latter, at least, not containing morbific elements of positive activity; *third*, the inflammation produced in the conjunctive tissue by these solid particles is not the result of mechanical irritation, but is brought about by means of a specially irritating power inherent in them; *fourth*, the activity of this property depends upon the intensity of the inflammatory process which has produced the matter experimented upon—very intense or moderately acute, with corresponding phlegmons, it becomes very weak, or almost nothing, in chronic phlegmons; *fifth*, the morbific action of the pus appears to be influenced by its age, that recently formed being more potent than that which is older.

The professor also remarks that it may be considered as well established that a putrid pus which produces mortal or gangrenous ulcers when brought in contact with tissue, becomes inert when freed, by filtering, of its solid particles.

REPORT ON ENCKE'S COMET.

The Washington Observatory has lately published a report, by Professors Hall and Harkness, of observations on Encke's comet during its recent return. It was first seen at Washington on the 11th of October last, and continued to be observed on favorable nights until the 7th of December. The observations on the movements and relations of the comet are detailed by Professor Hall, while the spectroscopic investigations were conducted by Professor Harkness. The results of the latter are summed up in the following propositions:

1. Encke's comet gives a carbon spectrum.
2. From November 18 to December 2 the wave length of the brightest part of the second band of the comet's spectrum was continually increasing.
3. No polarization was detected in the light of the comet.
4. The mass of Encke's comet is certainly not less than that of an asteroid.
5. The density of the supposed resisting medium in space, as computed from the observed retardation of Encke's comet, is such that it would support a column of mercury somewhere between $\frac{220}{1017}$ and $\frac{285}{1020}$ of an inch high.
6. There is some probability that the electric currents which give rise to auroras are propagated in a medium which pervades all space, and that the spectrum of the aurora is in reality the spectrum of that medium.
7. It is not improbable that the tails of all *large* comets will be found to give spectra similar to that of the aurora, although additional lines may be present.

SPAWNING OF THE STERLET.

According to Professer Owsjannikow, the sterlet spawns in the Volga early in May, on rocky bottoms, the temperature of the water being at 54.5° F. The eggs are readily fecundated by the artificial method. After they have been in the water a few minutes they adhere to any object which they touch. The development of the embryo can be observed in progress at the end of one hour. On the seventh day they hatch. At first the young fish are about one-quarter of an inch long. At the age of ten weeks they are nearly two inches long. They feed on larvæ of insects, taking them from the bottom. Both in the egg, and when newly hatched, the sterlet has been taken a five days' journey from the Volga to Western Russia, and in 1870 a lot of eggs was carried to England to stock the river Leith. This species, like many other of the sturgeons, passes its whole life in fresh-water.

USE OF THE BILL OF THE HUIA BIRD.

A puzzling fact in natural history has been the difference in the shape of the bill of the male and female of a certain New Zealand bird, called the huia (*Heteralocha acutirostris*), which in the former sex is lengthened and much curved, while in the latter it is nearly straight. Mr. Buller, however, in a recent work upon New Zealand ornithology, remarks that the two sexes work together in extracting grubs from rotten wood, the bill of the male being adapted for attacking the more decayed portions of the wood, chiseling out the prey after the manner of some woodpeckers, while the female probes with her long pliant bill the other cells, where the hardness of the surrounding parts resists the chisel of her mate. Mr. Buller has sometimes observed the male remove the decayed portion without being able to reach the grub, when the female would at once come to his aid and accomplish with her slender bill what he had failed to do. He noticed, however, that the female always appropriated to her own use the morsels thus obtained!

ON ALCOHOLIC FERMENTATION.

An exhaustive essay upon alcoholic fermentation, by Professor Dumas, in an August number of the *Comptes Rendus*, is summarized by the London *Chemical News* as follows: No chemical movement excited in a saccharine liquor can convert sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. The simple fermentation of a saccharine liquor and yeast may be regulated like any other chemical reaction. The duration of the fermentation is exactly proportionate to the quantity of sugar contained in the liquid. Fermentation proceeds more slowly in the dark, and in *vacuo*. No oxidation takes place during the fermentation. Neutral gases do not modify the fermentation, inducing action of yeast. Sulphur is converted into sulphureted hydrogen by the fermentation. Acids, bases, and salts can exercise an accelerating or retarding, disturbing or destructive, action on fermentation; but the accelerating action is more rarely observed. Very dilute acids do not affect fermentation, but acids

in larger quantity completely destroy it. The same applies to alkalies. Carbonated alkalies only impede fermentation when they are present in, or added to, the fermenting liquid in large quantity. Earthy carbonates do not interfere with fermentation. Neutral salts of potassa and of some other bases exert no influence upon the process. Silicate of potassa, borate of soda, soap, sulphites, hyposulphites, neutral tartrate of potassa, and acetate of potassa may be applied for the physiological analysis of ferment, and for studying its mode of action.

EFFECTS OF A SUPEROXYGENATED ATMOSPHERE ON ANIMALS.

In a communication, by Birt, upon the result of certain experiments upon animals kept in a superoxygenated atmosphere, it is stated that birds succumb whenever the proportion of carbonic acid generated amounts to twenty-five per cent., while dogs require thirty-five per cent. for a similar fatal result. It would appear that, in an atmosphere of this kind, it is not so much the carbonic acid contained in the blood, as that which accumulates in the tissues, which causes death. When the tissues are treated first by potassa, and then by sulphuric acid, it is shown that the accumulation is considerable in the liver and kidneys, but most in the brain. Carbonic acid abounds in the intestines, and also in the urine and the blood.

FAYRER ON POISONOUS SERPENTS OF INDIA.

An extremely important work from the pen of Dr. Fayrer, upon the poisonous serpents of India, has lately been published, embracing an account of all the species that are known to possess venomous characteristics. Dr. Fayrer has been well known by the publication of numerous experiments tending to show that the ammonia injection process of Dr. Halford, of Australia, is not the certain remedy for snake bite that has been claimed, and, indeed, that with serpents in India it has little effect. These experiments have been made by injecting the ammonia immediately after the bite of a cobra, by mixing the ammonia with the cobra poison at once, or by administering the ammonia by the mouth, and by subcutaneous injection, with the same result in all—death. The experiments of Dr. Fayrer show the importance of a prompt application of a tight ligature to the limb, above the bite, after which excision and the actual cautery are to be used. In the case of the finger or toe being bitten, amputation should be performed immediately at the next joint. A fowl bitten on two occasions by cobras had amputation of the wing performed each time, and survived.

Carbonate of ammonia or spirits of ammonia may be given, but with no more effect than spirits and water. Treatment, to be efficacious, must prevent the entrance of the poison. When the virus is once in the blood no known agent is capable of neutralizing it. Dr. Fayrer found that snakes have a great repugnance to carbolic acid, which acts as a sudden and fatal poison to them; for which reason carbolic acid is recommended for regions infested with poisonous serpents, as one of the best methods of preventing their entrance into buildings and outhouses.

The most poisonous snakes appear to possess a perfect immunity from the poison of their own species, and a considerable immunity from that of other kinds. Indeed, the result of most of the experiments was to show that the cobra and some other serpents were unable to poison themselves or each other. The rapidity of the action of the poison seems to be in proportion to the warmth of the blood, birds dying very quickly; but the power of resistance, although generally in proportion to the size of the animal, is not invariably so, as a cat will resist poison almost as long as a dog of three or four times the size. Cold-blooded animals, as fish and non-venomous snakes, and invertebrates generally, are sure to die if bitten. In poison by the colubrine snakes the blood coagulates firmly, but in death by the viperine, according to Dr. Fayrer, it remains permanently fluid.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

The rings of Saturn have always been an enigma to astronomers. La Place showed that if they were solid, and of the same thickness throughout, they would soon fall down on the planet and be destroyed. He therefore supposed them of irregular density. Not many years ago Professor Peirce found that the same catastrophe would occur even in this case, and he and Bond have concluded that they are fluid. It soon became doubtful whether a fluid ring would be any more stable, and Professor Peirce hence conceived the idea that it was held up by the attractions of the satellites. Mr. Hirn, a French physicist, has lately presented a paper to the French Academy, in which he maintains that the ring is neither solid nor fluid, but is a swarm of small particles, which looks solid owing to the great distance at which we see it. The idea is not new, as it was developed mathematically more than ten years ago by Mr. J. C. Maxwell, of England; but Mr. Hirn adduces some new arguments to its support. One of these is that when the ring is seen on its dark side, which is presented to us on very rare occasions, it does not seem absolutely black, a little light shining through.

SULPHOHYDRATE OF CHLORAL.

The sulphohydrate of chloral is a newly discovered substance, the chemical and physiological properties of which have been discussed by Mr. Byasson. It is prepared by submitting anhydrous chloral to a current of dry sulphureted hydrogen, various precautions being taken to render the experiment successful. The sulphide body, after being purified, is white, of a disagreeable taste, and of a peculiar odor, somewhat similar to that of chloral-hydrate. It crystallizes in right prisms, and readily evaporates, like camphor, its vapors blackening moistened paper impregnated with a soluble salt of lead. As this substance is decomposed by water, and alcohol containing any per cent. of water, its administration presents considerable difficulties. Rabbits treated by subcutaneous injection with quantities dissolved in ether, in moderate doses, exhibited an appreciable diminution of temperature, a relaxation of the muscles, with quiet slumber lasting for about two hours, no notable diminution of sensibility, and a slight acceleration of the beating of the heart, after the slumber the animal returning to its normal condition.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR Record is closed on the 26th of December.—The closing session of the Forty-second Congress was opened December 2. Passing over the distinctively historical matter of the President's Message, we confine ourselves to its suggestions. Alluding to the International Statistical Congress, held last year at St. Petersburg, the President submits the propriety of inviting this Congress to hold its next meeting in the United States, in connection with the centennial celebration of 1876. An appropriation is recommended for the proper representation of the United States at the Vienna Exposition of 1873. "The tendency of these expositions is in the direction of advanced civilization and of the elevation of industry and labor, and of the increase of human happiness, as well as of greater intercourse and good-will between nations. As this exposition is to be the first which will have been held in Eastern Europe, it is believed that American inventors and manufacturers will be ready to avail themselves of the opportunity for the presentation of their productions, if encouraged by proper aid and protection."

An appropriation is recommended for the relief of such of our citizens in foreign countries as, through accident or otherwise, may be in distress and in need of pecuniary aid. It is recommended that there be no further legislation at present for the reduction of taxation. The President's suggestion as to cheaper transportation is so important that we quote that part of his Message relating thereto:

"The attention of Congress will be called during its present session to various enterprises for the more certain and cheaper transportation of the constantly increasing surplus of the Western and Southern products to the Atlantic sea-board. The subject is one that will force itself upon the legislative branch of the government sooner or later, and I suggest, therefore, that immediate steps be taken to gain all available information to insure equable and just legislation. A route to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Atlantic at Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia, by water by the way of the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, and canals and slack-water navigation to the Savannah and Ocmulgee rivers, has been surveyed, and report made by an accomplished engineer officer of the army. New routes will be proposed for the consideration of Congress, namely, by an extension of the Kanawha and James River Canal to the Ohio, and by extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. I am not prepared to recommend government aid to these or other enterprises until it is clearly shown that they are not only of national interest, but that when completed they will be of a value commensurate with their cost. That production increases more rapidly than the means of transportation in our country has been demonstrated by past experience; that the unprecedented growth in population and products of the whole country will require additional facilities and cheaper ones for the more bulky articles of commerce to reach tide-water and a market in the near future is equally demonstrable. I would therefore suggest either a committee or commission to be authorized to consider the whole question, and report to Congress at some future day, for its better guidance in legislating on this important subject. The railroads of the country have been rapidly extended during the last few years to meet the growing demands of producers, and reflect much credit upon the capitalists and managers engaged in their construction. In addition to these, a project to facilitate commerce by the building of a ship-canal around Niagara Falls on the United States side, which has been agitated for many years, will no doubt be called to your attention at this session. Looking to the great future growth of the country and the increasing demands of commerce, it might be well, while on this subject, not only to have examined and reported upon the various practicable routes for connecting the Mississippi with tide-water on the Atlantic, but the feasibility of an almost continuous land-locked navigation from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. Such a route along our coast would be of great value at all times, and of inestimable value in case of a foreign war. Nature has provided the greater part of this route, and the obstacles to be overcome are easily within the skill of the engineer. I have not alluded to this subject with the view of having any further expenditure of public money at this time than may be necessary to procure and place the necessary information before Congress in an authentic form, to enable it hereafter, if deemed practicable and worthy, to legislate on the subject without delay."

The Message contains the following recommendation in regard to commerce with South America:

"If the expediency of extending the aid of government to lines of steamers which hitherto have not received it should be deemed worthy of the consideration of Congress, political and commercial objects make it advisable to bestow such aid on a line under our flag between Panama and the Western South American ports. By this means much trade now diverted to other countries might be brought to us, to the mutual advantage of this country and those lying in that quarter of the continent of America. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury will show an alarming falling off in the carrying trade for the last ten or twelve years, or even for the past year. I do not believe that public treasure can be better expended in the interest of the whole people than in trying to recover this trade. An expenditure of $5,000,000 per annum for the next five years, if it would restore to us our proportion of the carrying trade of the world, would be profitably expended. The price of labor in Europe has so much enhanced within the last few years that the cost of building and operating ocean steamers in the United States is not much greater than in Europe, and I believe the time has arrived for Congress to take this subject into serious consideration."

As a complement of the existing Indian policy, the attention of Congress is directed to the importance of converting the so-called Indian Territory south of Kansas into a home for the Indians, and of erecting therein a Territorial form of government. A careful revision of the laws of Utah Territory is recommended, also legislation to secure the abolition of polygamy.

The Message concludes with the following statement of the President's views on civil service reform:

"An earnest desire has been felt to correct abuses which have grown up in the civil service of the country through the defective method of making appointments to office. Heretofore Federal offices have been regarded too much as the reward of political service. Under authority of Congress rules have been established to regulate the tenure of office and the mode of appointments. It can not be expected that any system of rules can be entirely effective and prove a perfect remedy for the existing evils until they have been thoroughly tested by practice and amended according to the requirements of the service. During my term of office it shall be my best endeavor to so apply the rules as to secure the greatest possible reform in the civil service of the government, and it will require the direct action of Congress to render the enforcement of the system binding upon my successors; and I hope that the experience of the past year, together with appropriate legislation by Congress, may reach a satisfactory solution of this question and secure to the public service for all time a practical method of obtaining faithful and efficient officers and employés."

The department reports accompanying the Message contain much valuable information.

The following exhibit is made of the state of the Treasury.

The moneys received and conveyed into the Treasury during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1872, were:

From customs	$216,370,286 77
From sales of public lands	2,575,714 19
From internal revenue	130,642,177 72
From the tax on national bank circulation, etc	6,523,396 39
From Pacific Railway companies	749,861 87
From customs fines, etc	1,136,442 34
From fees—consular, patent, land, etc	2,284,095 92
From miscellaneous sources	4,412,254 71
Total ordinary receipts	$364,694,229 91
From premium on sales of coin	9,412,637 65
Total net receipts	$374,106,867 56
Balance in Treasury June 30, 1871, including $18,228 35 received from "unavailable"	109,935,705 59
Total available cash	$484,042,573 15

The net expenditures by warrants during the same period were:

For civil expenses	$16,189,059 20
For foreign intercourse	1,837,369 14
For Indians	7,061,728 82
For pensions	28,533,402 76
For military establishments, including fortifications, river and harbor improvements, and arsenals	35,372,157 20
For naval establishments, including vessels and machinery and improvements at navy-yards	21,249,809 99
For miscellaneous civil, including public buildings, light-houses, and collecting the revenue	42,958,329 08
Interest on the public debt	117,357,859 72
Total, exclusive of principal and premium on the public debt	$270,559,695 91
Premium on bonds purchased	6,958,266 76
Redemption of the public debt	99,960,253 54
Total	$106,918,520 30
Total net disbursements	377,478,216 21
Balance in Treasury June 30, 1872	106,564,356 94
Total	$484,042,573 15

The reduction of the public debt from the 1st of March, 1869, has been as follows:

From March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1870	$87,134,782 84
From March 1, 1870, to March 1, 1871	117,619,630 25
From March 1, 1871, to March 1, 1872	94,895,348 94
From March 1, 1872, to November 1, 1872 (eight months)	64,047,237 84
Total	$363,696,999 87

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports a gradual decrease of revenue, from $185,000,000 in 1870 to $131,000,000 in 1872.

The expenses of the War Department, as compared with those of the previous year, show a reduction of $427,834 62. The Quartermaster-General has examined and transmitted to the accounting officers for settlement $367,172 72 of claims by loyal citizens for quartermaster's stores taken during the war. Subsistence supplies to the amount of $8,904,812 have been issued to Indians. The annual average mean strength of the army was 24,101 white and 2494 colored soldiers. The total deaths for the year reported were 367 white and 54 colored. The Secretary of War recommends the sale of such arsenals east of the Mississippi as can be spared, and that the proceeds be applied to the establishment of one large arsenal for construction and repair upon the Atlantic coast, and the purchase of a suitable site for a proving and experimental ground for heavy ordnance; also a modification in the mode of the selection of cadets for the Military Academy.

The report of the Signal Service Bureau is of special interest. Instruction in military signaling, telegraphy, and the duties of the service in relation to practical meteorology has been continued during the year at the school of instruction at Fort Whipple, Virginia. September 30 there were thirty non-commissioned officers and ninety-six privates at that post. Over seventy-six per cent. of the forecasts or "probabilities" have been verified. An exchange of reports has been arranged with the Meteorological Bureau of the Dominion of Canada. The library of the Signal-office has been increased from 600 to 1340 volumes. Since January 1, 1872, statements of the changes in the depths of water in the principal Western rivers, being in direct relation to the meteoric changes, have been reported daily from all stations established upon those rivers. The meteoric conditions throughout the United States for each day of the past year have been traced on 1092 separate maps, one being traced for each interval (average) of eight hours of time. The form of map has been much improved. During the year ending September 30, 1872, there had been received 768,046 words of weather reports at the office, and 18,742 words sent therefrom.

The Secretary of the Navy deplores its "notorious unreadiness to meet any sudden hostile emergency." He recommends the building of new sloops of war.

The Postmaster-General reports an excess of expenditures over receipts for the last fiscal year of between four and five millions of dollars. The total number of letters exchanged with foreign countries was over 24,000,000, an increase of 4,000,000 over the number reported for 1871. Those sent to and those sent from this country were about equal in number. The Postmaster-General recommends anew the abolition of the franking privilege. He thinks it safe to say that the quantity of free matter during the late Presidential canvass so largely increased that, if there had been no franking privileges, the entire deficiency of the year would be covered. Forty-eight million dollars passed through the money-order offices during the year. The most interesting portion of the report is that relating to the telegraph system, which the Postmaster-General desires to see in the hands of the government. He thinks the cost of the construction of an entirely new system of wires would be about $12,000,000, and that they could be worked to the pecuniary advantage of the government. Among the objections to the present régime he mentions the undoubted fact that the Press Association and the telegraph companies, by their private agreements, create a monopoly of news, to the great injury of the public, and also that the "free pass" system—very much like the franking privilege—increases the general expense. "About seven per cent. of the entire telegraphing of the country is done without apparent remuneration."

The Secretary of the Interior gives a favorable report of Indian affairs. Twenty tribes in the Southern superintendency during the past four years increased their valuation from $751,183 in 1868 to $1,870,285 in 1872. The Secretary reports an excess of receipts over expenditures in the Patent-office amounting to $77,400 96. He recommends the separation of this office from

the Interior Department. The regular annual outlay for pensions is estimated at $30,000,000.

During the last fiscal year public lands were disposed of as follows:

	Acres.
Cash sales	1,370,320.15
Located with military warrants	389,460.00
Taken for homesteads	4,671,332.14
Located with college scrip	693,613.37
Grants to railroads	3,554,887.58
Grants to wagon-roads	465,347.21
Approved to States as swamp	714,255.19
Indian scrip locations	5,760.00
Total	11,864,975.64

—a quantity greater by 1,099,270.25 acres than was disposed of the previous year. The cash receipts, under various heads, amounted to $3,218,100. During the same period there were surveyed 22,016,608 acres, which, added to the quantity already surveyed, amounts to 583,364,780 acres, leaving unsurveyed an area of 1,251,633,620 acres.

The Secretary believes that the Bureau of Education is one of the principal exciting causes of the great increase of interest in education throughout the country. He commends to the favorable attention of Congress the bill introduced at the last session of Congress by the Committee of the House on Education and Labor, providing for the expenditure of the net proceeds of the sale of public lands in establishing an educational fund and in assisting the States in the universal education of their youth.

The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture gives a very full and interesting account of the several divisions of that department—the horticultural, agricultural, statistical, entomological, and chemical—and the benefits conferred by each upon the agricultural interests of the country. The whole report is a complete history in detail of the workings of the department in all its branches, showing the manner in which the farmer, merchant, and miner are informed, and the extent to which they are aided in their pursuits. The Commissioner makes one recommendation—that measures be taken by Congress to protect and induce the planting of forests, and suggests that no part of the public lands should be disposed of without the condition that one-tenth of it be reserved in timber where it exists, and where it does not exist inducements should be offered for planting it.

Our record of Congress extends from the opening of the session to the holiday recess. In the Senate, General Matchen succeeds Garret Davis as Senator from Kentucky. In the House, the following new members were sworn in: J. R. Hawley, of Connecticut; C. C. Esty, of Massachusetts; O. T. Dodds, of Ohio; and E. W. Beck, of Georgia. The resignation of Mr. Mercur, of Pennsylvania, elected Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, was presented.

At the opening of the session General Banks offered his resignation of the chairmanship of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. The resignation was refused, 59 to 76. In the Senate, the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee was transferred from Mr. Trumbull to Mr. Edmunds. One of the earliest acts of Congress was the passage of a resolution "That in view of the recent death of Horace Greeley, for whom at the late election more than 3,000,000 votes were cast for President, a record be made on the journals of Congress of appreciation for the eminent services and personal purity and worth of the deceased, and of the sad impression created by his death, following a keen family bereavement." At the earliest suitable moment Mr. Blaine called Mr. Cox to the chair as Speaker *pro tem.*, and offered a resolution for the appointment of a special committee of five members to investigate and ascertain whether any member of the House had been bribed by Oakes Ames, or any person or corporation, in any matter touching his legislative duty. The resolution was adopted, and Mr. Cox appointed as members of the committee Messrs. Poland, Banks, Merrick, Niblack, and M'Crary.

The only measure touching general amnesty was a motion in the House by Mr. Acker, December 9, to pass a bill removing all disabilities. The motion received 102 affirmative votes against 84 nays—less than the necessary two-thirds. Senator Sumner's bill removing from the army register and from the regimental colors the "names of battles with fellow-citizens," while its spirit is wise, defeats its own end by exciting and prolonging the very animosity it is intended to bury in oblivion. A resolution of an exactly opposite character has passed both Houses, and Mr. Sumner's measure has elicited an indignant protest from the Legislature of his own State.

The only important bill passed in both Houses during the session is that abolishing the offices of assessors and assistant assessors of internal revenue, and transferring their duties to collectors and deputy collectors. This bill was reported from the Ways and Means Committee in the House, December 6, by Mr. Dawes, who stated that by its passage the saving which would be effected over the plan provided by the law of June last would be $1,700,000, and over the existing system of $3,000,000. The bill was passed that day, and by the Senate December 12. It goes into effect July 1, 1873.

Various financial measures have been introduced—in the Senate, a bill to replace national bank-notes with United States notes, and in the House, a bill to incorporate a banking association with a capital of $100,000,000, under the style of "The Governor and Managers of the Exchequer of the United States of America." A bill for the exchange of registered for coupon bonds was passed, December 12, by the House, 136 to 28. A resolution passed by the House December 3, calling upon Secretary Boutwell for information as to the law authorizing him to make an increased issue of legal-tender notes in October last, elicited a reply from the Secretary to the effect that this issue was made from the surplus fund in reserve, held in the office of the Treasurer at Washington, in excess of the $356,000,000 reported in circulation, for the purpose of meeting any sudden demand on the Treasury.

A bill for the relief of the sufferers by the Boston fire, providing for a drawback of the import duties on all materials imported into the port of Boston to be actually used in the construction of buildings burned in the fire of last November, was passed in the House, and in the Senate a similar bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The Soldiers' Homestead bill was passed by the House December 12. The amount of land thus allowed to every honorably discharged sol-

dier or sailor is 160 acres, which he is entitled to enter without the payment of any government fees.

The Indian Appropriation bill, passed by the House December 11, appropriates $5,379,365, being $982,697 less than in last year's bill. The Pension Appropriation bill, passed by the House December 12, appropriates $30,480,000. In the House a bill to reimburse the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, $65,000, for property destroyed during the rebellion, failed to pass, 36 to 126.

A resolution was adopted by the Senate, December 16, by a vote of 57 to 3, for the appointment of a committee of seven to consider the question of providing cheaper transportation from the West to the Atlantic sea-board. Messrs. Windom, Sherman, Conkling, Ames, Lewis, Casserly, and Norwood were appointed. In both Houses resolutions were referred to the Judiciary Committees requesting an investigation of the powers of Congress in regulating commerce between the States. The especial object of the investigation is to ascertain whether Congress has the right to regulate the rates of fare and transportation, and "to authorize the construction and operation of railroads passing into or through two or more States." In the House, December 6, Mr. Morey offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War for information as to the probable cost of a ship-canal from the Mississippi River, near its mouth, to deep water in the Gulf of Mexico. A bill was introduced into the House, December 4, to provide for the speedy construction of a ship-canal of large capacity around the Falls of Niagara, on the American side.

In the House, December 4, the subject of the postal telegraph came up, and was referred to the Committee on Appropriations. On the 17th representatives of all the telegraph companies were allowed a hearing before that committee. The basis of discussion was the Hubbard bill, and the testimony offered was clearly against that measure. Mr. William Orton, of the Western Union Company, described it as a stupendous job. It was a scheme to enable a set of speculators to pocket a million of dollars, and get ten per cent. on all the rest they invested. Mr. Orton said only one million of people used the telegraph. This, if we understand the Postmaster-General correctly, is one of the principal reasons for cheapening telegraphic communication, namely, in order that it may be accessible to all. This certainly has been the effect of cheap postal facilities. But there is this distinction to be made between letters and telegrams: the government does not have to assume the writing of the one, costing it so much per word, while it does assume the writing of the other. A writer in the *Nation*, after alluding to this distinction, gives the following instructive statistics as to the cost of telegraphy:

"In 1862 the total number of messages transmitted by the Electric and International Company in England was 1,534,590. In 1866 the total number was more than double, being 3,150,149. Within this period the number of messages per mile of wire had increased from 44 to 66, showing that in 1862 the wires were not worked within 33 per cent. of their capacity; yet the cost per message was, in 1862, 1*s.* 1*d.*, and in 1866 1*s.* 3¾*d.*

"In 1861 the total number of messages transmitted in Belgium was 97,945. The total working expenses were 188,050 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.92 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 40. In 1863 the number of messages was about double, 188,825; the total expenses, 283,240 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.50 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 56. In 1865 the number of messages had almost doubled a second time, being 332,721; the expenses were 422,560 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.27 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 71.

"In the United States the total number of messages transmitted by the Western Union Company in 1867 was 5,879,000; in 1871, 10,646,000, or nearly double. The whole number of messages per mile of wire was, in 1867, 68; in 1871, 87. In other words, the wires in 1867 were not worked, on an average, within 20 per cent. of their present capacity; yet the expense per message in 1867 was 67 cents, and in 1871 49 cents.

"If we assume that the employés and wires in 1867 could have done 10 per cent. more business without material increase of expense if both had been worked up to present standards, the cost per message in 1867 would have been but 59 cents, as against 49 cents in 1871; that is to say, the expense per message would be reduced only 16 per cent., notwithstanding the enormous increase in the volume of business.

"If the same correction is applied to the Belgian statistics, the result is similar. Seventy-one messages per mile of wire were transmitted in 1865, as against 40 per mile in 1861. Improved working enlarged the average per mile by 40 per cent., as compared with the later standard. If we assume that 20 per cent. more business could have been done in 1861 without materially swelling expenses, the cost per message on the total volume of business would have been 1.57 francs. The saving per message, therefore, arising strictly from the increase of more than 300 per cent. in business between 1861 and 1865 is only 30 centimes, or 19 per cent.

"The same computation applied to the English statistics is equally striking."

On the 19th the Hubbard bill, with sundry modifications, was reported in the Senate from the Post-office Committee. The bill, as reported, contains the following provisions:

The Postmaster-General is required, as soon as practicable, to establish telegraph offices at all post-offices on telegraphic circuits, and at all other post-offices within ten miles of any circuit, where the salary is not less than $300 per annum, and is required also to establish telegraph offices at such other places as the wants of business may require. The charge for transmission of telegrams shall be uniform for equal distances at a rate not exceeding one cent per word for each circuit through which they shall be transmitted, to be computed as follows: For distances under 500 miles, 250 miles shall be deemed a circuit; for any excess 500 miles shall be deemed a circuit; for night messages, 1000 miles or less shall be deemed a circuit. All words are to be counted, and no communication shall be transmitted at a rate less than twenty-five cents for each circuit. These rates shall cover the cost of immediate delivery within one mile of the telegraph office, or within the letter-carrier delivery, and transmission by mail when received at or destined for any place where there is no postal telegraph office; but when the addressee lives more than one mile from the office or beyond said delivery, such telegram shall be delivered through the usual letter delivery or by special messenger, upon payment of a just and proper sum, to be fixed by the Postmaster-General. All telegraphic communication between the several departments of the government, their officers and agents, shall have priority of transmission without prepayment, and all rates to be fixed by the Postmaster-General. All other messages shall be sent in the order of their reception, except night messages. Telegraphic tolls are to be prepaid by stamps. The money-order system to be adapted to the telegraph. The rates for special dispatches to newspapers, for each 100 words or less for each circuit of 500 miles, shall not exceed seventy-five cents if sent by night, and $1 by day; but when copies of the same dispatch are dropped off at one or more offices, the rate for each office shall not exceed fifty cents by night and seventy-five cents by day, and at the same rate for each word in excess. The rates for Press Associations are not to exceed those now paid by the Associated or American Press for similar services. A postage of five cents shall be paid on each press dispatch. A fourth Assistant Postmaster-General is to be appointed to exercise a general supervision over the administration of the telegraph. The Postmaster-General is authorized to contract with the Postal Telegraph Company for the transmission of

correspondence by telegraph as his agent for the term of ten years, according to the provisions of the act; and the said company shall have the right to construct lines on all post routes, and provide lines of telegraph to every postal telegraph office. In case the company shall fail to perform the service according to the provisions of the contract, the Postmaster-General may take possession of said lines of telegraph, and contract with some other party instead, and charge to the said company any loss that may accrue. Fine and imprisonment are to be imposed for violation of confidence or hinderance of transmission.

The capital stock of said company shall at its organization consist of 10,000 shares, of the par value of $100 each, to be paid up in cash, which capital stock may be increased by an amount equal, at its par value, to the cost of the lines of telegraph purchased by the company thereafter, and by amounts equal to the actual cost of such lines as it may from time to time construct. If any telegraph company in actual operation at the date of the enactment of this bill shall within one year offer to sell its corporate property to this company, it shall purchase such property at a valuation to be fixed by five disinterested persons—two to be named by the Postmaster-General, two by the seller, and one by the four previously selected. The company is authorized to establish and maintain offices independent of those established by the Postmaster-General, and any postmaster may act as operator, with the assent of the Postmaster-General. The company may also make special contracts with railroad companies, and also with persons and associations, for the use of wires for the transmission of commercial news, etc. The government reserves the right to renew the contract, or annul the franchises in case of neglect or failure on the part of the company.

In the House, December 16, the bill was passed for the transportation through the mails of agricultural and flowering seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, etc., at the rate of two cents for every four ounces of weight, not to exceed four-pound packages. A resolution was also adopted instructing the Post-office Committee to inquire into the propriety of the election of postmasters. A bill was introduced to repeal the law requiring double rates of postage on matter not fully prepaid.

Mr. Chandler introduced a bill into the Senate, December 13, to promote immigration to the United States, creating a Bureau of Immigration, and providing for the comfort and protection of immigrants in many ways while aboard ship and after landing. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

In the House, a resolution was introduced by Mr. Stevens, of Ohio, requesting information from the President as to the condition of affairs in Louisiana that led to executive interference. It was passed.

A bill was reported from the House Committee on Naval Affairs, December 3, to authorize the construction of ten steam-vessels of war, and appropriating $3,000,000 for that purpose. The bill was passed December 5, after being amended so as to reduce the number of vessels from ten to six. In the Senate a substitute for the House bill, providing for ten vessels, was reported December 13.

The French Spoliation Claims bill came up for discussion in the Senate December 16. The meaning of this bill, as explained by Mr. Cameron, is briefly this: We claimed at the close of the last century twenty millions from France as indemnity for spoliations committed upon the property of our citizens. France claimed from us the fulfillment of treaty obligations in the future and inestimable damages for the past neglect of these duties—damages so vast that our claims seemed contemptible in comparison. By the convention of 1800 these claims were set off against each other. In this convention, through which we secured national exemption from onerous international duties, and the discontinuance of an entangling alliance, the United States government treated the claims of private citizens as its own. The relief secured by this barter has been enjoyed by two generations of Americans. The heirs of those private citizens have, therefore, a pecuniary claim upon the government.

In the Senate, December 5, Mr. Morrill called up the bill to provide for the further endowment and support of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and the liberal and practical education of the industrial class.

The Deficiency bill was passed by the House December 19, and by the Senate on the 20th. Among the appropriations is one of $1,241,920 for the improvement of government property in the District of Columbia.

Measures have been brought before Congress having for their object the increase of the President's annual salary to $50,000, a one-term Presidency of six years; and the election of President and Senators by a direct vote of the people.

The bill appropriating $100,000 to secure a proper representation of the United States at the Vienna Exposition of 1873 was passed by the House December 19. It provides for a commission of skilled artisans to attend the Exposition, and to report their observations to the President.

Beyond the presentation of a petition from the Vermont Legislature there has been no action of Congress upon two most important subjects—the civil service reform and the abolition of the franking privilege.

The Senate, in executive session, December 12, confirmed the nomination of James L. Orr as minister to Russia, and of Julius White as minister resident to the Argentine Republic.

The official returns of the Presidential election received since our last Record give the following majorities for Grant: In Michigan, 59,183; Iowa, 59,114; Wisconsin, 18,512; New Jersey, 14,860; North Carolina, 23,904; California, 12,703; Alabama, 10,831; Indiana (over Greeley), 22,509; Delaware, 10,208; Maine, 32,335; Massachusetts, 74,212; Minnesota, 19,835; New Hampshire, 5763; Pennsylvania, 137,728. Greeley's majority in Georgia was 13,563; in Kentucky, 11,388; in Missouri, 32,237.

TRANSPORTATION.

The Governor of Virginia, in his recent message to the Legislature of that State, speaking of the James River and Kanawha Canal—the proposed national water line and transalleghany route between Eastern and Western Virginia—discourages as illusory the expectations entertained of aid from the national government, and advocates the construction of the work by private enterprise. He says that beyond lending its credit upon safe and satisfactory conditions, the national government will not and ought not to go.

The projected canal from St. Louis to Savannah is commanding attention. The Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Tennessee to Gunter's Landing, including the canal around Muscle Shoals, now being constructed, form the upper portion of the line. The company now organized in Georgia propose to continue this line south, first by a canal from Gunter's Landing to the Coosa

River at Gadsden, in the State of Alabama, thence by said river eighty-seven miles to Rome, thence up the Etowah and Little River to a point near Roswell, in Cobb County, where it will cross the Chattahoochee, thence *via* Atlanta to one of the tributaries of the Ocmulgee—Yellow or South River. The Ocmulgee and Altamaha will form the remainder of the line until a point shall be reached nearest Savannah—say, the mouth of the Oohoopee—from which the canal will be continued to that city. The distance from St. Louis to Savannah by this route is about 1300 miles. It is estimated that the portion of the line in the State of Alabama will cost $6,000,000, and the portion in Georgia, so far as Macon, $20,000,000. It is expected that the Federal government will, under the River and Harbor act, put the Ocmulgee in a condition of permanent navigation beyond that point. This canal is designed to make Savannah the exporting point for Western produce.

The committee appointed by the Mobile Board of Trade to consider the feasibility of a thorough cut canal through the peninsula of Florida has reported favorably as to the practicability of the enterprise. There are excellent harbors for its termini on both the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Foreign commerce is now carried on over the 600 miles of dangerous navigation in the Florida pass at an immense cost.

On the 12th of December the heading from the central shaft of the Hoosic Tunnel met and effected a junction with the heading from the east end, and workmen passed through from one section to the other. Work will now be begun on the west heading, and it is expected that the opening through the mountain from east to west will be completed by next October.

The National Commercial Convention, consisting mainly of delegates from Southern and Western States, met at St. Louis December 12. The following programme of subjects recommended for discussion was adopted:

1. Improvement of the Western rivers.
2. A ship-canal around Niagara Falls, and Fort St. Philip Canal at the mouth of the Mississippi River.
3. Atlantic and Great Western Canal.
4. Fire and marine insurance, and regulation of risks in proportion to the security.
5. Government regulation of railroad tariffs.
6. Aid to railroads by State or local authorities.
7. The necessity for additional transcontinental railroads.
8. Protection of forests, and encouragement of the cultivation of timber.
9. National postal telegraph.

The committee on canals drew especial attention to the project of a canal at Fort St. Philip. The committee on the Atlantic and Great Western Canal reported a memorial to Congress setting forth the great importance to the whole country of the construction of a canal from Huntsville, on the Tennessee River, to a point on the Coosa River, in Georgia, about seventy-five miles, which would afford speedy and cheap transportation of the produce of the great West to the sea-board by a shorter and more reliable route than any now existing.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

The effective organization of charity in our large cities is one of the most important needs of the day. The wisest and most successful experiment in this direction which has come to our knowledge is that undertaken by a society known as St. John's Guild, the scope of whose operations covers the Fifth and Eighth wards of New York city. This society has been in existence for six years. The sermon preached by the Master of the Guild, the Rev. Alvah Wiswell, in St. John's Chapel, October 20, 1872, on the occasion of presenting the sixth annual report of the society, contains many valuable suggestions. The object of the society is to break up the system of indiscriminate charity now so generally practiced, and to discover and relieve every case of real distress, irrespective of sect, creed, or color. The most characteristic feature of the society is that it brings the donors into direct communication with the recipients of charity. During last summer the members of the guild visited over 10,000 families. They found many so-called "homes" little more than noisome dens of discomfort, disease, and death. Every phase of destitution was uncovered. Pauperism and ignorance go hand in hand with crime. In 1870 over 100,000 persons were sent to the different institutions under the management of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction of New York, and 50,000 of these were convicted of crimes and misdemeanors, most of whom, having served out their time, are returned to their disgraced homes. "These figures warrant us in saying that not less than 100,000 of our tenement-house population to-day have received the brand of official condemnation;" and it is among associates of this character that the rising generation of this population is being reared. "Again, the amount of intemperance which prevails among the inmates of our tenement-houses may be imagined from the fact that there are in this city seven thousand and four hundred licensed drinking saloons, or one dram-shop for every hundred and thirty persons, including the women and children. These resorts are patronized (at the lowest estimate) to the amount of forty million dollars annually." The only way of reaching such a population is by frequent visitations. We must become acquainted with them in their homes. The wealthy and respectable and cultivated members of the community must see with their own eyes the misery and degradation, and having such knowledge as is conveyed by actual observation—having studied the *needs* of the poor—they are prepared to organize judicious systems of *relief*. "The hungry must be fed, the naked clothed, and the idle furnished with work. They must be encouraged and even aided to keep their homes clean and wholesome. The children must be persuaded to attend our public schools."

The guild distributes tickets to be given to systematic beggars, directing them to its office, where their cases are investigated. The money which would under ordinary circumstances be given to impostors is wisely distributed by the guild. The officers of the guild receive no salaries, and there is no expense for office rent; every dollar committed to the society goes directly to the object for which it is intended. Having perfected its organization of charity, the society properly appeals to the wealth of the two wards embraced within its scope of operations for abundant means to carry out its ends. One-fourth of the sum which it costs to watch, arrest, and convict the criminal portion of the pop-

ulation, and to support them in prisons and almshouses, will reform them in their homes.

Since this sermon was preached the two wards have been revisited by the members of the guild, and 800 families, including 3000 children, found in utter destitution—suffering for food, clothes, and fuel. Many mothers with young children were found who had not tasted food for twenty-four hours. Within two weeks 6000 loaves of bread, 2000 quarts of milk, and $400 worth of groceries were distributed, and 1180 warm garments given to 600 children and adults, besides many articles of bedclothing.

As many females who could sew were found unemployed, a factory has been secured, sufficiently large to accommodate two hundred operators. The manufacture of shirts and all kinds of fine sewing are here carried on. One important feature of this charity is the nursery, where mothers having small children can have them cared for by competent nurses, while they are occupied in the factory.

DISASTERS.

A fire broke out in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city, on the night of December 10, from one of the steam-pipes in the laundry. The flames spread until they reached the elevator, up which they were carried to the attic. The fire was soon put out, but eleven servant-girls sleeping in the attic rooms were burned to death.

The building occupied by the New York *Evening Express* took fire December 8, and the editorial, composing, and press rooms of that journal were destroyed.

The severe gales on the northeastern Atlantic coast early in December resulted in very great injuries to the shipping in the various ports, and in considerable loss of life.

The Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage's church, in Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire December 22.

The steamer *St. Louis*, of the Cromwell line, and the *Sacramento*, of the Pacific Mail Steamship line, were wrecked early in December, but in both cases the lives of all on board were saved.

On the 24th of December Barnum's Museum and Menagerie, on Fourteenth Street, New York city, was destroyed by fire. On the same day another fire, in Centre Street, New York, consumed the large printing establishment of Dun, Barlow, and Company. Six girls and one boy, employed in the sixth story, were burned to death.

An accident on the Buffalo, Corry, and Pittsburg Railroad, December 24, resulted in a fearful loss of life. Twenty-one bodies were recovered from the burning *débris* of the train the next day, and from three to five others still remained to be recovered.

The rear car of the Chicago express train, on the Indianapolis, Peru, and Chicago Railroad, was thrown from the track, eighteen miles from Indianapolis, on the night of December 24. Twenty persons were injured, three, it is thought, fatally.

A passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, while stuck in a snowbank, was run into by a freight train, December 25, and had two cars demolished. Two persons were killed, and four or five others wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By a postal convention concluded with the Province of Newfoundland, the international letter rate between that province and the United States, after December 1, was reduced from ten to six cents per half ounce, and the rate for newspapers was fixed at two cents.

An important decision was rendered by Judges Benedict and Woodruff in the United States Circuit Court in New York, November 30, under the new shipping law of June, 1872, imposing fines upon two men convicted of boarding a German bark as "runners" for a sailor's boarding-house.

The whaling trade in New Bedford, Massachusetts, has been reduced to insignificance by the extensive use of petroleum and the scarcity of whales. Two ships represented the whaling fleet last fall. The entire fleet engaged in the traffic from that port now consists of from twenty-five to thirty vessels. This reduction is in great measure due to the frightful loss in the arctic regions, in 1871, of thirty-one vessels, valued at $2,500,000. In former years no less than seven hundred vessels would leave that port, New London, Provincetown, Stonington, Nantucket, and other adjacent smaller ports, in the spring and fall of the year. At the present time eighty to ninety vessels from these ports are all that are actively engaged, and of these New Bedford furnishes about a third.

OBITUARY.

Samuel Marsh, one of the constructors of the Erie Railway, and for over twenty years vice-president of the road, died in New York city, November 30, aged eighty-seven years.

Horace Greeley died at the residence of Dr. Choate, Pleasantville, New York, November 29, aged sixty-one years.

Robert James Dillon, one of the Central Park Commissioners, died in New York city, November 26, aged sixty-one years.

Samuel N. Pike, the well-known real estate speculator, died in New York city, December 7, aged fifty years.

Edwin Forrest, the actor, died in Philadelphia, December 12, aged sixty-six years.

John F. Kensett, the artist, died in New York city, December 14, aged fifty-four years.

George P. Putnam, the well-known publisher, died suddenly in New York city, December 20, aged fifty-eight years.

George Catlin, the artist, died in Jersey City, December 23, aged seventy-six years.

EUROPE.

POLITICAL.

As soon as it became evident that President Thiers would not resign, the most threatening element of the situation in France disappeared. The majority report of the committee on the address was read in the Assembly November 26. It was a strong indictment of the radical party. In securing the postponement of its consideration, 356 to 332, the government gained a slight triumph. The minority report proposed a committee of thirty to report on the constitution. This proposal was voted November 29, 370 to 334. The next day an attack was made in the Assembly on M. Lefranc, the Minister of the Interior, by M. Duval, who proposed an order of the day affirming that the municipal addresses in support of M. Thiers were violations of the law, and that M. Lefranc ought to have repressed

them; and his motion was carried, 305 to 299. Lefranc thereupon resigned, but M. Thiers appointed to temporarily fill his place M. De Remusat, a member of the Left Centre. This increased the irritation of the Right, and on the 5th of December, when the bureaus were called on to nominate the constituent committee of thirty, the Right carried nineteen of its members, thus making themselves absolute judges of the President's constitutional propositions. On the 9th M. Goulard was appointed Minister of the Interior; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; M. Fourton, Minister of Public Works; and M. Calmont, Prefect of the Department of the Seine. These appointments secured to the government the support of the Right Centre and Left Centre. On the 15th there was a discussion on the petitions presented for the dissolution of the Assembly. The Assembly rejected these petitions by a vote of 409 to 201. On the 21st the Assembly adjourned until January 6. Before adjournment it passed a bill restoring to the Orleans princes their confiscated property. The value of this property is over forty millions of francs. This is to be divided among the fifty-two heirs of King Louis Philippe.

The first general trial of the ballot in England was had at the municipal elections which took place throughout England and Wales on the first Monday in November. Various tricks were resorted to by the conservatives to ascertain the exact state of the ballot at any time during the day, but these were met by tricks on the other side, and, on the whole, the new system worked well. The ballot act passed by Parliament provides for a method of voting quite different from our simple and informal fashion. A voting ticket containing the names of all the candidates of both parties is supplied by the sheriff's officer to each voter after he enters the polling booth. He must use this ticket and no other. In a private box, secured from observation, he makes a cross against or upon the names of the candidates for whom he wishes to vote, and then deposits his ballot in the box.

Both Houses of the Prussian Diet have passed the Counties Reform bill—the Lower House, November 26, by a vote of 288 against 91; the Upper, December 9, by a vote of 116 against 91. To secure this result in the Upper House twenty-five new peers were created. These were taken from the ranks of government officials, generals of the army, and land-owners.

Prince Bismarck, at his own request, has been relieved of the presidency of the Council of Ministers, but retains the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The Prussian government has retained Professor Wollmann as theological instructor in the Braunsberg Gymnasium, notwithstanding the excommunication of the professor by the Bishop of Ermeland. The Lower House of the Diet supported the government in its action by a vote of 264 against 81.

The papal allocution of December 23 included a protest against the bill pending in the Italian Parliament for the suppression of religious corporations.

Samarcand, Bokhara, and Khokan are already under Russian dominion, and her armies are now on the march for Khiva, the last of the independent khanates which interpose between the dominions of the Czar and the British possessions in India. This province has long been the terror of Persia, her southern neighbor. For centuries her hordes of robbers have descended upon unprotected Persian villages, and carried away their inhabitants, to be sold in the slave markets of Khiva and Samarcand. Her conquest will be a triumph of civilization. The British embassador at the court of St. Petersburg has notified the Russian government that if the Russian troops now operating against the Khan of Khiva penetrate the countries lying between Khiva and Afghanistan, England will be compelled to intervene in support of Afghan independence.

A law providing for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico has been introduced in the Spanish Cortes. There has been another partial reconstruction of the Spanish cabinet. Señor Echegary has been appointed Minister of Finance; Señor Becerra, Minister of Public Works; and Señor Mosquera, Minister of Colonies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A terrific westerly gale swept over England, Ireland, and Wales, and included France in its visitation, early in December, causing immense destruction of property afloat and ashore. In London six houses were blown down. Floods followed the hurricane, and many towns in England were inundated—the residents in some cases, as in Peterborough, being compelled to take refuge from the water in the upper stories of their dwellings.

A dispatch from Liverpool, December 20, stated that during the ten days previous 449 persons had perished by marine disasters.

The steamship *Germany*, of the Allan line, from Liverpool to Havana and New Orleans, with the privilege of calling at Corunna and Santander, was wrecked, December 21, at the mouth of the Gironde, France, and thirty persons were washed away from the wreck and drowned.

A London telegram of December 23 reported a coal mine explosion at Silverdale, by which eight miners were suffocated.

The strike of the London policemen has been followed by a strike of the gas stokers, owing to the dismissal of one of their number. In consequence London was reduced to a state of almost total darkness for several nights. A number of the gas stokers were tried on a charge of conspiracy, and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the failure of the Dachauer Bank in Munich. The principal, Adele Spitzeder, formerly an actress, founded the bank, with its numerous branches in Bavaria and Austria, and enlisted in her behalf the Roman Catholic clergy, by liberal presents to religious institutions. She founded public kitchens and concert gardens, and promised extraordinary rates of interest on deposits. Most of the dupes were peasants.

The death rate of Great Britain for 1870 was 22.9 per 1000 inhabitants, the birth rate was 35 per 1000, and the marriage rate (persons married) only 16 per 1000. France shows a death rate for 1870 of 28.8, a birth rate of 26.1, and a marriage rate of only 12.4 to the 1000. Austria shows a death rate of 29.2, a birth rate of 40.5, and a marriage rate of 19.4 per 1000 in the same year.

One of the special and most important characteristics of the Vienna Exhibition will be the collection of information regarding the financial and social position of working men and women. The London Exhibition showed the productions of human labor; the Paris Exhibition, the instruments of human labor; the Vienna Exhibition will show who the laborers are. In this department particular attention will be given to the work performed by women; and from the information already collected on this subject, it appears that women play a much more important part in Austrian manufactures of all kinds than is generally supposed, and that in all departments of work where sheer muscular power is not required, the labor of women is quite as valuable as that of men. It is also observed that as machinery improves, the work of women becomes more and more available, and that in some factories there are as many female as male "skilled artisans."

An example of how even some of the minor departments of the trade of the Mediterranean have been affected by the opening of the Suez Canal is afforded by a circumstance mentioned in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale*—namely, that the Italian coral-fishers contemplate petitioning the canal authorities to allow their boats to pass the Isthmus on such favorable terms as may make it worth their while to go and toil in the waters of the Red Sea. Although there are also a few French vessels, manned chiefly by Spaniards, engaged in this industry on the eastern parts of the Algerian coast, the coral trade may be said to belong almost exclusively to Italy. Last season appears to have been a favorable one for the prosecution of this industry, in which were employed 311 vessels, manned by 3150 fishers—almost all Neapolitan sailors from Torre del Greco — without reckoning a score or so of craft equipped at Genoa. The value of the coral obtained is estimated at 3,000,000 francs, and the only accident recorded this year is one boat run down by a steamer.

OBITUARY.

A London dispatch informs us of the death, November 30, of Mary Somerville, at the age of seventy-seven. She is best known as the author of a popular work on Physical Geography.

Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, died in London December 15.

Count de Kisseleff, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander in the French campaign, died in Paris December 13, aged eighty-four years.

Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands, died December 11, without naming a successor. There is no legitimate claimant to the throne.

Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE TEMPLE.

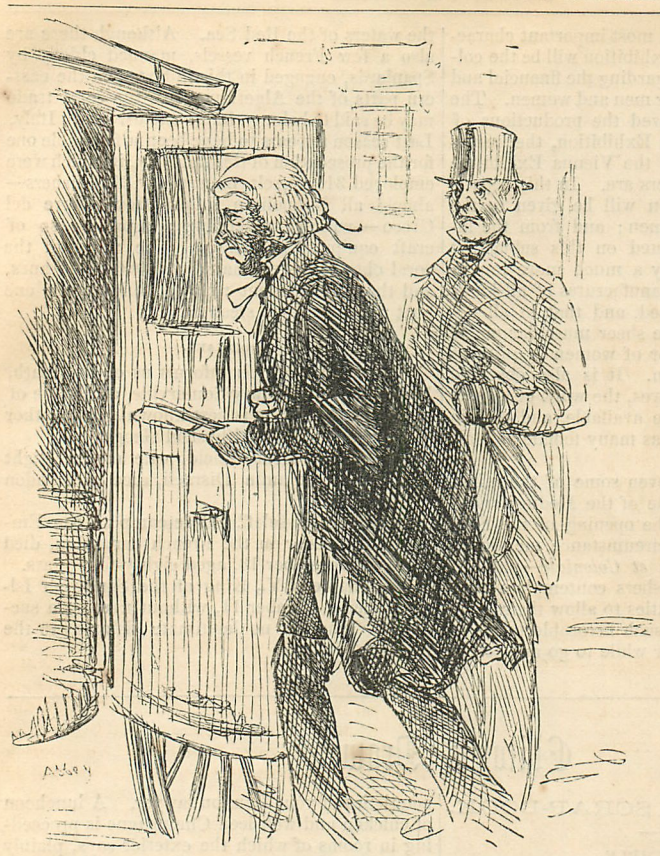


"A WELL-ORDAINED work-house or prison," says Thackeray, "is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness than a learned Inn." The inhabitants of learned Inns, however, and more especially the inhabitants of the Temple Inns, seem to accept very cheerfully the fate condemning them to residence there. Doubtless there are numerous advantages, not elsewhere in such full measure obtainable, to atone in some degree for the obvious drawbacks. The sound of revelry by night is not uncommon in these dreary mildewed buildings. And from a staircase too dirty to drive pigs up you may by day enter chambers furnished with that attention to luxurious comfort which is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of your London lawyer. A luncheon of chicken and well-iced Champagne is proceeding in rooms of which the exterior says, plainly (for walls have tongues as well as ears), "squalid garrets." And what convivial gathering can for a moment compare with a well-conducted "call-supper?"

We will enter the Temple from Fleet Street. Temple Bar—recently renovated—shall not detain us, nor the Cock Tavern with its quaint oaken mantel-piece, by which many a time the great Samuel Johnson has sat and grumbled to Boswell, and for haunting which our present laureate once confessed a weakness:

> "O stout head waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort!"

We pass under an archway with huge gates lying open, and walk down Middle Temple Lane. On our right is Brick Court, where Goldsmith's old chambers remain, and we remember that in another part of the Inn his grave lies covered by a plain stone slab. On our right, too, the renowned fountain sends a thin, translucent column into the air, which falls with a most musical splash into its basin. In the surrounding trees, which show by contrast wonderfully green, half a dozen city sparrows keep up a delightful chirrup. This fountain, sung of in eulogistic strains by poets, and mentioned with the tenderest pathos by innumerable prose writers, has been reduced by modern and irreverent benchers to a mere brass squirt, the antique and allegorical vase from which the spray once rose having been, by the same sacrilegious hands, removed to an adjacent corner, where it has been ignominously convert-



THE LEARNED SERGEANT.

ed into a flower-pot! Passing by the entrance to little squares of houses, on every floor of which lawyers live swarming like bees, we penetrate to the Temple gardens and see before us the southern boundary of the Inns—the Thames, odoriferous as of yore—with the penny steamboats puffing and paddling along its surface, and the huge warehouses staring at us from its remote shore. Between us and the river the new embankment stretches, with cabs dashing along it, and hurrying pedestrians, who invariably stop and gaze through the rails at the cool green spaces of the classic inclosure, catching a glimpse of verdure, and then hurrying on.

We will stroll back to the close squares, and see, if possible, an inhabitant or two. From Paper Buildings Sergeant Smith issues, rustling along in his silk gown, and quite unaware of the air of utter absurdity which his freshly powdered wig gives to his good-humored face. He is followed by a clerk carrying an immense bag of briefs. The learned sergeant jumps into his brougham—appropriate designation for a lawyer's vehicle—his clerk puts the big bag in after him, and off he drives to the courts at Westminster. Robinson, the briefless, glances contemptuously at the departing brougham. He has the smallest possible opinion of Smith's merits—or, indeed, of the merits of any successful man; and he frequently expresses his great surprise that "these fellows get as much business as they do." He then lights a cigar and lounges off to his club, where over the morning papers he ceases to wonder at any thing. That gentleman in the raven locks, the large hooked nose, and the showy diamond rings is evidently an attorney of the Hebrew persuasion. True to instinct and tradition, the modern Jew sticks tenaciously to the law. The little man in spectacles, with the printer's boy at his heels, is Rawkins, of the *Times*. And the stupid-looking man with the eyeglass, just crossing Pump Court, is Minchin, whose magazine articles are pronounced to be "awfully clever."

The lawyer's clerk is a peculiarity of the place. He is of two kinds—the extremely useful, and the useful. The extremely useful is clerk to some barrister in large practice. He is pale-faced and scorbutic. He reads and pages his employer's briefs. He sees to his correspondence. He attends him at court, and knows in a moment where to find a particular law journal or act of Parliament, or to find in either the case or the section required. He works hard during the day, and is given to gay relaxation at night. His dress betrays his tastes. The hat with curled-up edges, the shirt collar bearing strange devices of dogs and other quadrupeds, the resplendent neck-tie, the mock rings and scarf-pins, will all be displayed under the gas of the music-hall. He knows all the choruses of all the comic songs, and late at night, reeling homeward by suburban roads, he occasionally contrives to make night hideous by howling them. Sometimes he attends a discussion forum in Shoe Lane, where he delivers spirited attacks on the ministry, which lose some of their force, perhaps, owing to the slight attention which he pays to the placing of his aspirates. Here come two of the genus. "'Ullo, 'Arry," says Number One, "'ow are you, old boy? Be in the old place to-night, eh?" "No," replies Number Two, with all the languid grace of a debauched duke. "No; I'm reg'lar used up. Must reform, really. By-by!" They are not so bad as they would have themselves believed. Their dissipations are generally of the mildest form. But the London snob thinks it rather a good thing to act the character of a rake.

The second class of clerk is that attached to the chambers of barristers who have *not* an extensive practice. His principal duty is to at-



THE LAUNDRESS.

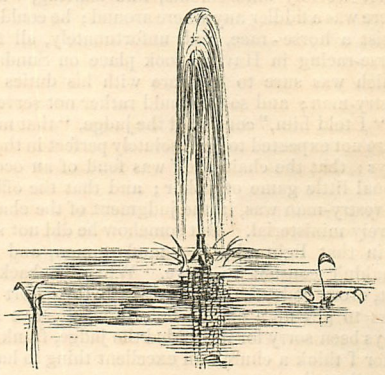
tend to his employer's door, to admit friends, and give to duns the stereotyped response of "Not at home." He varies his occupation by occasionally directing newspapers to the young barrister's friends in the country; and, in a word, is supposed to make himself generally useful. He is a meek, intelligent boy, in a scrupulously clean collar. One can not help feeling that he has been prematurely abstracted from school. However, he has learned civility—a lesson which, notwithstanding a long course of study, even cabinet ministers have sometimes failed to imbibe.

There is one institution connected with the Temple without which any description of the place would be deplorably incomplete—the laundress. The laundress has no mangle. She never does up fine linen. The mysteries of clear-starching are unknown to her. She is one of those beings who pass through life under the incubus of a misnomer. To each set of chambers a laundress is attached—an ancient dame, ill dressed and garrulous. Her duties are simple and clearly defined. She possesses a key to the chambers, and lets herself in every morning, and lights the fire and arranges the breakfast-table. She is, in fact, a servant that doesn't live on the premises—a visiting housekeeper. If you are wise, never enter into conversation with this old lady. Her powers as a conversationalist are considerable. What agonies have been endured by the unfortunate but forgiving scribe now penning these lines through the unexampled garrulity of Mrs. Crips, now happily deceased! Why would she commence every morning, without a note of warning, to dilate on the virtues of Mr. Jennings, the late occupant of the chambers, and why, having commenced, would she refuse, in spite of indifference or of menace, to leave off? She has been known after a forcible ejection from the apartment to continue the monologue in the scullery, with no audience but the saucepans. The ways of the laundress are wonderful. She never removes her bonnet, because her "'air is so wery thin atop, Sir." She might be more cleanly in her person with advantage to her employers. But with all her little eccentricities she has her strong point. She is honest. Your brandy is safe, and your lump-sugar lying exposed will remain intact. You are not insulted by fictions of half-lobsters devoured by cats, or sherry leaking through the bottom of new decanters. You—

But the old-fashioned dial standing in Pump Court, with its quaint superscribed intimation,

"Shadows we are,
And like Shadows depart,"

tells us that we have lingered long. Here once lingered Charles Lamb, and recalling the sensations that this very dial awakened in him when a boy, dwelt on its dearly loved perfections. "What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood eager to detect its movement, never catched—nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep!"



TEMPLE FOUNTAIN.

Toward the end of that very instructive and entertaining work, Nordhoff's *California*, recently published by the Harpers, are a few anecdotes that are so racy of the soil and so good that we transfer them to the Drawer:

"That a new place like Bakersfield should not have a church is not surprising," said I to the judge; "but you Havilah people ought to be ashamed that your town has neither church nor Sunday-school."

We were lying about the fire, after supper, smoking our cigars with that lazy contentment which follows a long day in the saddle. There were half a dozen of us—a Californian who had lived in Arizona; an Englishman who had lived

in California; a Boston physician whose name is not unknown to fame; our host, a sparkling combination of scholar, gentleman, and Indian fighter, the companion and friend of Kit Carson in other days, the surveyor of transcontinental wagon-roads, and the owner to-day of what seems to me the most magnificent estate, in a single hand, in America; and lastly, the judge and myself.

"Californians may be a wicked set, as you Eastern people pretend," said the general, "but you must admit that they lose no time usually in building schools and churches."

He spoke the truth. Nothing has more constantly surprised me in this thinly populated Southern California than to find every where churches and excellent school-houses. Even Bakersfield, which is but a town of yesterday, where the inhabitants have hardly a decent shelter over their heads, has a neat and roomy school-house, one of the most substantial buildings in the place.

"Therefore," said I, "it is the more abominable that you have no church at Havilah."

"Well," replied the judge, who is one of the leading citizens of that mining town, "I agree with you, and we did make an effort to get up a church, but somehow it did not succeed. My wife and I talked it over; she said she preferred an Episcopal church, and I called a meeting of the most respectable men of the place to choose a vestry. They voted me into the chair, and I nominated Mr. Johnson for a vestry-man. Mr. Johnson, who is a prominent citizen, declined to serve; he modestly said he thought himself not fit for the office; he liked an occasional game of draw-poker, he said; he was given to some other worldly amusements, like dancing, when there was a fiddler any where around; he couldn't resist a horse-race, and, unfortunately, all the horse-racing in Havilah took place on Sunday, which was sure to interfere with his duties as vestry-man; and so he would rather not serve.

"I told him," continued the judge, "that men were not expected to be absolutely perfect in these days; that the chair itself was fond of an occasional little game of poker; and that the office of vestry-man was, in the judgment of the chair, purely ministerial. But somehow he did not see it in that light; he is a modest man, and he wouldn't consent to serve. When he backed out, every body else did too, and so this effort of ours to get up a church fell through. I've always been sorry for it," added the judge, frankly, "for I think a church an excellent thing to have in a place."

Now, though we listeners may have smiled at the judge's story, he, I beg you to believe, was perfectly sincere in his regrets, and we could do no less than admit that he had "done his level best" in the matter.

"The fact is," said the Arizonian, "that Havilah is, like many mining towns, a rude place. I was going down the main street there one evening some years ago, when I got among a crowd of rough fellows, and I happened to say to Jack Thompson, whom I knew, that it seemed to be very quiet nowadays; I had not seen a man killed for a long time.

"'Haven't you? By the powers! come along with me,' said he, reaching around to the back of his trowsers for his revolver, and grasping my arm. 'I'll show you how it's done; there's a whole billiard-room full of them up there!' and he waved his six-shooter over his head, and I believe if I hadn't quieted him down he'd have gone up and shot into the crowd. But that's some years ago, and they hung that scoundrel to a tree afterward, and that scared most of his kind away."

"The same fellow told me once," said the general, "of a little disappointment of his. He had a difficulty with a man, and no arms at hand except a shot-gun; so he 'went for him with the scatter-gun,' he said, 'and the contemptible weapon missed, and he just grazed him.'"

"Your courts did not execute justice very vigorously in those days," I suggested.

"Well, no," replied the judge; "they were too often like a judge they had in early days up in Tuolumne County. This judge had a quarrel with a lawyer, and the result was that he used regularly to charge the jury against any party whom this lawyer represented. At last Tom said one day in court, with some vexation, when he heard the judge begin to charge against him again, that he did not expect ever to get justice in that court. To which his honor replied promptly, and with contempt, that he would take —— good care Tom should get no justice in that court."

"That fellow ought to have been a Tammany judge in New York," said some one, and turned the laugh handsomely against the East.

"It's astonishing," said the Englishman, "how rough and how ignorant men are who go about these mountains prospecting for gold. Some years ago, when the Temiscal tin mine was opened and found to contain some valuable ores, there was great excitement around San Bernardino about tin. Dozens of people who knew nothing about indications of tin went out to prospect; and up in the Bainbridge district a fellow actually set up an assay shop, and made money for a month or two by pretended assays of the rock which credulous prospectors brought him. Of course he found tin in every kind of rock. It was discovered afterward that the scoundrel had stolen a pewter faucet, and made his assay buttons out of that. When that was used up, he melted the solder from old tin cans for the same use."

"He ought to have been the man who told an English tourist near San Bernardino that up in the mountain there they had recently discovered a brass mine—'Very rich ore too,' he added, when he saw the Englishman open his eyes with amazement."

"We had such a fellow down in our country," said the Arizonian, "but he went off in disgust. He came into the hotel at Prescott one night, and at supper the landlord asked him if he'd have some teal.

"'What's teal?' says the fellow.

"'Why, a kind of duck,' says the landlord.

"'Had it wings?' says the fellow.

"'Certainly,' says the landlord.

"'And could it fly?' says the fellow.

"'Yes,' says the landlord.

"'Well,' says he, 'I don't want any, then. Any thing that had wings, and could fly, and didn't fly out of this accursed country, I don't want to have any thing to do with.'"

"You've got some droll Pikes down there," said the general. "One of them met me once, and said he had traveled on the Gila with a certain person, a friend of mine.

"'You like that John Nugent?' he remarked; 'but he's a nasty little beast.'

"Now Nugent is remarkable for his scrupulous neatness, and I said, 'I guess you must be mistaken; he always passed for a very clean man.'

"'*I* know him,' said the Pike, with a sneer of disgust; 'didn't I travel with him for three weeks down along the Gila River? And didn't I use to see him go down to the river every morning with a dirty little tin cup and a confounded nasty little brush he used to carry in his pocket, and scrub and hawk and spit till it almost made me puke to see him? I tell you he's a nasty little beast.'"

"There is a fellow up in Colusa whom they call Nick, a bar-keeper, who never tires of stories of the Pikes," remarked the judge. "He told me once that he had determined to keep the next Fourth of July, having suffered one to pass over without any demonstrations. 'So this year,' said Nick, 'two or three of us took an old anvil down to the river, loaded it up, and began to blaze away. By-and-by I saw a lot of black objects bobbing up and down in the river away up stream. I thought they were ducks at first, but presently discovered them to be a lot of Pikes swimming the river, with their rifles held up out of the water. Soon they came along to us, and the head man, a gaunt six-footer in butternut, sung out to me, "Stranger, whar's the war?"

"'I couldn't get their whisky strong enough for them,' said Nick; 'so, after trying every way, I at last made a mixture of poison-oak and butternut. That fetched 'em. I called it the sheep-herders' delight; and it was a popular drink. The first Pike I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks, and turned a double summerset in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after taking several drinks of my sheep-herders' delight, he went off and stole his own pack, and hid it in the woods. When he came to himself he made a complaint of the theft; but I guessed how it was, and helped him to find the goods.

"'The poor old judge!' said the same fellow, 'he complained on election evening that he was quite worn out with signing checks all day.' I sincerely hope this was a libel on the Court.

"Do you know how they carry on agriculture down in Arizona?" asked the judge, looking quizzically at the Arizonian. "There was a fellow who hired himself out as a farm hand in Arizona, and the first day his master told him to cut some wood. So he asked for an axe, but the farmer said, 'No, we don't cut wood with an axe here,' and gave him a sledge-hammer to knock and break off the mesquit which they burn down there. The next day John was ordered to cut some hay, and was looking about for a scythe, when his master said, 'We don't cut hay with a scythe down here,' and gave him a hoe to chop down the woody stalks with which they swindle the horses there for hay. The third morning the farmer called his man to come out and plant corn. John looked for a hoe, but his master said, 'We don't plant corn with a hoe out here,' and gave him a crowbar with which to punch holes in the ground, wherein to drop corn. They say John left the country in disgust."

"They have a story here," said the doctor, "of a courageous woman in this county, who was alone in a stage which Mason and one of his gang stopped. The driver threw down the treasure-box when the two robbers stopped his horses, and Mason thereupon opened the stage door, and, leaning into the stage, ordered the woman to give up her money and rings, pointing a cocked pistol at her at the same time. The woman looked at him coolly, and said, 'Look here, don't you see that you're pointing that pistol directly at me, and that it's cocked? You seem to be a little nervous, for your hand trembles; I wish you'd point it away from me: it might go off and hurt me.' Mason was so much struck by the woman's coolness that, with an oath, he slammed the stage door, and told her to keep her valuables."

"She was lucky," said the Californian; "with these road agents you can't sometimes most generally tell how good-tempered they're going to be, or in how much of a hurry; and they are not always as polite as a fellow who recently, at San Luis Rey, in a written notice, 'begged to intimate to the public' that he was about to open a telegraph office."

Thus the stories went around until, one after another, we dropped to sleep under the clear sky of the mountain, with our feet to the fire and abundance of blankets over us.

THE humor and pluck of Boston after the great fire are characteristically set forth in the advertisements of some of those who were among the hurt. For example:

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE INTENSE HEAT,
ASAHEL WHEELER
Has removed, etc.

Mr. Robert Bishop announces a continued and healthful existence in these terms:

WE STILL LIVE.

Owing to causes over which we had no control, we have removed ourselves (not having any thing else to move) to 215 Federal Street, where we are ready, etc.

Bradford and Anthony sincerely thank those who assisted in removing their goods, but ask to be informed *where a considerable portion of them have been stored.*

J. S. and E. Wright announce that they "*moved suddenly* last Sunday, but resumed business on Monday morning."

John L. Spooner, printer, says:

FIRE.—Franklin Street having become TOO HOT for me, I will receive orders for job printing at my residence, 46 Grove Street, for the present.

The "Grundy Company" is sufficiently good-humored to announce its disaster thus:

OFFICE AND SALES-ROOM BURNED DOWN,
FACTORY BLOWN UP.
We are now at No. 97 State Street.

And scores of others of the same sort.

More absurd, perhaps, than these are the following advertisements collected from Irish papers:

One pound reward. Lost, a cameo brooch, representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra Road, about ten o'clock on Tuesday evening."

Ten shillings reward. Lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. To be brought to, etc.

Advertisement of a wine-merchant:

The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale on very low terms about six dozen of prime port-wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet.

The two following emanated from a well-known livery-stable keeper:

To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.

To be sold cheap, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new.

To these Irish advertisements may be added an English one, which was the subject of a humorous article in the *Saturday Review* some four or five years since:

To be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs.

THE following curious and perspicuous advertisement is copied from the New York *Journal of Commerce* of November 19, 1872:

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Estate of —— ——, *deceased.*

Will be sold at Public Sale on the premises, five very valuable Factory Buildings. The late owner did an extensive morocco manufacturing business, *and is in complete running order and ready for occupancy.*

THIS is the manner in which the perfections of a damsel are extolled in a paragraph in the Evanston *Age*, published at Evanston, Wyoming Territory, October 24, 1872:

A general preparation for the dedication ball at Downs and Tisdale's new hall is going on. Our girl is getting her shoes half-soled. If the weather remains pleasant, so that the shoe-maker can work on them out-doors, they will be done in time. Look out for her: *she's a stunner, and no mistake.*

AMONG the lecturers who, during the present winter, have been the most successful in entertaining those who like that sort of thing may be mentioned Mr. Bret Harte. His talk on *The Argonauts of* '49, presents a vivid picture of California life in its early days, and the quaint stories he brings in, so "pat," by way of illustration, are very telling. As the lecture has not been published, and will not be for some time to come, we reproduce one or two anecdotes that always "bring down the house:"

"The boys seem to have taken a fresh deal all round," said Mr. John Oakhurst to me, in the easy confidence of a man conscious in his ability to win my money, "and there is no knowing whether a man will turn up jack or king." It is relevant to this anecdote that Mr. Oakhurst himself came of a family whose ancestors regarded games of chance as sinful because they were trifling and amusing, but who had never conceived that they might be made the instruments of speculation and tragic earnestness. And Mr. Oakhurst wondered, as he rose with a gain of five thousand dollars, that there were folks "as believes that keerds is a waste of time." This Oakhurst, the typical gambler of that time (the hero of *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*), once more illustrates in this lecture a phase of contradictory nobility, by redeeming from the gaming-table for his wife a luckless gambler, by buying his next play, and then losing it by concert with the dealer. As he confessed the weakness to a friend, he added, solemnly, "It's the first time as I ever played a game that wasn't on the square." Harte's description of the men of the mining camps is even more vivid than that of the city population. Their personal attractions are represented in an exceedingly flattering light; their habitual life minutely drawn, with its unnatural characteristics, its absence of softening influence, of reverential custom, and—chief lack of all—of home. In this connection, what more exquisite can be thought of than the painting of the lone woman—lone, even though wedded, and though beloved by every miner in the camp, pining slowly away, and, to every body's astonishment, dying at last.

"Do you know what they say Ma'am Richards died of?" said Yuba Bill to his partner.

"No," was the reply.

"The doctor says she died of nostalgia," said Bill.

"What the deuce is nostalgia?" said the other.

"Well, it's a kind o' longing to get to heaven!"

Perhaps he was right.

"C. O. D." are three letters of such peculiar and peremptory significance as to have become familiar to all who are served by express. A new interpretation of them comes to us from a Cincinnati correspondent, who says: One of my daughters, pretty well grown, was the other evening in a very ingenious manner urging on me that she ought to have a new cloak, and suggested that she could go to Lewis's and have it sent up, C. O. D. Our little Alice, eight years old, promptly said, "Them means, *Call On Dad.*" It generally does come to about that.

SOME years ago a new church at Lockport, New York, belonging to the Presbyterian society of which the Rev. William C. Wisner, D.D., has long been the very popular pastor, was to be dedicated. A large number of divines of that denomination from Rochester and vicinity having been invited, left that city by railroad, grouped in, and forming a large share of the occupants of, a car, in the early evening, expecting to arrive at Lockport in time to enjoy a comfortable night's rest. Among the party was the distinguished Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., then Chancellor of Ingham University, at Le Roy. It being midwinter and intensely cold, and an unusually heavy body of snow being upon the ground, a furious wind and snow storm setting in, the train had not proceeded many miles before it became blocked in the snow, with a part of it off the track, and, so cold and tempestuous was the night, the train, though every possible effort was made, did not succeed in getting extricated until morning.

When on the wing again the conductor made his round to look after tickets, and coming among the reverends, was impelled to refer to the discomforts and perils of the night, and also having vivid impressions of the same, exclaimed,

"I tell you what, gentlemen, we came very near all going to h— last night."

Dr. Cox, equal to the occasion and expression, quickly and instantly replied, "You doubtless speak for yourself, Sir; but as for me and my friends here, we are ticketed to a different station."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXIV.—MARCH, 1873.—Vol. XLVI.

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.



OFF THE HIGHLANDS.

SAIL on, sail on, thou stately ship!
In roar or ripple, rest not thou!
The grand horizons grow and dip
Abaft thy wake, before thy prow!

I linger o'er an idle strain,
A song that's alien and forlorn:
In native pomp thou soar'st amain,
Like albatrosses ocean-born!

Oh, sail, sail on! for, day by day,
Fresh hope invites with each remove:
We belt the world: thy forward way
Alone may bring me to my love!

Be not surprised that I begin my sketches with the opening stanzas of a love poem, which is intended to run through them like the refrain of a ballad. For what is a sailor without a sweetheart? A ship without a compass—a compass without a needle—or, more aptly still, that sensitive needle without a magnetic pole mysteriously and strongly to attract it. O Douglas, Douglas, tender and true! The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring! The

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

staid lieutenant has his fair Crinolina, lily-like, statelily inclining out of voluminous folds. Sweet William, who dwells high upon the yard, rejoices in his buxom, black-eyed Susan, less superabundantly draped and adorned, and more prodigal of her blushes to moon or sun. We may depend upon the metallic wand or the enchanted heart whether the cynosure gladdens our eyes, or is veiled in storm and darkness—yea, when the round-backed earth shoulders it out of view altogether. Deviations owing to local attractions there may be, it must be confessed, but they are trifles due to quick sensibility, and not beyond reason or measure. Say not that a sailor's sweetheart is in every port—he is little better than one of the wicked who invented so vile a slander—but believe profoundly, O gentle Crinolina! and O lovely Susan! that there is "truth in a jacket of blue," even as there is beneath the card—or "rose," as the French more prettily term it—of the mariner's compass. May the comparison prove ever just! Under the rose and yet above-board, vibrating to a subtle secret current, and keeping the secret confided to it, yet with its truth patent on the face of it, apparently free as air, yet obedient to a law mighty in its gentleness, what fitter type of constancy, of fidelity, can smiling love desire or frowning duty demand?

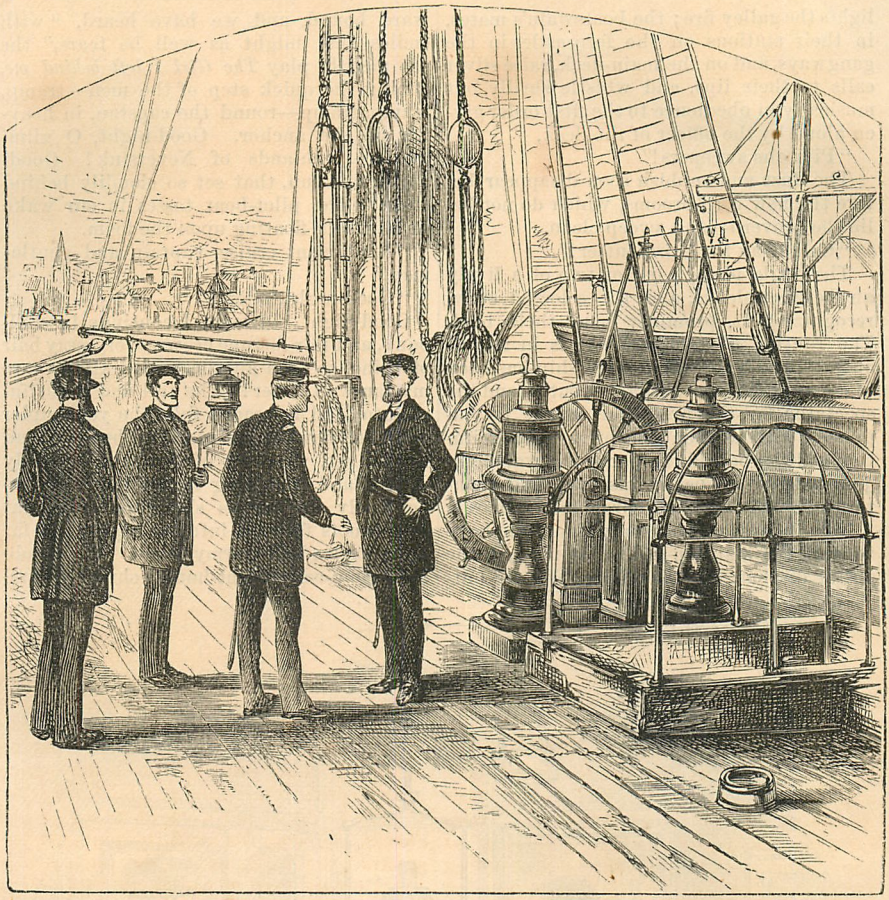
Sail on, O stately frigate! Thy compasses are true, and as true are the hearts that will shape the course, and, with strong hands at the wheel, will steer by them. Those have been tested by "swinging the ship" at the "compass station"—adjusting, or noting corrections for the local deviations alluded to in my simile. These have been tried in the battle and the breeze, and have come forth, like pure gold from the refiners, out of the seven-times-heated furnace of righteous yet fratricidal war. Thou hast not loitered in port, O my ship! But a few days ago thou wert put into commission, a ceremony which transformed thee from a lonely hulk lying alongside the navy-yard into a thing of life—of many lives, indeed, upon which are hanging many times many hearts and hopes and fears and prayers—into a thing of bravery and hardihood; to go forth over remote seas, to strange lands, under unfamiliar skies; to suffer and be strong, conquering and to conquer; to uphold a nation's honor, alike in peace and war!

Dropping the apostrophe, let me in sober language give some idea of a man-of-war's mission. Hers is not a yachting trip. She does not idly flaunt her flag. That saucy little symbol was ample enough to cover the mere intention of American citizenship when, in the port of Smyrna, one of the mildest-mannered of navy captains cleared his ship for action, in the face of largely superior force, and sheltered the poor Hungarian. It has been a very St. Peter's angel to more than one of our countrymen in foreign dungeons. It supports consular authority over tyrannical ship-masters and recalcitrant crews. It has saved the Feejeean "miccaninny" from being served up, hot or cold. It has let the blessed air of freedom into many a pent hold that reeked with cargo of pitiable humanity—the "black ivory" of African trade in iron shackles. In former time it cleared our Southern lagoons and the Antilles of swarming buccaneers; to-day it pursues to the death the Chinaman with his stink-pots and nameless tortures. It restrains alike the barbarian and the civilized oppressor by emblazoning the grand *morale* of a great power backed by shotted guns. For not yet, even in these days of international arbitration, has the millennium come, not yet are the battle-flags furled in the federation of the world.

A man-of-war has other duties, subservient to commerce. These consist of explorations and surveys. They indicate ocean highways, they secure the haven, they trace the imperiled coast. Braving the lurking shoal, and the bold, loud reef, they fix, so to speak, the form of Charybdis, and save from the jaws of Scylla. The vessel anchors in an unknown bay or sound; her boats, specially equipped, are sent in all directions. By patient process—as it appears on our working sheet, the chart growing into shape—from peak to peak, from island to island, we cover it with an aerial net-work of triangles and curves; we sound it until the plummet has stamped the depth, as it were, upon nearly every square yard of the ocean floor. It is a noble field of usefulness, and falling thereupon, the world has wept for Cook and La Perouse.

I mentioned, a little while ago, going into commission. There are ceremonies attended with more pomp and circumstance. But nothing is more characteristic of "life on board a man-of-war" than this its beginning; and wonderful is sometimes the spectacle, when there is a sufficiency of old man-of-war's men in the "fresh" crew to leaven the mass. Have you ever seen a flock of sheep divided and guided by the trained dogs? So are the greenhorns by these veteran bull-dogs of the sea. But briefly to describe:

The executive officer of the yard, in presence of the commander and officers and the marine guard of the sea-going ship, gives the signal; the "coach-whip" at the main flutters out, a red and white streamer, into the blue air; and the beloved flag of the Union, gay with brand-new bunting, rises gorgeously to the peak. The marine guard presents arms, and the drums roll. Sometimes the band salutes the "star-spangled banner" with its own anthem. Then, with mutual touching of caps, command and au-



GOING INTO COMMISSION.

thority are transferred, with the simple remark,

"You are in commission."

And the captain of the new-fledged man-of-war, prepared, no doubt, to brave the battle, fire, the wreck, moves the monarch of—. But her deck is not yet peopled. Wait a moment. The crew from the receiving-ship come tumbling—there is no better expression—bag and hammock, over the side, billeted, every man of them, thanks to the preparation of the executive officer, with watch, quarter, and mess numbers. Now appears the most interesting feature. Hitherto no unoccupied dwelling of the land, empty save in the litter of the mechanics, was ever half so comfortless in prospect, so desolate, so melancholy. That crowd of blue-jackets seems but to have introduced an element of confusion into the dreariness. But no! While scarcely an order—or, at least, no series of orders—emanates from the quarter-deck, while there are no instructions placarded or chalk lines drawn, every individual and thing has dropped into his or its place, in the most natural way in the world. Not five minutes have elapsed, and not only does the lieutenant of the day's duty walk the starboard side of the quarter-deck, with his assistant midshipmen on the other side, but the petty officers are in full swing of their several functions in separate parts of the ship, and the crew—forecastle men, fore, main, and mizzen topmen, afterguards, waisters, and berth deck cooks—distributed on the three decks, are to a man where they belong. The hammocks are neatly stowed in the nettings, and the clothes-bags in racks on the berth deck; stow holes are found for even the little "ditty boxes" wherein Jack keeps his needle and thread, scraps of personal property which he calls "manavelings," his writing materials, if he be so clerkly, and possibly his mother's Bible. The quartermaster of the watch is on the poop, spy-glass in hand; the quarter-gunners busy themselves about the battery; the master at arms "bosses" the berth deck cooks, arranging burnished kettles, pots, pans, and spoons in the mess chests; the ship's cook

lights the galley fire; the boatswain's mates, in their stations on the forecastle, in the gangways, and on the main-deck, raise silver calls to their lips, and whistle shrilly but musically in obedience to the first order given aloud by the officer of the deck,

"Pipe the sweepers!"

The dust and rubbish soon disappear before the new corn brooms, which do not belie the proverb—and sweep clean.

"Call away the third cutter!"

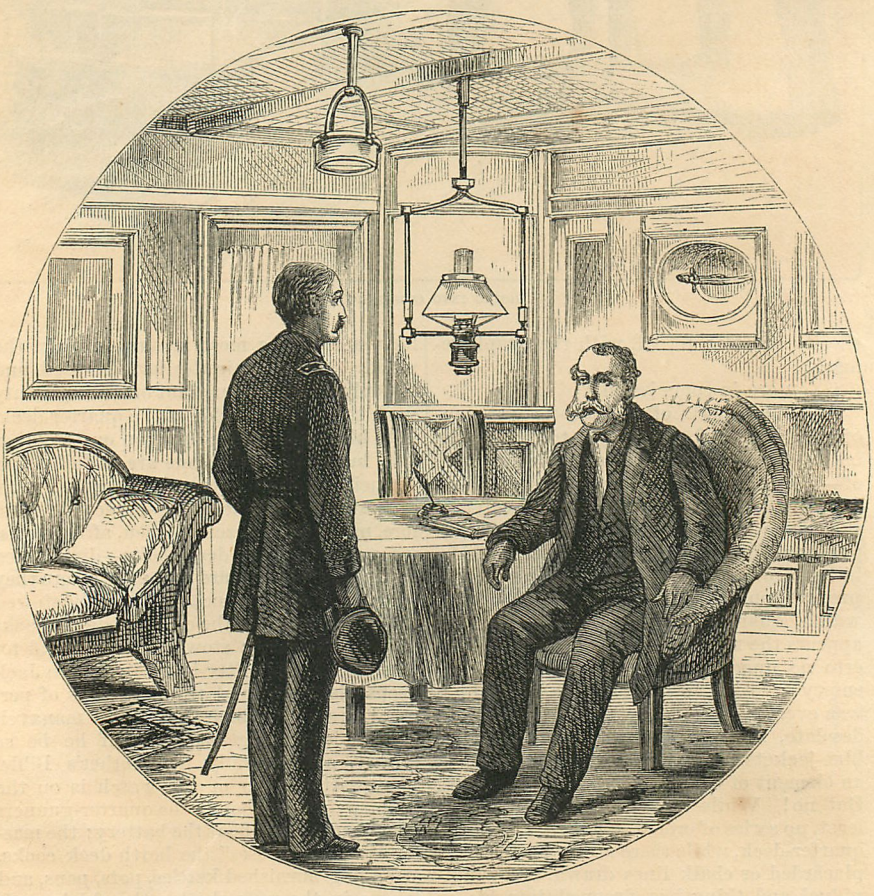
The bugle plays a bar or two of a lively air between-decks, and the selected crew, recognizing it, promptly man their boat. The routine of a man-of-war is in as full operation as if the minutes the ship has been in commission were as many months, and the spectator for the first time might be impressed with as keen a surprise and admiration as if he beheld the parts of a watch adjust themselves before his eyes, and spontaneously initiate their chronometric march.

Now we are outside Sandy Hook, and hove to with the maintop-sail to the mast, in the act of discharging the pilot. We are outward bound, and we have heard, "with smiles that might as well be tears," the fife merrily play *The Girl I left behind me*, timing the quick step of the men—tramp, tramp, tramp—round the capstan, in heaving up the anchor. Good-night, O glimmering highlands of Neversink! Good-night, fair sun, that set so cloudily behind them! The pilot-boat tosses in our wake lightly, as if floating upon the foam.

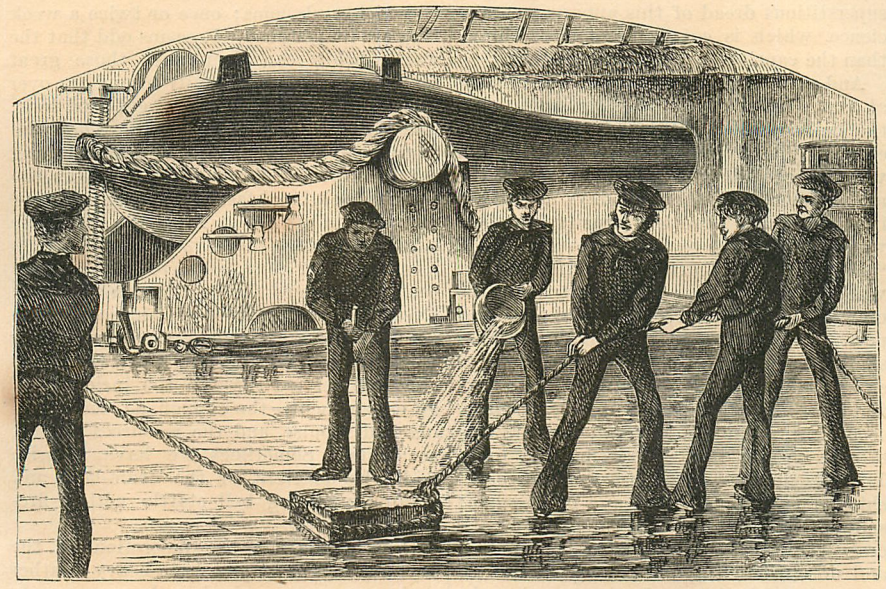
"A pleasant cruise, captain and gentlemen."

"Good-night, pilot."

Good-night, old man, I continue in soliloquy, and fair fortune crown every gray hair of thine, so thou guardest with kindly care my farewell letter! The tall and beautiful maintop-sail is braced full, the yet ampler cloths of flowing mainsail are boarded and hauled aft, the bow of Anakim is tightly strung, and trembling to her keel, and impetuously singing as she goes, the great ship shoots forward into the night, and far away over a half-stormy ocean. The throbbing glow-worm light-houses shrink to fire-



EXECUTIVE OFFICER'S REPORT TO THE CAPTAIN.



SCRUBBING DECKS.

fly specks, and vanish. With far other feelings than his of dark exultation do I echo Childe Harold's "My native land—good-night!"

Oh, soft may be your southern sky,
But Love, the angel, dwells not here:
The tents where I have found him lie
As distant as that home is dear.

I saw them last in summer-time:
I see them now: 'tis summer still:
The glory of June's crescent prime
Is August, mellower on the hill;

And riper is the rippled corn;
Still the elms gurgle into song;
Eyes hazy blue, and mild as morn,
Watch the far bay, wistful and long;

Fair fingers flake a white moss-rose—
Their wandering touch shows memory true—
Ah! each still petal there that snows
Might charm long leagues of barren blue!

But sail, sail on, thou stately ship!
Not thine the picture: pause not thou:
Thy retrospects in ocean dip;
Fresh prospects widen from thy prow!

Yes! we have come far south, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain;" but new scenes—new "sea landscapes," as Mrs. Trollope Hibernianly calls them—the life of the sea, and man-of-war routine, charm us nevertheless, and distract our thoughts with occupation. I have traveled in passenger vessels, and have felt, as wearily as did any landsman, the listlessness of nothing to do, the monotony of the blank horizons, the impatience to arrive in port. The *dolce far niente* is not sweet on board ship. I can, therefore, appreciate the difficulty with which they of the land can be brought to comprehend the quiet content which, despite twinges of homesickness, steals over the mariner in his floating home. In that word lies the secret. Officer or man is one of a small community, isolated from all the world. Each has his circle of companions and friends, saving always the captain, who, even more than the "sacred might" of Homeric kings, is hedged about by etiquette and a certain awe and reserve, which exist quite independently of the character of the man. He, more than any other human being, may be styled monarch of all he surveys, but he is very lonely in his dignity. Still, by way of compensation, he is far more spaciously and sumptuously lodged than any one else. He has his books about him, and his little comforts. And, more than all, potent to dispel every shade of *ennui*, is his sleepless and omnipresent responsibility. Ship and subordinates are to him wife and children. They are his constant care; and care makes him keen-eyed and sharp-witted, equally so on deck and in his cabin. There the chart is ever open on the table before him; the tell-tale (or reversed compass) over his head shows the slightest deviation from the vessel's course, whether the wind heads her off or she is negligently steered; his eye, by long experience, tells him very nearly her rate of speed; his ear, if she is steaming, "the very pulse of the machine;" the barometer hangs in view; the rising squall on the horizon's edge is visible from his cabin windows. So, while in receiving a report he may appear absorbed in the pages of the last new novel, the officer of the deck is frequently surprised at the captain's knowledge of every thing transpiring. And the frolic midshipman has an almost

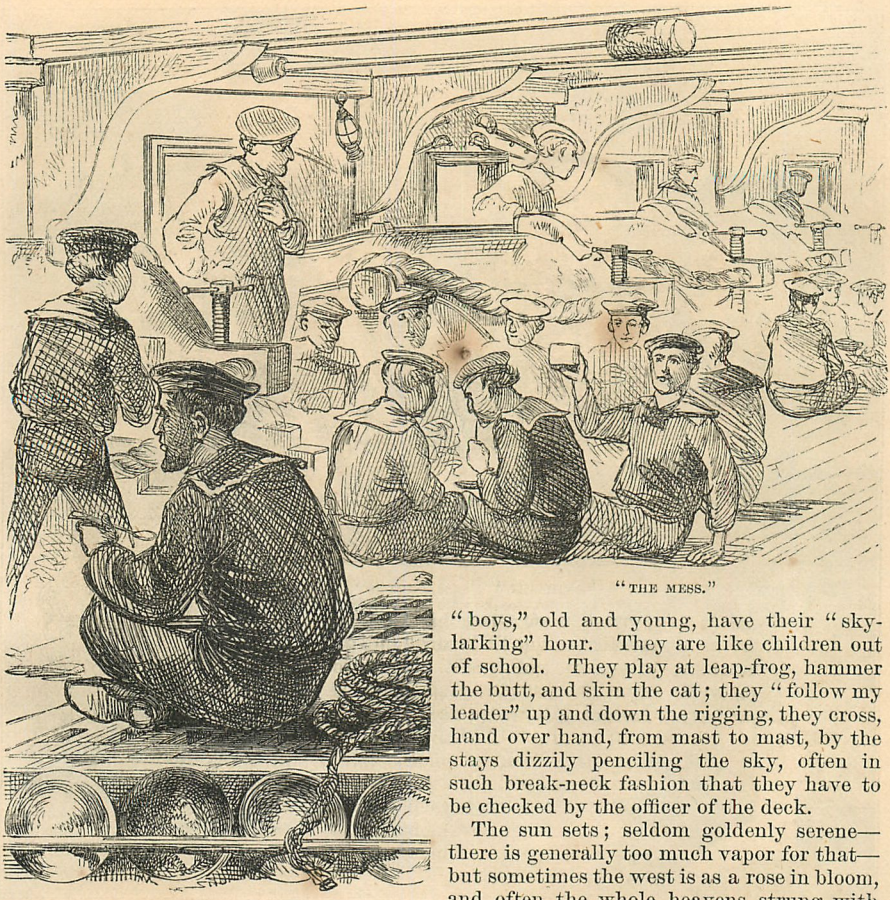
superstitious dread of this apparent omniscience, which is cognizant of more things than the caprices of wind and weather.

And now for a day of man-of-war routine at sea. The watches are four hours long, the bell striking half-hourly from one to eight. The lieutenants are divided into watches according to their number; the midshipmen in the Benbow days invariably into three, but now less cruelly into four watches, which give these growing lads a "sleep in" every fourth night; the firemen, when steaming, into three watches; the crew into watch and watch, starboard and port. In order that their night-watches shall be equalized, the watch from four to eight in the evening is subdivided into two, and these are called "dog-watches," because, according to Captain Marryat, they are curtailed. Nor is this severe (not the pun). There is no comparison between the hardships of men-of-war's men and of merchant sailors. The number of a man-of-war's crew—proportioned to the guns to be fought, and not to handing and reefing—makes all seaman's work light. In fine weather the former, with the exception of the helmsmen and those at various look-outs and stations, may coil themselves between the guns or in the tops, and sleep if they will, but sleep lightly, promptly to obey a sudden call. Every morning the watch scrub clothes, twice a month their hammocks. Every morning the decks are scrubbed with sand and hickory brooms; once or twice a week they are holy-stoned. It seems odd that the watch below can sleep with those great sandstones dragged heavily to and fro over their heads; but their nerves get used to it, like those of eels to skinning. Then the "bright work" is cleaned, and every thing put in order for the day, either before the eight-o'clock breakfast or immediately after "turning to" at nine. A pattern housewife might be proud of the immaculate cleanliness resulting. At four bells (ten o'clock) the beat to quarters throbs through the ship. Every day one or more divisions are exercised at the great guns. Once or twice a week are general quarters, when the whole crew are carried through the incidents of an engagement—the cannonade, the boarding and repulse, and the resources to meet accidents. Sometimes we have surprise midnight quarters, or the drum-beat and a rapidly ringing bell startle with a fire-alarm.

Occasionally, at the discretion of the captain—not unfrequently in heavy weather—the men are exercised in the more purely nautical duties of remedying imaginary injuries from stress and strain, "unbending" the old and "bending" new sails, shifting one spar or another, even to a ponderous topmast, while the vessel still holds her way; and it is marvelous how quickly these things are done. In the words of a captain of the old school, of him who did not believe



THE NAVIGATING OFFICER'S STATE-ROOM.



"THE MESS."

more than half the *Arabian Nights*—how little imagination the old fogy had!—we "guard against every precaution." Dinner at noon, when reported by the navigating officer, and "made so" by the captain, who is a sort of Joshua. The navigator at this time takes the altitude of the sun for latitude, as morning and evening, when the sun is nearest east and west, he measures it for local time, obtaining his longitude from his well-rated chronometers. After one o'clock the various divisions are exercised as light infantry, in company or battalion drill, also the marines; and quite as well as the marines the sailors go through the manual and evolutions. Jack no longer handles his musket as awkwardly and grimly as a bear, and thinks it seaman-like not to be a soldier. Field artillery is also taught, and the broad-sword exercise. At three o'clock (usually) the drum beats the *Roast Beef of Old England*, and during the ward-room dinner the band plays on the main-deck. How many a merry and genial hour I have passed at that table! Supper for the crew at four o'clock, afterward evening quarters for seeing the battery secure; and then the "boys," old and young, have their "sky-larking" hour. They are like children out of school. They play at leap-frog, hammer the butt, and skin the cat; they "follow my leader" up and down the rigging, they cross, hand over hand, from mast to mast, by the stays dizzily penciling the sky, often in such break-neck fashion that they have to be checked by the officer of the deck.

The sun sets; seldom goldenly serene—there is generally too much vapor for that—but sometimes the west is as a rose in bloom, and often the whole heavens strung with illuminated clouds, wonderful in glowing bronze or rich grass-green. The look-outs are called from aloft; others at different points are stationed for the night. The sun sets; the moon is up; the side and mast-head lanterns are lit, and green and red reflections mingle with the white moonlight. The band plays on the quarter-deck. Lovely sounds, gay or sad, go wandering over the waters. Our hearts are brimmed with memories, and our eyes with childish tears, which we can not laugh away. Meanwhile, on the forecastle,

> "Some rude Arion's skillful hand
> Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;"

and they foot it deftly in jig and hornpipe.

"Let us go forward, now that the band has been dismissed," I say to one of the young officers.

The scene is curious. Not far from the dancers is another group, indulging in vocal efforts. There is a movement to rise and touch hats, but I check it. One singer, whose hoarse voice has been tuned at the "weather-earing," informs his "Mary Ann" that "the ship is ready, and the wind it is



THE STORY OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

fair," and that he "is bound for to sea;" and another, who has swallowed not quite so much fog and east wind, vows in emphatic negatives that

> "No never, no never, no never no more,
> He never will play the wild rover no more;"

while a youth of a patriotic and warlike turn chants in *alto* how

> "The *Guerriere* frigate bold
> O'er the foaming ocean rolled."

But hark to better metal! "*This* fellow has a voice," I murmur; and he sings that dear old Scottish ballad, so popular in its modern form, all joining in the chorus *con amore*.

> "Each heart recalls a different voice,
> But all sing *Annie Laurie*."

Now we come upon a more retired group, sitting in the black shadow of the moon-lit sails, upon whom the saddening eve seems to have exercised a sobering effect; for one is reciting something in a low tone, and the rest are listening open-mouthed, as if to drink it all in the better.

"What is this, youngster?"

"It is a fairy tale, Sir," whispers the midshipman.

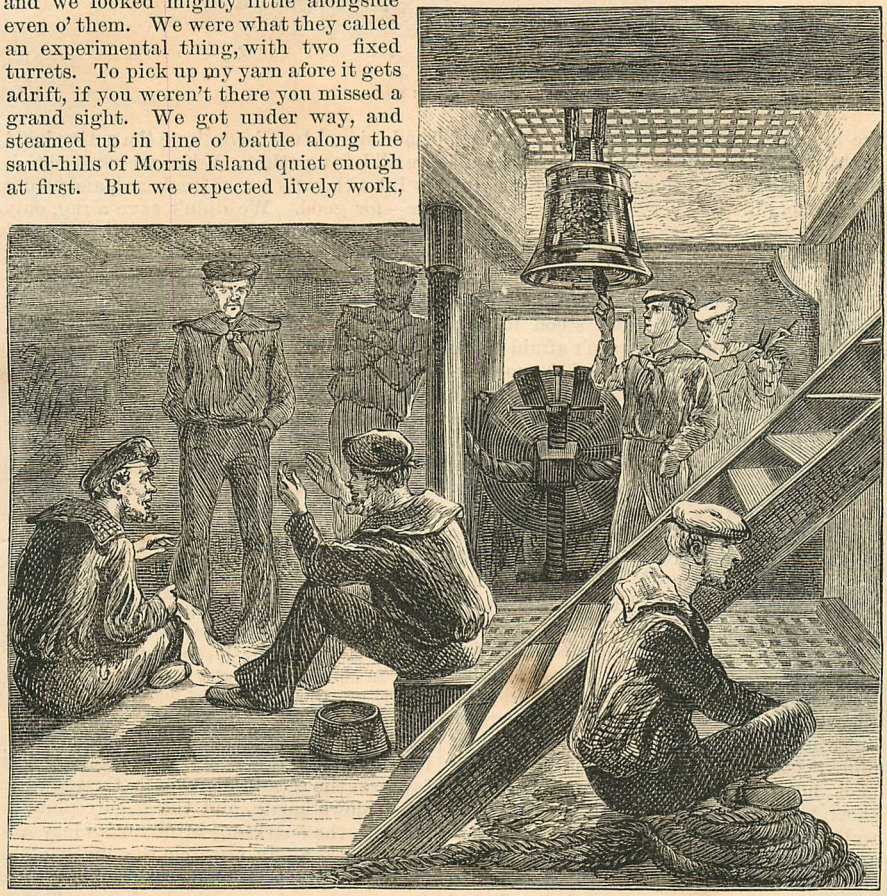
"Spinning a yarn, is he? It seems to be as long as the maintop-bowline."

"Yes, Sir; and the *raconteur*," continued the lad, proud of his French, "could beat Scheherezade, and her sister too, and furnish them with a new *répertoire*."

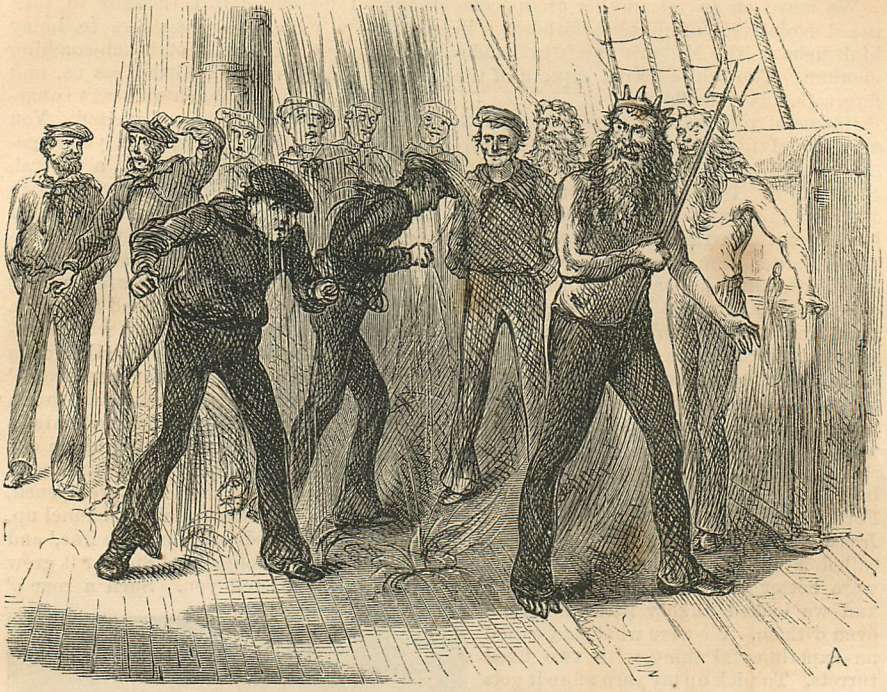
It is an odd jumble, *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Sindbad the Sailor* seeming to be the somewhat incongruous types—impossible giants, inconceivable palaces, smoking genii, fiery dragons, a sorcerer patterned from a tobacconist's sign, a beautiful fairy and a more beautiful heroine, who are but bar-maids in masquerade—a tale of enchantment ludicrously mixed with a sailor's familiar experience, and, O happy climax! Jack marries the princess! O rude of speech, simple-minded, soft-hearted seamen! One touch of *romance* makes the whole world kin.

We move on to yet another group, composed exclusively of old tars, withdrawn in high debate, like Milton's chiefs in Pandemonium. The white-haired captain of the forecastle has "the floor."

"Some of you chaps," he growls out, with much involving of parentheses and revolving of his quid, "blow about New Orleans and Mobile. I don't blame you, howsumever, for they were pretty scrimmages, and I sailed with Farragut onst myself, when I was younger than I am now, and he was first lieutenant: he was about the liveliest one you ever saw, you better believe. God bless him! if that isn't a Roman Catholic prayer. But I was in the hottest place out o' hell, begging pardon of such as is pious, though I mean it, notwithstandin'. Boys, I was in the little *Keokuk* with Rhind—a live man, every inch o' him. Were any o' you there at Charleston when Dupont (wasn't he a grand old gentleman?) first attacked Fort Sumter, in that black-looking *New Ironsides*, with the six cheese-boxes on a raft, called Monitors, and *us?* Them Monitors were better iron-clads than our'n, though, and we looked mighty little alongside even o' them. We were what they called an experimental thing, with two fixed turrets. To pick up my yarn afore it gets adrift, if you weren't there you missed a grand sight. We got under way, and steamed up in line o' battle along the sand-hills of Morris Island quiet enough at first. But we expected lively work, though I for one hardly thought to take Charleston without any sodgers to belay what we got; and all that beach-combing general did was to say, God bless us, and what his name was. When we beat to quarters I felt a little cur'ous and excited. You all know what that beat is, when you're going into a fight. It begins like a funeral, and makes you feel solemn and all-overish like; and then the drumsticks tap quicker and quicker until your pulse jumps a hundred to a minute, and you're all afire for battle. Fort Wagner (I forget its first name) opened on us, but we didn't mind *her* much. Ahead of us was Sullivan's Island, with Moultrie and the other brimstone-colored batteries among the green trees, showing hundreds o' black muzzles ready to bark; and great, round Sumter (it wasn't knocked into a cocked hat as yet) was looming up on our port hand, higher and higher and darker and darker as we kept on. Well, as we opened, the steeples of Charleston clear-channel up, the ball commenced 'all along the line,' and when we ranged alongside o' Sumter it grew hot and heavy, I tell you. Such a roar o'



THE WATCH BELOW.



CROSSING THE LINE.

the biggest guns in the world! such rollin', chokin' powder-smoke, spittin' fire, shells burstin' all about, bricks and mortar flyin', round shots hittin' every pop!

'Look a-starboard, look a-larboard, look a-weather, look a-lee,'

it was worse than the coast of Barbary (that's po'try). The other fellows stood it well enough; but Rhind, who wasn't afraid of the devil (you know he commanded the powder-ship at Fort Fisher, where his chance o' life was little better than 'heads you win, tails I lose'), took us in closer than any of 'em. (He was a kind-hearted captain, for all he looked so stern.) It was short work for us. An iron-clad, were we? Blast my starry top-lights and top-gallant eyebrows! shiver my timbers (hers weren't worth much)! she was made o' pasteboard! We were riddled. I felt more aggravated than scared as the shot went through and through our poor thin sides. Still it was awful—it made one feel qualmish—to see his poor shipmates killed like rats in a trap, the sanded deck licking up their blood, and to hear the wounded scream out when struck, and groan afterward—their pluck, poor fellows! couldn't quite choke it back, man fashion! To make a long story short, boys, the holes in us were beneath as well as above the water-line, and we were reported to the captain as sinking. Did we sheer off then? Bless you, no! We manned the pumps, and fought on until the admiral made signal to 'discontinue the action,' and we all left together. When we reached Folly Inlet the other craft anchored, and so did we—for good. We didn't save a rag, only what we stood in. The poor little *Keokuk* lies there now, not only under water, but Heaven knows how many fathoms deep under the sands. 'Strike the bell eight! Call the watch!' D'ye hear that? Shipmates, good-night."

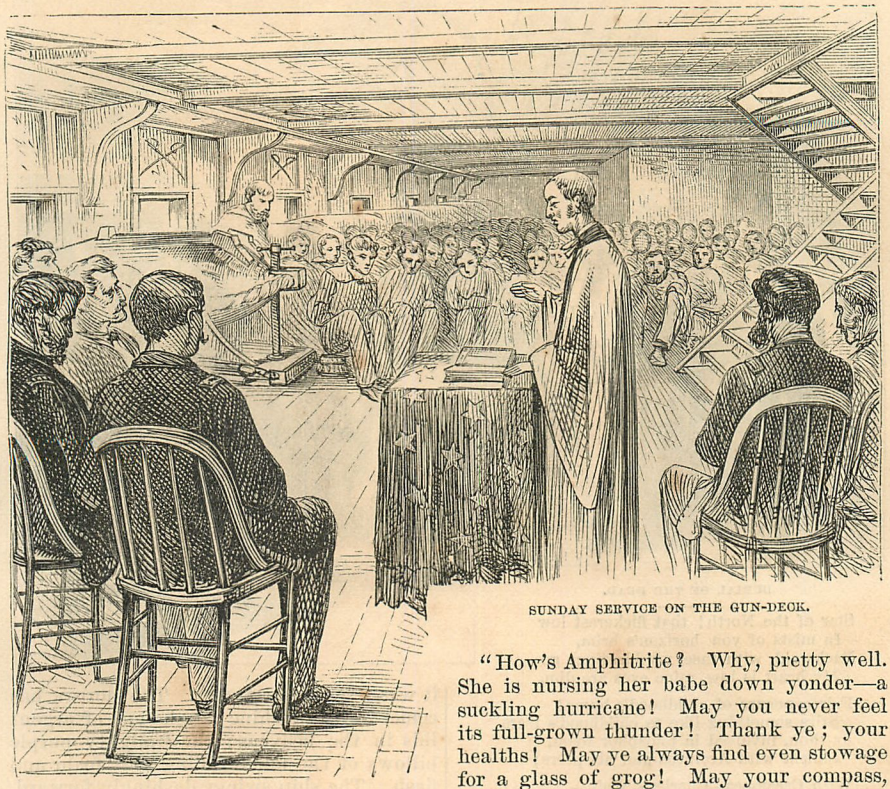
Southwardly still, through the Sargasso Sea, with its floating meadows, and through wonderful phosphorescences; and now the northeastern trades have fallen light, and we are slowly approaching the equator.

White clouds of summer in our sail
Press soft as kisses on the mouth;
They fill with their voluptuous gale
The purple chambers of the south;

The wandering winds of summer-tide,
That ripen sweet to east and west,
The orange blossom for the bride,
The heart's-ease for the lover's breast.

But sail, sail on, thou stately ship!
In dimpling azure stay not thou;
Old constellations waning dip,
New heavens are beaconed o'er thy prow!

We are on the line: the latitude at noon has indicated the time. The bell strikes seven in the second dog-watch, the sou'west wind blows hazily, and the frigate plunges through the sparkling brine on its lazy undulations. Sadly I watch the index stars declining, pointing to a vanished loadstar. On a sudden, close to the lee bow, a hoarse



SUNDAY SERVICE ON THE GUN-DECK.

summons is heard, "Ship ahoy! Heave to!" and man and boy, mustering full five hundred, the crew hurry to the spar-deck. Obedient to the mysterious command, the main-sail is hauled up, and the mizzen top-sail braced aback. Grimly over the gangway, with Arion blowing a huge conch, and followed by a train of grotesque Tritons, marches his quaint divinity, Neptune! His face is tarry, a rope-yarn beard hangs to his waist, and in his right hand, to represent the trident, he carries a harpoon impaling a live flying-fish! He is received on the quarter-deck by the demure captain and officers, the admiral quietly smiling in the background, not unobserved by the Sea-King; and his discourse is in this fashion, somewhat amplified:

"What cheer, my hearties? Ho, admiral, you are nearly as reverend as I am! I must apologize for forgetting; but did we last meet in the Trojan war? I hope your honor's health is as vigorous as your laurels are green!"

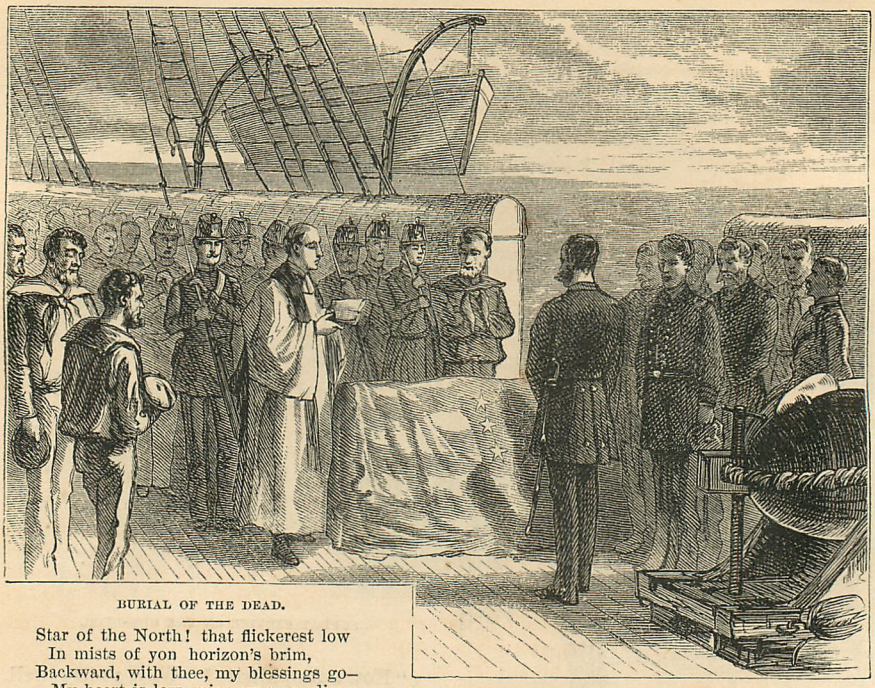
"The admiral thanks you," replies the captain, with admirable gravity; "but your majesty should remember that the question of age is a delicate one. Ask Amphitrite! By-the-way, why did she not grace us with a visit?—and how is she?"

"How's Amphitrite? Why, pretty well. She is nursing her babe down yonder—a suckling hurricane! May you never feel its full-grown thunder! Thank ye; your healths! May ye always find even stowage for a glass of grog! May your compass, your log, and lead be true, and prosperous your voyage of life! Ever be loving and loyal, my gallant tars, with a seaman's frank devotion! To your sweethearts and wives! To the Stars and Stripes! True blue forever! Come, see me off!"

And a crowd of greenhorns rush after him to the gangway, when, with a roar of laughter, such a deluge falls upon them from aloft as if a water-spout had broken up. The top-men, with the connivance of the executive officer, have been slyly making preparations during the afternoon. The ship fills away on her course; and now what seems an illuminated barge drifts slowly astern. I have a suspicion that it is a barrel of burning pitch. But I watch it with a vague persistence as, from crest to crest of the billows that roll darkening away, it gleams and vanishes and glimmers again. And as voices of Ocean round us whisper old secrets and moan old pain, I can almost fancy myself

"A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;"

that I am fellow-voyager with Jason (our southern course has revealed the great constellation Argo), and believe that the Monarch of Waves has indeed been on board, and that the sea-nymphs are calling for Hylas!



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Star of the North! that flickerest low
In mists of yon horizon's brim,
Backward, with thee, my blessings go—
My heart is low, mine eyes are dim.

Fair cynosure of childhood's home!
Stirs something like to childhood's tears
As thou, involved in phosphor foam,
Sink'st with Arcturus and his peers;

With Cassiopea—Charles's Wain—
And, like a violet in the sky,
Sweet Lyra, that hath charmed the pain
Of memory like a melody!

The Antarctic constellations rise
In vain to compensate our loss,
Though, moon-like, Argo sails the skies,
And glorious is the Southern Cross.

Ah! still magnetic to the North,
The heart recalls all lovely lights
That, in the heaven or by the hearth,
Set never on our Northern nights.

I play with types. Yet, true my love,
Thou that the loadstar art to me,
Whatever star or cloud's above,
I turn to thee—I turn to thee!

But sail, sail on, thou stately ship!
By line or tropic, halt not thou;
For sun and moon and stars shall dip
In tempests, gathering o'er thy prow.

Tempests gather, and will come. They constitute a common danger, to which custom makes us more or less insensible. But into this, our floating citadel, steals sometimes a "single sombre warrior," and smites in our midst. Young Hylas is gone from among the Argonauts. All last night lay a still form on the "half-deck"—very still and rigid, and dark, though the sentinel-lamp at the cabin door streamed upon it. It was screened from the slumberers in the neighboring hammocks, breathing a deeper awe than they—"for sleep is awful;" it was draped over by the union-jack, and beside it was a solitary watcher. The morrow has come. The sunshine laughs out of argent lids in the heavens; the "mighty purple billows of the much-rolling sea" foam and flash. The ship swings dashingly forward, the startled flying-fish twinkles, the sea-bird circles and yelps—all is life. Hark! it is the boatswain's pipe; but it is blown in lower key than wont, and it has a long-drawn note of wail.

"All hands bury the dead!"

A solemn summons! The ship's bell tolls solemnly. The courses are all hauled up; the maintop-sail is braced aback, the frigate's way is deadened as much as may be, and then the silence is broken only by the hollow beat of waves, and the subdued, murmurous sound of men mustering by hundreds, slowly and gravely though it be. The officers, in glittering uniforms, are grouped on the *lee* side of the quarter-deck; the marines are drawn up opposite, in full dress; the crew, in their snowy "line frocks," cluster about the "booms" and gangways. The body of the poor sailor boy—how sad his fate!—closely sewed up in his little hammock, and placed upon a rude bier, is borne from below on the shoulders of his messmates—how neatly rigged these pall-bearers, and what softness in those weather-beaten faces!—and is rested gently on the ship's midside. The chaplain, in his robes, approaches; all uncover.

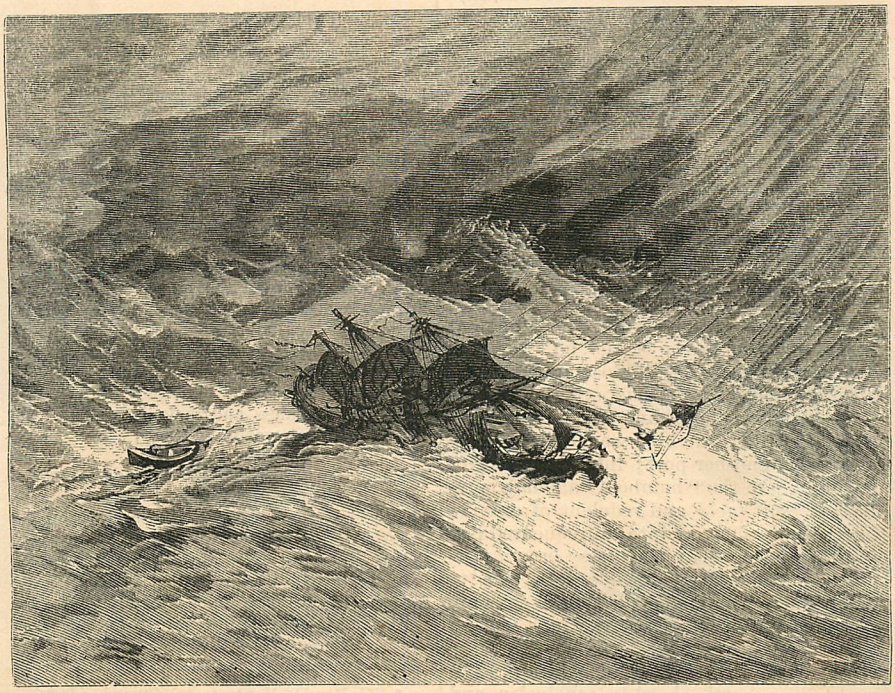
"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

The words fall upon the ear and heart—in that presence, on the "pure, unsearchable sea," dark, not from obscurity, but from vastness—like a revelation newly heard. Over the boy are the stars of his country in pall—the Stars of Immortality in assurance! A light cloud passes; there is a soft sprinkle of rain. Those drops are the last touches of freshness in vital air, ere, at the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the spangled drapery is lifted, and the hammock is shot forward, to drop with a thrilling plash, and to sink ghastly glimmering into the salt depths. The marines fire three volleys—an honor accorded to the humblest of those who wear their country's livery—the ship and ship's life move gayly on, and the rest of grief is for them who are far away.

"O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave!"

Without "odorous" comparison, our profession in time of peace is more stirring and interesting than that of a sister service. The navy needs not to ennoble it and render it romantic the smell of battle afar off, the silence deep as death, as drifting steadily on the foe the boldest hold their breath for a time; the spurting red fire, the spectral smoke-wreath, the hurtling storm of missiles, the clash of conflict, and the clinch of death! Not the amazing passage of impediments, forts, gun-boats, and fire-ships, by the "iron hearts in wooden walls"—the lurid hot flames making wrathful the night, and affronting the cool gray dawn—in the Lower Mississippi; not the competitive grandeur and glory of Mobile; not the thundering ellipses of victory at Port Royal, nor the endurance of the Monitors, upon whose turrets, as an anvil proof, beat the Thor-hammers of the shot, at Charleston; not the tremendous cannonade and gallant assault of Fort Fisher; not the *Kearsarge*, unharmed, sinking her equal, the *Alabama*, with the precision of target-firing; not the dauntlessness in despair, the laughing death in the face with defiant cheers, on board the *Cumberland*, going down with her unlowered flag! Even in peace we have the noise of the captains and the shoutings. Even in pleasant latitudes come the sudden, dangerous squalls. He who holds the trumpet of command must be ready—ay, ready in professional resource—to combat and conquer the elements. There is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon. It grows, it advances, it overspreads, till the heavens are rolled in disastrous twilight, and the sea blackens in ridges. Hearken to the quick, stern commands:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines! Main clew-garnets and buntlines! Up mainsail, and in top-gallant sails! Top-sail clew-lines and buntlines and weather-braces! Round in the braces! Settle away the top-sail halyards! Clew down! Hard up the helm!"



THE TYPHOON.

It is "clew up and clew down." The frigate careens fearfully to the blast; then her bows fall off, and she foams through the water until the tempestuous burst is overpast, and, perchance, the rainbow builds our Arch of Triumph! Tales could I tell of the meteor-maelstrom of typhoon that would amaze you; of the huge ship, with her strong storm-sails blown into ribbons, lying for hours on her beam ends, pressed down by "the great shoulders of the hurricane;" of bulwarks stove, of copper sheathing stripped in streaks from the exposed bottom. The unutterable and unimaginable violence of the wind—as much exceeding an ordinary gale as a gale a calm—smites off the heads and shoulders of the seas, and hurls them solidly against the laboring ship. Air and water are made one in wild confusion, and you breathe the brine. Crouched under the weather-bulwarks, as the adventurous tourist behind the sheeted Niagara, the cataract of storm sweeps over you as massively, as tumultuously, with a savageness of roar and yell and *shout* that would strike the dismayed thunder dumb!

Ye Clouds! ye Winds! not always soft
Are ye, and beautiful and mild;
Meteors of Storm! exulting oft
In your dark strength, the day grows wild!

Yet, or in calm, or breeze, or gale,
In adverse or propitious sea,
The hope, sweetheart, grows never pale
Which floats on waifs of song to thee!

Ah! not all lorn are they who roam
Wilds where the wingéd Storm-Fiend screams,
When, Ariel-footed on the foam,
Comes a home-angel to their dreams;

For oft my slumbers hold thy form:
I wake: the touch of perfumed tress
Yet thrilling, and my cheek yet warm
With flush of thine in soft caress.

Sail on, sail on, thou stately ship!
There comes a time—so faint not thou—
When shall the last sea-circle dip,
The haven's arms embrace thy prow!

Sail on! By headlands of Good Hope,
To margins of the Orient move,
And, rounding up the world's great slope,
Still onward, bear me to my love!

We will not anticipate the time when our hearts will leap to the "Land, ho!" as never before, and our eyes will gloat on that faint horizon cloud, as it darkens, and then breaks into the silver shores and wooded crests of Neversink! Meanwhile we glide joyously into many another port; into crowded city haven, where the "bumboat" abounds, profuse of "soft tack" and redolent of oranges for the sailor boy, or into unfrequented bay in palmy isles, where the glossy brown mermaidens come dripping over the side to greet him. The anchor drops, the sails are furled as a sea-bird closes its wings, and for a season we are at rest.

So, too, is my half-rhythmical strain. Let me strike a battle-chord in conclusion, and repeat a brief poem to the illustrious, lamented Farragut:

When the gallant old Admiral was lashed in the shrouds,
Overlooking his battle-deck's sulphurous clouds,
As the bay of Mobile curled with phantoms of death,
And the iron-clad sank with the hell-bolt beneath,
We heard a voice—"Forward!"*

In pomp and bold purpose as grandly he passed,
No banner of bunting is nailed to the mast.
True, the flag of his country flings splendors in air,
But its living, invincible heart, too, is there,
Aloft, going forward.

"By this sign I conquer!" was Constantine's cry,
As the cruciform miracle flamed in the sky.
"To our aid, Santiago!" Spain's knighthood implores—
On the field of Clavijo are scattered the Moors,
As the White Horse leads forward.

Was the Cross to the imperial convert revealed?
Did chivalry's saint drive the Crescent afield?
From the clear sky above was it Heaven that spoke,
Or the ghosts of dead heroes that called from the smoke,
As Farragut went forward?

Who shall measure for great hearts, in greatness of time,
These visions of glory and voices sublime?
Illumined by duty, unclouded by fear,
In the Admiral's soul, as it seemed to his ear,
A Divine voice said, "Forward!"

The battle of life he has fought to the close:
"Well done, faithful servant!" has crowned his repose.
But in that proud ensample, to us and to all,
Is the lesson of courage, the high duty-call:
God's commandment bids—Forward!

THREADS OF SONG.

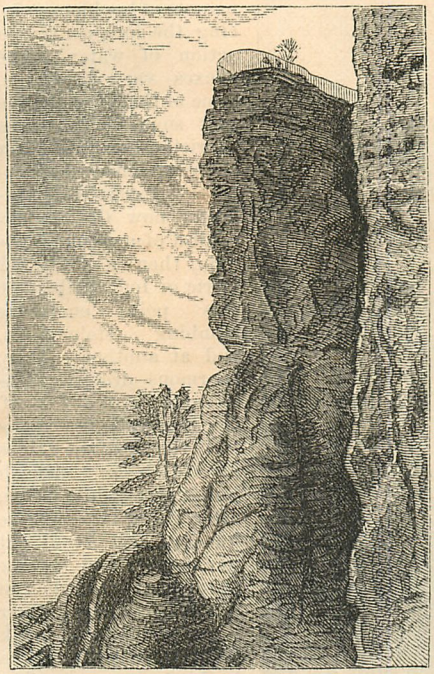
From its nest a bird went lightly soaring,
Vanishing along
Like a spirit, from a full heart pouring
Its sweet tide of song.
Hill and dale with radiance were shining;
Peace, unclouded, rested over all;
Light and fragrance every where were twining,
Held forever in harmonious thrall
By a thread of song!

Through the golden arches of the morning,
Far beyond our sight,
Earthly summons or our guidance scorning,
Still it holds its flight:
Into all our days new brightness weaving,
Sending gladness into every heart;
From celestial ones its skill receiving,
All its matchless and melodious art,
All its wealth of song!

Through the forests go the minne-singers,
Weaving melodies
That some truant breeze will surely bring us
Other days than these:
Echoes lingering when the summer's over,
In our hearts new melodies awake;
And though we may miss the tuneful rover,
E'en his absence from us can not break
These sweet threads of song!

* *Vide* Rev. Dr. Montgomery's funeral address.

ALONG THE ELBE.



BASTION ROCKS.

THE Elbe is one of the four notably picturesque rivers of Europe. It has not the grandeur and variety of the Danube, nor the majesty and richness of the Rhine, nor the grace and beauty of the Moselle; but it is more striking and peculiar than any of these. The most remarkable features of the Elbe are in the region known as the Saxon Switzerland, lying between the little Bohemian town of Aussig and Saxony's illustrious capital. The river, forgetful or careless of having performed its pictorial mission, flows beyond Dresden, receives the Havel and the Saale, bestows its shining society on Saxony and Prussia more freely than upon Bohemia, by its increasing consequence separates Mecklenburg and Hanover, arrogantly defines the limits of Denmark, and while at the very height of its swelling importance, aspires to the sea and is lost forever.

The Elbe, practically considered, has its origin in a number of springs in the Reisengebirge, in Bohemia, at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above sea-level, flows northwest, is nearly six hundred miles long, including windings, forms an estuary at Hamburg, and empties into the German Ocean, with a breadth at its mouth of fifteen miles. It is navigable for light steam-vessels as far up as Melnik (twenty miles north of Prague), where it is joined by the Moldau. Few tourists go below Meissen, and nearly all the travel is between Aussig and Dresden, as the remainder of its course has little to recommend its passage.

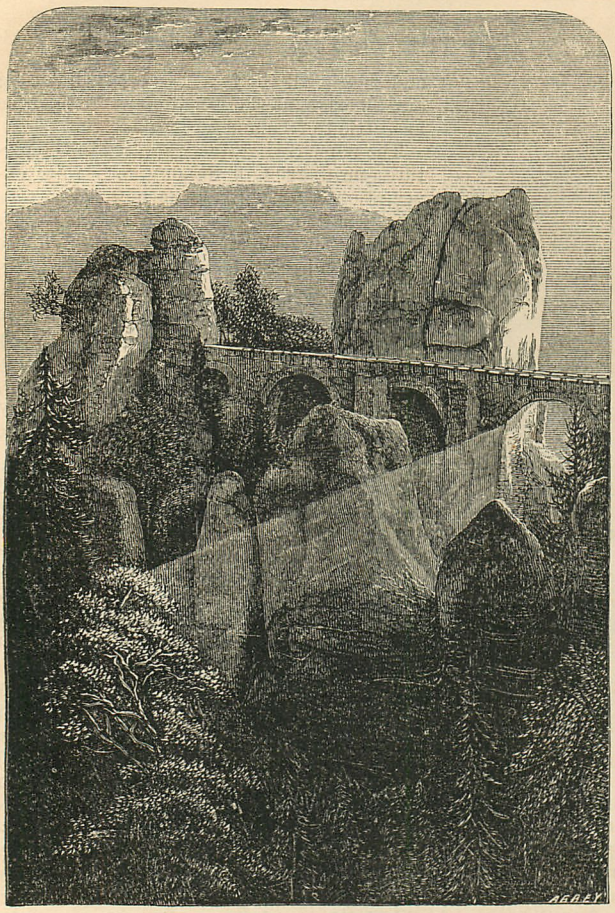
The name Switzerland, applied to the picturesque district of Saxony, may raise expectations that will not be met by persons whose imagination is easily enkindled by words. There is really no fitness in the term. The region is not at all like Switzerland. It contains no lofty mountains, no snowy peaks, no glaciers, no truly sublime scenery. But it has such singular rocky heights, eccentric gorges, vast walls of stone, such extraordinary natural pyramids, cones, and obelisks, crowned with pines, skirted by precipices, interspersed with cascades, as are visible nowhere else in Europe.

The Germans, who view father-land with all the bias of doting children, are unmeasured in their praise of the district through which the Elbe runs. The witchery of geographical patriotism on their eyes, they think the Saxon Switzerland surpasses Switzerland itself. They will hurl superlatives at every modest elevation, as if it were Jura in her eternal hood of snow, or the glistening pinnacle of the sky-piercing Matterhorn. They will urge you, as you must know from your Baedeker, to mount every hillock, and quote Goethe and Schiller over every bit of landscape that may chance to be relieved from positive insignificance.

One may go from Aussig to Dresden, passing in review that portion of the fine scenery abutting on the river, in six or seven hours, and may have a very pleasant sail on comfortable boats, much resembling those on the Rhine. But if one wishes to see the Saxon Switzerland to the best advantage, he will find it renumerative to go through it—partially at least—on foot. Having done the romantic region both by land and by water, I give my unequivocal preference to the former. Three or four days will suffice; and a more delightful ramble in the summer season, and one attended with less fatigue, I have seldom enjoyed, except in that Eden of sight-seeing and wondering—Switzerland itself.

The rock that presents the extraordinary phenomena bordering the river is, I believe, for the most part green sandstone—called by the German geologists Quadersandstein. Nature would seem to have been in a roistering mood when she fashioned these peculiar forms, were we not aware that they owe their fantastic quality to the long-continued action of her irresistible forces.

It matters little from what point you set out for a tour through the Saxon Switzerland. It is common to go from Dresden; and having gone that way myself, we may as well repeat the journey from that side.



THE BASTION BRIDGE.

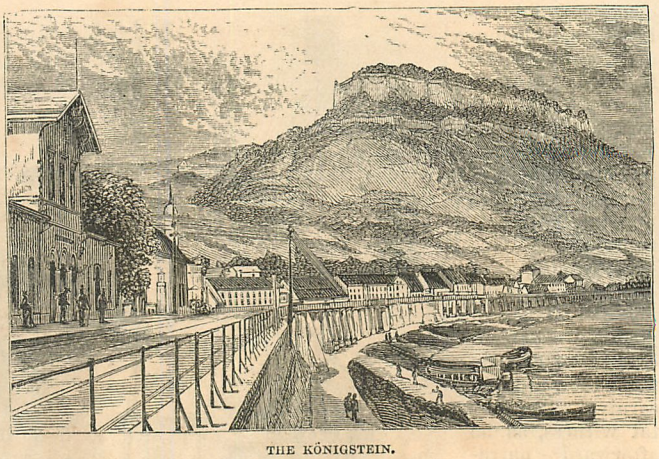
The village of Pilnitz, six miles southeast of the capital, and directly on the bank of the river, is first reached. The palace there, usually the residence of the court of Saxony from May to September, is built in the Japanese style—King John is very partial to this—and though not very imposing externally, has a rather graceful and airy appearance, in sympathy with summer. The interior has some good modern frescoes by Vogel, representing the fine arts, which are much better than the sacred subjects in the chapel.

Some four miles beyond Pilnitz the valley of the Elbe terminates, and the mountains swell and assume a sterner aspect. From this point to the Bohemian frontier the vast rocks along the river, mainly on the right bank, are cut and hewed as if tremendous giants had carved their way through them. They rise vertically and in detached masses, looking like mighty walls cleft apart at irregular intervals. Many of these are furrowed horizontally, conveying the impression of huge blocks laid one upon another, as if to complete the substructure. The summits are rarely pointed or angular, but generally rounded after the manner of boulders, evincing the long-continued action of water. The apexes vary in shape, some of them to a degree that suggests conscious capriciousness. Here you observe truncated cones, there inverted pyramids; now the broken capital of a crooked column, then a shattered Doric or Ionic pillar; at this point enormous climbing stalagmites, and at another equally enormous drooping stalactites. Not a few of the perpendicular rocks have the air of the gables of Dutch or Flemish buildings; while some, after rising two or three hundred feet, swell out immensely, and become so top-heavy that you can not help thinking their upper weight will break down their comparatively slender support. The cracked, fractured, and rent formations of sandstone show like prodigious fortifications eaten into and half devoured by the tooth of time.

I have known persons to mistake them for crumbling fortresses and abbeys, although the general absence of sharp outline and of pointed pinnacles disfavors such illusion. It is easy to imagine, amidst this natural wildness, that some of the fabled battles of the gods had been fought hereabout; that they had hurled mountains at each other, and battered them to pieces in the terrible struggle; had thrown up colossal bulwarks, and fought behind and over them to desperate issues, and with invincible resolve.

One of the most striking parts of the Saxon Switzerland is the Bastion Rocks *(Basteifelsen)*, a lofty and almost vertical series, piled one upon another as if glued together, tapering toward the top, from which pines and firs grow of considerable size. The elevated bridge of the bastion, with its lofty arches, adds materially to the landscape, Art in this aiding Nature. Some of the rocks are so regular that they seem to have been placed there by the hand of man. Their highest point is nearly nine hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps around the base of the precipice, and along which,

on the right bank, start up, suddenly and imposingly, beetling cliffs, rent asunder to the very base. From the summit of the bastion a magnificent stretch of landscape is furnished. The plain on the opposite side of the stream gradually swells into an abnormal amphitheatre, closing with a lofty range of mountains, spherical in contour. From the lovely plain, and from the peculiar amphitheatre, a singularly curious effect is produced by the shooting up, without the least geological excuse or provocation, of columnar heights at long distances from each other, and overlooking the landscape like solitary and solemn monarchs, proud of their isolation.



THE KÖNIGSTEIN.

The most conspicuous of these are the Lilienstein and Königstein, twelve or thirteen hundred feet high, and rising perpendicularly from a sloping base covered with wood and a thick undergrowth. One needs to be an agile and vigorous climber to reach the summit. The Elector of Saxony, also King of Poland, a great while ago, regarded his ascent of the Lilienstein as so much of an achievement that he commemorated it by an inscription.

The Königstein has been for generations a fortress, and consequently its access is artificial. This citadel is one of the few that have never been taken: it is regarded as impregnable, less from its vertical escarpments than from its detached position, and from the inability to command it from any other height. The plateau of the fortress is about two miles in circumference, has cultivated fields and gardens, yielding support for a garrison six or seven hundred strong.

Napoleon Bonaparte once tried to gain possession of Königstein by a cannonade from Lilienstein; but after dragging up three pieces of artillery with the greatest labor, he discovered that all his shot fell short, and he was compelled to abandon his attempt.

Königstein is supplied with water by a well cut in the solid rock to the depth of eighteen hundred feet, and this, with the vast amount of provisions which may be stored in the spacious excavated casemates, must necessarily render it extremely formidable for defense. As it is only ten miles from the Austrian frontier, it is considered the key of the passage into Bohemia. In time of strife the Saxon monarchs have frequently removed their treasures to this citadel for safety, and Augustus III. himself took refuge there during the Seven Years' War.

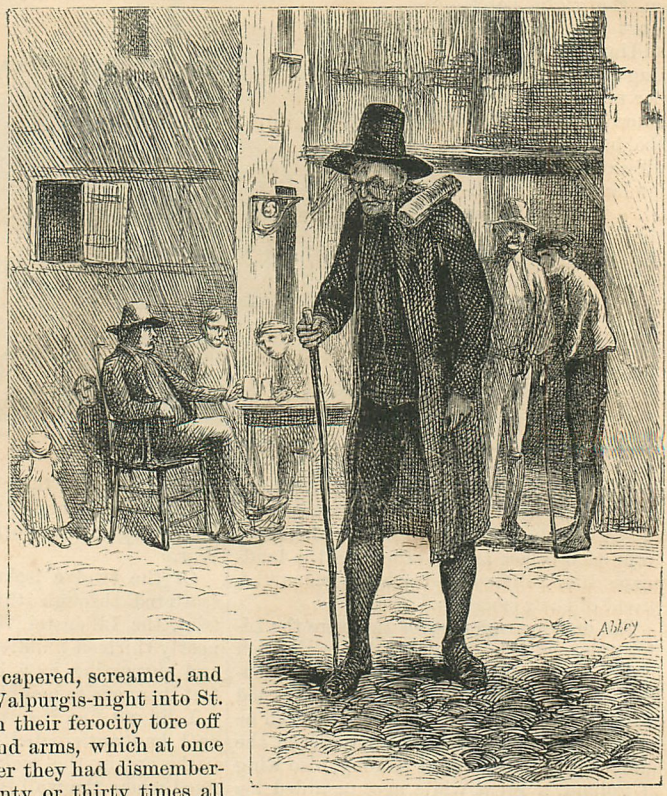
Of the twelve isolated table mountains scattered through this extraordinary district, the Lilienstein is the highest, being nearly thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and surpassing by a hundred and seventy feet its opposite neighbor, Königstein.

I did not find it so troublesome to mount as I had anticipated, as there are narrow paths cut in the rock, and scaling-ladders fixed where the wall is perpendicular. The view from the top includes Dresden, and extends to the north as far as Meissen, and on the south takes in the Bohemian mountains. In 1813 the French had a fortified camp at the base of Lilienstein, and during the Seven Years' War eighteen thousand Saxons surrendered to Frederick the Great, under the very eyes of their king, Augustus, who was at the time shut up in the fortress.

In a dismal cave on the south side of the Lilienstein a troop of gnomes are wont to meet on the night of the 30th of April—the famous Walpurgis-night—for the purpose of reckoning up the treasures in their keeping, and holding a mystic revel. The peasants in that region give the most implicit credence to this myth, believing that the gnomes then bring together all the precious metals they are appointed to watch over, and dance around them in grewsome glee. Some of the rustics claim to have seen ghostly fires on the rugged steep, and to have heard weird laughter and hilarity therefrom at the hour of midnight, and would make oath to this on all the evangels.

A legend, to the truth of which the peasants will be sworn, is that one of their number, in the fourteenth century, was impelled by curiosity, strengthened by unfaltering courage, to witness the antics of the gnomes on the Walpurgis-night. He

clambered up the Lilienstein before dusk, and secured a favorable point of view ere the unearthly riot began. The gnomes were punctual — I have always suspected punctuality to be a supernatural vice —assembling in due season, with heaps of silver and gold, and commencing in awful mystery their goblin carnival. The mortal witness, as he afterward narrated, saw them strike the rock, from which ruddy wine flowed in streams; and this they drank in such quantities that they became human in their drunkenness. They capered, screamed, and fought, turning the Walpurgis-night into St. Patrick's Day, and in their ferocity tore off each other's heads and arms, which at once grew on again. After they had dismembered one another twenty or thirty times all round, moved by a spirit of forgiveness and generosity thoroughly Milesian, they embraced, and increased their potations.



HANS MERCHERMANN AND THE CHILDREN.

Then stole the mortal forth—tradition has given him the name of Hans Merchermann—with the intent of carrying off some of the pure gold and silver lying in profuse ingots all over the cavern. He seized a huge lump of gold, put it on his shoulder, and hurried off without waking one of the demoniac crew. Ere he had gone fifty ells he heard the goblins shouting after him that he should keep his treasure forever. Frightened at this, he threw it away and hurried down the mountain (the fable gives no particulars of his ascent and descent), and the next day reached his humble home, delighted with his adventure, and made thereby the strong magnet to the iron of all his fellow-villagers.

When Hans woke the following morning the heavy bar of gold was on his shoulder. Bearing it to the Elbe, he sank it in the middle of the stream, but within twenty-four hours it came back to him, and from that time he sought to get rid of it in vain. He soon grew to be considered as one accursed. Men and women avoided and children fled from him. The vision of the gold bar was an ill omen. Hans Merchermann became a solitary, and life loathsome to him. He wandered from place to place, but the story of his doom followed him. Neither rest nor hope was longer possible, and one morning he was discovered dead in the principal street of Bautzen, having cut his throat in despair. When seen the night previous, the bar of gold was on his shoulder, but the corpse was without it, and every body believed the bar had returned to the gnomes, who had allowed Hans to take it as a malediction for his curiosity and avarice.

On the way to the Bastei I passed through the quaint village of Ober Boyritz, and through one of the peculiar glens for which that region is remarkable, called by the Germans the Liebethaler Grund. The path runs sometimes along the bottom of the ravine, then beside a winding stream, and again over the tops of the rocks forming the gorge. I observed on the route large quarries, from which workmen were taking vast stones to be used in the mills. One of these, the Lochmühle, is at the lowest point of a deep ravine, with perpendicular cliffs towering up all about it, in which a flight of steps is cut, the only means of getting in or out of the gorge. Near there is the hamlet of Lohmen. I remember it on account of its execrable inn, on which an old castle frowns

so sternly from the brink of the precipice that I imagine it must have taken a meal at the inn and never have recovered its digestion. A poor peasant is reported to have stretched himself on the ledge of the rugged declivity one bright summer day, and while moving in his sleep to have fallen over. The unwritten records of Lohmen aver that he died happy in the thought that he would never be compelled to order breakfast or dinner at the abominable hostelry, where tourists in a double sense are taken in.

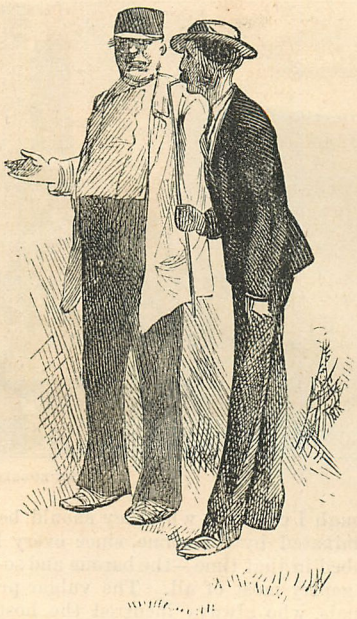
Beyond Lohmen, a mile, perhaps, is another gorge, the Ottowalder Grund, which can be traversed only on foot, four hours being required therefor. This ravine is so narrow and its walls so high that the sunshine never reaches many parts of it, which would not trouble me if I were the sunshine, for the place is gloomy enough to have pleased Timon of Athens in the fifth act. At one point I found the rocks not more than four feet apart, and that blocks of stone tumbling from above had been caught in the narrow way, like the well-known boulder at the Flume, in the Franconia Mountains, making a natural and, at the same time, purely accidental roof.

Among the other gorges in the Saxon Switzerland is one known as the Swiss Mill, from which an admirable view is had of the Bastei. The mill is at the base of a vast round hill, under the shade of a cluster of pines, and looking out upon a stone bridge over a stream which, in the early spring, becomes a roaring torrent, and tumbles down in imposing beauty.

There are a number of cascades in the district, the most noted of which is the Amsel; but they do not show to advantage during the summer, owing to the scarcity of water. The Germans can not be persuaded, however, that these cataracts are not nonpareils in their way. Talking on this subject to a citizen of Magdeburg, at Schandau, one morning, and telling him how much I had admired, and always should admire, the Giessbach, the Reichenbach, and the Rhine Falls, he insisted on my visiting with him a cascade that eclipsed any and all of them.

Familiar as I am with the extravagant bias of the German mind for every thing German, I accompanied him from courtesy. He took me to a fall I had seen several times before, which was really insignificant. It could not have been more than forty feet high and seventy broad. The Magdeburger struck an attitude at once, and, pointing to the diminutive tumble opposite, exclaimed, "There, Sir! Tell me if you have ever seen any thing approaching that in Switzerland! Where is your much-boasted Niagara compared to this sublime cataract?"

I strove to restrain myself, but I could not for my life help laughing, at which my companion frowned, and declared that Americans believed no country worth mentioning except their own. I assured him he was mistaken, and that to avoid the appearance of boasting I had not named any falls out of Switzerland.



NIAGARA OUTDONE.

"But you intimate by your manner," he added, "that Niagara is almost equal to this wonderful cascade."

"I don't do any thing of the sort," was my reply. "I have no objection to this fall —it is stupendous for Germany; but if an American should construct a mill-dam at home no larger than this, he would be sent to prison for violating the law of internal improvements."

The Magdeburger glowered on me, but spoke no more. He was too mad for utterance. He turned away, and walked directly back to Schandau, revealing his suppressed wrath in every stride of his agitated legs.

To return to the neighborhood of the Bastei. Many of the slender peaks there show in the distance like minarets, and if one were awakened from a sound sleep in the vicinity, he might fancy himself in the suburbs of Constantinople or some other Mohammedan city. It seemed to me, before ascending to the top of one of these, that the least wind might blow them down; and yet, as they have stood the storms of ages, such a probability is not imminent. They have been made accessible by slight wooden bridges spanning the chasms and arches, and by ladders where the smooth, perpendicular rocks refuse a foot-hold. These heights in the Middle Ages were of great service to robbers—I mean the professionals,



THE ROBBERS OF BURG NEURATHEN.

though I can't see why they should be discriminated by the name, since every body robbed in that time—the barons and so-called gentry most of all. The vulgar professionals, who always incurred the hostility of the nobles by participating in the plunder which rank strove to monopolize, found protection and refuge from their fellow-thieves and scoundrels among these lofty fastnesses.

The remains of an old castle, chronicled in history as the Burg Neurathen, are still visible not far from the Bastei. It was occupied by a band of robber-knights, and must have been admirably adapted to their business. The entrance on one side was through a natural arch in the rock and over a draw-bridge, and on the other through a fissure closed by a large slab of stone that moved in grooves, and served as a portcullis. These medieval gentlemen, when pursued, would draw after them the planks bridging the chasms, and so render themselves secure. They were thoroughly impregnable in their position, and could, from their elevated citadel, detect the approach of vessels on the Elbe, and descend in time to intercept them. Like the robbers along the Rhine and the Danube, they would pillage the boats, either butcher the men or hold them for ransom, outrage the poor women, and style such infamous conduct chivalry. Well may we rejoice that the days of such chivalry are over! For many years villains of this description dwelt in the Burg, which was demolished in the fifteenth century, because the resident robbers had nearly engrossed the criminality of the neighborhood.

Schandau, a tiny town in a ravine on the right bank of the Elbe, is, from its central position, the starting-point and rendezvous of many excursionists. Its situation is agreeable and attractive, the fantastic rocks skirting the river, and the erratic elevations peculiar to the region, being opposite, while on each side is a pine-covered hill, and at a quarter of a mile's distance up the valley of the Kirnitsch are mineral springs of much repute among invalids.

After crossing the Elbe by the ferry, there is an excellent highway to Dresden, twenty miles distant. Boats (*Gondeln*) may be hired at Schandau to go up or down the river, and these water jaunts are very pleasant in warm weather, though pedestrianism has been my favorite mode of sight-seeing in the Saxon Switzerland. A good walker—modesty prevents me from naming one of the best—can, by early rising, visit the principal points of interest in a single day. The Kuhstall (Cow-stall), seven miles off, in the valley of the Kirnitsch, is a cave in the rock, some eighty feet wide and ninety high, with an opening at each end, rendering it a species of tunnel. It receives its name from the fact that the peasants, during the Thirty Years' War, drove their cattle thither to prevent their seizure by the enemy. Many of the unfortunate Protestants expelled from Bohemia by the influence of the Jesuits and the order of the Emperor Ferdinand also took shelter there. The cave is the centre of an impressive picture. Vast rocks arise about it on every side, and on their summits grow luxuriant firs, as if their roots received nourishment from the flinty soil. The surrounding scenery somewhat resembles that of Tunbridge Wells, except that it is far wilder, grander, and more impressive. I went to the top of the Kuhstall, of course, through a fissure so narrow that, if I had not been fashioned somewhat after Voltaire's pattern, I could not have squeezed myself into it. The outlook from the platform at the summit includes not a little of what one has observed from other altitudes; but seeing the familiar from a new angle furnishes new aspects. This is particularly notable

in the Saxon Switzerland. The Bastei, the Lilienstein, Königstein, and other remarkable features of the district underwent such changes as I changed my position that sometimes I could hardly fix their identity.



THE KUHSTALL.

From the left of the Kuhstall I passed through a mere crack in a mighty rock—Nature in her grander moods must have resolved not to admit fleshy persons to her privacy—descending to the plain, and traversing field and forest for three miles, until I reached the base of the Little and Great Winterberg. The latter is some eighteen hundred feet high—nearly double the height of the former—with an inn at the top, and an extraordinary survey of river, valley, columnar cliffs, eccentric depressions, elevations, and distant mountain ranges. The prospect is unique—a marked variation from almost any thing usually representative of the vagaries of native form. It seems like something I have often beheld, but whether in dream or wakefulness I can not tell. It recalls in its entirety various curiosities which men go far to witness—Fingal's Cave and the spontaneous architecture of Staffa, the Giant's Causeway and the rugged coast of Northern Ireland, the deserts of Egypt, the gigantic Pyramids, and the winding Nile.

If I had to make some one of the German capitals my permanent residence, I should select Dresden. It is pleasanter than Munich, less mercantile than Bremen, more interesting than Hamburg, less bustling than Berlin. Truly a literary and an art centre, it has been for many years the resort and residence of students, savants, and scholars. By no means commercially or industrially active, and free from the anxiety and fever and push so inseparable from our own country, it appeals to the few Americans not possessed by the demon of doing something as the proper place for recreation and repose. Albeit the citizens of Dresden are not many—one hundred and seventy or eighty thousand would probably include them all—it is a mystery to me how they live, as they always appear to have leisure, and to be more interested in intellectual than practical pursuits. As a community they are remarkably intelligent and polite, and their taste in respect to the fine arts is much above the average of what I have found in most German towns. The Teutonic race is not addicted to dilettanteism, but Dresden is not far removed from it. The common people have an understanding of books and pictures and music that the stranger quickly perceives, and they bear about with them a liberal cheerfulness, which begets amiability and sympathy in return. The German language is spoken there with much purity, though, so far as I have been able to judge, none but Saxons will admit it. In Goethe's time Weimar was generally acknowledged to be the Teutonic Athens; but now every town of any size or consequence claims that honor exclusively for itself.

Sight-seers find active employment in Dresden for a fortnight, and those anxious to look beyond surfaces may spend a season with profit. Though many strangers pass the winter there, the summer is much more agreeable, for during the cold months the keen north wind in that latitude is too much felt. January and February are apt to be extremely trying; and then you must either freeze out-doors or be suffocated within walls, for between warmth and ventilation the Germans recognize no connection.

Dresden is said to have been originally a settlement of Wendish fishermen, and nearly a thousand of their descendants still reside there. It became a city very early in the thirteenth century, was strongly fortified in the sixteenth, and since that time the princes of Poland and Saxony have made great efforts to embellish it by every means in their power. It has had of necessity the usual historic variety of fire, famine, pestilence, and war, which belong as much to the past of the Old World cities as mumps, measles, hooping-cough, and chicken-pox belong to the rear-guard of each generation.

The past wounds of the capital have left few perceptible scars. It bears to-day the marks of an old and complete civilization, and its position in a fertile valley devoted to wine-growing (the wine is as bad as any

one can desire), and surrounded by gardens and promenades, is naturally inviting. Situated on both sides of the Elbe, it is divided thereby into the Old Town (Altstadt), with its suburbs, Pirna, See, Wilsdruf, and Friedrichstadt, on the left hand, and the New Town (Neustadt) on the right. The streets of the Old Town are, as may be supposed, narrow and dingy, and made to seem more so by the height of the buildings; but this is more interesting than the New Town, notwithstanding the streets and houses there are broader and more attractive in appearance. The two quarters are connected by bridges, one of which, entirely of stone, has sixteen arches, and is regarded as the finest in Germany. Jean Paul Richter called it Dresden's triumphal arch; and for a stranger not to admire it is considered an evidence of want of taste. During the civil discords of 1836 and 1849 some of the severest fighting took place on the bridge, which has, in consequence, become endeared by association to the popular heart. The means for building it were obtained, it is said, from the sale of papal dispensations for eating meat during Lent. The structure is very strong, as it needs to be, since at the breaking up of winter the river often rises seventeen or eighteen feet in twenty-four hours, and sweeps down great cakes of ice. The other bridge, named after the Virgin Mary, is crossed by the railway to Prague.

The educational institutions of the city, including military and medical academies, number over a hundred—among them schools for the poor, a ragged-school, and a missionary school for the benefit of little waifs and wanderers. Charitable associations are also numerous, and the capital is entitled to rank as a centre of benevolence and humanity as well as literature and art. Many celebrated Germans have resided in and been identified with Dresden. Tieck, the romancist and translator of Shakspeare, lived there; so did Tiedge, the poet, and his remarkable friend Elisa von der Recke; the artists Retzsch and Vogel; there Adelung and Frederick Schlegel are buried; while bards, painters, authors, and scientists on the Elbe have drawn, and still draw, about them throngs of admirers and friends. In a small summer-house in the suburbs Schiller wrote the greater part of his *Don Carlos;* Körner, the soldier-poet, was born in the town; near the outlying village of Hosterwitz Weber composed *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz;* and indeed one can hardly go any where in or beyond the city without stepping upon classic ground. It is not to be presumed that the citizens are unmindful of the antecedents and importance of Dresden. They deem themselves of the elect, and regard their capital as the brain and soul of Germany.

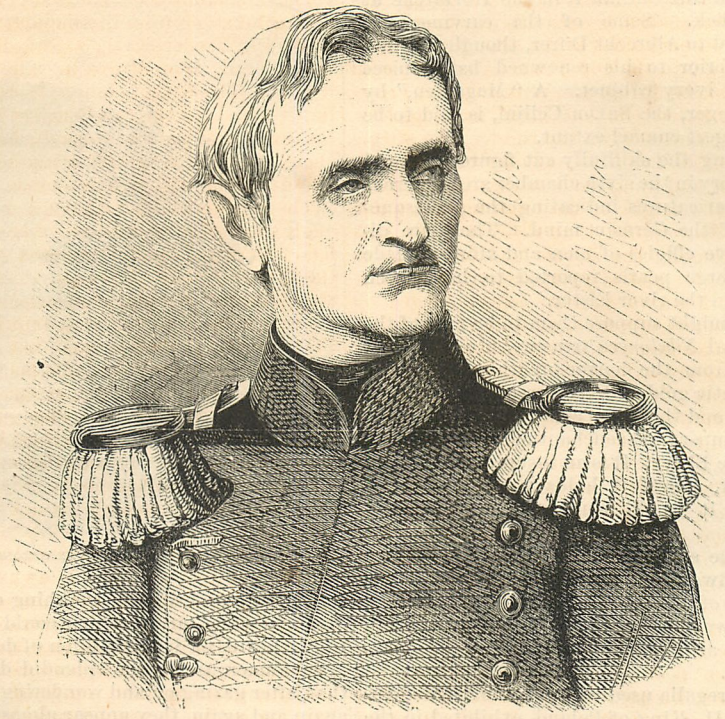
Many of the churches, especially the Frauenkirche, the Sophienkirche, and the Synagogue, are handsome. The first (Protestant) is of solid stone from the foundation to the dome, and Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War, strove in vain to batter it down. The second church (Roman Catholic) is noted for the excellence of its music, the director of the opera usually leading the choir, which is a special attraction to the Dresdeners as well as to strangers.

The Saxons claim to have a more thorough knowledge of music than any of their fellow-Germans; and there was a time in the little kingdom, it is said, when any instrumentalist who played incorrectly in public was subject to fine and imprisonment. Their tuneful temper is such that not a few of them must regret that this penalty is no longer in force. A Leipziger once told me that a man may entertain what opinion he chooses of the Bible—may reject it, indeed, altogether—and yet be a Christian, but that Christianity is impossible to any soul incapable of comprehending Glück and Beethoven.

The royal palace opposite the arched bridge is at once ancient and awkward. Its interior is decorated in the showy and tawdry manner common to princely residences, and the rooms of state, during the absence of the court, are shown to persons curious to see how uncomfortably crowned creatures live. A palace is usually considered to be a magnificent and luxurious house; but the palaces in the other hemisphere, costly as they are, are far from luxurious. Of the scores I have wandered through hardly one is pleasant or desirable as a permanent abode. Sumptuous in seeming, they are cheerless and inconvenient in fact. One of the first disillusions which an American experiences abroad is in regard to these tinseled temples. He finds them inferior in most respects to the homes of the prosperous in his own country.

King John of Saxony bears some resemblance to the late General Robert Anderson, is extremely literary, and has made a translation of the *Divina Comedia*, which some Saxons praise, and none of them read. As a monarch, he does not appear to be held in very high regard by his subjects, though he is accounted a well-disposed and harmless old man. His chief weakness, independent of his want of positive character, is reputed to be authorship. He would rather be a great poet than a great king, and, unfortunately, he can not be either. He has the literary infirmity of Prussia's second Frederick; but there the likeness ends. John spends the greater part of his time over his books and verses, and is thought to have a secret conviction that he will yet be ranked as one of the eminent bards of the nineteenth century.

The sole allurement of the palace is the Green Vaults (Grüne Gewölbe) in the lower



KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

story, long renowned for their pretty kickshaws. By a felicitous contradiction of title, they are neither green nor vaults. They are merely on the ground-floor, and take their name from the color of the hangings they were once decorated with. The show is worth looking at, and the two thalers charged for admission. There are eight chambers, and they are viewed in the order of their richness. The collection is very valuable. I have heard it estimated at $10,000,000—much more valuable than one would suppose so little a kingdom could afford to keep. Saxony could never have made the accumulation if it had not seen more prosperous days than it has of late. Its princes were formerly among the wealthiest and most powerful in Europe, obtaining vast revenues from the Freiberg silver mines. They manifested their munificence in gathering jewels, fine carvings, and articles of virtu, reckless of cost, and in this way laid the foundation of the celebrated collection.

The first apartment contains a large number of rare bronzes, copies of antique statues, and original designs by Giovanni di Bologna, Peter Visscher, and other masters in this species of art.

The second is devoted to ivory carvings, among them beautiful vases—some cut out of a single piece—a chalice on which is wrought with the greatest delicacy the story of the "Foolish Virgins," and the "Fall of Lucifer," a marvelous group of ninety figures, representing the overthrow of the wicked angels, in one piece of ivory about twenty-four by fifteen inches. A "Crucifixion," and two spirited horses' heads in relief, are ascribed to Michael Angelo. A goblet made from a stag's horn, illustrating a hunt, in bass-relief, is admirably done.

The third cabinet is full of Florentine mosaics, engraved shells, carved ostrich eggs, objects in amber—notably an entire amber cabinet—a chimney-piece of Dresden china, paintings in enamel, and countless cunning trifles.

The fourth cabinet holds the gold and silver plate of the Saxon sovereigns. A portion of this used to be carried by the electors of Saxony to Frankfort on the occasion of the coronation of the German emperors. The service has little to recommend it except its value, for it is massive, ungraceful, and unenticing.

In the sixth apartment is a large variety of vessels of agate, chalcedony, rock-crystal, malachite, lapis lazuli, and other semi-precious stones. Several goblets of moss-agate are singularly beautiful. There are also many carvings in wood: one of them, a combat of knights, is by Colin, of Mechlin, who made the remarkable reliefs on the

tomb of Maximilian I. in the Hofkirche at Innsbrück. Some of the carvings are ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, though they are far inferior to his renowned battle-piece in the ivory cabinet. A "Magdalen," by Dinglinger, the Saxon Cellini, is said to be the largest enamel extant.

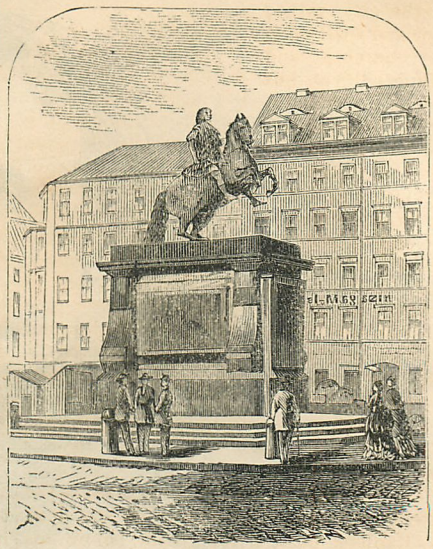
Among the skillfully cut figures of wood and ivory in the sixth chamber are numerous droll caricatures indicating the grotesqueness of the German mind. There are diminutive effigies of men and animals made from large pearls reported to have been found in the river Elster.

One might suppose them to be part of the mythical *Nibelungen* treasure, if one did not know from the horror-breathing epic that the poetic gold and gems were buried in the Rhine, and that they could not, without the aid of superfluous enchantment, have gotten into the Elster. It is an insignificant stream at best, and if it holds many more such pearls, it would benefit Saxony by drying up.

In the same apartment is a likeness of a court dwarf of one of the Spanish kings, formed of a pearl of the size of a hen's egg, and jewels and trinkets on which as much money as ingenuity must have been expended.

The regalia used at the coronation of Augustus II., King of Poland, exhibited in the seventh room, are really gorgeous.

The eighth and last cabinet excels all the others in splendor. One of the most elaborate toys I have ever seen is there—the court of the Great Mogul, portraying the Emperor Aurungzebe upon his throne, surrounded by guards and courtiers in costumes that are historically correct. There are about a hundred and forty figures, each having its individual expression, as is perceived by close inspection. This truly wonderful piece of workmanship, which is of pure gold enameled, occupied Dinglinger ten years, and cost over $100,000. He was the court jeweler in Dresden in the early part of the eighteenth century, and has in this apartment representations of artisans employed at different trades, all of them marked by a superlative delicacy and finish. There seems to be no end to the riches there displayed. I particularly admired some great uncut Peruvian emeralds presented by Charles V. to the Elector of Saxony; an immense sardonyx, four and a half inches broad and six and a half long, of a beautiful oval shape, said to be the largest known; an antique cameo portrait of Augustus in onyx; and the bewildering mass of precious stones—sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. The decorations of the former electors, consisting of buttons, collar, sword, and scabbard, are studded thick with diamonds of the rarest and costliest kind. The most remarkable of the stones is a



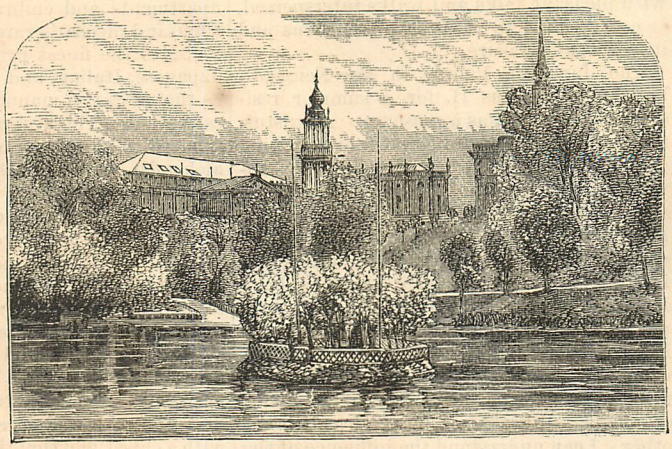
MONUMENT OF AUGUSTUS THE STRONG.

splendid green brilliant, weighing one hundred and sixty carats, which could be sold, I have heard, for half a million of dollars.

So numerous are the splendid diamonds that, after gazing on and wondering at them again and again, they appear almost cheap; and yet they are dazzlingly beautiful, and by all odds, I believe, the richest and finest in Europe. I have heard women go into ecstasies over them many a time: nor is it strange; for any one who admires gems must be raised to something like a pitch of fanaticism before such a magnificent display as is presented in the Green Vaults. There are green diamonds, rose-hued diamonds, straw-colored diamonds, and the still more alluring colorless diamonds, which convert every little ray of light falling upon them into a miracle of radiance and beauty. Such large and perfect gems never before met my eye. I do not know, nor does any one else appear to, their pecuniary value; but I should suppose, from the price of far inferior stones, that those peerless ones would be worth much more than the sum I have named, $10,000,000, as representative of the entire value of the contents of the Green Vaults. I have been told that the diamonds alone would, if turned into money, pay the debt of the kingdom.

The Picture-Gallery in the Neumarkt is considered the crowning glory of Dresden. It is, as a whole, the finest north of the Alps, and was founded by Augustus II., surnamed the Strong, though it received some of its most valuable works from Augustus III., including the collection of the Duke of Modena, and Raphael's renowned "Madonna." The gallery has always been respected by military spoilers. Frederick the Great bombard-

ed the city, rained shot and shell upon its churches and public edifices, but spared the sanctuary of art. Entering the town as a conqueror, and dictating the most humiliating terms to the conquered, he asked permission of the captive electress to visit the noble gallery. Napoleon revered it too, and, for a wonder, restrained himself from sending any of its paintings to Paris.



THE ZWINGER, DRESDEN.

The "Sistine Madonna" is regarded as the chief jewel of the collection. It was done by Raphael only a few years before his death, and is thought by many to be his masterpiece. Innumerable copies and engravings have made it so familiar to both hemispheres that description or extended criticism would be superfluous.

The most famous of a number of excellent Correggios is "La Notte," representing the child-Christ in the manger, and the supernatural light flashing from its form upon the entranced face of the Virgin, bending undazzled over the infant, while another woman veils her eyes with her hand. The effect and contrast of the light and shade are consummate. The "Reading Magdalen" is another of Correggio's most distinguished works. The coloring and softness of outline of the recumbent figure are matchless, though the figure itself is obnoxious to the charge of heaviness, and it is not without a tincture of grossness.

The younger Holbein's "Mary" is ranked as his ablest production, and by many as the second picture in the gallery. It portrays the family of Jacob Meyer, burgomaster of Basle, kneeling before the Virgin. Meyer is excellently done, and every detail of the picture is finished to the faintest degree; but Mary has a hard, wooden, insipid face, much like the counterpart of a Nuremberg doll.

Titian's "Tribute Money," "Reclining Venus," his "Mistress," and one or two others of his richly colored paintings are there. Paolo Veronese, Giulio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, Annibal Caracci, Caravaggio, and other eminent Italians are also represented, as well as Douw, Dürer, Teniers, Ostade, Paul Potter, and other of the great Dutch and Flemish artists, the study of whose works binds one long and lovingly to Dresden.

The Zwinger—the name was applied to a structure erected one hundred and fifty years ago, and designed merely as the fore-court to a new palace never carried further—is an inclosure surrounded by buildings used as a historical museum, a museum of natural history, and a cabinet of drawings. The first contains a great store of old armor and martial weapons, almost equal to the Ambras collection in Vienna, and entirely eclipsing that in the Tower of London.

The museum of natural history has numerous minerals, fossils, engravings, and one of the completest collections of copper-plates in Europe—from the middle of the fifteenth century to the present day. There are said to be more than two hundred and fifty thousand engravings, from the earliest masters down to contemporaneous artists, and three hundred extremely interesting life portraits, by Vogel, of the most eminent characters of the time.

The Terrace of Brühl, named after the obsequious minister of Augustus II.—he was sometimes called Augustus I.—is approached by a grand flight of steps, and running along the south bank of the Elbe, commands a charming view, and is the favorite city promenade. The Palace of Brühl, once belonging to the minister, and afterward occupied by Napoleon, has since been the residence of the Dowager-Queen Marie. It contains very little of interest beyond a series of admirable views of Dresden and its vicinity. On the terrace are cafés and restaurants, where capital concerts are given almost every evening. The citizens flock to the entertainments, of course; and while their ear takes in Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, their mouth takes in liberal quantities of the substantial provender which the rapid digestion of Germany so regularly and repeatedly requires. The open-air concerts in summer are delightful. The elevated position of the terrace furnishes broad prospects of the winding river; and he who can not enjoy the melodious feast in the soft evening,

with pleasant talks and walks interspersed, is not attuned to the key of sensuous and intellectual pleasure.

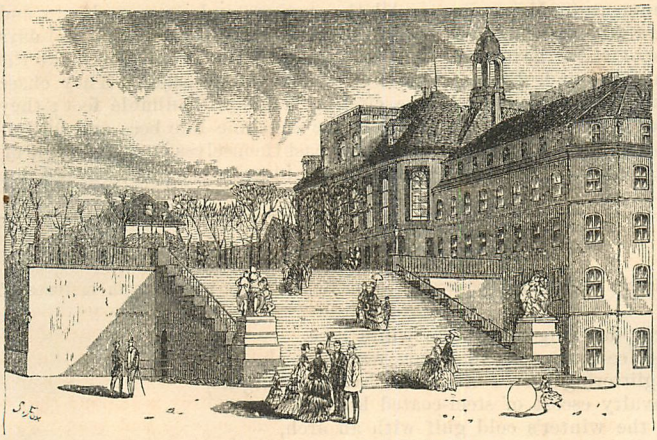
The Japanese Palace, in the Neustadt, built by Augustus II. for a summer residence, now serves as a museum. Augustus, from all accounts, did almost every thing worth doing, and a great deal very unworthy, in Dresden. He is to that city what Michael Angelo is to Rome and St. Patrick to Dublin. But for him the Saxon capital would have been, to speak algebraically, an unknown quantity. He must have been a fellow of vast performance. He is reported to have held a trumpeter in full armor in his palm, to have twisted an iron stair baluster into a rope, and to have wooed bashful maidens by offering them purses of gold with one hand and breaking horseshoes with the other. I can understand the influence of the precious metal on the feminine heart, but the exact effect of the fracture of horseshoes on shrinking womanhood defies reckoning. The lusty monarch doubtless intended to convince the damsels he was enamored of, that money and might are irresistible, rudely rejecting the sentimental notion of to-day that worth and devotion will beguile any Eve from her Eden.

At any rate, Augustus erected the palace. The antiquities and library (some three hundred thousand volumes and three thousand manuscripts) are much the same as may be found elsewhere; but the collection of porcelain (*Porzellan Sammlung*), filling eighteen apartments and embracing nearly seventy thousand pieces, is rare and interesting. It includes the finest productions of Chinese, Japanese, Italian, and Sèvres ware, as well as that of Saxon manufacture from the earliest period. The first porcelain in Europe is reputed to have been made by Böttcher, the alchemist, while in search of the philosopher's stone, and the specimens—they are of a reddish-brown hue, incapable of imitation—are still preserved there. There are animals of various kinds, grotesques, copies of antiques, busts, bouquets of flowers, and countless designs of incomparable fineness and finish. One of the most remarkable is a bust in semi-vitrified porcelain of the Empress of Russia, with a lace veil thrown over her head. So exquisitely is it done that at first glance I was sure it had been carved with a chisel, and that the lace was genuine—such was the superlatively delicate and airy quality of the china. The collection can not be described in any ordinary space, but it is wonderful and memorable to behold.

The celebrated porcelain of Saxony bears the name of, though it is not made in, Dresden, but at the town of Meissen, on the Elbe, fifteen miles below the capital. Not to go there is a palpable neglect of the tourist's obligation. The porcelain manufactory is in the Old Castle, once the residence of the Saxon princes. It is an imposing edifice, and, from its lofty position on the bank of the river, looks remarkably picturesque at a distance, and not much less so on close in-



AN EVENING CONCERT ON THE BRÜHL TERRACE, DRESDEN.



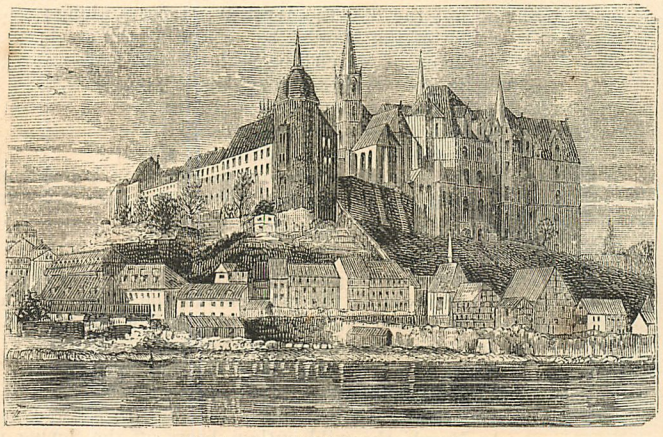
STAIRS OF THE TERRACE OF BRÜHL.

spection. Its appearance is assisted by the Cathedral hard by, a handsome Gothic structure with a graceful open-work spire.

The earth from which the porcelain is made is obtained from Aue, an insignificant village twelve miles from Zwickau. The process of preparing and baking the clay is slow, difficult, and complicated. The mixture, or biscuit, is composed principally of kaolin and ground feldspar. The materials are reduced to very fine powder, and stirred together with water in cisterns, the surplus water being pressed out through linen bags, separated by filtration or other methods. When the biscuit is of the consistency of dough, it is thoroughly worked over by beating, kneading, and treading, and is then put away moist for a year or more to undergo the moulding process, which increases its plasticity. The better kinds of porcelain are formed in moulds of gypsum, and the nicest skill and care are needed to fashion the vessels, as well as in the glazing and baking. A good deal of the ware is unavoidably spoiled, such precise handling does it require; but the artisans employed in its manufacture have had years of training and experience, and have inherited their trade, as is the case with the Brussels lace-makers and Amsterdam diamond-cutters. It is said that the excellence of porcelain depends on locality and atmosphere; that numerous efforts to manufacture the Dresden china elsewhere, with exactly the same material and the same workmen, have failed again and again. There was always something lacking —something almost indefinable, but still something. Whether it is that the artisans are accustomed to a certain routine and subject to subtle influences of surrounding, which they can not change without detriment to the product of their hands, is an open question; but that skilled labor not infrequently follows the same mysterious law governing the removal of plants has been shown by repeated experiments. The manufacture of porcelain has been for generations the most profitable industry of the neighborhood of Dresden, and it is likely to continue so for generations to come.

The gardens and promenades, as I have already said, are many and pleasant in and about the capital. Those of the Japanese Palace, extending down to the Elbe, and yielding a fine prospect of the arched bridge and the principal buildings of the town, are open to the public, and deservedly popular. In the outskirts, on the way to Pirna, the large park known as the Grosse Garten is a favorite resort in summer, and concerts, dances, and merry-makings are the order of the season.

Half a mile from the park, in the midst of the fields and slopes, where hard fighting preceded the retreat of the French to Leipzig at the great Battle of the Nations (Völker-



PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN.

schlacht), is the monument to Moreau—a large square block of granite, surmounted by a helmet, marking the spot where the intrepid general received his mortal wound. His legs, cut off by a cannon-ball, were buried there, but his body was conveyed to St. Petersburg by order of his bosom-friend, the Czar Alexander I., by whose side he fell.

All the gardens and promenades in and near the capital are thronged on holidays and Sundays, and the Dresdeners make the most of leisure and pleasure. They chase the circling hours with nimble feet; they revel in the sunshine like bees and butterflies; they cast themselves on every ripple of gladness, and imagine it a great wave of joy.

MARCH.

"March. Its tree, Juniper. Its stone, Blood-stone. Its motto, 'Courage and strength in times of danger.'"—*Old Saying.*

In the gray dawning across the white lake,
Where the ice-hummocks in frozen waves break,
'Mid the glittering spears of the far Northern Lights,
Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,
Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch,
Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.
Galloping, galloping, galloping in,
Into the world with a stir and a din,
The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along:
"Ho, ye March children, come list to my song!
A bold outlaw am I both to do and to dare,
And I fear not old Earth nor the Powers of the Air;
Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,
But Spring loves me well, although I am rude.
Faltering, lingering, listening Spring—
Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring
Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,
Repelling, returning, my boist'rous caresses.

"The winds are unbound and loose in the sky,
Rioting, frolicking, madly on high:
Are ye able to cope with the North Wind's strong arm?
Welcome boldly his fierce grasp; 'twill do ye no harm.
He knows the children of March are my own,
Sealed with my signet of magic blood-stone.
Blood-stone, red blood-stone, green dark and red light—
Blood is for ardor and stone is for might;
And the watch-word borne on by West Wind, the ranger
Is, 'Courage and strength in the moment of danger.'

"Children of March, are ye strong, are ye strong?
Shame not the flag the West Wind bears along;
O ye men of the March! be ye firm as the steel;
O ye women of March! be ye loyal and leal—
Strong in your loving and strong in your hate,
Constant, like juniper, early and late.
Juniper, juniper, juniper green,
Berries of blue set in glittering sheen,
In the winter's cold snow, in summer's hot splendor,
Unchanging, unchanging, thou heart true and tender!"

Singing of juniper, forward he whirled,
Galloping, galloping on through the world;
And when, shivering, waking, the dull Day gazed out
From her tower in the gray clouds, she heard but the shout
Of the riotous winds as they followed in glee,
On, on to the wooing in mad revelry.
Wooing, the wooing, the wooing of Spring—
Here's a bold wooing that makes the woods ring,
And thrills the leaf buds, though with snow overladen,
As March, the wild outlaw, bears off the Spring maiden.

AUNT EVE INTERVIEWED.



AUNT EVE.

AUNT EVE was a superannuated negress, whose daily perambulations brought her to the kitchens of many families in Baltimore whose sires she had known in their childhood, and whom she had long outlived. The recipient of unconsidered trifles, she acknowledged these favors by the performance of small services, which rendered her welcome to the domestics of the households, among whom she was a historical oracle. As a link between the past and the present, let her speak for herself as she sits sipping her morning coffee by the fireside:

"Your sarvant, Sir. How's you and your wife, and all de children, maaster? I hopes you're all well. Bless de Lord! I'm broke, sonny—poor as a snake; pick up a bone here to-day and dere to-morrow.

"Near as I can come, I'm a hundred and four year old. I was born and bred 'fore Washington's war here in Baltimore, near Henshaw's church, in Sharp Street. My ole maaster's been dead fifty year, but I can 'member very well, for all dat. Ole maaster's father was English captain; ole mistuss's father was sea-captain too. My own father was a Guinea man. Lordeer was my father's name, but maaster changed it to Nero when he bought him.

"Ye see, Guinea's a big place. Niggers dere allers a-fightin'. Dey ketch one another, and sells 'em to de ships for guns and powder, beads, check and calico, and red flannel — de French great for red flannel —and dat's de reason so many's come in dis country. Dey used to come in ship-loads, like de Irish do now, till ole Tyson* — he was a Quaker, mind ye, and did a heap for de colored people—till he said dere should never no more come here. Dat was after de Resolutionary war. When he died all de niggers went to de burial. Ole mistuss said he was de niggers' god.

"In Guinea—'spects it's like Californy is now — dey digs gold all day, and when dey finds a big lump—so de Guinea niggers told me—dey go home and kill a chicken or a goat, and puts de blood on de lump of gold. Dat's deir way of giving God thanks. Den dey makes rings and bracelets of it. Maaster bought ten head — some from Mandingo, some from Soso; Father Jack and Sampson come from Missmygwongea—dat's another place. Paragratter, Vando, and Goombo was Gonah women.

"My own father was Guinea man. I'm good breed, caise I'm de royal blood; tell you for why — grandfather was de king's son; he come from de Wombo country; dat's what dey called it. It was a Gonah man taught me dis Guinea talk:

'Wullah, wullah, wuttoongah,
Se bungah looyah,
Coozen mooten lemba,
Hooden mat'na singa.'

I don't know what it means, but ef I'd kep in de sperit of it den I might 'e learnt. Worst of it is, I never could learn to read. Ye see, I was young, and so foolish! Dere was a lady wrote to ole maaster to know if

* Nathan Tyson, an eminent philanthropist and early abolitionist.



"TOTED WOOD AND WATER."

she might teach me to read, but he sent word to know if she wanted to teach his niggers to run away. I might 'e learnt unbeknowens to him, but I was so young and foolish like.

"I don't 'member much of de Resolutionary war, but I knowed when it was. I was small den, but I had a good head. I toted wood and water, and warmed de chile's vittels."

The town of Baltimore was laid off by the county surveyor January 12, 1730. In 1752 there were twenty-five houses, four of which were of brick, nearly all having "hipped" roofs. The present population is 300,000.

"Baltimore was very open place den; streets was nothin' but mud and mire; ladies always wore clogs. Most all de houses was frame, Dutch roofs, hipped roofs; some was brick, but no touch to what it is now! Market Street was all mud an' mire. De quality lived in Gay Street. Dere was old Congress Hall, where dey had balls and dancin'. I b'lieve it's standin' yet, if dey hain't torn it down. I could show ye where it was, in Liberty Street, though I ain't got but one eye now."

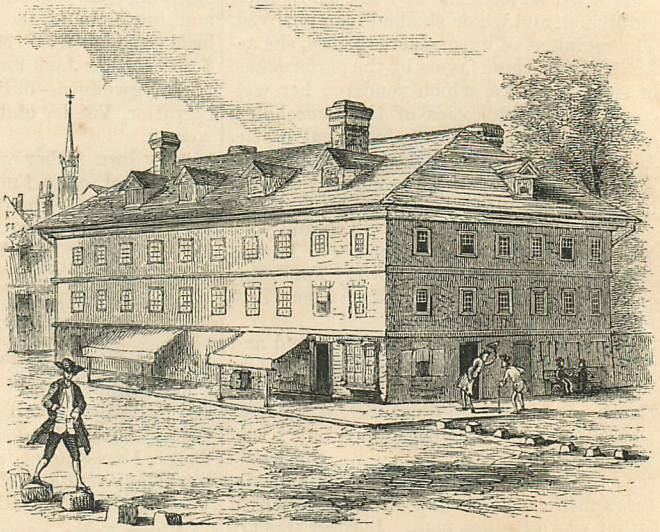
Congress assembled in Baltimore on the 26th December, 1776, and occupied Mr. Jacob Fite's house, being then the farthest west, and one of the largest in the town, and was a long time called "Congress Hall." None of the streets of "Baltimore Town," except here and there on the side ways, were paved until 1782.

"Dey don't have no fairs now, as dey used to. All dere by Congress Hall every Thursday in October, when de races was, dey was sellin' cakes and liquor, and eatin' and drinkin'; dey couldn't get dem all cleared off 'fore Sunday mornin'. De racecourse was in de ole fields near dere, so thick of houses now I can't tell ye 'xactly where it is.

"Ye didn't see wagons and carts, as ye do now. Every Friday night all de country people come in with deir butter and radishes and greens, and so forth—cayed dem all a-horseback—twenty, thirty pounds o' butter in de boxes, slung across de horse's back. Dey used to cay dem dis way till it got so bad with robbin' de women and takin' all dey had. Ridgely's women was robbed; and dey took horses and butter and every thing as dey was comin' down to market. Dey never ketched de robbers! Arter dat dey had wagons and carts.

"It was great times in town when de court set. Maaster was great man 'bout de court; he was County Justiss; he always wore a scarlet vest, sometimes scarlet cassimere coat too, and had a tall cane.

"And den when de ships come in from



"IT WAS GREAT TIMES IN TOWN WHEN DE COURT SET."

England, dere was great rejoicin' and feastin' over it. Dey brought de elegantest English goods. Town's monsus full o' goods now, maaster! Ef de British was to come dey'd ruin many a one, but dey wouldn't ruin me, for I ain't got any! De ships brought a great many English sarvants to be sold here: six-year, seven-year sarvants. But when dey worked deir time out dey had to go free, and ye was obleeged to give 'em a gun, a good suit of clothes, and a mattock."

Besides negroes, there was another species of servant in the colony of Maryland, of whom frequent mention is made, and who in time became a large portion of the population. White emigrants, who were unable to bear the expenses of a voyage to the New World, or to maintain themselves upon their arrival, bound themselves to serve for a limited number of years any one who would advance them the necessary funds. In time this grew to a considerable trade. The indentures were made to the captain of the ship, or some other person, and upon their arrival in the colony their unexpired time was sold to the highest bidder, to whom their indentures were then transferred. In the early ages of the colony they were called *indented apprentices;* afterward the general term of *redemptioners* was applied to them. These, upon the expiration of their term of service, became useful citizens, and enjoyed the same franchises as their more fortunate masters.

"Ye know, the laws must 'a been good for somethin' *then!* Never had sich laws sence old Sam Chase and lawyer M'Mechin and Martin. Dey daasent strike a gentleman's sarvant den but dey had to go to de court and answer for it! If ye was right, dey'd see ye righted! Since dey took de beggars up, and druv de gentlemen off de streets, de laws ain't been worth a chaw tobacker! Now dese shoe-makers and bridle-makers has de upper hand — it's jest played de old boy and Tom Walker.

"Den dere was allers somethin' lively in town. De Indians dey was a straight, proper people — a very neat, genteel people; dey come in every fall from de back places with buckskin, moccasins, baskets, and so forth, and tomahawks and scalpin'-knives too. Dey used to be all over dis settlement once. Many a time I've been hoein' corn, and I find arrow-heads and stone pots; dey fit with one and dey cooked in t'other. Now dey're all gone: I hope de Lord 'll take care of me!

"Dere was a fine den on tea. Once mistuss seen a man comin', and she took de caddy off de table and hid it under her gown tail. Den dere was a man used to come along every now and den and take a list of all de silver and every thing of de nigger kind; ye paid so much for it—if ye let him see it."

If the tea-party at Boston has been thought worthy of renown, the tea-burning at Annapolis, open and undisguised, should not be forgotten.

In August, 1774, the brigantine *Mary and Jane*, Captain George Chapman, master, arrived in St. Mary's River with several packages of tea on board consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The Committee of Safety of Charles County immediately summoned the master and consignees before them. The explanations and submission of these gentlemen were declared satisfactory; and as the duty had not been paid, they were discharged on the pledge that the teas should not be landed, but should be sent back in the brig to London.

On the 14th October the brig *Peggy Stewart* arrived in Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel. This submission to the oppressive enactment of Parliament called forth the deepest feeling. A public meeting was held; the owner of the vessel and the consignees in the most humble manner apologized for their offense, and consented to the burning of the tea. But the people were determined to exact a more signal vindication of their rights. The easy compliance of Mr. Stewart with the act had aroused their anger, and threats were poured out against his vessel and himself. Mr. Stewart, to soothe the violence of the people, and to make amends for his fault, offered to destroy the vessel with his own hand. The proposition was accepted; and while the people gathered in crowds upon the shore to witness its consummation, Mr. Stewart, accompanied by the consignees, went on board the brig, ran her aground on Windmill Point, and set fire to her in presence of the multitude. So obnoxious had tea become that wherever it was discovered its owners were forced to destroy it. Two months later the people of Frederick, having met at Hagerstown, compelled one John Parks to walk bare-headed, holding lighted torches in his hands, and set fire to a chest of tea which he had delivered up, and "which was consumed amidst the acclamations of a numerous body of people."

"When de tea and sugar and salt was throwed overboard, maaster said dere would be war. So we moved to Green Spring Valley, to ole Maaster Robert's place. Mistuss wanted to go furder, to Fredericktown, but maaster wouldn't. Warn't dat a stylish place though? I worked twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. Things was cayed up de country — some things never got back. When we got dere dey had no other house but dat one room in de old tiny house, 'hind de parlor now, kivered with oak shingles, and so forth. So maaster got a house from Dr. Walker, and



"GENTLEMEN DRESSED ELEGANT TOO."

put ole Mother Grace and Phebe and us to stay dere till de new house was built. I picked wool, and de ole woman spun. Me and another gal fotched all de water dat made de mortar for dat house. I've been through a good deal of hardship, but never got no beatin' about work; only when I was mischeevous and saasy, and dat was for want of puttin' to other practices. I had to be at somethin'!

"Once Uncle Tom told me ef I got some black rags and things, and fixed 'em on like wings, I could fly like a turkey-buzzard. I tried it, and I had a sweet fall, mind I tell ye! 'Nother time I clum up on de roof to 'tend to dryin' some water-million seed, and maaster like to have 'tended to me, only I talked him out of it. He said he wasn't goin' to let me teach de chil'n to break deir necks, and told me to come down and let him whip me.

"'Lor, maaster!' sez I, 'I gwine up here to comb my head, and den I'll clean de knives and keep myself neat and tidy, and not let de meat get burnt;' and I talked to him most as long as I been talking to ye here—but I didn't come down! De carpenters was workin' dere, and dey began to laugh, and den he laughed, and went into de house, and when I was sure he was gone I come down, and kep' out of his way. Den I used to get de scissors, and go into de garret and cut holes in de gowns; and once—den, ye mind, de saddles was all fringed—I cut all de fringes off de saddles. I was young, wild, and wicked! I didn't know no better! Mistuss told mother to whip me for dat. She did whip me, 'deed she did, heap harder dan mistuss! Mistuss never let any body tetch me but her and mother. Miss Betsy, she was housekeeper—a very tough woman, a rale yaller-jacket, I'll tell ye—she never let *her* tetch me!

"Great times den among de quality! Dressin' ain't quite so touchy now as it was den: silk, satin, brocade, lutestring, polaneese—yes! long polaneese and short polaneese and cassatees. O Lor', chile, dey did dress beautiful! De elegantest, beautifulest things come from England. Mistuss, when she took de dresses out de chist, dey stood up stiff as a table, or a piece of plank stuff. Great ostrian feathers, some red and some blue, and all colors; de ladies wore dem in deir rolls. Rolls—cushions dey was, with deir hair combed over dem—slick and powdered; den de ostrian feathers atop o' dat, and rows of beads acrost 'em, goin' through de rooms like little air castles! Ladies, and gentlemen too, powdered. De ladies wore long sacques and hoops—sich full dresses, flounced and tapered off; side hoops and round hoops, and high-heeled shoes, and sich little heels! Dey come from de ole countries—from England. Mistuss had great trunkful fotched home. Good calicoes for common, and *chinches*, and silk and fur cloaks for winter.

"Gentlemen dressed elegant too. Beautiful silver-set buckles, glass and stone in 'em; goolden on de coats and waistcoats, flowered like ladies' dresses; and three-cocked hats, bound round with gold-lace; and long boots or gaiters when dey was a-horseback. Dey wore wigs, long wigs with queues, and short wigs without 'em. Tom C—— wore a long wig. Deir coats was mostly blue, black, and drab, and nankeen for summer. Tell ye, chile, dey was fine! I was so took up with dem many a time I couldn't eat my vittels. Mother licked me often for not comin' to my dinner!

"People lived high—first chop! Grand dinner-parties dey raly had; danced till day in dat ole room dere. What! yah! yah! Hear de silks come rattlin' through de rooms dere like a passell of ole dry leaves. Dance till day! All dem people's dead and gone now!

"Dere was Captain L——, as pretty a dancer as need to be of mankind! He's taken many a drink of water out of de bucket on my head when he was haulin' in his wheat to mill. He used to drive de team hisself. He's dead now, ye know. And ole Stephen Shamydine! Sure God makes every body, but I do think he was de homeliest white man I ever saw. With his hairy bear-skin cap and rigimentals and

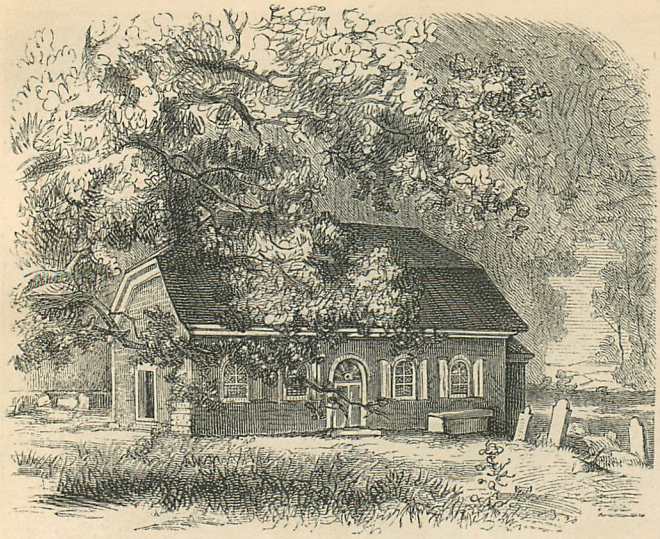


THE DANCE.

sword. It's God's truth! And when his house was done, dey sent him a present of a big brass knocker fur de front-door, de elegantest knocker ever ye see; dat's for why dey named dat place Pomona, arter de imidge on de knocker, so dey tells me. Tom C——, as good a man as ever stepped de land, he lived with Dr. H——, little man, but like a piece of fire; elegant doctor, but as cross a man as ever drawed de bref of life; as impident a piece of goods as ever I see for a little man! And Major Howard! He went to de war arter, and got wounded. Ladies was very sorry for it, for he was de very apple of deir eye. I heard dem talk of it. He was at our house many a time. And Crack-brained Davy T——, a coarse-lookin' fellow, a hot-blood, fox-huntin', racin', sportin' character. It was so his mother nicknamed all dem chil'en—Crack-brained Davy, Gentleman Mordecai, Blackguard John, Extravagant Joshua, Miser Tom; and de girls was Whip-poor-will Betty and Butterfly Rachel. Mordecai was a pale, thin, blue-lookin' man, and Tom was as beautiful a dancer as could be, he was. You seen his pictur', with de murroon velvet and gilt buttons, and de sea compass in his hand? And Sam W——, he could beat any body dere a-makin' a bow, though he did dress in homespun. Den dere was Cornelius H——, the *surveeor*. He was a Methodist, but he was a very good man to his people; he didn't dance neither jigs, nor reels, nor court-lil-yows, nor minuets, nor fisher's hornpipes, nor nothin'! He was raly good to his people, and used to pay for any harm dey did, rather than whip dem. But L——'s was a whippin' house, G——'s was a whippin' house, K——'s was a whippin' house—whippin' and cuttin' every Monday mornin' all over de neighborhood. Some had got deir maaster's horse and gone 'way out to Elk Ridge to a nigger dance; some for one thing, some for another, but ginerally whip anyhow! Den dere was ole K——, a fox-huntin', racin' character. Didn't you never read his history on de tombstone at de church? I don't know from A to Izzard, but dey tells me dat somebody's wrote it so as it reads he was a darned rascal.

"Dat fox-huntin' made gay old times. Be up at two o'clock in de mornin': sich runnin', racin', ridin'! Maaster kep' deir company, but he didn't keep hounds. We niggers had our time too. Every Saturday night we had leave to go dance at de quarter, or at de barn in warm weather, and at Christmas and Whitsuntide and Easter we had a great frolic, we had. Sich dancin'! My Lord! plenty to eat and drink—meat, cabbage, turnips! Same thing at de huskin' matches—till dey got to fightin' and stobbin.'

"Nathan Cromwell's Pepin and Philpot's Jack and Worthington's Mingo was de greatest fiddlers of de county. Dey used



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

to go 'way down to 'Noppolis" (Annapolis). "Our Starling was a great fiddler. Mistuss let him go any where he choosed—never took no money from him—till one time he went to Baltimore to learn play *Hail Columby*, and he didn't come back for twenty years—den he staid. Blind Johnny and Club-foot Davy was white men and great fiddlers for de quality; colored people ketched a great deal from 'em. De great tunes den was *Bob and Joan*, *Dusty Miller*, *Jack ma Green*, and so on. Den dere was card-playin' and black-gamblin', and horse-racin' twice a year in Gist's fields.

'If ye will bet thousands, my gentlemen all,
I will bet millions on de famous skew-ball.
Spare us a venture on de courses of all,
I'm sure of winning on de famous skew-ball.'

Dat was a song dey used to sing. I can't sing now; I's got no teeth.

'I was drunk last night,
I was a little hoddy—
Oh, plantation gals,
Can't ye look at a body!
Hi dompty, dompty,
Hi dompty, dompt!'

My! don't talk! Didn't we jump in dem days!

'Where did ye come from?
I come from Virginny.
Who's in de long-boat?
Simon and Cæsar.'

Dem was de songs—sing and dance 'em too. Den dere was a great song of dem days my young missus used to sing:

'Dere's na luck about de house,
Dere's na luck at all;
Dis is de time to mind yer work,
While—'

Let's see—

'Dere's little pleasure in our house
While our goodman's awa.'

I can't 'xactly 'member it. Enoch Story used to sing it. He was de music-maaster, a little man, a furriner. He come up from town and used to teach mistuss's daughter to play de spinnet. No more spinnets now! Dey was made like a piano, with ivory teeth. I tell ye, I 'member it!"

The spinnet, or spinet, was a musical instrument of the harpsichord kind, but differing in shape and power; formerly much in use, though now entirely superseded by the piano-forte. The tone was comparatively weak, but pleasing, and as the instrument was small in dimensions and cheap in price, it answered the purpose of those who did not find it convenient to purchase a harpsichord.

"For women of quality dere was Miss Betsy X——; she had a tongue equal to any lawyer; a clinking tongue! and Miss Hannah W——, a sickly woman; she died o' consumption; and Nelly R——, Nick O——'s wife; and Hannah J——; she was a big, stout lady, with a brown skin; and Betsy R——; she was a good fortune; and Polly W——, Passon W——'s daughter. Ole John Tilly, who come from Jamaica or some furrin parts, courted her; she had headpiece enough, but her Maaster above called for her, and she went home.

"Maaster's daughter, Miss Becky, was as pretty a woman as ever de sun shined on; counted de beautifulest woman in dem days for fair skin, pretty teeth. A genteelmade woman, of beautiful behavior—nuff to charm de heart of a stone! When she was married missus let me creep into de room, de back parlor dere. De gentlemen thought she was an angel from heaven, in a white satin dress, and white ostrian feathers in her rolls—feathers so tall she had to leave her shoes off till she come down stairs—and buckles with stones in her shoes! So busy, lookin' and cryin' together, nobody seed me; women a-cryin', and gentlemen tickled at it. It was de dreadfulest rainy night ever ye see. Passon Chase was fotched from town—a very handsome man; had some fringy thing on when he married dem; 'twas about seven or eight o'clock, by candle-light, in de old back parlor dere. De groom was in light clothes, and de groomsmen and all saluted de bride down de stairs.

Den dey went to dancin'; supped before de dance, and den handin' round between de dancin'. And at de supper dere was every thing ye could desire—roast pig, chicken, turkey, ham, cherry-tarts, apple-tarts—screamin' time dey had, mind I tell ye! Oho! ha, ha! 'deed dey did dance dat night! dreadfulest rainy night ever I see! Stormy weddin', I tell ye. Afterward it took three weeks to get round de visitin', dinin', and dancin'.



THE FRENCH CAMP.

"Captain L—— was dere; Captain L——'s mother—no, she wasn't dere; she'd gone home to glory: a little bit of a Scotchwoman, de least woman I ever see; she wanted to be carried home to Ireland to be buried—a pretty piece of business! She was buried somewhere in town here 'mong de Presbyterians.

"Den dere was Betsy B—— was dere, and her brother; both had red heads. She had some misfortin; dey fit a jewill about it, and she went away to England. And Dr. H—— and Mistuss H——; she was as de Lord made her, but she was a very homely woman; Wylet H——, a jolly big woman, brown skin, monsus big; and Becky Plowman, she was raly a mere pictur', a very jolly-made lady, nice round-made lady, not so very tall. Most all dese people are buried in Garrison Forest church-yard.

"Every one of dem Y——s buried deir husbands. So much of dis eatin', drinkin', and feastin'! And when all's gone dese people turns round and says ye're so extravagant and wasteful. Dey be de very first people to talk! Ye may stand to it while ye live, but de chil'en come to want. Can't measure de snake till he's dead. Niggers and every thing else must go. Seen many a plantation lost so. Be neighborly, kind, and all dat; go to church; mind what I say, but mind what I do!

"A Sunday dey all went to Garrison Forest church, St. Thomas's, de great church of de county. Dey came from all around—Soldier's Delight, Chestnut Ridge, Randallstown. Most people come a-horseback. Ladies were good riders den; dey wore gypsy hats tied under de chin. De road was full of people, mostly a-horseback, some in coaches and chaises. Tom C——'s father, de passon, he come from England—de biggest, fattest man ever I hear tell of. Took two or three men to lift him into de pulpit, till at de last he broke de axle-tree of de carriage, and he couldn't go no more. Why, dey took de fat out of him by de pound, Dr. H—— did (monsus skillful man, Dr. H——!), and dey presarved it in liquor, and I b'lieve dey got it kep' to dis day!

"When de war come—dat day, understand I tell ye—dere was a cannon (I's axed about dat cannon many a time) up at Captain L——'s store. I s'pec's it was advertised, but when dat cannon was fired, next day ye'd see de malishy, dey called dem, a-marchin' down from Pennsylvany and about and de Lord knows whar, all kivered with dust, and dressed in brown linen huntin'-shirts, pleated and fringed, mostly farmers. Dere was enough to go. Dey cayed canteens and knapsacks, and dey had

great hairy high caps—yes, dey had; s'pec's dey was bear-skin—and dey wore leggins. De officers was dressed in rigimentals, blue and red, with hairy caps, and a valise and canteen buckled behind deir saddles. Some wore linsey-woolsey gray bear-skin cloth. Dey used to sing,

'My cold feet! my cold hands!
My belly aches, but my pluck stands!'

"Never seed so many men, 'cept when de French army was here—as beautiful a sight as ever I see, so bloody-minded! De place was black with people when dey had deir review here. Dey come into town on a Sunday, and ye had to open yer house to take de head men in; de outskuffins went into tents in de fields. When de townspeople heerd dey was comin' dey thought it was de British, and sich runnin' and ridin' all day and night to get de wagons and horses to cay de goods out of de town! Dey liked Baltimore wonderful, de French did, and dey made a song dat dey would make New France of dis place. But deir was some of dem was very vulgar. Dey was de devil dat brought in dis eatin' of terrapins and frogs and snakes here. De Lord sent enough here, without eatin' sich devilment as dat! Dey riz de market with deir cookin' and eatin'. It was dem fotched in, too, dis callin' trowsers *pantaloons*, and stocks dey called *cravats*.

"In de time of de war dere was constant ridin' with papers, back and for'ard, night and day. See a gentleman ride up to de door, give de papers to maaster, and ride off; never get off de horse, never 'light!

'Now I'm a-comin' with all de week's news,
Some lies, and some true.'

Dat's what old John White used to sing when he come and used to chase us all over de place. When I hears him I runs under de platform, he after me, here, dere, every where. He was a monsus big man. Oh, my Lord! And mistuss—she was monsus big woman—used to most bust laughin'! Sich runnin' and hollerin' to try and skere us chil'en! Christmas he brought de Bell snickle. Once he asked me for a drink of water, and while he was drinkin' I pitched de bucketful all over him. Didn't I put den!

"Mistuss and Miss Betsy and old Sally B—— (she was a widow woman) and 'Good Liddy'—she was a good crittur dat mistuss raised—dey helped to make huntin'-shirts for de army, and we sarvants was all kept busy a-sewin' and knittin' and spinnin'. Sence, bringin' in dem factories broke de spinnin'-wheels. We made one hundred shirts for Lafayette's army. Every thing went for de war. Dey used to go into yer fields and press de fattest cattle, and yer wagon, when dey wrote on it it was for de army, and yer load of hay too! Dey cayed all along. De soldiers looked like de ruffi'ns ye see on de streets. Dey used to take a man from his plow in de field, wife and chil'en a-cryin', de soldiers a-cussin' de women, and marchin' off de husband before 'em. Stephen Shamydine and Maaster David Poe used to press. Captain L—— and Major Howard went, and even Tom C—— had to go. Nuff had to go; heap of cryin' about it! Maaster gave a man a lot of money to go his *substitute*, dey called it: man never come back, and never was heard of no more!

"Well, dere was dis everlastin' flyin' of papers until dey 'claim peace; and we was glad enough when it come. And soon arter dat old maaster died wid de gout. He was dat cross nobody could come near him 'cept me and another boy. Maaster was 'dustrious man, and used to stand up to de huskin' pile like any one of us.

"I lived twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. When ole mistuss died she left me to go clear for myself—Aunt Liddy, cook Liddy, Henry, me, and Carlos; left all my chil'en free 'cept two—I had fifteen chil'en, but don't ye see I look gamesome yet? De last was born time of Ross's war. We were up at Green Spring den; hear de guns roarin' at Fort M'Henry, mistuss and young mistuss a-frettin' and cryin'. Soon arter mistuss took sick and died.

"I staid a year and two or three months arter I was free, caise I knowed nothin' of hirin'. But now I'd got de string off my neck, I thought it was time for me to leave to do somethin' for myself, so I comes down to Baltimore once, all unbeknowens to my mistuss; and caise I didn't go to tell her she was mad, and said she didn't care if I staid or no. Dat 'fronted me, and I says to myself, I'll change my name to 'Peter' and put out; so I called myself 'Peter Put-out.' Eve was my name.

"When mistuss heard I was raly goin', she comes out of de house, and says she, 'Eve, yer maaster says he'll build ye a house if ye'll stay.' But it was too late. I'd asked him before, and he wouldn't, so now I was bound to go. I was so choked up and so full, I couldn't say nothin'; it was like life and death was partin'. Home is the best place, be it ever so homely. I was faithful to 'em. I was allers ready, never was afraid to work. I'd go out any hour of de night, when I heerd de rain and de storm, and take de lantern and go 'way down to de milk-house all by myself, and take de milk out and put de pans under de big oak-tree, and fotch rocks to put on 'em; water a-risin', and de great black water-snakes a-lyin' dere glisterin' in de dark; sometimes I had to take a horse to go to 'em, de water riz so high often.

"Mistuss cried after I went away: hasty and passionable, but clever woman. Never been dere but once or twice sence.

"Lamps was lit when I got to town, and next day I hired myself to a man named Jimmy French, 'way up de country. I went one Saturday and staid till Thursday. He said he never seed any body do as much work as I did; but dere was no black people dere, and it was monsus lonesome—no body to speak to—and I didn't like it. So when I heerd dere was to be a launch in Baltimore I told him I was goin' down to see it, and I raly did mean to go back; but as I was gwine along a man let me ride in his cart, and arter I'd rid a while I see so many blue rocks and high grass, says I, 'Here is rocks and here is grass; must be great many snakes about here.' Says he, 'We throws 'em out twenty foot long with our scythes in de spring.' 'My God!' says I, 'I never come out here no more!' and I've never been dere no more from dat day to dis. When I got to town I forgot all about de launch, a-thinkin' of de snakes and de wildernesses. But I called myself Peter, and I soon got work. Washin' and cookin', cleanin' and scourin', dat was my trade. Nice woman took me and gave me four dollars a month, every Christmas five dollars. I worked hard, and I put all de money I saved in de bank, till I got my chil'en all free—Ben and his wife and child, and my daughter Fanny. I gave seventy dollars for Ben and Fanny, and one hundred and fifty dollars for wife and child. My husband Bill, if he'd 'a had pluck, might 'a bought Ben for twenty dollars before he left de (Garrison) Forest, but he was married to de whisky-bottle. Sonny, you got very pretty foot, mighty pretty features. I'm a poor old crittur, but I must talk lively to keep my sperits up. If I jest had somethin' to buy my tobacky.

"Yes, Sir, I did see Washington once walkin' with his black sarvant. He was a good-lookin' man in black clothes. Can't hold up to him in dis day. He protected de land and made it all stanch. Dat's his imidge on his ormament dere."



WASHINGTON AND HIS SERVANT.

OUR DEBT TO CADMUS.

By REV. WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

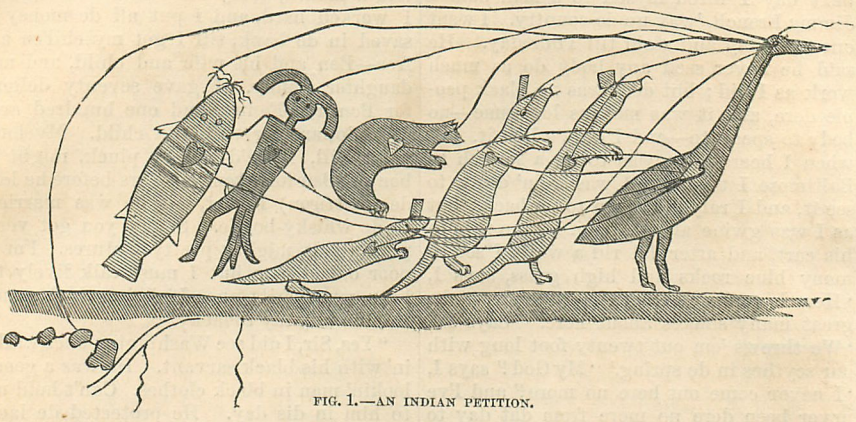


FIG. 1.—AN INDIAN PETITION.

IT is a very delicate piece of analysis to separate a word into its vowel and consonant sounds. It seems simple enough—and it *is* simple enough, now that we understand it—to articulate separately the score or two of sounds in a language; but it took a genius to make the first discovery that it could be done. It was a great deal easier to make pictures to represent the words, and we have several different kinds of picture writing.

The first stage of picture writing is that rude style with which we are somewhat familiar as practiced by the North American Indians. We can hardly call it writing, for general ideas rather than words are expressed. A story is told by a drawing, and the sentence is not analyzed into words. The accompanying illustration from Schoolcraft gives an example (Fig. 1). It is a petition presented by Indian chiefs to the President of the United States for the right to certain lakes near Lake Superior. The several petitioners are represented by the crane, martens, fish, etc., which are their totems. They have their eyes connected by lines with that of their leader, to show that their views coincide with his; and their hearts are similarly connected, to show that their feelings agree. The leader has a line from his eye directed forward to the President, and another backward reaching to the lakes.

But in order to have true writing separate words must be indicated. This would be easy in the case of such nouns as *man, sword, serpent, tree;* but something more arbitrary would have to be devised to express the other parts of speech. In the case of such words a picture might be selected to suggest rather than to express the meaning. So a knot might suggest the conjunction *and*, a stick might represent the verb *strike*, and a pyramid might indicate the adjective *firm*. These pictures might in the course of ages be altered and modified so as to be entirely arbitrary, and we then have such a written language as the Chinese (Fig. 2), in which each character represents a word, or the most ancient Babylonian, which Sir Henry Rawlinson calls the Scythic or Accad (Fig. 3).

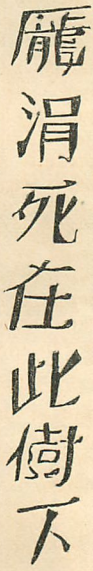


FIG. 2.—CHINESE IDEOGRAPHIC WRITING.

But this is a childish stage in the art of writing. It was a

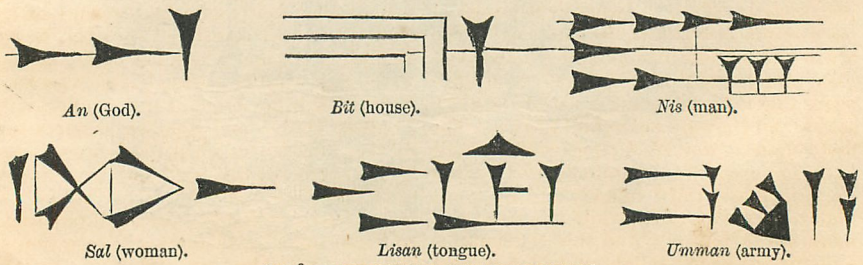


FIG. 3.—BABYLONIAN IDEOGRAPHIC WRITING.



(*Ilu*) *Na - bi - ū - ku - du - ur - ri - u - zu - ur*
Nabiūkudurriuzur
Nebuchadnezzar,



Sar bab - ilu - ra - ki as - ri ka - an - su
Sar Babilu asri kansu
King of Babylon, lord-paramount,



mu - ud - ni - in - nu - u pa - li - ih Bel Bel Bel
mudninnu palih Bel Beli
powerful, worshiper of the Lord of lords.

FIG. 4.—ASSYRIAN SYLLABIC WRITING, FROM NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

brilliant idea of some unknown genius, who found that there were a great many words for which he could not make pictures, to write his sentence in a sort of rebus, in which a picture shall represent a syllable, and two or more shall be required to make up a word. Then, as another step, a picture of a *ba*-sin may represent its first syllable, *ba*, and a picture of a *ser*-pent may represent its first syllable, *ser;* and if the two pictures are used together we have the adjective *ba-ser*, which it would have been impossible to put into picture writing in any other way.

Here was the first step in analysis—the dividing of words into syllables. It may seem a very little thing, but it first made writing possible. This we will call syllabic writing. But it is a very tedious sort of writing. Think how many syllables there are in a language, O ye who have toiled over

ba be bi bo bu
ab eb ib ob ub,

and so on through page after page of the primer! Then add to these simple syllables the possible combinations with two consonants, like

bra bre bri bro bru,

or

bad cad dad fad gad,

etc., and the number of simple syllables becomes enormous. But the oldest alphabets were all of this sort, simply because men were not yet advanced enough to think out a simpler system. Turn to Menant's *Grammar of the Assyrian Inscriptions*, the language of the arrow-headed writings of Nineveh and Babylon, and you will find the first twenty-five pages taken up in giving a list of the characters, and they are not yet all known. The first volume of Norris's dictionary of the same language gives 361 separate characters, and the second and third volumes add over one hundred more to them, while two more volumes are to follow. And this cumbersome alphabet, or rather syllabary, which it must have taken years to learn familiarly, had a copious literature, of which enough has been dug out of the valley of the Euphrates to fill several volumes of the size of the Bible. An example of it is given in Fig. 4. No wonder that in those times a scribe—one who knew how to write—was looked upon as truly a learned man!

It seems to us as easy and as natural to divide a word into its elemental sounds as into its syllables, but it is not. In 1823 a Cherokee Indian named Sequoja, or Guest, as he is also called, learned enough in the principles of European writing to set him to thinking whether he, too, could not do as much. He had got an inkling of the fact that we divide words into parts and give signs to these fractions; so he made him an alphabet. It was syllabic. This was all the analysis he was capable of. It never occurred to him that he could divide a syllable into any thing more elemental. His first draft had two hundred characters, though he afterward was able to reduce them to eighty-five. If it seems strange that so few syllables could exist, it must be remembered that the Indian languages are very simple in their vocal structure, and that in many of them two consonants can not come together, and that every syllable must end in a vowel. We can pronounce the word *speak*, a single syllable which begins with two consonants and ends with one. Many savage tribes could not pronounce that word; and in the copy of the New Testament translated into the Negro-English of Guiana, which lies before me as I write, this word is always given "peekee." Even after being brought into contact with English, Dutch, and Spanish masters and drivers, nine-tenths of the words are softened by the negroes in this way. So "I will repay, saith the Lord," is "Me sa pai bakka; so Massa takka"—that is, "Me shall pay back; so Massa talks." As another illustration of the way syllables are simplified by the

negroes, take another verse, which shows final consonants only when they are liquids: "And behold a voice from heaven said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This is rendered, "En lookoo, wan tongo oo tappo takki, Datti da me lobbi Pikien, na hem me habbi switti plessiri"—that is, "And look, one tongue from top talked, That there my loved Pickaninny (!); in him me have sweet pleasure."

A language like this would analyze into a very few syllables, and Sequoja did not have an endless task to learn his syllabic alphabet. We know of one other case in which, under similar circumstances, a native of Africa, Doalu Bukere, invented a mode of writing ten years later. This, too, was syllabic. And these two cases prove how much more natural is a syllabic than a purely alphabetic writing.

The Egyptian hieroglyphics have in part passed through this stage of syllabic analysis, the only kind known to the ancient Assyrians, into the next stage of analysis into vocal elements. We give a selection of the simple letters of their alphabet (Fig. 5), and might give a very much larger one of characters which represent syllables or entire words, and which they used mixed up with the purely alphabetic characters. But, curiously enough, they have retained carefully the old pictures unmodified, and have quite a number of different pictures, for each letter or syllable, of objects whose names begin with that letter or syllable. Fig. 6 is the cartouche of Ptolemy (*Ptulmis*), as given by Lepsius from the *Dekret von Kanopus*. Mr. Gliddon, formerly United States consul in Egypt, has made it clear to a child how hieroglyphics took their rise. He says: Suppose we wished to write the word "America" in our language in hieroglyphics, as the Egyptians did, we should draw a figure beginning with

A, for instance, an asp, the emblem of sovereignty:



M, of military dominion, a mace:



E, the national arms, an eagle:



R, sign of intellectual power, horns of a ram:



I, the juvenile age of the country, an infant:



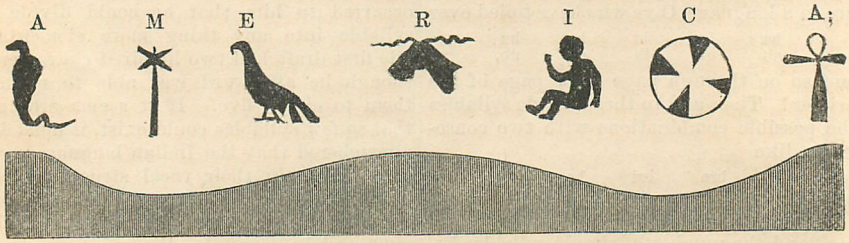
C, civilized religion, sacred cake:



A, the Egyptian emblem of eternal life:



To show that by this we mean a *country*, I add the sign  . We thus obtain



COUNTRY.

For their ordinary writing the Egyptians used a much more expeditious method, being a sort of short-hand pictorial script, in which the pictures were hardly recognizable. This has received the name of hieratic, and is the basis of the earliest true alphabetic writing.

Would that we knew the genius who first recognized consonants, and made them the basis of a shorter alphabet! The oldest alphabet of letters that we know is the Phœnician, and that was probably syllabic in its earliest form, if we can judge from the fact that it has not a single vowel. Its syllables were *ba, ga, da*, etc., beginning with the successive consonants. Afterward the vowels were neglected, and not written at all, just as in phonography; and the signs represented only the consonants. This was an imperfect alphabet, but it was now for the first time truly an alphabet, and even to this day the Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic, which are derived from it, are generally written without any vowels, in true stenographic style.

But whence came this alphabet—this patriarch of letters? We can not be sure. Probably it is a modification of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The second letter, *Beth*

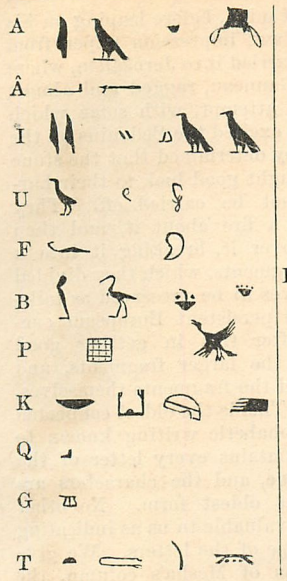


FIG. 5.—EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC LETTERS.—(AFTER LENORMANT.)

or *Bayith*, means *a house*. At first the picture of a house was the hieroglyph for the word. Then it stood for the first syllable, *ba*, and finally it represented only the first letter, *b*. This stage of development, during which the pictures were gradually altered to conventional signs scarce suggestive of their origin, we know nothing about. It may have taken ages, and it may have been the stroke of genius of some greater than Gutenberg, whose name the world has let die. One or two of the letters still show some trace of the original hieroglyph. Thus *Ayin*, which occupies in the Phœnician alphabet the place of our *o*, means *an eye*, and, sure enough, in the oldest monuments its shape is O.

We do not know how old this first of all alphabets, this venerable Phœnician, is. Its origin is lost in antiquity. Very likely Moses knew it, and wrote the law in its then youthful characters. But the monuments of Egypt of that period give us no trace of it. It may have been adopted from the Egyptian writing or modeled after it, but the improvement is probably due to strangers. We call it Phœnician, but there is not an atom of proof that the Phœnicians invented it: in fact, there is proof that they did not, or, at least, if they did, they were then a different people from the trading, maritime Phœnicians with whom we are acquainted. The names given to the letters show that they were originally pictures of objects familiar in a pastoral life. We have the camel and the ox, the tent, the tent door, and the tent pin; but no article of trade or commerce, and nothing suggestive of the sea, unless it be a fish and a fish-hook. Besides, at that time we do not know that Phœnicia had begun its career of trade and colonization. It may have been no more maritime than were the other tribes of Canaan, or the English in the times of Queen Boadicea.

But what was just this first, most archaic alphabet? Can we not see its letters, and pay due reverence to their antiquity? This is not quite impossible. If we can not be sure of every letter, we can give quite nearly the first pure alphabet that the world ever saw. The oldest piece, probably, of alphabetic writing that we possess is on a little seal stone, of which we give an exact copy in Fig. 7. We do not know how old it is; but it goes back very likely as far as the time of David or Solomon, a thousand or twelve hundred years before Christ. It has on it four consonants, MLSL. These must be read from right to left, and give us the word "*le-Shallum*"—that is, "belonging to Shallum." Who the Shallum was that owned this seal we do not know; but we are indebted to him for the oldest specimen of alphabetic writing known to exist on the globe. He was no Jew, though his name sounds Jewish, for we see him worshiping the Egyptian Thoth, god of arts and letters, as is indicated by the roll in his hand.



FIG. 7.—SEAL OF SHALLUM, B.C. 1000.



FIG. 6.—THE NAME OF PTOLEMY (PTULMIS) IN HIEROGLYPHICS.

But this little scarabæus gives us only three separate letters. We want the rest of the alphabet. For this we are indebted to one of the kings of Moab. We learn from the books of First and Second Kings that Mesha ruled over the land of Moab in the time of Ahab, nearly nine hundred years before Christ. He paid to Ahab, king of Israel, an enormous annual tribute of lambs and fleeced rams. But after the death of Ahab, as we are told, Mesha rebelled and refused to pay his tribute. Ahab's son made preparation to bring him back to submission, but his own death after a year's reign prevented. Then his successor, Joram, took up

the war vigorously, we do not know through how many campaigns, nor with just how much success; but we do know that in one of these campaigns Mesha was so closely besieged in his fortress by Joram, who had secured the aid of the kings of Judah and of Edom, that in his extremity he offered on the walls of the city his own eldest son and heir, in the sight of the allied armies, as a sacrifice to his god Chemosh. His superstitious foes were frightened, and raised the siege, fearing some terrible vengeance from the god who had been thus placated.

In some of his campaigns against Israel, whether before or after this is not quite certain, Mesha gained considerable successes against Israel. He captured quite a number of his ancestral towns that had long been annexed to the territory of Israel, and inhabited by the tribe of Dan. In honor of his victories he set up a memorial pillar, according to a local custom, in his native city of Dibon. On it he wrote a boastful account of his successes, but not a word of his defeats, and a recital of his restoration to its ancient glory of the city in which he had been born, and which he made his capital. For nearly twenty-seven centuries that column remained in Dibon with its writing uneffaced, and it was not till January of 1870, and after the attempt to secure it had caused its demolition by the suspicious Bedouins, that the inscription was ever published. For only a few months had it been known to exist. A Prussian and a Frenchman both tried to secure it, and the Frenchman succeeded, by free use of money, in getting about as poor an impression of it on paper as it is possible to imagine. He sent three Bedouins for the purpose, and while the paper was drying upon the stone one of the frequent Arab quarrels arose, and his three messengers just escaped with their lives. One of them received a severe sabre cut across his forehead; but another, with rare presence of mind, before leaping on his horse tore the wet impression paper from the stone, and carried it to Jerusalem, where it reached M. Ganneau, ragged and almost illegible. This attempt, with some which succeeded it, so excited the Bedouins on the subject that they determined that the stone which had brought good luck to their harvests should not be carried off. They therefore built a fire about it, and then poured water over it, breaking it into a multitude of fragments, which they divided among themselves to be preserved as talismans. But the persistent Europeans succeeded even after this in getting good impressions of the larger fragments, and finally nearly all the fragments themselves, of the column. This is the oldest connected specimen of alphabetic writing known to scholars. It contains every letter of the alphabet but one, and the characters are generally in the oldest form. No other monument is so valuable to us as indicating the original shape of the letters. We give two illustrations of Mesha's column, the one (Fig. 8) containing a few letters copied accurately and of full size, from a photograph of one of Captain Warren's impressions of the stone, or from casts of some fragments in the possession of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the other (Fig. 9) representing a few lines from the top of the inscription.

But we can not help wishing that we could trace our alphabet a little further back. Perhaps we can, inferentially. We can follow the course of modifications, and see the groove they run in, and perhaps can guess pretty well what some forms that have evidently been rounded were before they had thus been changed. Besides this, as we have said, there is reason to believe that the Phœnician came from the Egyptian, and the writing of the Nile we can trace back a thousand years further. The Egyptians

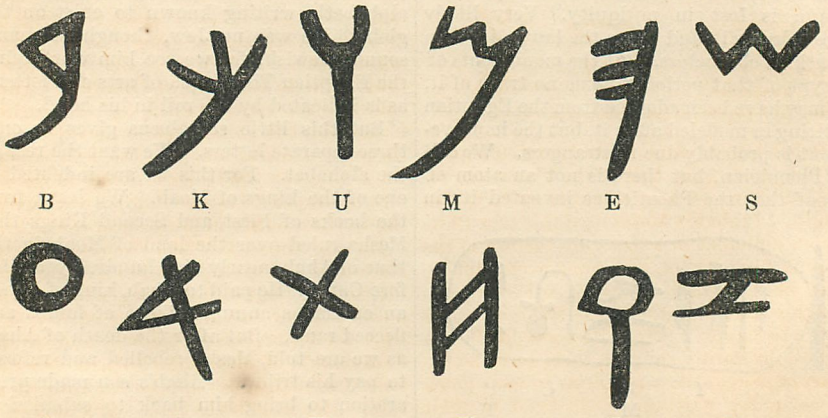


FIG. 8.—CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS IN FAC-SIMILE FROM THE MOABITE STONE.

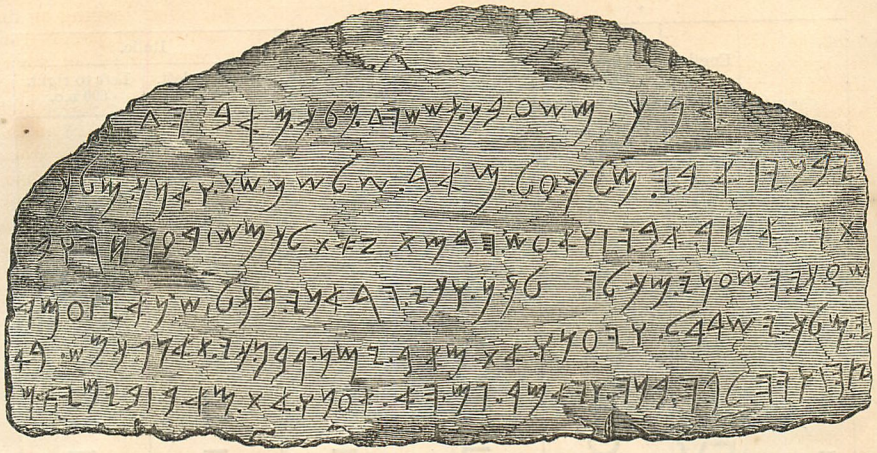


FIG. 9.—UPPER PORTION OF THE MOABITE STONE.

used two kinds of writing—the original hieroglyphic pictures, and these same characters cut down into a short-hand, which we have called the hieratic. The oldest hieratic writing known is what is called the "Papyrus Prisse," belonging to the Twelfth Dynasty, a period before the invasion of Egypt by the Hyksos, or shepherd kings, and probably as long ago as the time of Abraham. This takes us pretty well back into the history of writing. Now if we compare the Phœnician letters with the hieratic characters of the Papyrus Prisse, we shall find some remarkable resemblances. Thus, compare the following letters:

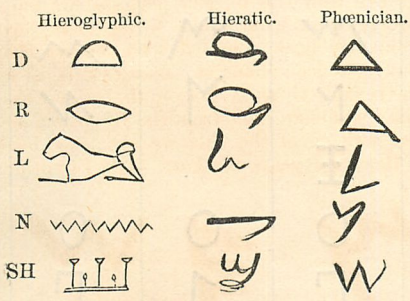


FIG. 10.—EGYPTIAN AND PHŒNICIAN CHARACTERS.

Other letters show a similar resemblance. In fact, more than half of the Phœnician alphabet shows evident traces of its Egyptian origin. Probably Moses used this new Phœnician alphabet in writing his history of the exodus from Egypt, and some even suppose that he invented it; while others, again, imagine that it is due to the Hebrews while living in Egypt. It is quite possible, though we would hardly suppose them to be so literary or mercantile a people as to have much occasion for writing. Still, even in their deepest oppression, their task-masters—or, as we should call them, "drivers"—were Hebrews, and kept accounts. But it is probable that the alphabet was older than Moses. The patriarch Judah had a seal ring, which he put to a bad use, and which may have had writing on it. Long before the invasion of the shepherd kings there was a Phœnician colony in the Delta of the Nile, and very likely they adapted the hieratic writing to their own language.

But what was this most venerable of all the alphabets? Can our curiosity be satisfied with a view of it? Not precisely. But we can see the exact shape which the letters soon after assumed. Fig. 11 shows the oldest form of the Phœnician letters which has come down to us. They are not taken from any one monument, but not one of them is taken from an inscription less than 2600 years old. For some we are indebted to seals or gems, for others to weights dug up at Nineveh, and for others to the great Moabite inscription. In the succeeding columns are given the very earliest Greek and Latin (or rather Italic) alphabets, also reaching back to the eighth or ninth centuries before Christ, a period as remote as the founding of Rome. At this time the writing was from right to left, like the Hebrew. These columns are accompanied by the earliest forms after the writing had been reversed to its present direction. In the first column we have given the Hebrew names of the letters, accompanied by the English corresponding to them either in position or sound.

Having found Cadmus in possession of his letters and giving them to the Greeks as far back as the ninth century before Christ, and we know not how much earlier, it is time for us to leave Phœnicia and all the descendants of Shem, and turn to the new race, destined to develop letters into literature. Henceforth the East—or Cadmus, if you please, for Cadmus is no historical character, only the Phœnician word *Kadm*, "East,"

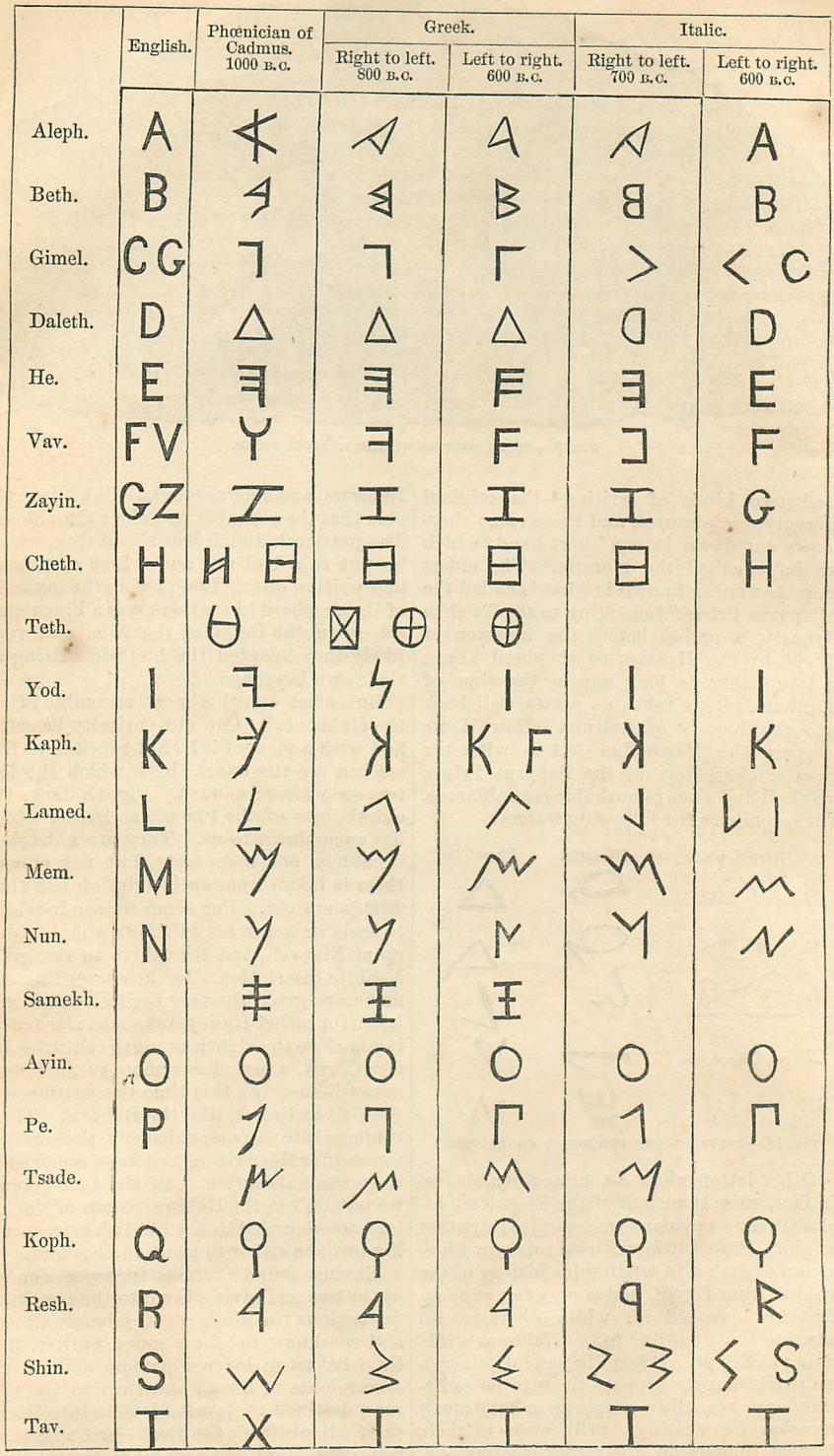


FIG. 11.—THE ARCHAIC ALPHABET.

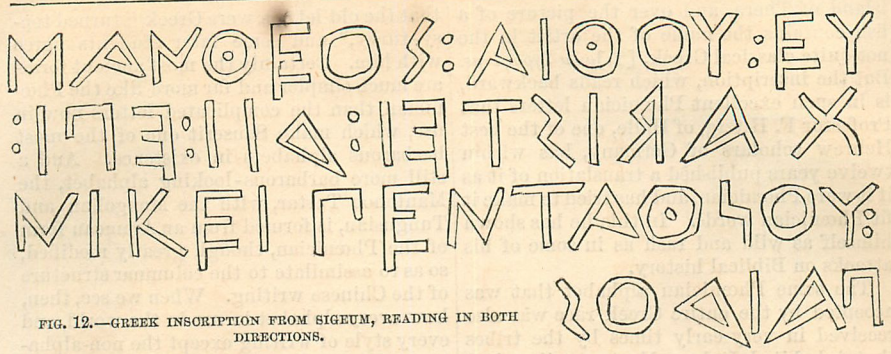


FIG. 12.—GREEK INSCRIPTION FROM SIGEUM, READING IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.

personified—may round off the angles and straighten out the zigzags of its alphabet as it pleases, until it is degenerated into the too simple and scarcely legible characters of the New Carthaginian of the time of King Juba, or may double and square it up into the modern Hebrew. We are done with it, so far as our debt to Cadmus is concerned.

When we first meet the Greek language in inscriptions upon gravestones and other monuments of the eighth and ninth centuries before Christ, the alphabet has already been adopted all over Greece, the Ægean Islands, and those parts of Asia Minor inhabited by the Ionian tribes. It was accepted bodily by the new language and the embryonic civilization. Our comparative table shows a resemblance in almost every case, and often an absolute identity. And more than this, the writing in the oldest Greek inscriptions is from right to left, just as in Phœnician, though some few examples show the transition stage to the other direction in a very curious way. In these cases (see Figs. 12 and 13) the letters in one line face in one direction, and in the next, like soldiers on parade, they have turned right about face, and not only is the line read the other way, but each letter has had its strokes which pointed to the left all turned over so as to point to the right. And this was the first change which the alphabet suffered at the hands of the Greeks. They turned each letter over, and made it face the other way. Our table of the alphabet shows both of these forms. They were not long content with writing forward and backward the way a team plows, this way and then that, across a field, but they fixed the alphabet in its new form.

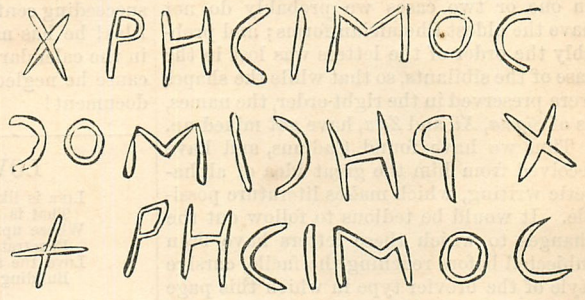


FIG. 13.—THE GREEK WORD χρήσιμος WRITTEN IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, FROM THE TEMPLE OF BEDESIEH, EGYPT.

To show how closely the earliest Greek inscriptions resemble the Phœnician we give (Fig. 14) a specimen which has had a curious literary history. It was found in the

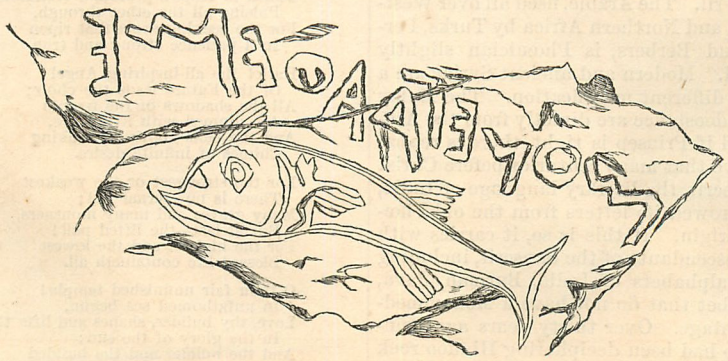


FIG. 14.—GREEK INSCRIPTION READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

island of Thera, and over the picture of a fish contains the name of the artist in the not quite classical Greek, [Τι]μων ἔγραφέ με. But the inscription, which reads backward, is in such excellent Phœnician letters that Professor F. Hitzig, of Halle, one of the best Hebrew scholars of Germany, has within twelve years published a translation of it as if it were Phœnician, and has tried to make it fit Phœnician words. In this he has shown himself as wild and rash as in some of his attacks on Biblical history.

The same Phœnician alphabet that was accepted by the entire Greek race was also received in very early times by the tribes that inhabited Italy. No two tribes had precisely the same form of letter, any more than the alphabet of the Ionian Greeks was precisely the same as that of the islands of the Ægean or of the Peloponnesus. All these slighter variations it is not important to detail, nor the additional letters that were adopted in later times. But a careful comparison of the ancient Greek with the Phœnician letters will show some discrepancies. In one or two cases we probably do not have the oldest Phœnician forms; and probably the order of the letters was lost in the case of the sibilants, so that while the shapes were preserved in the right order, the names, as of *Sigma*, *Xi*, and *Zeta*, have got mixed up.

Thus we have found Cadmus, and have received from him the great idea of alphabetic writing, which makes literature possible. It would be tedious to follow out the changes to which these letters have been subjected before reaching the facile, cursive style of the brevier type in which this page is printed.

This may be all *our* debt to Cadmus, but it is not the entire debt of the world. From that old alphabet of the East, there is reason to believe, is descended every other alphabet, except Chinese, that is now in use in the world. From it, through the Latin, came the alphabet of Western Europe and of America. From it, through the Greek, came the Old Gothic, the gift of Ulphilas, and the alphabet of Russia, the gift of the Sclavonic evangelist Cyril. The Arabic, used all over Western Asia and Northern Africa by Turks, Persians, and Berbers, is Phœnician slightly modified. Modern and ancient Syriac are a slightly different modification. The Malay and Hindoostanee are directly from the Arabic; and if Prinsep is right, there is reason to believe that many centuries before Christ the Sanscrit, the literary language of India, also borrowed its letters from the old Phœnician origin. If this is so, it carries with it the descendants of the Sanscrit, including all the alphabets of India, Burmah, Java, and Thibet that do not have a Mohammedan parentage. Over thirty years ago Prinsep, who had been deciphering Hindoo rock inscriptions of great antiquity, announced that the old letters were Greek "turned topsy-turvy," and some later students agree with him. Certainly the most ancient forms are much simpler and far more like the Phœnician than the complicated letters now in use, which make Sanscrit one of the most barbarous alphabets in existence. And a still more barbarous-looking alphabet, the Mantchoo Tartar, with the Mongolian and Tungusian, is formed from an Aramean form of the Phœnician, though greatly modified, so as to assimilate to the columnar structure of the Chinese writing. When we see, then, how every alphabet in use in the world, and every style of writing except the non-alphabetic writing of the Chinese, is derived from the Phœnician, we may try to reckon up what a debt the world owes to the obscure trader, it may be, or immigrant from Sidon, who first, in the Delta of the Nile, after learning the Egyptian hieroglyphics and hieratic, conceived how needlessly cumbrous they were, and had the genius to plan a new analysis, and to write down on a bit of papyrus some twenty characters, which all the succeeding centuries have been fain to adopt. Alas! he has missed being canonized, chief in the calendar of literary saints, simply because he neglected to sign his name to the document!

LOVE AND LIFE.

Life is like a stately temple
That is founded in the sea,
Whose uprising fair proportions
Penetrate immensity;
Love the architect who builds it,
Building it eternally.

To me, standing in the Present,
As one waits beside a grave,
Up the aisles and to the altar
Rolls the Past its solemn wave,
With a murmur as of mourning,
Undulating in the nave.

Pallid phantoms glide around me
In the wrecks of hope and home;
Voices moan among the waters,
Faces vanish in the foam;
But a peace, divine, unfailing,
Writes its promise in the dome.

Cold the waters where my feet are,
But my heart is strung anew,
Tuned to Hope's profound vibration,
Pulsing all the ether through,
For the seeking souls that ripen
In a patience strong and true.

Hark! the all-inspiring Angel
Of the Future leads the choir;
All the shadows of the temple
Are illumed with living fire,
And the bells above are waking
Chimes of infinite desire.

For the strongest or the weakest
There is no eternal fall;
Many graves and many mourners,
But at last—the lifted pall!
For the highest and the lowest
Blessed life containeth all.

O thou fair unfinished temple!
In unfathomed sea begun,
Love, thy builder, shapes and lifts thee
In the glory of the sun;
And the builder and the builded
To the pure in heart—are one.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XLI.

I BRING YOU THREE LETTERS—I PRAY YOU READ ONE.

THE partings were over. Dolly lived upon that last farewell for many a day to come. Such moments are states, and not mere measures of life. Robert loved her, she thought to herself, or he would never have come back to her, and if he loved her the parting had lost its sting. Poor little Lady Henley in her home in Dean's Yard was yellow and silent, and fierce in her anxiety. What was it to her that Sebastopol was to fall before the victorious armies, if the price she had to pay was the life of her son? She kept up as best she could, but the strain told upon her health and her temper. Sir Thomas kept meekly out of the way. The servants trembled and gave warning; the daughters could not give warning. Woe betide Norah if she were late for breakfast. Ill-fated Bell used to make *mal à propos* speeches, which were so sternly vented upon her that she used to go off in tears to her father. Sir Thomas himself was in an anxious, unsettled state, coming and going from his desk, poring over maps and papers, and the first of those awful broadsheets of fated names overcame him completely. He burned the paper, and would not let it go up stairs; but how keep out the lurid gleam of victory that was spreading over the country? Her flaming sword hung over all their heads by one single thread: it was the life of one man against the whole campaign for many of them. Hoarse voices would come shouting and shrieking in the streets; there was but one thought in every body's mind. All day long it seemed in the air, and a nightmare in the darkness. Poor Sir Thomas had no heart to go out, and used to sit gloomily in a little back study with a wire blind and four pairs of boots and *The Times* and a blotted cheque-book; he determined at last to take his wife home to Yorkshire again. There at least some silence was to be found among the moors and the rocky ridges, and some seeming of peace.

But for a long time Lady Henley refused to go. She was nearer Jonah in London, she said. The post came in one day sooner. It must have brought news to many an anxious home. What letters they are, those letters written twenty years ago, with numbed fingers, in dark tents, on chill battle-fields, in hospital wards. All these correspondents are well and in good heart, according to their own accounts. They don't suffer much from their wounds; they don't mind the cold; they think of the dear people at home, and write to them, after a weary night's watch or a fierce encounter, in the gentlest words of loving remembrance. The dying man sends his love and a recommendation for some soldier's children or widow at home; the strong man is ready to meet his fate, and is full of compassion for suffering. "I am writing on poor ——'s sabretasche; I am keeping it for his brother at home," says one. Another has been to see his sick friend, and sends cheering accounts of his state. Then, too, we may read, if we choose, the hearty, ill-spelled correspondence of the common soldiers, all instinct with the same generous and simple spirit. There are also the proclamations of the generals. The French announce: "The hour is come to fight, to conquer, to triumph over the demoralized columns of the enemy. The enterprise is great and worthy of their heroism. Providence appears to be on their side, as well as an immense armament of guns and forces, and the high valor of their English allies and the chosen forces of the Ottoman Empire. The noble confidence of the generals is to pass into the souls of the soldiers." At the same time, as we read in the English correspondent's letter, Lord Raglan issues his memorandum, requesting Mr. Commissary-General Filder "to take steps to insure that the troops shall all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days."

There is the record of it all in the old newspapers. Private Vance's letters are not given, for Dolly kept them for her own reading when they came at last. By the same



"HE SAW A NYMPH STANDING BY THE RAILING."—[SEE PAGE 530.]

mail was brought news from the two last departing travelers. Marker, who had brought in the letters one evening, waited to hear the news.

"George!" cried Dolly, tearing the first envelope open, and then, half laughing, half crying, she read her letter out.

Mrs. Palmer exclaimed, "Ah! ah! ah!—mad! mad!" at every other word.

Marker stood at the door, winking away some tears. Eliza Twells, who was a good-natured girl, hovered about in the darkness outside, and tumbled over the umbrella-stand in her excitement.

George seemed in good spirits. He wrote from Varna. A previous packet must have been lost, for he said he had written before. This was a cheerful and affectionate letter, quite matter-of-fact, and with no complaints or railings at fate.

"I dare say people think me a great fool," he said, "but, on the whole, I don't regret what I have done, except for any annoyance it may have caused you. If you and mamma would go to the Horse-Guards and ask for a commission for me, perhaps two such pretty ladies might mollify the authorities. They say commissions are not difficult to get just now. I shall consult the Colonel about it; I am to see him again in a day or two. I don't know why I did not speak to him just now when he sent for me." Then he went on to say that his Bulbul scholarship had stood him in good service, and his little Turkish had been turned to account. He had already passed as second-class interpreter, and he had got hold of some books and was getting on. "This is the reason why the Colonel sent for me yesterday morning. I am Private Vance, remember, only just out of the awkward squad. Our Colonel is a grand old man, with bright eagle eyes, and the heroic manner. You would like him, Dolly. He is like one of your favorite heroes. Do you remember Aunt Sarah's talking of David Fane, our father's old friend? When I found out who he was I felt very much inclined to tell him my real name. He said to me at once, 'I see you are not exactly what you appear to be. If you will come to me in a day or two I shall be glad to talk to you about your prospects; in the mean while don't forget what a good influence one man of good education and feeling can exert in the ranks of a regiment.' Old Fane himself is no bad specimen of a true knight; we all feel the better for knowing him. He walks with a long swift stride like a deer, tossing his head as he goes. I have never seen him in battle, but I can imagine him leading his men to victory, and I am glad of the chance which has given me such a leader. I wish there were more like him. Tell Raban, if you see him, that I am getting on very well, and that, far from being a black sheep here, no lamb-skin can compare with my pipe-clay." Then came something erased. "Dearest Dolly, you don't know what your goodness has been to me all this time. I hope Robert appreciates his good luck. This will reach you about the time of your wedding-day. I will send you a little Russian belt when I can find an opportunity. My love to them all, and be kind to Rhoda, for the sake of your most affectionate G. V."

There was a P.S.

"I forgot to ask you when I last wrote whether you got the letter I wrote you at Cambridge, and if old Miller gave you my packet. I bought the form in the town as I walked down to the boats. It all seems a horrid dream as I think of it now, and I am very much ashamed of that whole business; and yet I should like to leave matters as they are, dear, and to feel that I have done my best for that poor little girl. My love to old John; tell him to write. There has been a good deal of sickness here, but the worst is over."

The paper trembled in Dolly's hand as she dwelt upon every crooked line and twist of the dear handwriting that wrote "George is safe."

"I told you all along it was absurd to make such a disturbance about him. You see he was enjoying himself with his common associates," said Mrs. Palmer, crossly. "Strangely peculiar," she added, after a moment. "Dolly, did it ever occur to you that the dear boy was a little—" and she tapped her fair forehead significantly.

"He was only unhappy, mamma, but you see he is getting better now," said Dolly.

The next time Dolly saw Rhoda she ran up and kissed her, looking so kind that Rhoda was quite surprised, and wondered what had happened to make Dolly so nice again.

CHAPTER XLII.

RACHEL.

It was not only in the hospitals at Varna that people were anxious and at work at the time when George wrote. While the English ships were embarking their stores and their companies, their horses and their battalions, transporting them through surf and through storm to the shores of the fierce Russian empire; while Eastern hospitals were organizing their wards, nurses preparing to start on their errand; while generals were sitting in council—an enemy had attacked us at home in the very heart of our own great citadel and store place, and the peaceful warriors sent to combat this deadly foe are fighting their own battles. Cholera was the name of the enemy, and among those who had been expecting the onslaught, haranguing, driving companies of somewhat reluctant officials, good old John Morgan had been one of the most prominent. His own district at Kensington was well armed and prepared, but John Morgan's life at Kensington was coming to an end, and he had accepted a certain small living in the city, called St. Mary Outh'gate, of which the rector was leaving after five or six years' hard work. "It is a case of bricks without straw," said the poor worn-out rector. Morgan was full of courage, and ready to try his hand. Mrs. Morgan, with a sigh given to the old brown house and its comfortable cupboards, had agreed to move goods and chattels shortly into the dark little rectory in the city court, with its iron gates and its one smutty tree. To the curate's widow and mother there was an irresistible charm in the thought of a rectory.

St. Mary Outh'gate was a feeble saint, and unable to protect her votaries from the evil

effects of some open sewers and fish-heaps when the cholera broke out. At John's request the move was delayed. The girls remained at Kensington, while Mrs. Morgan traveled backward and forward between the homes. Every day the accounts grew more and more serious, and in the month of September the mortality had reached its height.

John's new parish of St. Mary Outh'gate lies on the river side of a great thoroughfare, of which the stream of carts and wheels rolls by from sunrise until the stars set. The rectory-house stood within its iron gates in a court at the end of a narrow passage. The back of the house looked into a cross-lane leading to the river. The thoroughfare itself was squalid, crowded, bare; there was nothing picturesque about it; but in the side streets were great warehouse cranes starting from high windows, and here and there some relic of past glories. Busy to-day had forgotten some old doorway, perhaps, or left some garden or terrace wall or some old banqueting-room still standing. It had swept the guests into the neighboring church-yards on its rapid way. To-day was in a fierce and restless mood; at home and abroad were anxious people watching the times; others were too busy to be anxious. John was hard at work and untiring. He had scarcely had time to unpack his portmanteau and to put up his beloved books and reports. His start had been a dispiriting one. People had been dying by scores in the little lane at the back of the rectory. Mrs. Morgan herself fell ill of anxiety and worry, and had to go home. It must be confessed that the cares of the move and the capabilities of the drawing-room carpet added not a little to the poor lady's distress. Betty remained to take care of her master, and to give him her mind. John bore the old woman's scolding with great sweetness of temper. "You do your work, Betty, and let me do mine," said he. He had taken in two professional nurses after his mother left, and his curate, whose landlady had died of the prevailing epidemic. The two men worked with good will. John came, went, preached, fumed, wrote letters to *The Times*. Frank, who was in town, came to see him one day. He found the curate in good spirits. Things were beginning to look a little less dark, and John was one of those who made the best of chance lights. He received his friend heartily, wheeled his one arm-chair up for him, and lit a pipe in his honor. The two sat talking in the old bare black room leading into the court. John gave a short account of his month's work.

"It's over now—at least, the worst is over," he said, "and the artisans are at work again. It's the poor little shop-keepers I pity; they have lost every thing—health, savings, customers—they are quite done up. However, I have a friend in the neighborhood to whom I go, and Lady Sarah heard of my letter to *The Times* and sent me fifty pounds for them the other day. Dolly brought it herself. I was sorry to see her looking worn, poor dear. I think it is a pity that Mrs. Palmer takes so very desponding a view of her daughter's prospects. Dolly seemed disinclined to speak on the subject, so I did not press her, and we all know," said the curate, in a constrained sort of voice, "that Henley is a high-minded man; his good judgment and sense of—"

"His own merit," said Raban, testily. "What a thing it is to have a sense of one's own virtue! He will get on in India; he will get on in every quarter of the world; he will go to heaven and be made an archangel. He has won a prize already that he does not know how to value at its worth, and never will as long as he lives."

John Morgan looked very much disturbed. "I am very sorry to hear you say this. Tell me as a friend: when Mrs. Palmer declares the engagement is broken off, do you really think there is any fear of—"

Frank jumped up suddenly.

"Broken off!" he cried, trying to hide his face of supreme satisfaction; and he began walking up and down the room. "Does she say so?"

The dismal little room seemed suddenly illumined; the smoky court, the smutty tree, the brown opposite foggy houses, were radiant. Frank could not speak. His one thought was to see Dolly, to find out the truth; he hardly heard the rest of the curate's sentence. "I have been so busy," he was saying, "that I have scarcely had one minute to think about it all; but I love Dolly dearly; she is a noble creature, and I should heartily grieve to hear that any thing had occurred to trouble her. Are you going already?"

There is a little well of fresh-water in Kensington Gardens, sparkling among the trees, and dripping into a stone basin. A few stone steps lead down to the lion's head, from whence the slender stream drips drop by drop into the basin; the children and the birds, too, come and drink there. Somewhere near this well a fairy prince was once supposed to hold his court. The glade is lovely in summer, and pleasant in autumn, especially late in the day, when the shadows are growing long, and the stems of the murmurous elm-trees shine with western gold.

Frank Raban was crossing from the high-road toward the palace gate, and he was walking with a long shadow of his own, when he chanced to pass the little well, and he saw a nymph standing by the railing and waiting while the stream trickled into the cup below. As he passed she looked up,

their eyes met, and Frank stopped short; for the nymph was that one of which he had been thinking as he came along—Dorothea of the pale face and waving bronze hair.

As he stopped Eliza came up the steps of the well, bringing her young mistress the glass; it was still very wet with the spray of the water, and Dolly, smiling, held it out to Raban, who took it with a bow from her hand. It was more than he had ever hoped, to meet her thus alone at the moment when he wanted to see her, to be greeted so kindly, so silently. No frowning Robert was in the background; only Eliza waiting, with her rosy face, while Dolly stood placid in the sloping light in the sunset and the autumn. Her broad feathered hat was pushed back, her eyes were alight.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "You have heard our good news from George; it came two nights ago. My aunt has been asking for you, Mr. Raban. What have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been at Cambridge," said Frank. "I am only up in town for two days; I was afraid of being in your way. Is every body gone? Are you alone? How is Lady Sarah?"

"She is better, I think; I am going back to her now," said Dolly. "I come here with Eliza to get her some of this chalybeate water. Will you come with me part of the way home?"

Of course he could come. He was engaged to dine at the club, and his hosts never forgave him for failing; he had letters to answer, and they remained on the table. He had left John Morgan in a hurry, too much excited by the news he had heard to smoke out his pipe in tranquillity, but here was peace under the chestnut-trees, where the two shadows were falling side by side, and lengthening as the world heaved toward the night.

As they were walking along Frank began telling Dolly about a second letter he had received from his grandfather; he could never resist the wish to tell her all about himself; even if she did not care to hear, he liked to tell her.

"I am in an uncertain state of mind," he said. "Since I saw you my grandfather has taken me into favor again; after these seven years he offers me Leah. He wants me to give up driving young gentlemen, and to take to sheep-shearing and farming and a good allowance. He writes to me from Harrowgate. I should have a house, and serve in bondage, and live upon him, and rescue him from the hands of the agents, who now perform that office very effectually," said Raban, dryly.

"What do you mean?" said Dolly, looking at him doubtfully.

"This is what I mean," said Frank. "I can not forget how badly the old people used me, and how for seven years they have left me to shift for myself. I have always failed in ambition. I shall never win Rachel," he said, "and I want nothing else that any body can give me; and what is the use of putting my head under the tyrannic old yoke?"

"It is so difficult to be just," Dolly answered, leading the way under the trees. "When I try to think of right and wrong it all seems to turn into people, and what they wish, and what I would like to do for them. I wonder if some people can love by rule? And yet love must be the best rule, mustn't it? and if your poor old grandfather is sorry, and begs you to go to him, it seems cruel to refuse."

She seemed to be speaking in tune to some solemn strain of music which was floating in the air.

Frank was looking at the ground, and without raising his eyes he presently said, "Well, I suppose you are right; I shall take your advice, and give up the dry crust of liberty and try to be content with cakes and ale; such strong ale, Miss Vanborough, such heavy cakes!" he added, looking at her absently.

Dolly blushed up, hesitated: she was rather frightened by the responsibility Frank seemed to put upon her.

"Could not you ask some one else?" she said, confusedly. "Perhaps Rachel," she added, not without a little jealous pang lest Rachel might be Rhoda, and her poor boy's last chance undone.

The light seemed to come from Raban's dark eyes. "I *have* asked Rachel," he said, in a low voice that seemed to thrill clear and distinct on her ears. "Is it possible," he added—"do you not know it? Is not your name Rachel to me? are you not the only Rachel in the whole world for me? I never thought I should tell you this," cried Frank, "until just now, when I heard from John Morgan that you were free; but now, whatever your answer may be, I tell you, that you may know that you are the one only woman whom I shall ever love. My dear, don't look frightened, don't turn away. Robert Henley never loved you as I do."

His coldness was gone; his half-sarcastic, half-sulky, careless manner was gone. It had given way to a sort of tender domination; the real generous fire of truth and unselfish love that belonged to the man, and had always been in him, seemed to flash out. The music still clanged on, solemnly jarring with his words. Dolly turned pale and cold.

"I am not free; it has all been a mistake," she said, very quickly. "You must not speak to me of Robert like that."

His face changed. "Are you still engaged to him?" he asked, looking at her steadily.

"I promised to wait for him, and you have no right to ask me any thing at all," she cried, turning angrily upon him. "Oh, why did you—how can you speak to me so?"

He was silent, but she had answered his eyes, not his spoken words. He saw that her eyes were full of tears. She spoke vehemently, passionately. He had read her too carefully to have had much hope. He saw that she was overpowered, that she was bound to Robert still, that his wild dream of happiness was but a vision. It was no new revelation to him. "You might have guessed it all long ago," said he, shortly. "But you would not understand me before, when I tried to tell you that I loved you. This is not the first time that I have spoken. Now you know all," he said, with a sigh. "Forget it if you like."

He would have left her, but Eliza had disappeared, and a crowd of people were gathered outside the gate, rough-looking Irish among them from the buildings opposite. A military funeral was passing by, the music had ceased, and the soldiers went tramping down the street in a long and solemn line; the slow fall of their feet struck upon the hard road and echoed with a dull throb. People were looking on in silence, and crowding to the windows and in the doorways. As the dead man's horse was led by, with the empty saddle and the boots swinging from the side, Dolly turned away pale and trembling, and Raban was glad then he had not left her. She put out her hand for a moment. She seemed blinded and scared.

Then she recovered herself quickly, and when the crowd gave way she walked on in silence by his side until they came to the turning that led to the old house. "Thank you," she said, a little tremulously. "Forgive me if I spoke harshly: it was best to tell you the truth."

Raban had meant to leave her without a word; now he suddenly changed his mind. He held out his hand.

"Good-by, Rachel," he said, still looking at her with silent reproach. "Do not fear that I shall trouble and annoy you again; it would be hard to take your friendship and confidence away from me because of John Morgan's mistake."

"How can you be my friend?" cried poor Dolly, suddenly, passionate and angry once more. "Leave me now—only go, please go."

Henley would have been satisfied if he had been present.

Frank walked away bitterly hurt and wounded; she seemed to resent his love as if it had been an insult. He was disappointed in Dolly, in life; the light was gone out, that one flash of happiness had shown him his own disappointment all the more plainly. We don't hope, and yet our hearts sink with disappointment: we expect nothing, but that nothing overwhelms us. And meanwhile life is going on, and death and the many interests and changes of mortals coming and going on their journey through space. When Frank got back to Cambridge he found a telegram summoning him at once to Harrowgate. It was sent by some unknown person.

People part; each carries away so much of the other's life; very often the exchange is a hard-driven bargain, willingly paid, indeed, which the poor debtor is in no inclination to resent. A whole heart's fidelity and remembrance in sleepless nights, tendered prayers, and blessings, in exchange for a little good grammar, a pleasant recollection, and some sand and ink and paper, all of which Dolly duly received that evening. All day long she had been haunted by that little scene at the well; it seemed to bring her nearer to Henley, and his letter came as an answer to her thoughts. George's letter had been for them all. Robert's was for herself alone, and she took it up to her room to read.

Robert's letter was not very short, it was sufficiently stamped, it said all that had to be said; and yet "How unreasonable I am! how can men feel as women do?" thought Dolly, kissing the letter to make up for her passing disappointment. Then came a thought, but she put it away with a sort of anger and indignation. She would not let herself think of Frank with pity or sympathy. It seemed disloyal to Robert to be sorry for the poor tutor.

Lady Henley also received a blotted scrawl from Jonah by that same post, and she made up her mind at last to go home, and she sent the brougham for Dolly and her mother to come and wish her good-by. On her first arrival Dolly was pounced upon by her cousins and taken in to Sir Thomas. When she came up stairs at last she found her aunt and her mother in full committee, apparently on good terms, and with their heads close together. The little lady was upon the sofa. Mrs. Palmer was upon the floor, in a favorite attitude. There only could she find complete rest, she said. Lady Henley had a great heap of Jonah's clothes upon the sofa beside her; she had been folding them up and marking them with her own hands. The drawing-room seemed full of the sound of the bells from the towers outside, and autumn leaves were dropping before the windows.

"Come here," said Lady Henley, holding out her hand to Dolly. "I have been talking to your mother about you. Look at her—as if there were no chairs in the room! I wanted to show you Jonah's letter. Foolish boy, he sends you his love. I don't know why I should give the message. You know you don't care for him, Dolly. Have you heard from Robert? Is he properly heart-broken?" with a sort of hoarse laugh. "Jonah mentions that he seems in very good spirits." Then Lady Henley became agitated. Dolly stood silent and embarrassed. "Why

don't you answer?" said her aunt, quite fiercely. "You can't answer; you can't show us his letter; you know in your heart that it has been a foolish affair. Your mother has told me all."

Lady Henley was flushed, and getting more and more excited, and, at the same time, a great jangling of bells came into the room from the abbey towers outside. Philippa gave one of her silvery laughs, and starting actively to her feet, came and put her arm round Dolly's waist.

"All! No indeed, Joanna. Delightful creature as he is, Robert tells one nothing. Forgive me, dearest, it is a fact. He really seemed quite to forget what was due to me, a lady in her own drawing-room, when he said good-by to you. I only mention it, for he is not generally so *empressé*, and if he had only explained himself—"

"What have you been saying, mamma?" said Dolly, blushing painfully. "There is nothing to explain."

"There is every thing to explain," burst in Lady Henley, from her corner; "and if you were my own daughter, Dolly, I should think it my duty to remonstrate with you, and to tell you frankly what I have always said from the beginning. There never was the slightest chance of happiness in this entanglement for either of you: take the advice of an older woman than yourself. Robert has no more feeling for you than—than—a fish, or do you think he would consent to be free? Ah! if you were not so blinded. There is one honest heart," she said, incoherently, breaking down for an instant. She quickly recovered, however, and Dolly, greatly distressed, stood looking at her, but she could not respond; if ever she had swerved, her faithful heart had now fully returned to its first allegiance. All they said seemed only to make her feel more and more how entirely her mind was made up.

"Robert and I understand each other quite well," said Dolly, gravely; "I wish him to be free. It is my doing, not his. Please don't speak of this to me or to any one else again."

She had promised to herself to be faithful, whatever came. Her whole heart had gone after Robert as he left her. She knew that she loved him. With all her humility, the thought that she had made a mistake in him had been painful beyond measure. It seemed to her now that she was answerable for his faith, for his loyalty, and she eagerly grasped at every shadow of that which she hoped to find in him.

She walked away to the window to hide her own gathering tears. The bells had come to an end suddenly. Some children were playing in the middle of the road and pursuing one another, and a stray organ-man, seeing a lady at the window, pulled out his stop and struck up a dreary tune—"Partant pour la Syrie, le jeune et beau Dunois." It was the tune of those times, but Dolly could never hear it afterward without a sickening dislike. Dolly, hearing the door bang, turned round at last.

"My dear Dolly, she is gone—she is in a passion—she will never forgive you," said Philippa, coming up in great excitement.

But she was mistaken. Lady Henley sent Dolly a little note that very evening.

"My Dear,—I was very angry with you to-day. Perhaps I was wrong to be angry. I will not say forgive an old woman for speaking the truth; it is only what you deserve. You must come and see us when you can in Yorkshire. We all feel you belong to us now. Yours affectionately,

"J. Henley."

"P.S.—I see in this evening's paper that our poor old neighbors at Ravensrick died at Harrowgate within a day of one another. I suppose your friend Frank Raban comes into the property."

CHAPTER XLIII.

CRAGS AND FRESH AIR.

The old town of Pebblesthwaite, in Yorkshire, slides down the side of a hill into the hollow. Rocks overtop the town-hall, and birds flying from the crags can look straight down into the gray stone streets, and upon the flat roofs of the squat houses. Pebblesthwaite lies in the heart of Craven—a country little known, and not yet within the tramp of the feet of the legions. It is a district of fresh winds and rocky summits, of thymy hill-sides, and of a quaint and arid sweetness. The rocks, the birds, the fresh rush of the mountain streams as they dash over the stones, strike Southerners most curiously. We contrast this pleasant turmoil with the sleepy lap of our weed-laden waters, the dull tranquillity of our fertile plains. If we did not know that we are but a day's journey from our homes, we might well wonder and ask ourselves in what unknown country we are wandering. Strange-shaped hills heave suddenly from the plains; others, rising and flowing tumultuously, line the horizon: overhead great clouds are advancing, heaped in massive lines against a blue and solid sky. These clouds rise with the gusts of a sudden wind that blows into Frank Raban's face as he comes jogging through the old town on his way to the house from which he had been expelled seven years before, and to which he is now returning as master. Smokethwaite is the metropolis of Pebblesthwaite, near which is Ravensrick. The station is on a little branch line of rail, starting off from the main line toward these rocks and crags of Craven.

Frank had come down with the Henleys, and seen them all driving off in the carriages and carts that had come down to meet them from the Court. Nothing had come for him,

and he had walked to the inn and ordered the trap.

"Where art goin'?" shouts a pair of leather gaiters standing firm upon the door-step of an old arched house opposite.

"Ravensrick Court," says the driver.

"'Tis a blustering day," says old leather gaiters.

The driver cracks his whip, and begins to do the honors of Pebblesthwaite as the horse clatters over the stones. "Do ye ken t' shambles?" he says, pointing to an old arched building overtopped by a great crag.

"I know it as well as you do," says Frank, smiling.

Can it be seven years since he left? Raban looks about: every stone and every pane of glass seem familiar. The town was all busy and awake. The farmers, sturdy, crop-headed, with baskets on their arms, were chattering and selling, standing in groups, or coming in and out of shops and doorways, careful as any housewives over their purchases. There were strange stores —shoes, old iron, fish, all heaped together; seven years older than when the last market-day Frank was there, but none the worse for that. There was the old auctioneer, in his tall, battered hat, disposing of his treasures. He was holding up a horse's yoke to competition. "Three shillin'! four shillin'!" says he. The people crowd and gape round. One fellow, in a crimson waistcoat, driving past in a donkey-cart, stops short and stares hard at the trap and at Raban. Frank knew him, and nodded with a smile. Two more stumpy leather gaiters, greeting each other, looked up as he drove by, and grinned. He remembered them too. There was the old Quaker, in his white neckcloth, standing at the door of his handsome old shop; and Squire Anley, walking along to the bank, all dressed from head to foot in loose gray clothes, with his bull-terrier at his heels. And then they drove out into the straight country roads; under the bridge between stone hedges, beyond which the late flames of summer green were still gleaming—the meadows still shone with spangling autumn flowers. Far away in the hollow hung the smoke of the factory, with its many windows; a couple of tall chimneys spouted blackness; a train was speeding northward; close at hand a stream was dashing; the great trees seemed full of birds. It was a different world from that in which he had been basking. Frank already felt years younger as he drove along the road—the old boyish impulses seemed waiting at every turn. "Why, there goes old Brand," he cried, leaning forward eagerly to look after an old keeper, with a couple of dogs, walking off with a gun toward the hills.

Frank called after the keeper, but the wind carried away his voice. As he drove along by each stile and corner that seemed to have awaited his coming, he suddenly thought of his talk with Dorothea. She had been cruelly hard to him, but he was glad to think now that he had followed her advice about forgiveness of injuries, and made an advance to the poor old people who were now gone. It would have been absurd to pretend to any great sorrow for their death. They had lived their life, and shown him little kindness while it lasted. It was a chance now that brought him back to Ravensrick again.

He had written an answer to his grandfather's letter, and accepted his offer, but the only answer which ever came to this was the telegram summoning him to Harrowgate. It had been delayed on the way; and as he went down in the train the first thing he saw was a paragraph in *The Times*: "At the Mitre Hotel, Harrowgate, on the 28th instant, John Raban, Esq., of Ravensrick, Pebblesthwaite, aged 86; and on the following day, Antonia, widow of the above John Raban, Esq., aged 75." The old squire had gone to Harrowgate for the benefit of his health, but he had died quite suddenly; and the poor lady to whom he had left every thing, notwithstanding his injunctions and elaborate directions as to her future disposal of it, sank the night after his death, unable to struggle through the dark hours.

And then came confusion, undertakers, lawyers, and agents, in the midst of which some one thought of sending for Frank. He was the old couple's one grandson, and the old lady had left no will. So the tutor came in for the savings of their long lives, the comfortable old house, the money in the bank, the money in the funds, the ox and the ass, and the man-servant and the maid-servant, who had had their own way for so many years past, and preyed upon the old couple with much fidelity. They all attended the funeral in new suits of mourning ordered by the agent. Frank recognized many of them. There was the old housekeeper, who used to box his ears as a little boy; the butler, who used to complain of him. He was oppressed by all these yards of black cloth, and these dozens of white pocket-handkerchiefs; and he let them return alone to Ravensrick, and followed in the course of a day or two.

There are harsh words and unkind judgments in life, but what a might of nature, of oblivion and distraction, is arrayed in battle against them; daylight, lamp-light, sounds of birds and animals, come in between, and turn the slander, the ill-spoken sentence and its fierce retort, from its path. What do harsh words matter that were spoken a week ago? Seven days' sunshine have brightened since then. While I am railing at false friends and harsh interpretations, the clematis flowers have starred the wavering curtain of green that shades my

window from the light; the old Norman steeple has clanged the blue hours; the distant flow of the sea has reached me, with a sound of the twitter of birds in accompaniment. Is it six months ago since A judged B unkindly? A and B, walking by the opal light of the distant horizon, are thinking no more of coldness and unkindness, but of the fresh sweetness of the autumnal sea. Even to the harshest of us Nature is kind.

As Frank comes driving along the well-known road, and the fresh, blustering winds blow into his face, past unkindness matters little; every gust sends it farther away. He thinks, with a vague sense of pity, of a poor little ghost that used to run hiding and shrinking away in dark corners; a little fatalist doomed to break windows, slam doors, and leave gates ajar, through which accusing geese, sheep, ponies, would straggle to convict him. He used to think they were all in one league against him. Twice a week on an average he was led up into his grandfather's study to be cross-examined, and to criminate himself hopelessly before that inexorable old judge. A handsome old man, with flowing white locks and a grand manner and opinion upon every subject. If old Mrs. Raban generally supplied the opinions, the language was the squire's own. Mrs. Raban had been a spoiled old beauty, rouged and frizzed and rustling; she disliked every one who interfered with her own importance. She adored her husband, and was jealous of him to the last. Some chance speech had set her against the poor little "heir," as some one called him, and she had decreed that he was a naughty and stupid little boy, and was to be kept in his place. There rises Frank's little doppelgänger before him, hanging his head, convicted of having broken the carriage window or some such offense; there sits the old judge in his arm-chair by the library table, dignified, stately, uttering magnificent platitudes, to which the ancestor in the cauliflower wig is listening with deep attention. Frank seems to hear the echo of his voice and the rustle of his grandmother's dress as she leaves the room: but the horse starts, a partridge scuffles across the road, and he comes back to the present again.

"Yan goes," says the driver, excitedly, standing up on his box. Then they pass a little tumble-down village, and there at a turn of the road rise the chimneys of Ravensrick, and Pen-y-ghent rearing its huge back behind them, and the iron gates, and the old avenue, and the crows flying, whirling, dancing, sliding in twos and threes and twenties—how often the little doppelgänger had watched their mystic dance! Had it been going on for seven years?

"There's t' Court," said Frank's companion, a good-humored, talkative man. "T' owd squire, he was res-pectit, but he let things go." As he spoke they were passing by a cottage with a broken roof and a generally dilapidated, half-patched look; a ragged woman was standing at the door; two wild-looking children were rolling in the dust; at the same time a man on horseback, coming the contrary way, rode past them on the road. The driver touched his cap, the woman disappeared into the house.

"That's Thomas Close, t' agent," said Frank's companion.

Frank, looking back as the carriage turned, saw a curious little scene. One of the children, who was standing in the road, suddenly stamped and clinched his little fist at the agent as he passed. The man reined in his horse, leaned back, and cut at the child with his whip; the little boy, howling, ran into the cottage.

Frank asked the driver what he knew of the people in the cottage.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Mary Styles, she is queer in her ways," said he; "i' t' habit o' snuffin' and drinkin'. Joe Styles, he follows t' squire's cart; t' agent give him notice la-ast Monday; he wer' down at our ya-ard wantin' work, poor chap," said the man, with a crack of the whip. "Thomas Close he says he will have naught nor bachelors upon t' farm. He's a—"

"Stop," said Frank; "I'll get down here. Take my portmanteau to the front-door and tell them to pay you, and say that—a—I am coming."

The man stared, and suddenly gave a low whistle as he drove off. Meanwhile the new squire walked up by the back way. He crossed the kitchen-garden and got on to the terrace. How well he knew the way! The lock of the gate was easier than it used to be, the walls were greener and thicker with leaves and trellis. The old couple were coming back no more, but the beds they had planted were bright with Michaelmas daisies and lilies, and crimson and golden berries with purple leaves were heaping the terrace, where a man was at work snipping at the overgrowth of the box hedges. There was the iron scrolled gate through which you could see the distant view of Pen-y-ghent. There was the old summer-house where he once kept a menagerie of snails, until they were discovered by Miss Meal, his grandmother's companion. Coming out of the garden, he found himself face to face with the long rows of doors and of windows, those deadly enemies of his youth; a big brown dog, like a fox, with a soft skin and a friendly nose, came trotting up with a friendly expression. It followed Frank along the back passage leading straight into the hall: it was one of those huge stone halls such as people in Yorkshire like. The man in armor stood keeping watch in his corner, the lantern swung, every chair was in its place, and the old man's hat and his dog-

skin gloves lay ready for him on the oak table.

Then Frank opened the dining-room door. It faced westward, and the light came sliding upon the floors and walls and shining old mirrors, just as he remembered it. There was the doctor of divinity in his gown and bands, who used to make faces at him as he sat at luncheon; there was the King Charles's beauty, leaning her cheek upon her hand, and pensively contemplating the door and watching her descendants pass through. This one walks firm and quick; he does not come shuffling and with care, though give him but time enough, and it may come to that. But, meanwhile, the ancestry on canvas, the old chairs with their fat seats and slim bandy-legs, the old spoons curling into Queen Anne scrolls, the books in the book-cases, all have passed out of the grasping old hands, and Frank, who had been denied twenty pounds often when he was in need, might help himself, now there was no one to oppose his right.

The next room is the library, and his heart beats a little as he opens the door. There is no one sitting there. The place is empty and in order; the chair is put against the wall; the oracle is silent; there is nothing to be afraid of any more.

Frank, as he stands in the torture-chamber, makes a vow to remember his own youth if, as time goes on, he should ever be tempted to be hard upon others. Then he walks across to the fire-place and rings the bell. It jangles long and loud; it startles all the respectable old servants, who are drinking hot beer, in their handsome mourning, in the housekeeper's room. Frank has to ring again before any body finds courage to come.

Perrin, the butler, refusing to move, two of the house-maids appear at last, hand in hand. They peep in at the door, and give a little shriek when they see the window open and Frank standing there. They are somewhat reassured when a very civil young master, with some odd resemblance to the old eagle-faced squire, requests them to light a fire and show him to a room.

"I came in the back way," he said. "I am Mr. Raban."

Frank declines the squire's room, the great four-post bedstead, and the mahogany splendor, and chooses a more modest apartment on the stairs, with a pretty view of the valley.

He came down to a somewhat terrible and solitary meal in the great dining-room; more than once he looked up at his ancestor, now too well-mannered to make faces at the heir.

All that evening Frank was busy with Mr. Close. He said so little, and seemed so indifferent, that the agent began to think that another golden age was come, and that, with a little tact and patience, he might be able to rule the new squire as completely as he had ruled the old one. Close was a vulgar, ambitious man, of a lower class than is usual in his profession. He had begun life as a house agent. Most of the squire's property consisted in leases; he had owned a whole street in Smokethwaite, as well as a couple of mills let out to tenants.

"I dare say you won't care to be troubled with all these details," said the agent, taking up his books as he said good-night.

"You may as well leave them," said Frank, sleepily. "They will be quite safe if you leave them there, Mr. Close. I will just look them over once more."

And Mr. Close rather reluctantly put them down, and set out on his homeward walk.

It was very late. Frank threw open the window when he was alone, and stood on the step looking into the cool blackness; hazy and peaceful, he could just distinguish the cows in the fields, just hear the rush of the torrent at the bridge down below. He could see the dewy, veiled flash of the lights overhead. From all this he turned away to Mr. Close's books again. Until late into the night he sat adding and calculating and comparing figures. He had taken a prejudice against the agent, but he wanted to be sure of the facts before he questioned him about their bearing. It was Frank's habit to be slow, and to take his time. About one o'clock, as he was thinking of going to bed, something came scratching at the window, which opened down to the ground. It was the brown dog, Pixie, who came in, and springing up into the squire's empty chair, went fast asleep. When Frank got up to go to bed, Pixie jumped down, shook himself, and trotted up stairs at his heels.

Frank took a walk early next morning. What he saw did not give him much satisfaction. He first went to the little farm near the bridge. He remembered it trim and well kept. Many a time he had come to the kitchen door and poured out his troubles to kind Mrs. Tanner, the farmer's wife. But the farmer's wife was dead, and the farm had lost its trim, bright look. The flowers were in the garden, the torrent foamed, but the place looked forlorn; there was a bad smell from a drain; there was a gap in the paling, a general come-down-in-the-world look about the stables; and yet it was a pretty place, even in its present neglect. A stable-man was clanking about the yard, where some sheep were penned. A girl with gypsy eyes and a faded yellow dress stood at the kitchen door. She made way for Frank to pass. Tanner himself, looking shrunken, oldened, and worn out, was smoking his pipe by the hearth. He had been out in the fields, and was come in to rest among his old tankards and blackened pipes.

Frank was disappointed by the old man's

dull recognition. He stared at him and tapped his pipe.

"Ay, Sir," he said, "I know you, why not? Joe Sturt from t' 'Ploo' told me you hed com'. Foalks com's and go's. T' owd squire he's gone his way. He's com' oop again a young squire. T' owd farmer may-be will foller next. T' young farmer is a wa-aiting to step into his clogs."

Old Tanner turned a surly back upon Frank.

"Well, good-by," said the young landlord at last. "If Mrs. Tanner had been alive she would have been more friendly than you have been."

This plain speaking seemed to suit the old farmer, who turned stiffly and looked over his shoulder.

"She wer' kind to all," said he; "even to gra-aspin' landlords that bring ruin on the farmer, and think naught o' doublin' t' rent. I wo-ant leave t' owd pla-ace," said Tanner. "Ye ca-ant turn me out. I know ye would like to thraw it into t' pa-ark, but I'll pay t' la-ast farthin'. Close he wer' here again a-spyin', and he tould me ye had given him the lease. D—— him."

"Don't swear, Tanner," said Frank, laughing. "Who wants your farm? what is it all about?" And then it all came out.

"There is some mistake; I will speak to Close," Frank said, walking off abruptly to hide his annoyance.

"T' cold-blooded fella," said old Tanner, settling down to his pipe again; but somehow it had a better flavor than before.

Close had not been prepared for Frank's early walk, and the new lease he was bringing for the new landlord to sign was already on its way to the Court. The old squire had refused to turn Tanner out, but the lease was up, and year by year the agent had added to the rent. It was a pretty little place, capable of being made into a comfortable dwelling-house, where Mr. Close felt he could end his days in peace. Old Tanner was past his work; it was absurd of him to cling on. There had been a battle between the two, and poor old Tanner had been going to the wall.

Presently Frank forgot his indignation, for he met an old friend down the steep lane that led to the moor.

James Brand was a picturesque figure, advancing between the hedges this bright September morning. He had heavy gaiters, a gun was slung across his shoulders, and a lurcher was leaping at his heels. The old fellow was straight and active, with two blue eyes like pools, and a face as seamed and furrowed as the rocks among which he lived.

"Thought ye wer' ne'er coomin, Mr. Frank," said he, quietly; "t' wife she sent me to look;" and he held out a horny hand.

He was very quiet; he turned silently and led the way back to the little stone house built against the slope of the hill. The two trudged together: the keeper went a little ahead. Every now and then he looked over his shoulder with a glance of some satisfaction. Frank followed, stooping under the low doorway that led into the old familiar stone kitchen, with the long strings of oat-cake hanging to dry, its oak cupboard and deep window-sills, the great chimney, where Mrs. Brand was busied. Frank remembered every thing—the guns slung on the walls, the framed almanac, the stuffed wild fowl, the gleam of the mountain lake through the deep window, the face of the old nurse as she came to meet him. People who have been through trouble, and who have been absorbed in their own interests, sometimes feel ashamed when time goes on and they come back to some old home and discover what faithful remembrance has followed them all along, and love to which, perhaps, they never gave a thought. If old things have a charm, old love and old friendship are like old wine, with a special gentle savor of their own.

Frank had always remembered the Brands with kindness; once or twice at Christmas he had sent his old nurse a little remembrance, but that was all; he had never done any thing to deserve such affection as that which he read written upon her worn face. Her eyes were full of tears as she welcomed him. She said very little, but she took his hand and looked at him silently, and then almost immediately began to busy herself, bringing out oat-cake and wine from an oak chest that stood in the window.

"There is the old oak chest," said Frank, looking about; "why, nothing is changed, James!"

"We do-ant change," said James, looking about, with a silent sort of chuckle. Neither he, nor the old dame, nor the stout-built stone lodge was made to change. It was piled up with heavy stones; winter storms could not shake it, nor summer heats penetrate the stout walls.

This part of Craven country flows in strange and abrupt waves to the east and to the west. Rocks heap among the heather; winds come blowing across the moors, that lie gray and purple at mid-day, and stern and sweet in the evening and morning; rivers flow along their rocky beds; hawks fly past; eagles sometimes swoop down into this quaint world of stones and flowers.

Frank, standing at the door of the keeper's lodge, could look across to the Court and to the hills beyond, where the woods were waving; some natural feeling of exultation he may have felt, thinking that all this had come to him when he least expected it. Well, he would do his best, and use it for the best. He thought of one person who might have told him what to do, with whom, if

fate had been propitious, he would gladly have shared these sweet moors and wild flowers, these fresh winds and foaming torrents; but she had failed him, and sent him away with harsh words that haunted him still.

James, when they started again, brought him a light for his pipe, and the two trudged off together. James still went ahead. The dogs followed, baying.

"So t' squoire's in his grave," said James. "He were a good friend to us," he said. "I'm glad no strangers coom t' fore. Ye should 'a cottoned oop t' old man, Mr. Frank."

"What could I do, James?" said Frank, after a moment's silence. "He forbade me the house. I am only here now by a chance. If there had been a will, I should probably have been far away."

"'Twer' no cha-ance," said old James. "He ne'er thought o' disinheritin' ye; he were a proud ma-an. 'Twer' a moonth sin' I last saw t' ould man. He said, 'Wa'al! I'm a-going from Pebblesthwaite. Ye'll hav' another master, James, afore long; tell him t' thin the Walden wood, and tak' Mr. Fra-ank down t' hollow whar t' covers lie.' He took on sorely ne'er seeing ye, Sir."

Frank turned very red. "I wish I had known it sooner, James."

Frank came home from his talk with the keeper in a softened and grateful mind. The thought that no injustice had been meant, that his grandfather had been thinking of him with kindness, touched him, and made him ashamed of his long rancor. Now he could understand it all, for he felt that in himself were the germs of this same reticence and difficulty of expression. The letter he had thought so unkind had only meant kindness. It was too late now to regret what was past, and yet the thought of the dead man's good-will made him happier than he could have supposed possible. The whole place looked different, more homelike, less bristling with the past; the lonely little ghost of his childhood was exorcised, and no longer haunted him at every turn.

Frank, notwithstanding his outward calm, was apt to go to extremes when roused, and, after a few mornings spent over accounts with Mr. Close, he gave that gentleman very plainly to understand that although he did not choose to criticise what had passed, he wished his affairs to be conducted in future in an entirely different manner. The cottages were in a shameful state of disrepair; the rents were exorbitantly high for the accommodation given.....

Mr. Close stared at Frank. The young squire must be a little touched in the head. When Raban, carried away by his vexation, made him a little speech about the duties of a country gentleman and his agent, Mr. Close said, "Very true, Sir. Indeed, Sir? Jest so." But he did not understand one word of it, and Frank might just as well have addressed one of the fat oxen grazing in the field outside.

"You will find I have always studied your interests, Sir," said Mr. Close, rubbing his hands, "and I shall continue to do so. Perhaps you will allow me to point out that the proposed improvements will amount to more than you expect. You will have heavy expenses, Sir. Some parties let their houses for a time: I have an offer from a wealthy gentleman from Manchester," said the irrepressible Close.

Frank shortly answered that he did not wish to let the house, and that he must arrange for the improvements. A domestic revolution was the consequence, for when the new master proposed to reduce the establishment the butler gasped, choked, and finally burst into tears. He could not allow such aspersions upon his character. What would his old master and mistress have said? His little savings were earned by faithful service, and sooner than see two under-footmen dismissed he should wish to leave.

Mrs. Roper, the housekeeper, also felt that the time was come for rest and a private bar. She had been used to three in the kitchen, and she should not be doing her duty by herself if she said she could do with less.

Raban let them all go, with a couple of years' wages. For the present he only wanted to be left alone. He staid on with a groom and a couple of countrywomen sent in by Mrs. Brand. They clattered about the great kitchen, and their red shock heads might be seen half a mile off. Of course the neighbors talked: some few approved; old friends who had known him before troubled themselves but little; the rest loudly blamed his proceedings. He was a screw; he had lived on a crust, and he now grudged every half-penny. He was cracked (this was Mr. Close's version); he had been in a lunatic asylum; he had murdered his first wife.

When the county began to call, in friendly basket-carriages and wagonettes, it would be shown in by Betty and Becky to the library and the adjoining room, in which Mr. Raban lived. Frank had brought the lurcher away from the keeper's lodge; it had made friends with the foxy terrier, and the two dogs would follow him about, or lie comfortably on the rug while he sat at work upon his papers. The periwigged ancestor looked on from the wall, indifferently watching all these changes. One table in the window was piled with business papers, leases, check-books, lawyers' letters in bundles. A quantity of books that Frank had sent for from London stood in rows upon the floor. After the amenities and regularities of the last few years, this easy life came as

a rest and reinvigoration. He did not want society. Frank was so taken up with schemes for sweeping clean with his new broom that he was glad to be free for a time, and absolved from the necessity of dressing, of going out to dinner, and making conversation. He would open his windows wide on starry nights. The thymy wind would sough into his face; clear beam the solemn lights; the woods shiver softly. Does a thought come to him at such times of a sick woman in an old house far away, of a girl with dark brows and a tender smile, watching by her bedside?

People who had been used to the pale and silent college tutor in his stuff gown might scarcely have recognized Frank riding about from farm to farm in the new and prosperous character of a country gentleman, begaitered and bewideawaked. The neighbors who exclaimed at the shabbiness of Mr. Frank's in-door establishment might also, and with more reason, exclaim at the regiment of barrows and men at work, at the drains digging, roofs repairing, fences painting. The melancholy outside tumble-down-looking houses were smartening up. The people stood at their doors watching with some interest and excitement the works as they hammered on.

Frank superintended it all himself. He was up to his waist in a ditch one day when the Henley party drove past in the break on their way to call at Ravensrick. They left a heap of cards—Sir Thomas and Lady Henley, Mr. Jonah Anley, Captain Boswarrick—and an invitation for him to dine and sleep the following day. The red-headed girls took the cards in, and grinned at the fine company; the fine company grinned in return at Sukey.

"Why, what sort of society can he have been used to?" cried little Mrs. Boswarrick. She was the eldest daughter: a pretty, plump little woman, very much spoiled by her husband, and by her father too, whose favorite she was.

"He has evidently not been used to associate with butlers and footmen," said Mr. Anley.

"Hulloh!" shouted Sir Thomas, as he drove out at the park gates. "Look there, Anley! he is draining Medmere, and there's a new window to the schools. By Jove!"

"Foolish young man!" said Mr. Anley, "wasting his substance draining cottages and lighting school-rooms!" and he looked out with some interest.

"Then, Uncle Jonah, you are foolish yourself," said Bell.

"Are you turned philanthropist, Uncle Jonah?" said Mrs. Boswarrick. "I wish some one would take me and Alfred up. What have you been doing?"

"I make it a rule never to do any thing at the time I can possibly put off till the morrow," said Mr. Anley, apologetically. "My cottages were tumbling down, my dear, so I was obliged to prop them up."

"He bought them from papa," said Bell. "I can't think why."

"It is all very well for bachelors like you and Raban to amuse yourselves with rebuilding," said Sir Thomas, joining in from his box in an aggravated tone; "if you were a married man, Anley, with a wife and daughters and milliners' bills, you would see how much was left at the end of the year for improvements."

"To hear them talk, one oughtn't to exist at all," said Mrs. Boswarrick, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHITE WITH GAZING.

FRANK accepted Lady Henley's invitation, and arrived at Henley Court just before dinner-time one day. The place lies beyond Pebblesthwaite, on the Smokethwaite road. It was a more cheerful house than Ravensrick—a comfortable, modern, stone-piled house, built upon a hill, with windows north and south and east and west, with wide distant views of valleys and winding roads and moors. Through one break of the hills, when the wind blew south, the chimneys of Smokethwaite stood out clear against the sky; at other times a dull black cloud hung over the gap. The garden was charming: on one side a natural terrace overhung the valley; a copper beech rustled upon the lawn; and a few great chestnut-trees gave shade in summer to the young people of the house, to the cows browsing in the meadow, who would come up to the boundary fence to watch Miss Bell's flirtations with gentle curiosity, or the children at play, or to listen to Sir Thomas reading out the newspaper. He had a loud voice and a secret longing for Parliamentary distinction. When he read the speeches he would round his periods, address Lady Henley as "Sir," and imagine himself in his place, a senator in the company of senators. He was a stupid man, but hospitable, and popular in the neighborhood—far more so than Lady Henley, who was greatly disliked. Bell was fast, handsome. Norah was a gentle, scatter-brained creature, who looked up to every body; she especially adored her sister, Mrs. Boswarrick, who had captivated Captain Boswarrick one evening at a York ball, where she had danced down a whole regiment of officers. The captain himself was a small and languid man, and he admired energy in others. If Sir Thomas was fond of thundering out the debates, Captain Boswarrick had a pretty turn for amateur acting and reciting to select audiences. Some one once suggested private theatricals.

"Never while I live," said Lady Henley, "shall there be such mummeries in this house. If Alfred chooses to make a fool of himself and repeat verses to the girls, I have no objection, so long as he don't ask me to sit by."

"I never should have thought of asking you to sit by, Lady Henley," drawled Alfred.

When Frank was announced he found the young ladies in fits of laughter, Captain Boswarrick declaiming in the middle of the room, with Squire Anley and Mr. Redmayne for audience. Every body turned round, and the performance suddenly ceased when he entered. The squire nodded without getting up.

"How d'ye do?" said Mrs. Boswarrick, holding out half a dozen bracelets. "Mr. Raban forgets me, I can see. Sit down. Alfred hates being interrupted. Go on, Alfred!"

Captain Boswarrick's manner would quite change when he began to recite. He would stamp, start, gesticulate, and throw himself into the part with more spirit than could have been reasonably expected.

And now, with a glance at his wife, he began again with a stamp, and suddenly pointing—

> "That morn owd York wor all alive
> Wi' leal an' merry hearts;
> For t' country foalks com' i' full drive
> I' gigs an' market-carts,
> An' girt lang trains wi' whistlin' din,
> Com' w-w-whirrlin' up."

The little captain, suiting the action to the word, raised his arm with some action to represent the train. It was caught from behind by a firm grasp. Frank had not seen that he had been followed into the room by a stout little man in brand-new clothes, who joined the circle.

"Take care," said the stranger—he spoke with a slight Yorkshire accent. "What are you about, yo'ng man? What is all this? Very fascinating, very brilliant, very seductive, very much so, but leading to—what?" with a sudden drop of the voice and the hand he held. Bell went off into a shriek of laughter.

Captain Boswarrick flushed up. He might have resented the interruption still more if he had not been somewhat mollified by the string of compliments.

"Leading to— You would have heard all about it, Mr. Stock, if you had not stopped him," said Mr. Anley.

"Shall I make my meaning plainer?" said the little man, not heeding the interruption. "Shall I tell you what I mean? Social intercourse, music, poetry—dazzling, I own. I, too, have experienced the charm; I, too, have studied to please; but I have also discovered the vanity of vanities; so will you one day. A fact, though you don't believe me."

"But in the mean while, Mr. Stock, don't grudge us our fun," said Bessie Boswarrick, coming to the rescue.

"I don't grudge it; far from it," said the stranger. "I was just like you all once; now—I am not afraid of ridicule—I can give you something better than that, better than that, better than that. You can choose between us: *his* poetry, *my* plain speaking. I'm a plain man—a very plain man; he, brilliant, highly educated."

Captain Boswarrick scarcely knew how to accept all these compliments, and in what sense to take them. Mr. Anley listened with the profoundest gravity. Bell giggled and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth; but every body was glad when the door opened and Lady Henley came in, making a diversion. The scene was getting embarrassing.

"After dinner, dear Mr. Stock," said Joanna, courteously, "we shall be glad to hear *any thing* you may have to say. Let us leave them to their folly, Mr. Raban. Do you know your neighbor, our excellent friend and minister?"

Frank was quite prepared to make Mr. Stock's acquaintance—he was an amateur preacher, a retired cavalry officer, living not far from Ravensrick—but he found himself carried off by Sir Thomas. The baronet had been in town that week, and was in a communicative mood. He had seen the ladies at Church House, who had asked after Raban. The Admiral had been heard of from Gibraltar.

"He has been writing in the most ill-judged way to know the exact state of affairs between Dolly and my nephew Robert," Sir Thomas said, confidentially. Sir Thomas always reflected the people with whom he had been living. "I found my sister greatly overcome—hers is a nervous susceptibility, almost amounting to genius, but *not* under control." And then, dropping his oratorical tone of voice, he went on to say that they all seemed much disturbed and greatly in want of cheering; that he had promised to run up again. "Lady Sarah still lingering, poor thing," he added. "She has a most devoted nurse in my young niece."

Frank asked as indifferently as he could how Miss Vanborough was looking.

"Not so blooming as I could wish," said Sir Thomas. "Far from it. My wife is anxious that our friend Mr. Stock should impart some of his admirable ministration to her, but we can not expect her to leave home at present."

Mr. Stock's ministration seemed to have won over the simple baronet, whose conversation was deeply interesting to Frank, for he went on alternately praising Mr. Stock and talking about Dolly—Sir Thomas was not the discreetest of men. "I had a—some painful explanation with my niece," he continued, lowering his voice (people seem to

think that a sort of charm against indiscretion). "To you, who are such an old friend, I may safely say that I do *not* like this vagueness and uncertainty in a matter which so closely concerns Dolly's happiness. The engagement seems to be neither on nor off. .....She tells me that Robert is free, but she seems to consider herself bound.....I have thought it best to write to him plainly on the subject.....My wife, as you know, wishes the engagement entirely broken—at least I think so."

The baronet suddenly stopped short, and, looking rather foolish and confounded, began to talk of Mr. Stock again.

Lady Henley was not so absorbed in her conversation that she had not overheard Sir Thomas's too candid confidences. She was shaking her head at her husband over her shoulder.

Frank moved away, and went and stared through one of the windows. Once more hope came to dazzle him. In some moods people grasp at faintest dreams. There was every thing smiling, shining; every ridge seemed illuminated; there lay the happy valley flooded with sunlight, life, brightness. Children's voices reached him, and meanwhile the recitation had begun again. "Yan morn in May," the captain was saying. But a loud dinner-bell brought it all to a close.

The sun had set; they had all done dinner. Norah used to feed the cows of an evening with oat-cake prepared for Sir Thomas, and she now came out into the twilight, calling to her favorites, who stood expectant, with their horns rearing against a golden streak. One bolder than the rest was making a hissing noise to attract attention as Norah came out with her oat-cake. She called her favorites by name, and softly stroked their long noses over the railings. Mr. Redmayne followed soon after, advancing with some precaution.

"Miss Norah," he said, "Mr. Stock is putting the drawing-room chairs in order—he evidently expects a large congregation. A Miss M'Grudder has come. Is it absolutely necessary that one should be present, or may one stop here and feed the cows?"

"I must go in," said Norah, demurely. "Here is the oat-cake, Mr. Redmayne;" and so saying she put the remains into his hand and tripped hastily away.

Mr. Redmayne, however, preferred to follow Miss Norah. Frank came out as the two went in together; he did not want to be present at the oration. He was distracted, and thinking of many things.

Those few words of Sir Thomas had given him a strange longing to go back, if only for a day, to see Dolly again. He thought of his old friend also lying stricken. He had been strangely forgetful all these days past, and his conscience reproached him, and his inclination spoke too. There was an early train from Smokethwaite—he had business in town: why should he not go? Cruel girl! was she sad, and could he do nothing to help her?

As Frank walked up and down in the twilight he would hear the boom of Mr. Stock's voice through the open drawing-room windows. When they started a hymn, the cows, who are fond of music, all crowded up to listen. As for Frank, he was in charity with all men, and prepared to believe that all that people did was good. If Mr. Stock liked to give a peculiar expression to the faith which was in him, Raban, for one, had no mind to quarrel with it. His own was a silent belief: it seemed growing with happier emotions that were overflooding his heart, but it found its best expression in silence. He took leave of his hosts that evening when he went up stairs to bed.

The servant had put Frank into Jonah's room. It was a mistake, and Lady Henley did not know of it. There were the poor boy's pistols, his whips; on the wall boxing-gloves and foils. He had somehow got hold of one of those photographs of Dolly of which mention has been made, and hung it up over his chimney. There were a few books on the shelf, Captain Mayne Reid, *Ivanhoe*, a few old school-books and poetry books, and Frank took one down. Frank thought very kindly of poor Jonah as he looked about at his possessions. He was a long time before he could get to sleep, and he got up and lighted his candle and read one of the books—it was a classical poem of Kingsley's—till he fell asleep. Then it was only to dream a confused dream: Jonah fighting desperately with some finny monster, like that one on Lady Sarah's tiles; Dolly chained to a rock, and calling for help, while Mrs. Palmer and the Admiral stood wringing their hands on the shore. Was this George coming to their help? The monster changed to mist, out of which came lightning and thunder—the lightning was the gleam of a sword; the thunder shook the air, the mists parted; George, pale and wounded, stretched out his hand and gave Raban the sword; he looked weary with the fight; Frank started forward and struck wildly; the monster gave a horrible scream. Frank started up wide awake. He had left his window open, the morning mist had filled the room, but the scream was a real one; it was in his ears still. It came from the room below. There was a stir of voices, then all was silent again.

When Frank came down to an early breakfast in the big dining-room he asked the butler if any one had been ill in the night. "I heard a scream," he said.

"It is my lady in her sleep," the man answered. "She often do scream at night since Mr. Jonah left."

"I want my man called," said Frank; "I am going to town by the early train."

As Frank was changing carriages at one of the stations, the London train went by, and he thought he saw a glimpse of a familiar face; a gray kid glove was waved. Surely it was Mrs. Palmer, on her way to Henley Court!

From DOROTHEA VANBOROUGH *to* ROBERT HENLEY, ESQ., *Calcutta.*

"I have been hoping for a chance letter, but none has come since that last one from Alexandria. Aunt Sarah is asleep, the house is empty, and I am writing to you in the oak-room by the window. Dear Robert, what shall I say in answer to your letter? That I *do* trust you, that I do know how to love you, and that you in turn must trust me. I could almost scold you for what you say about Mr. Raban if I did not think that you are only unfair because you love me. I never see him now. He is in Yorkshire; so is mamma—she is gone for a couple of days. As for me, I can not leave Aunt Sarah, who depends upon me more and more. I had a long talk with my uncle before he left. He asked me a great many questions about you. He tells me he has written. I do not know what he has written; but please send him a nice letter. Dear Robert, it is so painful to me to be cross-questioned about your affection for me. I must speak honestly and without disguise to you of all people in the whole world, and so I will confess that if I had known all—"

Dolly, who had written thus far, looked up, for old Sam came into the room with a card.

"It's Mr. Raban, miss," said he.

Dolly blushed up crimson. "I—I can't see him, Sam," she answered. "Aunt Sarah is asleep. Say I am engaged."

Sam came back with Frank's card. "Mr. Raban is in town till Monday, miss."

"Put down the card, Sam," said Dolly; and she bent her head over her letter and went on writing.

Frank walked away disappointed. "She might have spared five minutes to a friend who had come a hundred miles to see her," he said to John Morgan that evening, as they walked back together to Frank's hotel. The waiter met Frank with a note, which had been left during his absence.

Raban suddenly brightened up; he read a few words, very stiff, very shy. "Lady Sarah heard he had called, and wanted to see him: would he come the following day at five o'clock." It was signed, "Yours truly, Dorothea Vanborough."

"Well," said John Morgan, "that is Dolly's writing, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Frank. "Lady Sarah wants to see me. As for Miss Vanborough, she seems to be studying the art of keeping old friends at a distance."

"Nonsense," said Morgan, "since she asks you to go. What is the matter with you?"

The second time old Sam let Frank in at once, and showed him into the drawing-room. "My lady will be ready directly," he said.

Frank waited his summons; when he was tired of waiting he stepped out upon the terrace, attracted by the beauty of the autumnal evening, and wondering what inexpressible charm the old home had for him. Ravensrick, with all the graces of possession, did not seem to him so much like home as this silent old house where he had no right, no single stake; where the mistress lay stricken, and parting from this world, where Dolly lived, but where her heart's interest was not. Already strangers were speculating upon the fate of the old house, and wondering who would come *there after* Lady Sarah's death. All the same, Frank Raban, as he paced the terrace, felt a tranquil satisfaction and sense of completeness that existed for him in no other place.

Dolly came into Lady Sarah's room to tell her Frank was there. Marker, who had been sitting in a corner, got up gently and left the room. Lady Sarah was not asleep; she was sitting up on her sofa by the window, of which the sash was half raised to let in the air. Her gray hair was hanging loose: gray though it was, it fell in shining silver curls about the withered face.

"Is that you, Dolly? I have had a dream," she said, a little wildly. "Your father was standing by me, and we were looking at a river, and George was a child again, and I held him in my arms, and when I looked into his face it was like the face of that Raphael child at Dresden. Look out," she said, beginning to wander again, "and tell me if the river is there."

Dolly unconsciously obeyed, and looked out at the garden in its shifting, changing lights and tremulous tones of radiance and golden sombres. She could almost have imagined her aunt's dream to be true if Frank Raban had not been walking on the terrace. She looked back.

"Dear Aunt Sarah, it is the sunset that made you dream."

"It was a dream," said Lady Sarah, "but I think I have sometimes seen that river before, Dolly. Christian and Christiana and all the company have crossed it. Not one of us would like to be left behind and alone upon this arid coast among all the thorns and the briers." Then, smiling: "I am afraid I have been a tiresome old Pilgrim at times." She pushed back her gray hair, and lay looking into the girl's face. "It is nearly over now," she said.

Dolly tried to speak, but some sudden tears seemed to choke her, and Lady Sarah stroked her hand.

"Try to be a thankful woman, Dolly," she said. "God has blessed you and given you love and trust in others. I see now where I failed." Then, in her usual tone, she said, "I should like to see Frank Raban again."

Dolly was beginning to say that she would go for him, when Lady Sarah suddenly cried, "Open the window wide! Open! let the river come in."

Dolly, frightened, threw open the pane, and as she did so some evening bell began to ring from a distant chapel, and a great flight of birds passed across the sky.

The next minute Frank from the terrace below heard a cry. It was Dolly calling for help.

"I am here," he answered; and, without waiting to think, he sprang up the old oak staircase, and hurried along the passage to the door of Lady Sarah's room.

It was all dark in the passage, but the sun was in the room. Dolly was holding up her aunt in her arms; her strength seemed to be failing. Frank sprang to help her, and together they raised her up. A little soft breeze came in at the window, and Lady Sarah opened her eyes. She was still wandering.

"Is this George?" she said. "I have been waiting for you, dear."

Then she seemed to recognize Frank, and she let her hand fall upon his sleeve.

"Ah! he will take care of Dolly," she whispered, "for this is—"

A quick silent brightness came into her face: it may have been some change in the sunset lights. She was dead, lying in a serene and royal peace.

A BIRTHNIGHT BALL.

THERE came to us recently, one bright morning, the news of a royal death. "Charles the Fifteenth, King of Sweden and Norway," said the dispatches, "has expired at Malmö, on the Baltic:" they told us no more. Yet these brief words brought back bright reminiscences to those of us who were at all familiar with the pleasure-loving king and his gay court, and as we read, one specially brilliant scene in the past was vividly recalled to mind. If you will, therefore, follow me out of this sultry summer land, over the sea, tracing the warm pulsations of the Gulf Stream into another season, another clime, and another year, I will show you, for the briefest of spaces, one scintillation of the splendor of him who is now no more.

Tossed upon the wings of a snow-squall over a wild, black Baltic, past fateful Malmö, and up ice-bound Sweden, we enter at last a noble city, sheltered between the arms of the Mælar Lake. This is Stockholm, "the Venice of the North," which rose erst from three captive islands, wrested by the conqueror, man, from the fierce waters of the lake, and now chained together by graceful bridges, whose midway pillars bear the insignia of royalty in the shape of gilded crowns. We see the islands on a winter night, the anniversary of King Carl's birthday, when the city shines in the moonbeams like a great white jewel. All sheathed in ice, the trees in her grand squares and places stretch out glittering arms in a solemn invocation. The earth beneath is white with snow, the air above is white with hoar-frost. Terrace upon terrace, line upon line, street upon street, do fair white houses rise. The frozen waters gleam; the icy fringes of the lake-shore sparkle; the thousand lights in the windows, at the mast-heads, belting the squares, guarding the bronze and granite statues of dead kings throughout the city, illuminate the night. In grim old Riddarholm Cathedral, of the gray Gothic arches, where brave Gustavus Adolphus lies in state, a moonbeam glances on one rich window, shivering its brilliance; from one ship in the offing more stalwart than the rest glows England's crimson banner, most gorgeous of all which are fluttering with the snow-flakes to do honor to the king.

Yet fairer, grander, more spacious than the rest, one palace sits with the feet of its gardens in the stream, and the tops of its poplars flaunting the sky. Girt about by high walls, guarded by gaunt stone lions, paced by watchful sentinels in blue and silver uniforms, it is all ablaze now, and gayly decked for a festival. For to-night King Carl keeps his birthday royally, and has summoned about him his court and a throng of gold-laced diplomats; and the loveliest ladies in Stockholm will dance until the gray dawn breaks in the great ball-room called "*Hirta Hafet*"—the "White Sea."

Across the arched bridges, from wide and narrow streets, from gay and sombre portals alike, the guests are hastening. Up the hill and through the wide palace gates a long black serpent with eyes of fire winds and writhes on his sluggish way through the snow. It is the line of carriages, which stretches far back to the theatre, and is marshaled by mounted soldiers.

Arriving at the glass doors of the lower vestibule, guarded still by grenadiers, we alight on the thick carpets of the first step, in the midst of an obsequious throng of varlets. Here Beauty shakes one snow-flake from her bright hair, here Wealth coughs his portly cough and draws his furred mantle closer, and proud Aristocracy hurries by as chill as the night. Now up the great stairway, with jest and blush, and clank of sword and clang of spur, the throng passes, and thence into large anterooms, where hearty wood fires blaze, reflected in huge mirrors, whereat snowy draperies are adjusted and blazing jewels settled. There, if you are ready, madam—or miss (for you must be the latter to follow me so far to a ball)—two liveried servants will raise yonder curtain for you; you pass under, and are received by a polite chamberlain, who points your way through the long galleries.

You are blithe and young, and inclined to toss your rose-crowned head at the queer royal portraits on the walls; and you do not care for inlaid cabinets or great Sèvres jars,

but are keen to criticise the toilets about you. Thus you notice with surprise that all the matrons wear rich black velvets or satins, relieved with white lace, and bear on their arms their long court trains, lined with white, while all the younger ladies are in pure white, with some bright color in the hair alone. Your feminine curiosity bids you inquire the cause of some blonde Swedish officer near you, and are told a sad tale of the reckless extravagance of your sex in former times, of ruined husbands and impoverished royal revenues, until some "wise monarch" (says the captain, with a furtive smile) dictated the law, which, condensed, reads prosaically thus on your card of invitation:

> "Non-dancing ladies, black, with train;
> Dancing ladies, white."

You pout a little at the information, for the gentlemen about you are gay in beautiful uniforms or gold embroidery; but the captain, himself in blue and silver, whispers something in the musical Swedish tongue about white being best suited to freshness and beauty, and you are young, and, ah me! so easily appeased.

This little chat is going briskly on, when you come to a first chamber, set apart for the few members of the *haute bourgeoisie*, who, with their wives and daughters, have the privilege of coming to court, but who do not mix with the nobility. You pass through the lines of buxom dames and round-limbed Swedish maidens, beside whom you seem so fragile, and rosy-cheeked merchants, all so fresh, and all with such yellow hair, and enter then a second chamber, set apart for the nobility and sons and daughters of court personages or of members of the diplomatic corps. Pause here, my impetuous little American, for it is a land of rigid ceremonial; and yonder third room is as a sanctuary, and set apart for court dignitaries and representatives of foreign powers alone, and there you dare not enter.

Idly standing, you notice how statues shine from dim niches, and how the snow whirls and flits past high windows draped with ancient tapestry; or you weave in your mind some youthful dream about the soldier portrait yonder, whose slender form and haughty brow image the beauty and the bravery of Carl Twelfth, the "Bold."

A murmur disturbs your reverie; a door is opened, curtains are raised; you have a glimpse of the yellow-haired *bourgeoisie* bowing like ripe grain before the wind; those about you do the same, and, behold! Royalty enters.

Right royal, too, in sweeping draperies of purple velvet and wealth of diamonds, is the first lady, the queen-dowager, a dark-haired daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, and French to the finger tips. Leaning on the arm of her son, his majesty King Charles, she makes a gracious tour of the apartment, displaying in her few sentences remarkable tact and memory. She passes you with a gentle word of interest and a smile which is genial as a touch, and you never cease to courtesy while she is speaking. It is a sight to see her dismissing the ladies of the diplomatic body after an audience in her apartments, when, conducted by a chamberlain, she bows to the right and to the left in semicircles, with a queenly sweep of the hand, proceeding backward meanwhile to the further end of the room, where a full-length portrait of her sister, on a panel, suddenly swallows her up. His majesty has a bold, handsome face and figure, which accord well with his well-known love of field-sports. He grasps your hand, saying a few bluff words in English, and you are at your ease. Queen Louise, his wife (whose troubled life is ended now), has spoken kindly also from the arm of Prince Oscar, the dark-haired, pensive poet and thinker (now King of Sweden and Norway), and at him you look with interest, remembering the words of an old courtier with whom you were speaking of the talents of the royal family, for, said he, "His majesty writes poetry—Prince Oscar is a poet." His majesty paints well, and you have just seen a sweet picture of his, representing a lake, with water-nymphs swirling and eddying above it; they are so airy and misty as almost to appear emanations of the water; and they are packed up now for the Paris Exposition this summer.

The queen wears white satin and lace, with a bertha of roses whose every dewy heart is one limpid diamond, and her necklace is a perfect cascade of gems; yet somehow you do not envy her as you stand tapping your pretty American foot, and wishing for the ball to begin. Lively Princess Sophie, the mother of Oscar's lovely boys, wishes for it too, and you look sympathizingly at her on Prince August's arm, and say to yourself, with American freedom, that the dress of rose satin she wears is most becoming and dainty. Delicate little Princess Theresa, too, wife of Prince August, chats wearily with the chamberlain who is in attendance, and her blue silk, with its fringe of water-lilies and pearl and turquois ornaments, seems almost too heavy a weight for her fragile form.

In a few moments the royal party have entered the inner room, whence proceed the rustle of silks and hum of voices as they receive the court party. You wait outside, and think, perchance, of the invalid Princess Eugénie, who lies in some distant chamber, with plaster models and pictures and pretty verses about her—all the work of her slender fingers and gentle mind—by way of

solace during the weary hours; of young Princess Louise too, the king's only child, who has humbler aspirations, and owns a little kitchen and range of her own, whereat she loves to cook, and who has entertained her "little papa" at a lunch to-day of her own preparing, in honor of the occasion, as some court lady smilingly tells.

This reverie is brief, and again broken. There comes stealing through curtained arches, welling and leaping adown the galleries, a merry waltz tune, and at the magic sound faces brighten, doorways are gained, and you emerge with the eager throng into the great ball-room—the "White Sea."

Ah, yes; white and still and stately, like a frozen ocean. Its pure pillars are garlanded; their fluted capitals rise, coldly shining, to the immense white roof; the deep embrasures of the windows are hung with frosty laces; across the polished surface glide the sweetest women of Sweden, in white robes, with snowy arms and shoulders. There seems no color any where: all is dazzling purity. The royal dais is white-carpeted, with snow-white chairs of state; does the eye rest on the gilded balcony whence the music comes pealing, garlands of pure blossoms hide its gaudiness; glance out of a window, there lie frozen lake and snowy plain together. There is but one great white light from every thing—torch-light and wax-taper, diamonds and pearls, dresses and room together. It is the fabled palace of the ice queen; it is winter poetized.

Now sweet perfumes and lovely maidens are floating, floating, to the silver trumpet notes; the king is dancing hotly, wildly, as he ever dances; the hours are rose-hued and rare. There comes now a stately quadrille, in which you dance—by royal order—opposite bright Princess Sophie, with a blue-eyed Swedish count, a poet of great promise.

After a time there is a pause, and a long procession files into the banqueting-room, where you are surprised anew by fresh brilliance and flowers and fountains playing, perfumes and more strident music—a room all crimson and gold. The tables are artistically decked with many-hued wines and fruits, and every "made dish" known in this epicurean Northern land. The groups are not uninteresting. The king laughs with his aids-de-camp. Prince Oscar has gathered about him a knot of the most distinguished men present, whom he leaves presently to accost the handsome, courtly American minister. "Drink with me, Sir," he says. "I have here a bottle of rare Johannisberg, one of a dozen sent me by my brother-in-law Nassau, who owns the vineyard." And the wine is live amber for color and mellowness. Beyond the centre-table stand a knot of diplomates: the French minister, who has recently stood as proxy for Napoleon III. at Prince Oscar's youngest boy's christening, and who has just transmitted to the Princess Sophie the superb bracelet which she wears to-night, the gift of the imperial godfather. There is the gray-haired, courteous minister from Spain, who knows not from day to day what dynasty he serves, or what political opinions he should express in this tumultuous year of '66–'67, and whose salary, *dit on*, is in long arrears. Truly in these days the terrible motto, "All ye who enter here, leave every hope behind," would not be unsuited to the slippery vale of Spanish diplomacy. The Austrian minister comes up: a thin seedling of a man, who polishes his eyeglass languidly, and asks politely if the buffaloes are not very troublesome in the streets of New York, and who, in reply to your indignant disclaimer, murmurs, suavely, with the air of a surprised *savant*, "None! not so barbarous, then, as I supposed."

The special servants of the royal ladies are worthy of notice, in their fantastic dresses of blue and orange (national colors), with knee-breeches and ruffs, and skull-caps of four colors, whence spring three towering white ostrich plumes. The king has a negro valet, the only one in Sweden, who is present in a Moorish costume, and who is not unlike a gaudy paroquet as he leans against a white column in the now deserted "Sea."

You drift back to it presently, finding it still luminous and beautiful, and the music plays faster, the dancers grow more reckless; cheeks are flushed, and eyes are sparkling, and Time passes rapidly by, his cruel scythe in hand, and laughs as he goes. For lo! five brief years are garnered in now, and two royal lives are ended; the "White Sea" is deserted; in the mausoleum in Riddarholm there lies one more dead king; and Oscar rules the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi.*"

EARTH AND AIR.*

AMONG the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe, like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents, and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and *savants* gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabited by a race of sentient beings, with forms and faculties like our own, and even propounded schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition

* *The Atmosphere.* By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. With numerous Wood-cut Illustrations and Ten beautiful Chromo-lithographs. Translated by C. B. PITMAN, under the superintendence of JAMES GLAISHER. New York: Harper and Brothers.



A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.

that the moon people would recognize the object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply! Extravagant and absurd as it may appear in the light of modern knowledge, the establishment of this Terrestrial and Lunar Signal Service Bureau was treated as a feasible scheme, although practical difficulties, which so often keep

men from making fools of themselves, stood in the way of actual experiment; but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing, or eating, or drinking. Then it ceased.

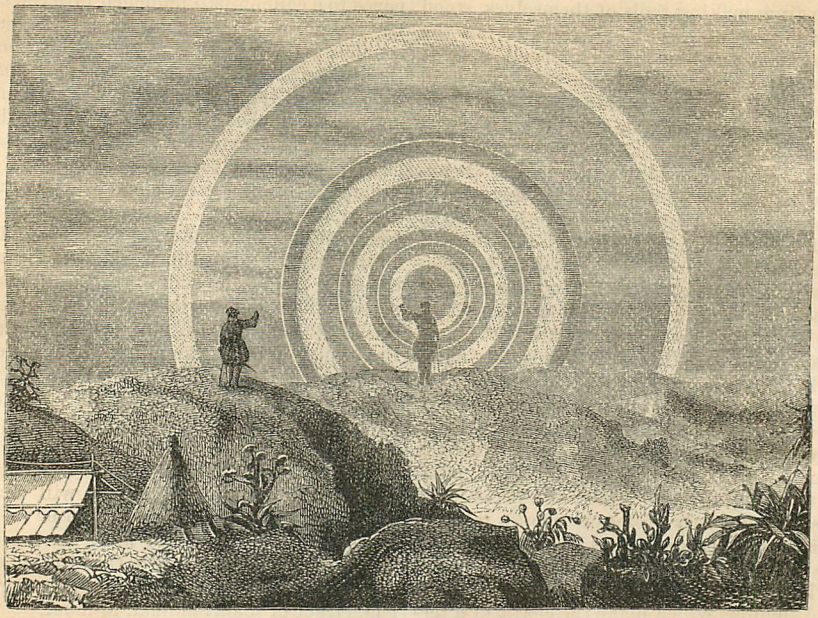
There can be no life without air. Beautiful to the eye of the distant observer, the moon is a sepulchral orb—a world of death and silence. No vegetation clothes its vast plains of stony desolation, traversed by monstrous crevasses, broken by enormous peaks that rise like gigantic tombstones into space; no lovely forms of cloud float in the blackness of its sky. There daytime is only night lighted by a rayless sun. There is no rosy dawn in the morning, no twilight in the evening. The nights are pitch-dark. In daytime the solar beams are lost against the jagged ridges, the sharp points of the rocks, or the steep sides of profound abysses; and the eye sees only grotesque shapes relieved against fantastic shadows black as ink, with none of that pleasant gradation and diffusion of light, none of the subtile blending of light and shadow, which make the charm of a terrestrial landscape. A faint conception of the horrors of a lunar day may be formed from our illustration representing a landscape taken in the moon in the centre of the mountainous region of Aristarchus. There is no color, nothing but dead white and black. The rocks reflect passively the light of the sun; the craters and abysses remain wrapped in shade; fantastic peaks rise like phantoms in their glacial cemetery; the stars appear like spots in the blackness of space. The moon is a dead world: she has no atmosphere.

Let us return from this dismal region to our own fair earth, which we will love still better after our imaginary visit to the moon. Descending, or rather moving, through the depth of space, we catch a glimpse of our home planet, still far in the distance, shining like the full moon in the gloom of night. On its surface we recognize spots formed by continents and seas, by the polar snows, and the cloudy bands of the tropical regions. Now we distinguish on the rapidly swelling globe principal geographical shapes, visible athwart clouds and vapors. As we near the surface our eyes are charmed by the beautiful variety and blending of colors beneath us, while above the black expanse of space assumes the most lovely tints. What a contrast to the bleak and inhospitable landscape in the moon! It is all owing to our atmosphere.

What is the atmosphere? It is the breath of life for the earth and all that live upon or within it—a gaseous film which adheres to the surface of the globe, extending with uniform thickness over its whole extent. The earth, flying through space, has been compared to a cannon-ball launched into the air. By imagining this cannon-ball to be surrounded by a thin ring of smoke not more than $\frac{1}{200}$ of an inch thick, we may form some idea of the position of the atmosphere around the globe. It is from its position that the atmosphere derives its name, from two Greek words (Ἀτμός, vapor; and Σφαῖρα, sphere). It is the great element of life, the first bond of society. Were our atmosphere to vanish into space, eternal silence and desolation would wrap the world. The air is the great medium of sound, the liquid channel in which our words travel. It is also the first element of our bodily tissues. Breathing affords three-quarters of our nourishment; the other quarter we obtain in the aliment, solid and fluid, in which oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid are the chief component parts. Further, the particles which are at the present moment incorporated in our organism will make their escape either in perspiration or in the process of breathing, and after having sojourned for a certain time in the atmosphere, will be reincorporated in some other organism, either of plant, animal, or man.

With the unceasing metamorphoses in beings and in things, there is at the same time going on a continuous exchange between the products of nature and the moving flood of the atmosphere, by virtue of which the gases of the air take up their abode in the animal, the plant, or the stone, while the primitive elements, momentarily incorporated in an organism, or in the terrestrial strata, effect their release, and help to recompose the aerial fluid. Each atom of air, therefore, passes from life to life, as it escapes from death after death; being in turn wind, flood, earth, animal, or flower, it is successively employed in the composition of a thousand different beings. The inexhaustible source whence every thing that lives draws breath, the air is also an immense reservoir into which every thing that dies pours its last breath; under its action vegetables and animals and various organisms are brought into existence, and then perish. Life and death are alike in the air which we breathe, and perpetually succeed the one to the other by the exchange of gaseous particles; thus the atom of oxygen which escapes from the ancient oak may make its way into the lungs of the infant in the cradle, and the last sigh of the dying man may go to nourish the brilliant petal of a flower. The breeze which caresses the blades of grass goes on its way until it becomes a tempest that uproots the forest trees and strews the shore with shipwrecks; and so, by an infinite concentration of partial death, the atmosphere provides an unfailing supply of aliment for the universal life spread over the surface of the earth.

It is this unceasing activity of the aerial



THE CIRCLE OF ULLOA.

envelope of gas which forms, nourishes, and sustains the vegetable carpet that extends over the surface of the dry land. From the meanest blade of grass to the colossal trees of California, this rich and diversified covering draws all its sustenance from the air.

And while it keeps up the vital circulation of the earth by incessant exchanges of which it is the vehicle, the atmosphere is also the aerial laboratory of that splendid world of colors which brightens the surface of our planet. It is owing to the reflection of the blue rays that the sky and the distant heights near the horizon assume their lovely azure tint, which varies according to the altitude of the spot and the abundance of the exhalations; and to it also we owe the contrast of the clouds. It is in consequence of the refraction of the luminous rays, as they pass obliquely across the aerial strata, that the sun announces its approach every morning by the soft and pure melody of the glowing dawn, and makes its appearance before the astronomical hour at which it should rise; it is owing to a similar phenomenon that, toward evening, it apparently slackens the speed of its descent beneath the horizon, and, when it has disappeared, leaves floating upon the western heights the fantastic fragments of its blazoned bed. Without the gaseous envelope of our planet we should never have that varied play of light, those changing harmonies of color, those gradual transformations of delicate shades which lighten up the world, from the gleaming brightness of the summer sun down to the shadows which cover, as with a veil, the forest depths.

The study of the atmosphere embraces also the general conditions of terrestrial existence. The notion of life is so bound up in all our conceptions with that of the forces which we see ever at work in nature that the myths of the early inhabitants of the world always attributed to these forces the generation of plants and animals, and imagined the epoch anterior to life as that of primitive chaos and struggle of the elements. "If we do not consider," says Humboldt, "the study of physical phenomena so much as bearing on our material wants as in their general influence upon the intellectual progress of humanity, it will be found that the highest and most important result of our investigation will be the knowledge of the intercommunication of the forces of nature, and the certainty of their mutual dependence upon each other. It is the perception of these relations which enlarges the views and ennobles our enjoyment of them. This enlargement of the view is the result of observation, of meditation, and of the spirit of the age in which all the directions of thought concentrate themselves. History teaches him who can travel back through the strata of preceding centuries to the furthest roots of knowledge how, for thousands of years, the human race has labored to grasp, through ever-recurring changes, the fixity of the laws of nature, and to gradually conquer a large portion of the physical world by the force of intelligence."

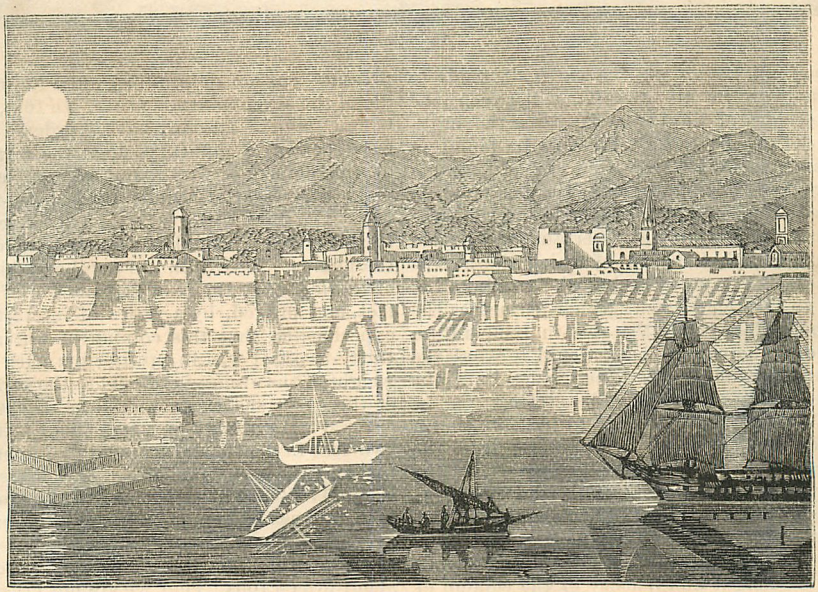
We may now contemplate our planet trav-

eling in space, and keeping about it the aerial envelope which adheres to its surface. Our imagination can easily comprehend the general shape of this gaseous sphere which encircles the solid globe, and which is comparatively thin and of slight bulk.

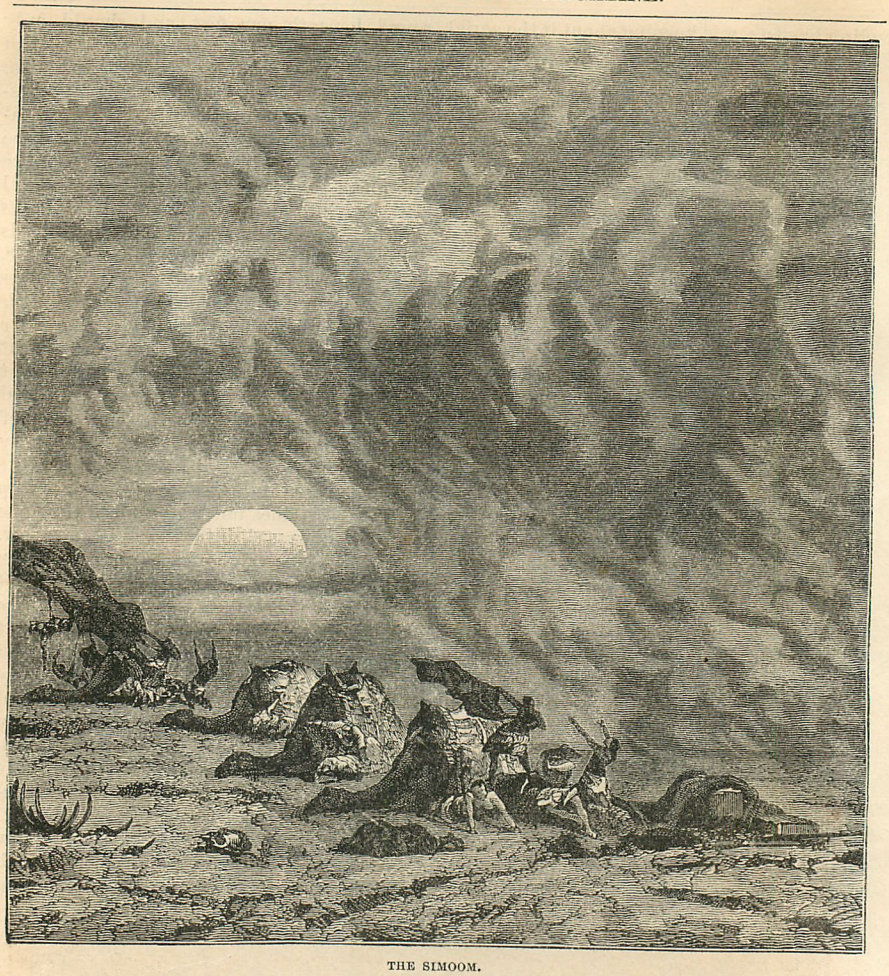
The exterior surface of the atmosphere is therefore curved like that of the sea, for, like water, the external layer of air tends to a level, all points of which are at equal distances from the centre. To the eyes of novices it seems difficult to reconcile the idea of the *spherical* surface of the ocean with what is commonly termed a *level;* the idea that the air has a horizontal level like water, and that, like an aerial ocean, this level is always tending to an equilibrium, seems at first sight somewhat obscure. Nevertheless, not only does the air possess to an unlimited degree all the properties of elasticity and mobility of a fluid seeking equilibrium, but, different in this respect from water and other liquids, it is extremely capable of compression, and, consequently, susceptible of extreme expansion.

To what height does our atmosphere extend? Carried along by the daily rotation of the globe, we may conclude that at a certain height above the surface of the ground the movement of the atmospheric film is so rapid that the centrifugal force which it acquires would hurl into space the outside particles of air. Certain inventors of methods of aerial navigation have imagined that the atmosphere above a definite height does not turn round with the earth, and that, by rising into that motionless stratum, we would see the globe whirling round beneath our feet, and should only have to wait until the place where we wished to alight passed under the balloon. The idea is, of course, absurd, as the whole atmosphere revolves with the earth. Mathematicians have calculated that the distance from the globe where the centrifugal force would be great enough to hurl the aerial particles into space is about 21,000 miles above the surface. Theoretically, this is the maximum limit of the atmosphere, which, however, as a matter of fact, does not extend to this enormous distance. It is at a far lower elevation that the air we breathe really ceases. Thus at the height of 10,000 feet—say on the summit of Mount Etna—there is beneath us nearly a third of the mass of atmosphere; the column of air which presses upon the soil has already lost half its weight, and consequently the whole gaseous fluid, which stretches far up into the sky, does not weigh more than the strata compressed into the region below. In consequence of the forces that act upon it, the shape of the atmosphere is not absolutely spherical, but swollen out at the equator, where it is much higher than at the poles. It is also probable that a detached train of the lighter gases remains constantly in the rear of the globe during its rapid revolution around the sun. It need scarcely be added that the shape of the atmosphere undergoes further changes, owing to the atmospheric tides, due to the varying attraction of the sun and the moon.

How far the atmosphere extends below the surface of the globe, is a question which has not been definitely settled. Pressing



LA FATA MORGANA.



THE SIMOOM.

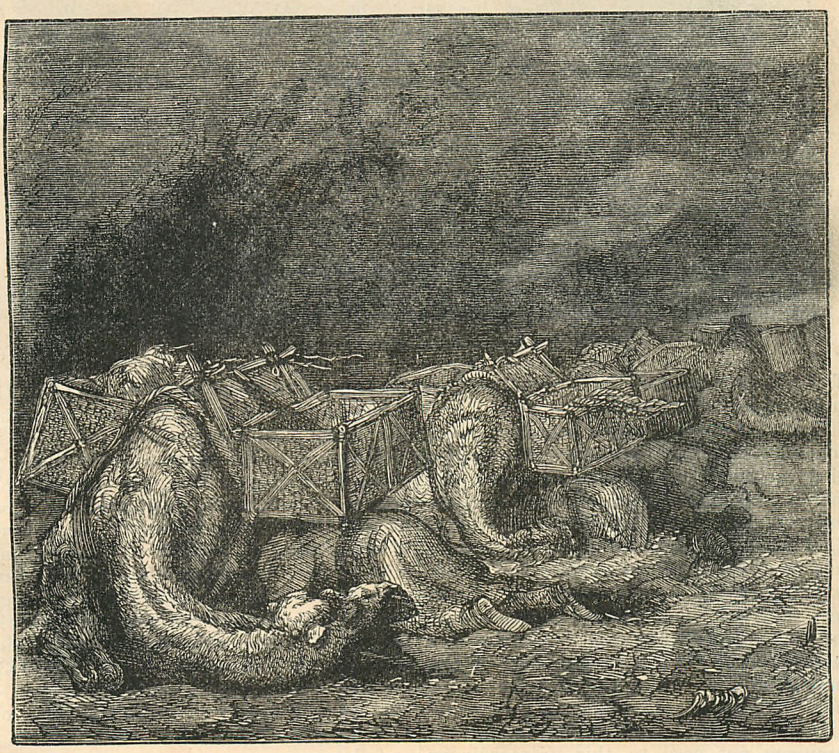
upon all bodies on the earth, it tends to penetrate in all directions between the molecules of liquids as between the interstices of the rocks. It is to be found in water, as in all vegetable and all organic structures; it impregnates the earth and all the porous stones in proportion to the force with which it presses. Certain *savants* have imagined that the air of which the atmosphere is composed is but the continuation of an interior element which permeates the whole globe; but the rise in temperature due to the central heat would prevent the condensation of gases, and must limit the presence of air in the under-strata.

We say "light as air," to indicate that a body has no weight. Popularly true, the comparison is scientifically inexact, as the air, light and unsubstantial as it seems to be, has a positive weight. Each square foot of the earth's surface sustains a considerable pressure, the amount of which corresponds to the height and density of the column of air above it. The exact amount of this pressure was not determined until the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1640, the Grand Duke of Tuscany having ordered the construction of fountains upon the terrace of the palace, it was found impossible to make the water rise more than thirty-two feet. The duke wrote to Galileo in reference to this strange refusal of the water to obey the pumps. Torricelli, the pupil and friend of Galileo, gave the true explanation of the fact, and proved, by a series of interesting experiments, that this column of water of thirty-two feet was in equilibrium with the weight of the atmosphere. Thus the surface of the earth sustains a weight as if it were covered with a body of water about thirty-two feet in depth, and we who live upon it undergo the same pressure. This pressure is equal to about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and as the human body contains, on an average, sixteen square feet, we may each of us be said to be subject to a pressure of about fifteen tons. That we are not crushed to the ground by this enormous weight is

because it does not all press vertically down on us. As the air surrounds us on all sides, its pressure is transmitted over our body in all directions, and, in consequence, becomes neutralized. Air penetrates every part of our organism; hence we have the same pressure inside and outside, and thus these weights become exactly balanced. This is easily proved by experiment. Place a cylindrical glass vessel, hermetically closed at the upper end by a piece of gold-beater's skin, on the plate of an air-pump; as soon as the air begins to be exhausted from the vessel the gold-beater's skin becomes depressed under the influence of the atmospheric pressure from above, and soon bursts.

It would be pleasant, if we had time and space for it, to consider the chemical nature of the atmosphere and the interesting experiments by which it was ascertained; but this branch of the subject alone would require a long article for its elucidation, and we will pass to some of the more popular and striking phenomena of the aerial regions.

Among the natural phenomena which now attract our attention, but fail to excite surprise, are some which ignorant imagination once invested with supernatural terrors. Such is the well-known Spectre of the Brocken, in Germany, which is merely a gigantic shadow on a distant cloud. Similar spectres are sometimes visible in other places. One of the most remarkable was that witnessed by Ulloa, in company with six fellow-travelers, upon the Pambamarca, at day-break. The sun had dissipated the heavy clouds that hung over the mountain, leaving only light vapors in their stead. The travelers, standing back to the sun, were suddenly startled to behold each one his own image reflected in the air, as in a mirror, and apparently at a distance of about seventy feet. The image was in the centre of three rainbows of different colors, with an outer bow of only one color. The inside color of each bow was carnation or red, the next shade was violet, the third yellow, the fourth straw-color, the last green. All these bows were perpendicular to the horizon; they moved in the direction of, and followed, the image of the person whom they enveloped as with a glory. The most remarkable point was that, although the seven spectators were standing in a group, each person only saw the phenomenon in regard to his own person, and was disposed to disbelieve that it was repeated in respect to his companions. The extent of the bows increased continually, and in proportion to the height of the sun; at the same time their colors faded away, the spectres became paler and more indistinct, and finally the phenomenon disappeared altogether. At the first appearance the shape



DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE TEBBAD.



SAND COLUMNS IN THE DESERT.

of the bows was oval, but toward the end they became quite circular.

The phenomenon called *mirage* is mentioned by very early writers. We read in Diodorus Siculus: "An extraordinary phenomenon occurs in Africa at certain periods, especially in calm weather; the air then is filled with images of all sorts of animals, some motionless, others floating in the air. Now they seem running away, now pursuing; they are all of enormous proportions, and this spectacle fills with terror and awe those who are not accustomed to it. When these figures overtake the traveler whom they seem to be pursuing, they surround him with a cold and shivering feeling. Strangers not used to this extraordinary phenomenon are seized with fear; but the inhabitants, who are in the habit of seeing it, take no particular notice of it."

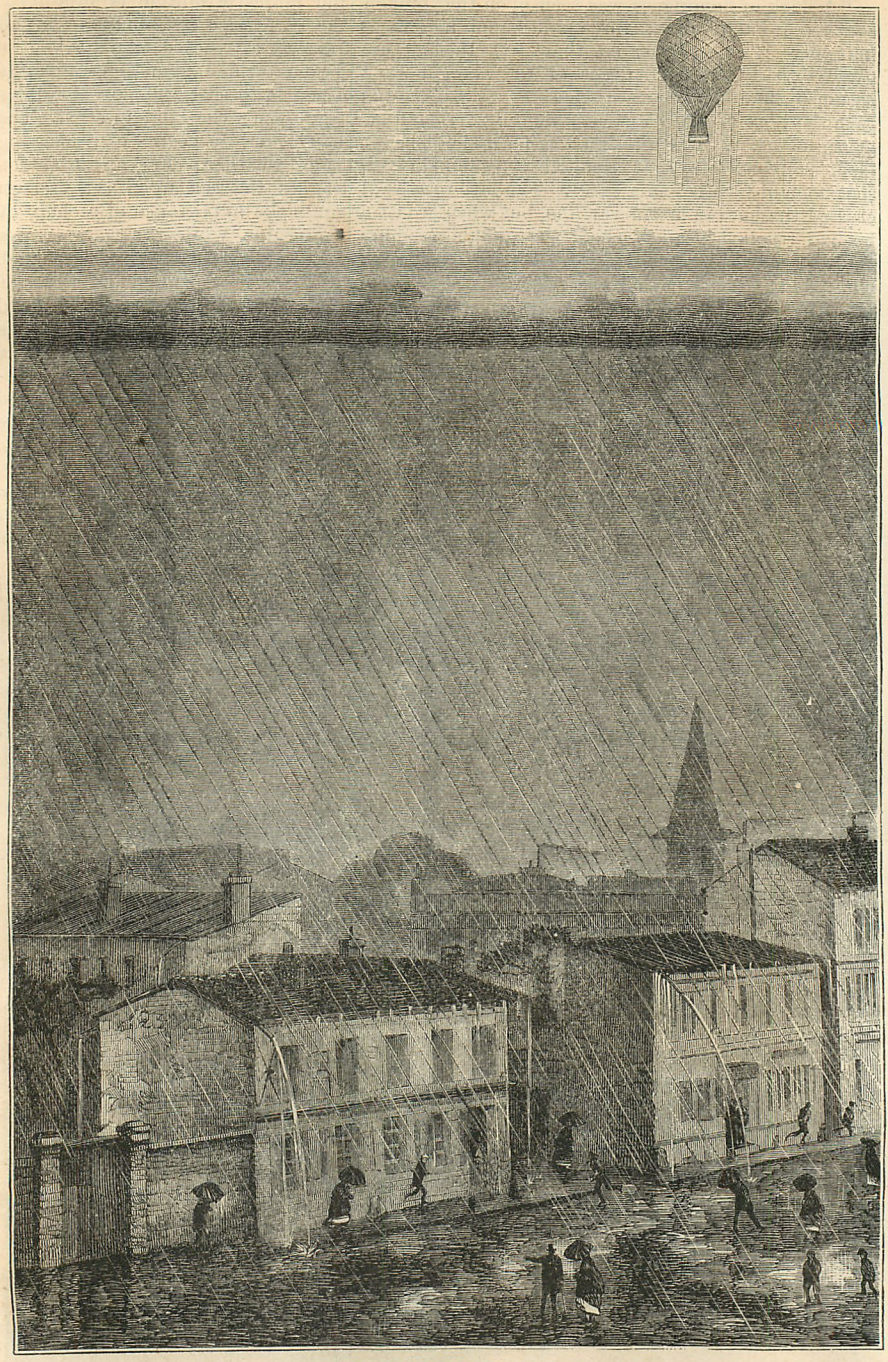
Allusions to the mirage are frequent in Oriental writings. The phenomenon is not confined to the land. It is often witnessed at sea. This will explain the appearance of those unknown islands which sometimes mislead the navigator. For a long time Swedish sailors went in search of a magic island that seemed to rise between the islands of Aland and Upland, but which vanished on their approach. In May, 1837, during the French Algerian expedition of that year, a very curious mirage was observed by M. Bonneforet. He describes it as follows:

"A flock of flamingoes was seen upon the southeast bank, about three miles and a half off. These birds, as they left the ground to fly to the surface of the lake, assumed such enormous dimensions as to give the idea of Arab horsemen defiling one after the other. The illusion was for a moment so complete that General Bugeaud sent a spahi forward as a scout. The latter crossed the lake in a straight line, but when he had reached a point where the undulations commenced, the horse's legs became so elongated that both steed and rider seemed to be borne up by a fantastic horse several yards high, and disporting itself in the midst of the water that appeared to submerge it. All eyes were fixed on this curious phenomenon, until a thick cloud, intercepting the sun's rays, caused these optical illusions to disappear, and re-established objects in their natural shape."

When, instead of occurring in plane and regular strata, refractions and reflections take place in curved and irregular strata, a broken and fantastic mirage is produced. This is the case with the singular aerial picture formerly attributed to a fairy—the Fata Morgana—which sometimes attracts crowds of people to the sea-shore at Naples and at Reggio, upon the Sicilian coast. The phenomenon generally occurs of a morning in very calm weather. For an extent of several leagues the sea upon the Sicilian coast assumes the appearance of a chain of sombre mountains, while the waters upon the Calabrian side remain quite unaffected. Above the latter is seen depicted a row of several thousands of pilasters, all of equal elevation, of equal distance apart, and of equal degrees of light and shade. In the twinkling of an eye these pilasters sometimes lose half their height, and appear to take the shape of arcades and vaults, like the Roman aqueducts. There is often also noticeable a long cornice upon their summits, and there are also seen countless castles, all exactly alike. These soon fade away, and give place to towers, which in



WATER-SPOUT AT SEA.



ABOVE AND BELOW THE RAIN-CLOUD.

turn disappear, leaving nothing but a colonnade, then windows, and lastly pine-trees and cypresses, several times repeated.

The chapters on the wind form a very interesting portion of M. Flammarion's work. There is the *Fochu*, which blows from the hot deserts of Africa, and carries springtime to the Alps, without whose genial influence those lofty peaks would never lose their covering of snow and ice, and the

greater part of Switzerland would become as bleak and inhospitable as the polar regions. There is also the Harmattan, a dry, scorching wind which blows in December, January, and February along the coast of Africa from Cape Verd and Cape Lopez toward the Atlantic Ocean. Its duration is from two to sixteen days. All this time the sun is obscured by a dull fog, which gives it a malignant red color. In the path of this scorching wind vegetation withers and dies, the leaves fall from the trees, and the grass becomes hard, crisp, and brittle. If it continues several days at a time, its effects on the human body become very painful. The eyes and lips dry, and the skin peels off. Covering the exposed parts with some oily substance is the only protection against its effects. The Arabs ascribe to it certain poisonous qualities—a fiction to alarm Europeans and keep them from invading the sacred precincts of the desert.

During the period of the equinox the desert storms become terrible. All the world has heard of that awful scourge of the desert, the Simoom, the poison-wind of the Arabs. In Egypt it is known by a name signifying *fifty*, because it blows for twenty-five days before and after the vernal equinox. The Simoom announces its approach in the desert by a dense blackness on the horizon, which spreads rapidly as it approaches. A dull yellowish fog fills the air, and clouds of sand obscure the sun. The moment its approach is perceived the birds seek safety in flight. The inhabitants of towns and villages shut themselves up in their houses, and those in the desert burrow in pits dug for the purpose. Many persons die of suffocation when suddenly overtaken by this terrible wind. It is most fatal to caravans, where there are no opportunities for protection. The only safeguard is to fall prostrate on the sand and cover the mouth and nostrils. Camels instinctively bury their noses in the sand on perceiving its approach. In 1805 a caravan consisting of 2000 persons and 1800 camels perished in a Simoom.

Not less terrible are the great sand-storms which sometimes sweep over the vast deserts of Africa and Asia. The Hungarian savant Arminius Vámbéry, who traveled through many countries of the East in the disguise



RAIN OF BLOOD IN PROVENCE, JULY, 1608.



SHOWER OF LOCUSTS.

of a dervish, graphically describes one of these tempests encountered while traversing the desert between Khiva and Bokhara. Having quitted the country of the Turcomans and the Oxus, his caravan penetrated the sandy waste. The fatigue of marching was terrible. Camels and asses sank nearly to the knees in the fine sand. The second morning they camped at a station bearing the charming name of Adamkyrylgan (which means "the place where men perish"). A dismal prospect extended on every side. Let the reader picture to himself a sea of sand stretching out to the horizon, on one hand rising into wave-like hills, on the other smooth and level as a lake. Not a bird was visible in the air, not a sign of living creature on the earth—nothing but traces of death in the bleaching bones of man or beast, thrown into heaps, the ghastly guide-posts of the caravan! After five days of weary marching, during which the water gave out, they neared the limit of the desert, and all eyes were searching eagerly to discover a shepherd's hut or a drove of cattle, when the leader drew attention to an approaching cloud of dust, and ordered every one to lose no time in dismounting from the camels. The poor brutes themselves discerned the coming of the terrible "Tebbad," or sand-storm; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. Vámbéry and his companions intrenched themselves behind the crouching animals, lying there as under the cover of a wall; and scarcely had they done so when the wind rushed over them with a dull clattering sound, leaving them, in its rapid flight, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. "The first particles that touched me," says Vámbéry, "seemed to burn like a rain of fiery flakes." Had they encountered the storm deeper in the desert, all must have perished. Tebbad is a Persian word, signifying *fever-wind*. It is most to be dreaded in the sandy deserts, where it may not only bring the torture of fever, but overwhelm every thing under dense volumes of sand.

Less destructive in their effects, but hardly less terrifying to the beholder, are the enormous sand columns raised by whirlwinds in the sandy deserts of Asia and Africa. They sometimes assume the most fantastic shapes, and move with almost in-

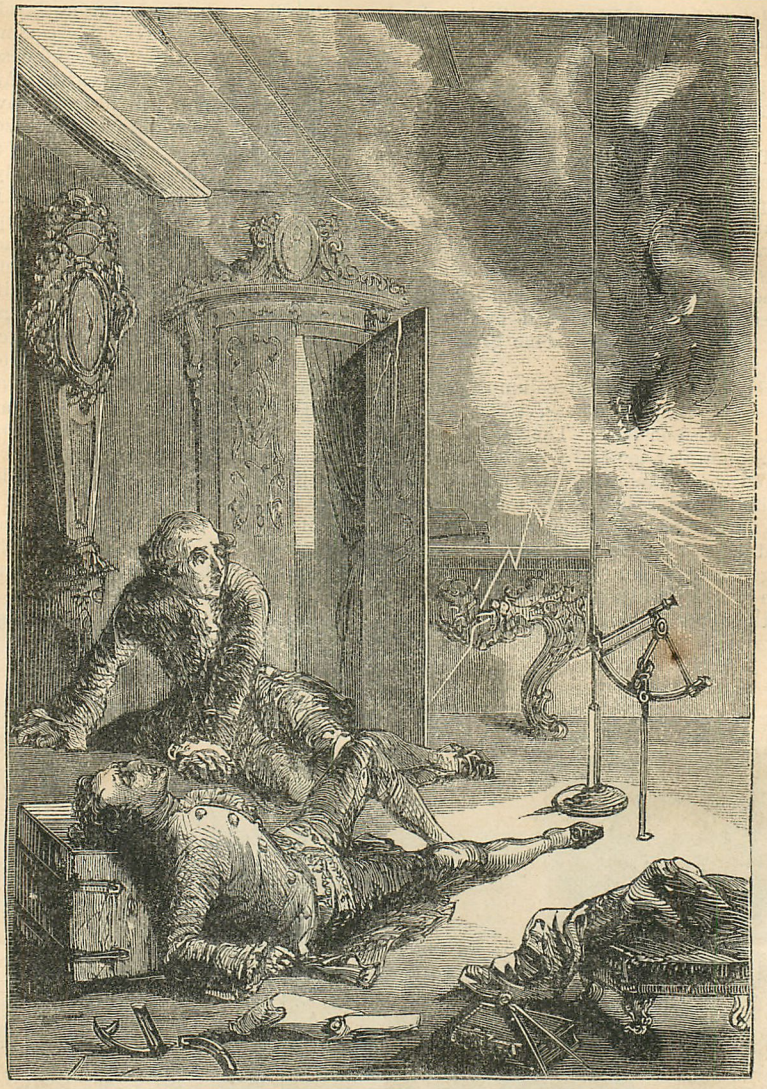
credible swiftness. We can easily imagine that the superstitious children of the desert saw in these monstrous phenomena the manifestation of supernatural power, and that the whirling columns of sand and dust took shape in their minds as the dreaded genii and afrites of the *Arabian Nights*. Unlike the great sand-storms of which we have just been speaking, which sometimes overwhelm caravans and extend the desert area over vast tracts of fertile land, these sand-spouts, as they may be called, rarely produce much mischief. M. Flammarion relates several instances where the whirlwind or tornado which occasions them has done great damage to villages in France.

Analogous to the sand columns are the water-spouts frequently observed at sea, and sometimes also on land. They are columns of cloud or water, generally in the shape of a double cone, having its least diameter in the middle, and reaching from a low cloud to the surface of the land or water. When formed at sea by the action of the wind, they generally begin to form at the surface of the water, rising gradually until they meet the upper portion, which nearly at the same time begins to descend from the cloud. On land they almost invariably commence in the under surface of a cloud, and descend rapidly until they reach the earth. At sea the spout or spouts, when formed, move in the direction of the wind, with a horizontal whirling motion; and when several of them are observed together, as is frequently the case, they present a majestic spectacle. Even when there is apparently no wind, the spouts may be seen to move along the surface of the water, sometimes in different directions, and to bend and twist as if violently agitated by some interior force. Some observers say that the formation of these spouts is accompanied with a dull rumbling noise, like that of a heavy cataract heard from a distance; the parting is sometimes followed by a loud report. The column sometimes disappears as if it were drawn up into the cloud from which it depended, sometimes in a heavy fall of rain, and at other times in a solid mass of water, popularly known as "a cloud-burst." The sailors' theory that a water-spout can be dissipated by a cannon-shot is not generally accepted.

Many of the most remarkable water-spouts



SHOWER OF BEETLES.



DR. RICHMANN STRUCK DEAD BY AN ELECTRICAL SHOCK.

have appeared on land, and these are frequently very destructive in their march. We have an account of one which is said to have broken in Lancashire, England, which for a distance of a mile tore up the earth to the depth of several feet, as if it had been furrowed by some gigantic plow. In the autumn of 1859 a water-spout burst near Calcutta, India, inundating a grassy plain to the extent of half a square mile to the depth of six inches; two weeks were required to drain off the water.

What is more lovely than a gentle rain? Poets have found their sweetest inspiration in its mysterious influence on the mind. Old Chaucer describes some one sleeping in a cave, while the rain pattered gently on the leaves and grass without, and made his "sleep softer than it was." What lover of old English poetry does not recall that exquisite stanza in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, describing the "Cave of Sleep?"

> "And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
> A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
> *And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,*
> *Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne*
> *Of swarming bees*, did cast him in a swowne."

But to quote half the beautiful sayings of the poets concerning rain would require a volume. To thoroughly enjoy even the most gentle summer shower one must be out of it—under cover. There is no romance in getting wet. Neither is the city the right place to enjoy a rain. To appreciate the



HARVESTERS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

full beauty of an April shower one must be in the country, where the buds are beginning to swell on all the trees, and the meadows show bright patches of fresh green. How dismal the contrast of rain in the city! Sidewalks and street-crossings wet and muddy, innumerable drippings from eaves, spouts, and awnings, spatterings from passing vehicles, cars and omnibuses crowded with uncomfortable passengers—these are neither picturesque nor poetic suggestions. Who would not like to escape from this disagree-



CURIOUS FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

able scene and take a seat with the happy aeronaut who, above the low stratum of rain-cloud which drenches all beneath it, serenely navigates the calm region of sunshine? As we can't all keep balloons on hand for this purpose, let us be thankful for umbrellas.

Aside from the ordinary falls of rain, hail, and snow, the history of meteoric phenomena affords many instances of extraordinary showers from the sky, which have often carried terror to the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. Not to speak of "shooting-stars," or of those showers of stones, bricks, planks, pottery, which it is now known are due to the action of the whirlwinds which create water and sand spouts, there are certain singular and rare phenomena which, occurring now and then from the earliest times, have been regarded with peculiar horror and dismay. Such, for example, are the showers of blood to which Homer alludes as presaging the death of many valiant heroes, which Plutarch mentions as occurring after sanguinary battles. Many instances of blood-rain are chronicled of later date than the commencement of the Christian era. Blood is said to have fallen in Paris in the year 582, to the great terror of the inhabitants. In 1144 the same phenomenon was witnessed in several parts of Germany; and it is recorded that in March, 1181, a rain of blood continued for three days in France and Germany; during this dreadful period a luminous cross is said to have appeared in the sky. About the beginning of July, 1608, one of these pretended showers of blood occurred in Provence. The priests, either deceived themselves or wishing to impose on the credulity of the people, saw in this event the direct agency of the archenemy of mankind. Happily a man of sense and learning, M. Peirese, examined with great care some of the clots of blood which adhered to the walls of the church of Aix, and soon discovered that they were only the excrements of butterflies, great swarms of which had filled the air in that neighborhood for several weeks. Not a trace of blood had been found in the centre of the city, where the butterflies had not been observed. So a very commonplace discovery robbed the blood-rain of all its terrors. Colored showers have been too often observed in our own day to permit us to doubt the occurrence of the same phenomena in ancient times; the error was in attributing them to a supernatural cause. Showers of milk, of flesh, of grain, of fish, and of crosses of several colors are also mentioned in history; but for a full account and scientific explanation of these singular phenomena the reader is referred to M. Flammarion's exceedingly interesting work.

Showers of locusts, of frequent occurrence in the East, are due to the immense swarms of these nomadic insects caught by strong winds, and carried often to enormous distances through the air. Seen from a distance these swarms have the appearance of a black thunder-cloud. They conceal the sun; as far as the eye can reach they blacken the sky and cover the ground. Branches of trees crush under their weight, and grain

fields look as if an army had marched over them. Wherever they alight the whole aspect of the country becomes changed in a day. Great harvests disappear as if by magic, and brown and barren fields mark the course of their devastating march.

A few instances are on record where the common beetle has descended in showers, like the locust, covering great regions of country, and devouring every green thing. Figuier relates that on the 18th of May, 1832, a shower of beetles assailed a diligence near the village of Talmontier, France, with such violence that the horses became furious and unmanageable.

Electrical experiments are said to date back at least as far as the time of Numa Pompilius, who appears to have been acquainted with the affinity of lightning for points, and with the properties of iron as a conductor of the dangerous fluid; but the first experiments which were turned to practical account were those made by Benjamin Franklin, in 1752. His discoveries, communicated to European savants, gave a fresh impulse to the investigation of the subject, and his experiments were repeated, with the same success, in every country of the Old World. These experiments were not unattended with danger, although but one fatal accident to a savant is recorded. Dr. Richmann, a member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, had constructed an electrical conductor, leading from the roof of his house into his cabinet, to enable him to measure every day the strength of the atmospheric electricity. On the 6th of August, 1753, a little more than a year after Franklin made his celebrated experiment with the kite, during the prevalence of a heavy thunder-storm, Dr. Richmann incautiously approached the apparatus. As he bent over it a ball of fire was seen by his assistant to flash toward him from the point of the conductor, striking him on the forehead, and laying him dead on the floor.

Within the last half century the study of electricity has been eagerly pursued, with what magnificent results is known to all. The electric telegraph, which links all nations together, and the electrotype process, so useful in many branches of art, are among the most important of these results. But when we come to inquire what it is, we are still comparatively in the dark. Electricity is a *force*, with the nature of which, as with that of heat, of light, of attraction, we are still ignorant. This force produces certain effects, the study of which constitutes this branch of physical science. It is known that electricity is a subtle fluid, susceptible of accumulation, condensation, and rarefaction; that it can be discharged from one body to another, and traverse immense distances with inconceivable rapidity, superior to that of light; that this fluid has two modes of existence, two modes of manifestation, which we distinguish by calling the one positive, the other negative. The terrestrial globe and the atmosphere are two grand reservoirs of electricity, between which occur perpetual changes of decomposition and reconstruction, which, in animal and vegetable life, play a rôle complementary to the work of heat and of humidity. Humboldt calls electricity the life or soul of the world, a mysterious force whose nature, like spirit, must always remain a matter of speculation only.

Many are the marvelous freaks and jests played by electricity, sometimes ending in tragedy. Among the most remarkable is that of striking a person dead, and leaving him in the exact position occupied at the moment the shock was given, just as if he were still alive, and yet so thoroughly consumed as to be nothing but a mass of cinders. Thus we are told that at Vic-sur-Aisne, France, in 1838, three soldiers sought refuge from a violent thunder-storm under a linden-tree. Some peasants, seeing them stand motionless long after the storm had passed, and receiving no response to a pleasant salutation, touched them on the shoulder. The bodies instantly crumbled to fine ashes! Yet the moment before there was no evidence that the lightning had touched them. Their clothing was not torn, and their faces wore a natural appearance. The following remarkable circumstance was witnessed by Pastor Butler: On the 27th of July, 1691, ten harvesters took refuge under a hedge on the approach of a thunder-storm. The lightning struck and killed four of them, who remained as if suddenly petrified. One of them was just putting a bit of tobacco in his mouth, another was fondling a little dog on his knee with one hand and feeding him with the other. M. Cardan relates that eight harvesters, taking their noonday repast under a maple-tree during a thunder-storm, were killed by one stroke of lightning. When approached by their companions, after the storm had cleared away, they seemed to be still at their repast. One was raising a glass to drink, another was in the act of taking a bit of bread, a third was reaching out his hand to a plate. There they sat as if petrified, in the exact position in which death surprised them.

The following harmless freak of electricity is recorded by Flammarion. On the 10th of September, 1845, during a violent thunder-storm, a house in the village of Salagnac, France, was struck by lightning. A large ball of fire descended the chimney, and rolled across the floor of a room in which sat a child and three women. No one was hurt. It then rolled out through the centre of the kitchen, passing close to the feet of a young peasant, and disappeared through a crevice in the wall. Its erratic course ended in the pig-

sty, the harmless occupant of which it despitefully slew, without setting on fire the straw on which the creature lay.

Here we must take leave of M. Flammarion and his entertaining and instructive book, in which the reader will find a vast amount of curious and valuable information concerning the air and atmospheric phenomena, enlivened with pleasant anecdotes drawn from the experience of travelers and observers, and with a great number of wood-engravings and chromos of exquisite delicacy and finish.

MY TRAMP.

A RAP. When one has been in the habit of living a good deal alone, as I have done, one gets to know the various neighborly hands that do duty on the old knocker. There is the pompous village doctor, the hurried postman, the friendly gossip, the patient old gray-haired pastor. But it could be none of these at this hour of the night. This rap that I heard below was a strange one—a feeble, indecisive sound, as though the intruder were half inclined to turn away, after all. It startled me, however, being all alone in the house, old Betsey, my sole servant, having gone off to visit her sister. I hesitated on the stairs a moment, only a moment—possibly I might be wanted at the mill, or some neighbor might be sick—and without further delay I went down and unbolted the door. The old-fashioned stoop, with its suggestive benches on either side, lay solitary and silent in the moonlight; the garden path, weedily overgrown since father's death, and sentineled here and there with ragged hollyhock, lay quiet and dew-laden. No one was to be seen.

I stood an instant waiting, then shut the door and slowly returned up stairs. But somehow the house felt empty and chill now. I could not gather back the delicious sense of rest and idle reverie which that rap had disturbed, and I remembered, for the first time, that there was not a soul within sound of my voice. But what was there to be afraid of in the old house—the quiet old house where my father and mother had lived and died? Nobody ever intruded on my solitude; and I had the old mill for company. I looked out of the window now, and saw its wrinkled, time-worn face brooding shadowy in the moonlight. It looked such an ancient, familiar friend, that old mill, in which my father had worked so many years. Its rickety bridge, its great wheel, its gurgling water, I had known them ever since a child. I could hear even at this distance in the night silence the rush of the mill-stream, swollen by the spring rains; and glancing away down the dim ridges of hillock and meadow, I caught the twinkle of a light in the window. Good old Mr. Lowell, the Quaker owner, was probably there making up his accounts. Perhaps he had sent for me, and the messenger had got out of patience with my delay. I often helped him with his accounts, as my father had done before me. Having worked in the mill so long, I sometimes got a little extra pay for this, and for looking after the rest of the girls. Pleasant times we girls had in the old paper-mill, after all, for Mr. Lowell kept it running in leisurely fashion, and we had many a half-holiday that never was counted against us. Only in the fall and spring there was a "drive," and Mr. Lowell staid late looking over his neglected accounts.

I was still standing with the window-curtain held back in my hand, when I was roused by another rap at the door. I lost not a minute this time, but hurried courageously down the creaking stairway, withdrew the bolts, and looked out heroically. A man stood in the doorway a little apart, in the shadow, as if shrinking from too sudden observation. His face was not clearly visible, being shaded by a wide-brimmed felt hat, but a pair of strange black eyes glanced covertly out from under it. The eyes seemed to mean much; they sent a shiver through me.

"What do you want?" I said, abruptly.

"I—I am looking for Farmer Darby."

Then I felt sure there was something wrong, for Farmer Darby lived down on the other road, a couple of miles away. I told the man so, curtly enough, and prepared to shut the door. The slow and unsteady step with which he turned away added to my suspicion: drunk, no doubt; one of those "tramps" with which the country was infested lately, ready to beg or steal, or do any thing but earn an honest living.

I was framing some means of convincing him there were men about the place, when he turned as he staggered down the steps.

"I am sorry to have scared you, mistress," he said.

Scared me!—me, with a reputation for courage the country round.

"I shouldn't have knocked a second time, only seeing the light."

He walked slowly down the path to the gate, and I saw his shadow moving unsteadily along on the moon-lit road. I watched till he came to the great gnarled oak at the corner of the clover field, and then disappeared. He went no further. I was certain of that.

Was he watching the place to do it a mischief? Those black eyes of his had an incendiary look. I was full of pluck or alarm, I scarcely know which. I slipped softly down the steps, and following the path inside the fence, made my way through the wet grass till I reached the bars over which that old oak spread its scarred and crooked boughs. Furtively from the tangle of shrubs and elder brush I looked out. There lay

the object of my search, with his face prone to the ground; he seemed to have fallen. Suddenly he lifted himself and turned. I thought at first he saw me. I seemed to be face to face with a dangerous, dark-browed, sullen countenance, and to have put myself in peril of my life. I drew back with a beating heart. The friendly leaves protected me, however, and scarce daring to breathe, I watched the movements of the "tramp."

I saw him strike his clinched fist suddenly against the trunk of the tree. "The devil!" he said, between his shut teeth, "it can't be I'm dying! Dying like a dog by the road-side." He staggered to his feet. His face looked ghastly in the moonlight. Pity overcame all my scruples, and my own voice startled me as I said,

"I will give you something to eat if you need it. You did not tell me you were hungry."

"I am not telling you now," was the harsh answer. He did not seem surprised to hear a voice so near, but turned away with what I fancied an involuntary pride, as though he rejected such late hospitality.

"Come, come back to the house," I said, hastily; "you can't get on that way."

He paused, then turned and followed me mechanically, much as a hungry dog would obey a whistle, and we walked with the fence between us back to the house.

I opened the kitchen door, not, I confess, without some trepidation. "Step in," I said. My strange companion looked down hesitatingly on the clean sanded floor.

"I have been tramping the road all day," he answered. "Get me a bit of something on the steps." He was certainly not inclined to accept favors in a beggarly manner. I cut him some goodly slices of bread and ham, remarking as I did so, "You look so ill and tired, I wonder you did not stop further down the village."

"Folks are generally afraid of such as I am," was the reply. "I have not asked bread of man or woman since I left the city —not one—though I was faint with heat and hunger."

Somehow I could not feel afraid of this man, now I had him under my wing, as it were. His voice was singularly clear and pleasant. I added out of my store a cup of cold coffee. He seemed quite strengthened and refreshed.

"I shall find my way to Farmer Darby's without further difficulty now," he remarked, as he handed back cup and plate.

"But you will find them all in bed. Country folk don't often sit up long after candlelight. They will think queer of your coming this time of night," I added, in a friendly way.

"Oh, they know *me!*" was the reply. I fancied there was a touch of bitterness in the tone. "And for that matter, I can sleep in an outhouse till morning."

And so my strange visitor departed.

"I do say!" cried my neighbor, Mrs. Medlum, the next morning, stepping in bright and early while I was getting breakfast. "Why, here you are, chipper as ever. I did worrit myself all to pieces about you last night. I says to Mehetabel, says I, 'Pears to me that gal ud be afeared to stay stark alone in that bald old house. I'm a good mind to run over with my knittin' and sit with her a bit.' But then I looked out over the meadow and see your light burnin' so spunky, and thought I'd keep in out o' the dew, and let Jem run over when he'd looked after the critters. But, la! Jem whistled off down to the village 'fore ever I knowed it, and I never sot eyes on him ag'in till mornin'."

"I was not afraid," said I. "You must never feel anxious about me, Mrs. Medlum."

My neighbor glanced at me shrewdly, with a sidewise glance.

"No! Well, some folks are the venturesomest! And Jem says he thought like enough you had company last night, seein' a light burnin' quite late as he come along home."

Probably I blushed, remembering the company I *did* have.

The old woman smiled affably.

"Of course we all know where Mr. Lowell likes to spend his evenings; and I says to Mehetabel—"

Not wishing to hear what further she said to Mehetabel, I hastened to offer her a hot cup of coffee. It was not the first time I had heard this gossip, which hinted that Mr. Lowell's kindness to me meant more than friendship. Mr. Lowell was old and silver-haired, but he was rich, and his wife had been dead many years.

Mrs. Medlum sipped her coffee approvingly. "Delightful!" said she. "Ah, dear man, how he must feel the need of home comforts at his time o' life! Money can't buy every thing, after all, as I says to Mehetabel; there's no use blowing your coals when your kettle's a-leaking. He's got a big house and a high-feather housekeeper; but, laws! what slops that woman does make for him, with all her high wages!"

Then my neighbor took up her sun-bonnet and walked down to the garden gate. The sun shone on her portly figure, the hollyhocks nodded, and the weeds humbly brushed her motherly skirts—a big, good-hearted, busy soul, who kept her hands full with her neighbors' affairs, and left her spare and conscientious daughter to do the work of two. At the gate she turned and nodded back to me as I stood in the doorway.

"Oh, be you going over to the quiltin' at Farmer Darby's next Monday week?

They're dreadful busy there now, I hear, on account of John Darby's goin' off to be married. Got a new hired man, I hear."

Did you ever attend an old-fashioned country quilting-party, O modern and enlightened reader? If so, I hope you cherish the memory of it as I do—a bright relic of times that are passing away. A pretty scene, with the elderly ladies in their best caps and spectacles, ranged in high authority about the glittering spread; the cherry-cheeked, laughing girls; the clatter of scissors, the threading of needles, the chatter, the busy fingers; the slight formality giving place to social and friendly gossip as evening draws on, and the clink of the best china is heard in the great kitchen beyond, and the odors of fresh biscuit and fragrant tea assail the senses. It seems almost a pity all this should be numbered among the things that were. However, there was Mrs. Darby that evening, bustling about in her best black silk, undisturbed by any premonitions of the march of progress; and there were the lads and lasses from the country round, unversed in the gentility of the nineteenth century, who thought the best part of it was when the quilt was rolled away, and the great kitchen was cleared for a game of romps, hide-and-seek or hunt-the-slipper not being considered beneath their dignity, and the old rafters ringing with the frolic.

Then some of the boys had discovered that the new hired man could play the fiddle, and presently, in the midst of a gay group, I saw, or rather I felt, that my tall "tramp" was making one of the party. He certainly played well, with singular precision and delicacy, and I lingered near with other girls, fascinated by the music, though I did not speak to him, merely nodding a recognition as I passed up stairs for my bonnet. He looked hale and neat; his face was already losing that wolfish thinness and sharpness. It might not please him to be reminded of his late beggary.

"A handsome fellow!" said Kate Newton, archly eying him as she tied her hat strings. "Where *did* they pick him up?"

After this I heard a deal of the new farm hand. He sprang into sudden popularity. There never was a worker like Denis Owen, people said, and the young folks declared his violin actually spoke, and admitted him into their good-fellowship solely on its recommendation.

"La, yes!" said Mrs. Medlum, benevolently. "A man's a right to set in as good a place as he can make for himself. *I* say, and for one, as I says to Mehetabel, 'I've no objection in the varsal world,' says I, 'perwidin a man's got the right eddication.'"

All my neighbors said I was a lonely soul, a little odd, a little eccentric. No doubt I appeared so. Apart from my life at the mill I had very little companionship, and I had a habit, the inevitable outgrowth of shyness and solitude, of taking lonely walks and making friends of inanimate objects, and sometimes even with people whom I never spoke to in my life. A sort of unborn artist or vagrant gypsy stirred in me unconsciously, and I knew the rare nooks for miles around. I knew where the old beech-tree stood up stark and white against the twilight sky—at such an hour blanched trunk and skeleton limb would glow as with sudden resurrection; I knew the special meadow whose daisy drift whitened as it rounded skyward—at such an hour shadows gathered in hollow and hedge, transfigured it with strange, uncanny meaning, and the quiet meadow sailed out in mist and night-fall, a solitary island, rising sole above a vanishing world.

Sometimes I strolled down after mill-time to watch the red-shirted laborers in a field, or the sturdy Dutchwomen in their short blue-gray skirts and clumsy shoes, working late and diligent in the potato patch or the long, straight rows of beet beds. These things made pictures for me, which I often walked a mile or two out of my way to get a glimpse of. Occasionally I took a circuitous route home along the mill-stream, crossing by the lower bridge. This took me past a certain outlying and neglected field of the great Darby farm. At the further end of this field lay a shaded little pool, whose clear, still waters reflected the gray and moss of the old stone fence, the gray and moss of the straggling wild willow overhanging it, and a rift of the blue sky beyond. Denis Owen often passed through this bit of waste on his way from the further wheat or corn fields. I had seen him sometimes with his rake on his shoulder go whistling by as I sat there unseen. It pleased me to see him thriving; I had a certain secret sense of property in him. This was my tramp whom I had picked up by the roadside—my one special benevolence, tall, full-grown, and taking comely shape.

One day, returning from the mill, I sat down in this sheltered niche to rest. Mounting the brier-grown hedge, I took my luncheon from my pocket, having for some reason neglected to eat it during the day. Just beyond this stony patch of waste land Farmer Darby's corn field caught the sunlight; a little later I should see the sun drop lingering and loath behind that low line of far blue hills. It was a good place to rest one's self in after the clatter of the mill, the chatter of the girls, and the weariness of a long day in-doors.

As I sat thus, blissful, quiescent, absorbed in the peaceful scene, some one came up with a great bucket in either hand to draw water for the cattle: it was Denis Owen. He nodded to me as if it were the most natural

thing in the world to see me sitting there. I thought he looked hot and tired.

"Why do you work so hard?" said I.

"Why do I?" he repeated.

"Ay," said I, calmly munching my seed-cake, and glancing at the far purple line of hills, the mist rising to veil them, the evening splendor coming on—"and so late?" I added. "*I* wouldn't work like a prisoner for any man." Farmer Darby had the reputation of being a hard task-master, a close-fisted, just, exacting nature.

I had been a prisoner in the mill all day myself, but I felt like a vagrant princess just then, sitting at leisure, with the sun shining on me, and the glory of twilight illumining my idle mood.

The man stopped abruptly, looking me straight in the face. A fell and dangerous light shone in the iris of his strange eye, like the sudden showing of a dark lantern; for a moment I felt afraid of him.

"You don't know what you're talking about, I imagine," was his sole rejoinder.

The words and the glance were instantaneous, he stooped to pick up the dripping buckets, and without further word or look went his way.

The blood rose to my face; I felt rebuffed and humiliated, and stepping down from my perch, walked silently homeward. The evening glory was gone, the joyous carelessness of mood, the gay unwonted frankness. I came back into my shadowy inner self again, and closed the sky-light. Never more would I be so foolish as to waste feeling and sympathy on a man like this. He was only Farmer Darby's hand—his hired man; if my silly fancy had set him apart as being better than his kind, I had learned my mistake. No wonder Mrs. Medlum called me romantic, and said I needed looking after in a neighborly way. A mere boor this, after all! How different from the courtly attention to which Mr. Lowell had accustomed me was this reception of my proffered friendliness!

At the singing-school that night I could not seem to hearten myself to keep the right pitch. My voice fell spiritless, without ring or vim. I heard Denis Owen's clear deep bass; he sat among the young men on the other side. They had found out that he had a good voice, and pressed him into the service. He would lead them all in time, I thought, as I threaded his voice from the rest.

Generally on these evenings I strolled home with a knot of lads and lasses, but this time it happened I was not in social mood; I let them file off one by one, and went my way alone. It is only a short walk up the road till you reach the bars which shut off the lane leading to my cottage. Sometimes I climbed over to save trouble. This night, however, as I set my foot on the lower rail for that purpose, some one stepped up quickly behind me and let down the bars. Turning quickly, I saw Denis Owen.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Esther," he said, abruptly, "for my rudeness this afternoon. It was an ill return for your kindness."

"Well, yes," I said, standing still a moment, "I think it was."

He smiled down upon me. "You are honest," he said.

A strange sense of elation arose in my heart. I answered gayly, "Oh, we are all honest here. This is an honest country hereabout—we shouldn't know a rogue if we saw one!"

"And what would you say if you saw one?" he asked, carelessly, walking by my side up the leafy lane.

"Say? Oh, I hardly know what I should say—you're jesting about a serious matter, Mr. Owen. I say I shouldn't know one if I saw him, they're—they're so different!"

"*Are* they?" he rejoined, with singular ironic emphasis. "In what particular, for instance, might I inquire?"

"Oh, I don't know—they're shut up half their lives, for one thing. But come, don't let's talk of such gloomy things—things that we have nothing to do with."

"Nothing to do with!" he repeated. "Do you think, then, Miss Esther, that all these good people who breathe this fresh air, live on the kindly fruits of the earth, and have all God's bountiful world to grow in, are a separate race, and are going to have a monopoly of the next world as well as this—a special seat in heaven—while the poor wretch born of all the vileness and scum of the earth, ill-housed, ill-fed, must go beggared forever, thrust out of companionship with the good, elected to a curse from the beginning?"

My companion was strangely excited; his manner startled and awed me. A fathomless abyss, a depth of misery and misgiving, seemed to open out of the old familiar things: a wide world of misdoing and misery, whose burden I had never lifted a finger to lighten.

"I have never thought much of these things," I stammered; "but—but I believe God is better than we are. He will give every one a chance—"

"To do better?" he interrupted, sharply, eying me with a keen, searching glance. "You believe it?"

"Certainly," I answered, scarce knowing what I said: my thoughts seemed drifting away from their old-time anchorage; I was spinning out dizzily into chaos. How much more there was in the world than I had ever dreamed of! I seemed to feel the heat of the central fires that worked beneath its green and smiling crust.

We walked in silence the rest of the way,

and parted at the gate with a brief good-evening; but after this there appeared to grow up a strange and tacit understanding between Denis Owen and myself; something that might have been named friendship, but we gave it no name. We seemed to drift naturally together, we met at odd, accidental times, we read books together, and I took great delight in rendering my little library of use to some one besides myself.

And all about us the summer glowed and waned, and autumn hung its scarlet banner in the woods. Its ruby and topaz glowed along the edges of the streams, its purple mists hung ethereal over the horizon, its fruits dropped golden and bountiful. There were chestnuts ripening in the woods now. One afternoon a gay knot of girls stopped for me at the mill, and we set out merrily to gather our winter store of wood luxuries. Passing Farmer Darby's big barn, the girls espied Denis Owen busily at work mending a harness. They clamored gayly for him to come along and help shake the chestnuts. Smiling, and not ill pleased, he joined the laughing troop, and away we went over bush and brier toward the woods. An old bramble-grown rail fence lay in our way; the girls clambered lightly over, and I was following with Owen, a little below, when I almost stumbled over a man lying close to the hedge, apparently asleep. He got up, as if roused by our voices, and stood still, gazing at us. As we passed he stepped up and laid his hand familiarly on my companion's shoulder.

"Don't know an old chum when you see him, hey?" he said.

Denis started, looked at me, and muttered something I did not hear. As I hastened on, a little in advance, I saw him stop and put out his hand. I thought he gave the man some money.

He caught up to me presently, looking flushed and hot.

The girls stood grouped at the entrance of the wood looking back for us—Kate Newton, in her scarlet jacket, shading her eyes coquettishly with her hand, Patience Kinderly in her Shaker bonnet, and little Bessy Darby.

"How we did run!" said Kate: "that man scared us all so! Wonder who he was?"

"Some old friend of Mr. Owen's, I dare say," said little Bessy, mischievously.

"A low-looking fellow like that! How you talk, Bess," said Kate, sharply. "Come on, girls; it 'll be night before we get there."

"Low!" said Denis, taking up her words testily. "What do you mean by low?"

"Mean?" returned Kate, looking archly back. "Oh, if you've got any metaphysics to propound, you'd better ask Esther. *I* mean simple, downright low. He's got a convict look; I've seen 'em before now—*one* of 'em, at least, that they caught prowling round these parts, and rode him back to jail."

"Then you know the convict look?" said Denis, quietly.

"I flatter myself I do," said Kate, stooping down under the chestnut-trees. "There, Mr. Denis, don't be so horribly captious. Ain't *I* low enough to suit you now? Come, shake the tree for your humble servant."

As we returned homeward, laden with the spoils of the wood, we met the same slouching figure shambling furtively along the road. The girls shied off on one side, as if by instinct, leaving a clean space between themselves and him—a low-browed, loathsome wretch, a sort of human rat, whose vicinage was contamination. But as they passed, looking shyly and half-fearfully over their shoulders, they saw him nod familiarly to Denis Owen.

I saw it too, with a sickness of heart, a foreboding sense of trouble.

Suspicion does not descend at once from any visible quarter of the horizon, so that one can say, "Lo, there the storm broke!" It is rather a sort of distemper infecting the air no one knows whence. Such was the case in regard to Denis Owen: a gradual change, a lowering of temperature in his social atmosphere, took place after this. Even the rosiest and kindliest of his young friends chilled toward him. It began to be whispered about that Denis had questionable associations. Kate Newton no longer shook her curls at him, and the rest of the girls found others to chat and walk with. A while since the most popular young man for miles around, a nameless shadow had fallen upon him; he stood apart, not openly rebuked, but silently dispensed with. Mrs. Medlum plumed herself on having once declared "she did not like his looks," and was very busy carrying scraps and hints and shoulder-shrugs from one end of the village to the other.

One night I waited in vain for his coming to walk with me to singing-school; it had become a sort of tacit understanding that he should come for me. But I waited long past the time, and finally put on my shawl and set out alone. At the turn of the road I met Denis, walking in an opposite direction. He looked away as if not wishing to see me, but I called out, gayly, "Good-evening!"

I never beheld a graver, sadder face than that he turned upon me. It looked ashen and desolate, like a hearth-stone when the fire is out.

He came straight up to me. "I was running away, you see," he said, abruptly, "but it seems I can't do it. Miss Esther, of course you are aware it will not do to associate with such a man as I am now."

"And why not?" I asked, quickly. "I should like to know who is to prevent my choosing my own associates."

"Society," was the cool reply; "and society is right. Surely, Esther, you must have heard the talk, the whispers, the innuendoes. Oh, they are all right, these good people, and Kate Newton was right when she hinted that I was a—"

"A what?" I queried, impatiently.

"A CONVICT." The words were spoken hardily, as though the speaker defied his own emotion. "Doubtless you remember that day under the chestnuts, when even you drew up your dainty raiment from contact with that 'low wretch' who claimed my acquaintance. Ah! there is no escaping these old prison comrades—*they* are no fair-weather friends—and Jim Thurlow, my old cell-mate, sticks by me yet, you see."

I stood as one stunned while these words, uttered with a certain ironic bitterness, a steely steadiness of voice, fell on my ear. Surely this was a mad, wild dream, from which I should presently awake. I stood there silently, bracing my trembling limbs against a way-side willow. No words were given me in that hour either of hope or courage.

"I can not live this down," said Denis, as if speaking to himself; "I should never have tried. I have been under bolts and bars too long. I think convict shows all over me. I feel the stripes of those horrible prison garments through this decent suit that I have earned. I feel the close tainting breath of the prison in this free autumn air. And so, seeing this good and kindly neighborhood has sifted me out, I shall be glad, very glad, to get away."

"Away!" I repeated. Before me the summer twilight swam dizzily; the trees, the sky, the autumn tints, spun round in one strange, blinding whirl.

"Not immediately. This decent, law-abiding village will have to support my presence a week or two longer. They may jeer me, and for aught I know set their dogs on me before that time, but I can not leave good Mr. Darby in the lurch. When the fall work is done, however, I shall be done too with this part of the world forever."

"O God!" I cried. "It can not, *can not* be true! Surely this is a bitter jest of yours. Denis, I always thought you were a—a—"

"Gentleman?" he queried, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I had that ambition once. But in order to be a gentleman one must have money. I tried it once. I coveted boyishly a little decency, a little chance at school, a little chance at dress, and for that attempt at gentility I received eight years in prison—a felon, a counterfeiter, the very lowest of the low."

I drew back from him involuntarily.

"I thought as much," said Denis, coolly. "You will not come near me now. You are too proud, too good, to touch me with the hem of your garment. And yet—excuse me—you remind me of my mother. It is a good thing for a lad to be proud of his mother, is it not? And I am pleased to assure you that mine held a kind of supremacy over her low companions, maintaining an uncanny beauty and a beggarly sort of independence to the last. Poor 'Wild Madge!' she *had* lady-like instincts. It was she that taught me to play and sing. And that reminds me you will be late to singing-school."

"I am not going to-night," was all I said, and turned away faintly and wearily. At that moment I caught sight of Mr. Lowell's broad white hat, as he came slowly up the road. Never had he seemed to me so strong and quiet a refuge from myself and my woe.

"Thee is unwise to be standing here in the night air, Esther. Come, I will walk home with thee." He took my hand under his arm with a gentle authority, nodded pleasantly to Denis, and we left him standing there under the trees.

Perhaps it was standing in the night air gave me the icy chill which I took home with me that night. For two weeks after this I never left my bed. The world went its way, the sun shone, the late birds chirped in the autumn branches, but I lay like one whose life was utterly spent, exhausted, wasted, never to take up the old interests and the old employments again.

Mr. Lowell was very kind to me—so kind that I grew to listen for his footstep, and wept weakly over his books and flowers many a time. I wished I might be ill forever, nor called upon to face the actual life any more. Beyond these quiet hills I knew the great human struggle was going on, the wrestle between right and wrong. Crime, misery, temptation—all these did battle for souls. I wanted to keep away from it all. I did not want to deal with the world's great problem. I craved quiescence, shrinking back from the spectre that with a face like Denis Owen's beckoned me. It seemed so pleasant to be cared for as Mr. Lowell cared for me! He shut the curtains over alien thoughts, and talked to me of pleasant things. He loved books and pictures, a quiet, sunny life. The world was wrong, perhaps—a little out of tune—but its jarring should not untune his life. What there was good in it he would enjoy; what there was evil he would discard from him. His was one of those grave and placid natures whose gray hairs are a crown of glory to them, and who seem only with them to have attained the full ripeness and sweetness of their lives. I clung to him, his kindness, his love. I would not think of Denis; I set the thought of him away; he seemed to have gone down in some shipwreck long ago, from which I only had escaped.

"We shall soon have thee back again all right, Esther," said Mr. Lowell one day, as

I sat bolstered up in the great arm-chair. "The girls are running wild without thee."

"Will there be work for me when I get well?" I asked.

"There is always work for such as thou art, sister," he answered, kindly; "but I have long had it in my mind to offer thee a better vocation than that at the mill. When thee is quite well we will talk of it."

He stroked my hair from my hot forehead with a cool and friendly hand. It was good to feel that tender, cherishing touch.

At that moment Mrs. Medlum entered, on her afternoon visitation—a self-elected mission of shaking me up for the night, and setting old Betsey wild with "her ways." She always scared Mr. Lowell off with her gossip.

"You're looking worse than ever," she said, consolingly. "Just what I says to Mehetabel, and so I says to all on 'em: 'That girl 'ill never get well,' says I, 'if you don't let her be quiet, running there the whole blessed time!' And who should I meet on my way but Farmer Darby's hired man. I says to him, 'She can't see nobody,' says I, 'for I feel like a mother to her,' says I. With that he handed me that there lot o' rubbish out o' the woods. Laws, you can pick 'em up any where! Don't touch 'em, child; they're damp as a sheet, and 'ill give you your death o' cold."

She held in her hand a wild bouquet of red autumn leaves, fragile, airy, full of wood odors. But I did not want to touch them; and I saw her put them out of my reach on the high mantel-shelf without remonstrance.

But I got well in spite of Mrs. Medlum's predictions. The fever burned itself out, the weakness passed; and I found myself once more taking up the old busy life and the usual work at the mill.

The first day or two I staid later than my wont, to keep Mr. Lowell company. He was looking over his books; and though I could not help him much with his task, and he remonstrated a little at keeping me so late, yet I could see that it gave him pleasure. As for me, I was weary of being shut up in the house, and I liked the old familiar place; so I sat, posted at a high desk, watching the long shadows lurking in the corners, the candle-gleam on my friend's silver hair as he sat bending over his ledger.

And as I sat thus, listening in a reverie to the murmur of the mill-stream, I was startled by a sudden crash. The great barred window near my desk fell shivering to the ground, and two men, leaping through the opening, sprang upon Mr. Lowell. The candle glared and fell; we were in utter darkness.

I comprehended it all in a moment. Mr. Lowell had that day received a large sum of money. It was in the secret drawer of his desk. I had seen him put it there. He had been watched; he would be robbed, perhaps murdered. I heard a fearful scuffle; I heard my own voice ringing out in the dark with a wild cry for help; and again at the window, stalwart and broad against the outer darkness, I saw another figure clamber in. I knew the outline well. It was that of Denis Owen. Groping toward the door blindly, as one in a nightmare, I heard the sound of feet tramping without; I caught the sound of voices. The great bolts were shaken vehemently. "It is I, Farmer Darby," said a familiar voice; and, trembling, I withdrew the bolts. A group of sturdy figures entered with gleaming lanterns.

"Bully for you, Denis, my boy," said the farmer; "I knew you'd fix 'em!"

But Denis made no answer. The lantern rays streamed in on his face—a set, resolute face, with clinched teeth. There was blood upon it, blood likewise on the brawny hands, in which he held, as with a tiger's grip, one of the stealthy villains who had attacked us. In the shadow, dark, sinister, watchful to escape, hovered another countenance I remembered well; it was the low, cowardly face of Jim Thurlow. I saw Mr. Lowell struggle to his feet, his gray hairs dabbled in blood. I heard Jim Thurlow say between his shut teeth, "Coward! to go back on his friends! Wish I'd shot him dead!" And then I heard no more, for, worn with recent illness, and overcome with the joy of rescue, I fainted away.

When I next opened my eyes I was sitting in a great arm-chair in the sanded kitchen. The sunshine was streaming in, and Betsey was bustling about her household avocations. It was early morning. Presently Mrs. Medlum entered, accompanied for once by her daughter Mehetabel. A day without news was to worthy Mrs. Medlum, as she often declared, like pie-crust without shortening.

"It do beat all," she cried, seating herself overflowingly in a rocker, "how things do turn out, to be sure. What a piece of news!"

"News!" I repeated, faintly.

"Poor child!" said the good woman, pitifully; "and you there in the thick of it too. It's only a wonder that Denis didn't kill the whole on you while he was about it. But I always said so! 'It looks like temptin' Providence,' says I, 'to be trustin' folks one knows nothing about.' You rec'lect them was my very words, weren't they, Mehetabel?"

Mehetabel, a tall, skeleton figure in a scant gray gown, and a pair of habitually elevated eyebrows, nodded quietly, and took out her knitting. She was used to her mother's marvels.

Mrs. Medlum's volubility was interrupted by the entrance of Farmer Darby, who nodded a cheerful good-morning as he took his pipe

from his mouth. "My folks were so anxious about Esther here that I e'en come over myself to look after her, seeing the old woman's so taken up tending to Owen. But I needn't have been in a hurry, seeing you're so bright and early, widow."

The widow straightened herself up. "Of course," she said, "I feel like a mother to the poor child, that has no one to look after her; and when I see things goin' wrong I'm of that natur' I want to have a hand in settin' 'em straight."

"Just so," said the farmer; "but what's wrong now, neighbor? The girl's coming to all right, beant she?"

"What's wrong?" repeated Mrs. Medlum, irately. "I wonder some folks have the face to ask such questions after bringing their tramps and convicts, and Lord knows what, to prey upon society, and poor women with daughters of their own to look after, and to put honest people in dread of their lives."

The farmer knocked the ashes from his pipe, and laughed, a slightly significant laugh, as he leaned his elbow on the mantelshelf. "Why, neighbor," he said, "I guess you've got things slightly mixed, ain't you? If it hadn't been for Denis Owen that there gal might 'a been ready for laying out now, and Squire Lowell would have been robbed and murdered sure. Denis has been watching these two fellows all along; he reckoned they meant mischief. But squire's safe, and the gal's safe, and Denis is laid up with a shot wound for resking his life. He's a regular trump, is Denis, and I'm proud of the day I brought him here."

"Brought him here!" repeated the widow. "To think of a man, a church-member, introducing—"

"I never introduced him," replied the farmer, sharply. "You wouldn't none on ye let him alone, with your fiddling and singing and merry-making, and now you may take the consequences. I'm not going to part with Owen, if he lives; there's money in him," said Farmer Darby. "So!"

"Come, Mehetabel," said Mrs. Medlum. "I don't see as we're wanted here."

The farmer relented. "Come, come, old woman, don't go off in a huff! I'll tell you all about it. You know we were dreadful short-handed this year, and wages was awful high. And one day I spied a piece in the paper about a prison association for helping out lads that wanted to quit their old ways, and have a chance for their lives without any one's being the wiser. And I just up and wrote for 'em to send me one o' them chaps. I've missed doing any great good in the world, maybe, but I hit it that time, certain; and my opinion is, if there's any more as good as Denis in stone walls they'd better empty 'em out and put some others in. And my old woman agrees with me."

I rose from my seat while the two were talking. I took down my straw hat from the wall and gathered my shawl about me.

"Mr. Darby," said I, "I will go over with you. I want to see Denis."

Mrs. Medlum remonstrated, but my time of weakness was past; I felt suddenly strong and well.

And so I found him lying faint and white in Mrs. Darby's shaded and sacred "spare room," and tended like a prince by Mrs. Darby's motherly hands—my friend, my savior, my poor tramp! And thereafter I took my turn in watching and caring for him.

"We'll have him round again before long, all right," said the farmer, cheerily; "for my old woman's doctoring would raise the dead a'most."

It was late in November, however, before he "came round" again. But one sunny day in Indian summer, wrapped up like a piece of precious merchandise by his good old nurse, who stood in the doorway looking after him, Denis walked feebly at my side out into the sunshine.

We went up the broad slope of the hill road, which still on either side was bordered with green, and beyond which we could see the woods, leafless now, but hung with a faint mist of amethyst, and touched with the tender wistful sky that makes this season of the year pathetic. Leaf, flower, and autumn pride had vanished: it was the time of reminiscence; and walking thus by my side, Denis began to tell me something of his former life: how his boyhood had been familiar with the direst poverty, with vice and misery in every form. Subject to the changeful moods of his mother, her imperiousness at times, her wild weeping fits of tenderness, he had clung to her in her sad career till it ended in death. Hers had been but a variation of the old, sad story—carefully nurtured, delicately guarded, she had fled from home and wealth to share the fortunes of her betrayer. After his mother's death the lad, left to himself among his vile associates, went from bad to worse, was made a tool of by those older than himself, and finally fell in with a gang of counterfeiters, who, finding him quick and ready, made use of him for their purposes. Gradually, he scarce knew how, he became utterly weary of the life he was living; he longed for better things; he coveted to be educated, to be decently dressed, to be as other boys were; and at length resolved to choose the only way of escape that seemed open to him. One day he disappeared from his old haunts with a number of the counterfeit bills in his possession. Overeager, sanguine, he made his way to a distant town, was suspected—betrayed probably by his old associates—and was finally arrested and sentenced. He went into prison a mere lad; he came out a man, resolute, strong,

and sad, whom no temptation could lure to that old life again.

"I thought it best to tell you all this, Esther," he said; "and perhaps then you will not think so hardly of me when I am away."

"But we shall not let you go, you know, Denis. Mrs. Darby will not hear of it."

"But I *must!*" he said, sharply.

Poor fellow, he was an invalid yet; I would not cross him. So I said, kindly, "Where would you go, Denis?"

"I do not know yet. Somewhere in the world I shall find room to live a better life."

Somewhere! the word seemed to echo over wood and hill like a lingering farewell. I looked at this man, whose fate seemed in some inevitable way interwoven with mine. Should I let him go from me forever—see him depart into the wide world, with the odds against him, and betake myself to ease and comfort?

"Denis," said I, "stay here; let me help you—let us be friends as of old."

"Woman!" he cried, turning sharply upon me, "do you think that I have no soul? that I have been buried in jail till every thing that makes manhood in other men is dead? Help me, forsooth! Shall I stand quietly by without feeling, without heart, while others live their warm, happy lives beside me? I tell you I am going away!"

"Poor Denis!" I said, soothingly. "You are feverish and weary. Sit down a little here on this mossy bank—"

"No," he answered, "I will never sit by your side again. I am not fit to be near such as you. Go your way to the wealth and peace that await you. Be Mr. Lowell's bride—you were made for joy and wealth and luxury. But you shall not patronize me, for, proud as you are, virtuous as you are, I tell you that I love you! Does it make your blood tingle with mortification to be loved by a convict? It is done, and I can not undo it."

There came upon me then, even while he spoke the harshly passionate words, a strange inspiration. An angel seemed to float down through the evening and touch my heart. Subdued and sad, I turned my face away and wept.

Standing apart from me, as touched with a sorrow he could not soothe, Denis at last said, wistfully, "What is it, Esther?"

"It is this, my friend," I answered: "I, too, can not undo it. I have tried. You stand to me for a life of hardship, Denis, a life of trial and struggle, and I have shamefully coveted ease and peace. But it is over. 'Where thou goest I will go, and where thou diest I will die;' for better than all else that I have loved, better than all sweetness and beauty, I love you, Denis!"

"Esther," said Mr. Lowell, quietly, a few days after, "thy friend Denis Owen has been speaking to me of thee. It is as I feared; yet I do not blame thee, Esther. Thy companionship has been very sweet to me, and I will not deny that I had thought it excellent to have thee with me to the journey's end, if thee had so elected. But thou hast chosen a higher path, sister, and if the hand of the Lord hath shown itself clearly to thee in this thing, let it be as thou sayest."

And it was so.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Medlum, "wonders will never cease. To be sure, I always said he had the makin' of a gentleman in him, that Denis Owen; but to think of Mr. Lowell's making him boss o' the mill, and of his gettin' our Esther! Well, well, we must forgive and forget, as the Good Book says; for wasn't that there Judas, the very worst o' the whole on 'em, forgiven and forgotten?"

CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATIONS.

A THOUGHTFUL and observing stranger who might visit our country with the design of studying our civil organization, and the theory and operation of our laws, would notice that there are two distinct systems of government in force, each founded upon a definite and well-known basis, styled a *Constitution*. For the national government, he would find that this instrument is made up of certain distinct grants of powers, and guarantees of public and private rights, agreed upon at first by all of the original States, and accepted unconditionally by the other States since admitted into the Union. As imperfections have been found they have been remedied by amendments, from time to time, in the manner therein provided, with the consent of at least three-fourths of the States for the time being, and with the same binding effect as if originally embodied in the Constitution. This fundamental law expressly declares that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people, and that the enumeration therein of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

In each of the several States he would find a Constitution, prepared in the first instance by delegates in convention, and in many cases afterward amended by the Legislatures, with the sanction of a popular vote. These delegates were in every instance elected by the people for the express purpose of preparing or revising their Constitution, wherein they commonly enjoyed unlimited powers; but they could enact no laws, create no corporations, and grant no monopolies; nor could they provide for themselves or their friends any official sta-

tions or desirable privileges that might not be secured by any citizen. More than this, they were well advised, both before their election and during their deliberations, as to what the people whom they represented desired and expected from their labors, and knew that the result must go before their constituents for final approval, and that their own reputation and future standing depended in a great degree upon a satisfactory discharge of these duties.

In comparing the provisions of the national Constitution with those of the States, it will be noticed that the former, besides embracing the details essential to the operation of a legislative, an executive, and a judicial department, with the powers and duties peculiar to each, contains also certain limitations upon the powers of the States, and a guarantee of certain public and private rights. In so far as any of these provisions, or those of any law clearly passed under their authority, may chance to come in conflict with those of a State Constitution, the former, being of paramount authority, are regarded as the law of the land, and the latter as inoperative and void. The limitations of the Federal Constitution upon the States are to be carefully considered in the revision of State Constitutions, and regarded as forbidden ground.

These fundamental laws of the nation and of the States are beyond legislative control, except in the qualified right of amendment; and whenever a case arises in which a judicial decision depends upon an alleged inconsistency between a law and the Constitution, it is the plain duty of the Supreme or other higher court to compare the former with the latter, and if it can not be reconciled upon a fair construction, it will be declared, so far as in conflict with the Constitution, to be null and void. It is further established that the construction given by State courts to State laws will, as a general rule, be accepted by the Federal courts, and that the higher tribunals of both may inquire into the validity of laws passed upon subjects forbidden by the Constitution of the United States, and if found to embrace provisions not allowed, they will declare them void.

In this respect our legislation differs from that of most other countries. An act of the British Parliament, for example, can not be questioned by the courts, except to ascertain its meaning; nor can it be annulled or suspended by them under any pretext. It is the province of their courts to interpret the laws as they find them, without seeking the grounds upon which they were enacted, or the propriety of the provisions which they may contain.

The Constitution of a State may embrace any provision not forbidden by the Constitution of the United States, or included among the powers already yielded to the general government, which a convention might choose to prepare and the people to adopt. This qualification would naturally secure such personal rights as might be considered possibly in danger from an arbitrary exercise of power, and would throw around the several departments of the State government such limitations as the people might deem necessary to protect themselves against oppression, their property from waste, and their local interests from danger, through the fault or misconduct of those who might temporarily gain places of power and trust.

Such evils could not long continue under our form of government, where the lease of power is short, and the accountability to those who gave it certain; but irreparable injury might be done within a short space of time, under the pretext of laws, were there not limitations beyond which they could not operate, and certain definite restrictions upon the several departments, to prevent the possibility of trespass upon rights not granted to them or distinctly confirmed to other branches of the government.

We will limit ourselves in this article to a consideration of the State legislative department, and will notice the limitations that have been placed upon its organization and action by the Constitutions of the several States, the tendencies shown in the various amendments that have been made to the said Constitutions, and some of the reforms that appear to be desirable in future revisions of the same.

The theory of equal representation in the State Legislatures is every where accepted, although in some of the Eastern States their representation by towns prevents its fair operation. In twenty-five States a census is taken for the purpose of equalization, the interval being six years in one, seven in one, eight in one, and ten in twenty-two. In twelve States they also use the Federal census, taken at intervals of ten years, and thus obtain an equalization every five years, based alternately upon their own and the national census. No change can usually be made except at the session next following the completion of a census return.

The basis of representation in Congress and in eighteen States is the total population, in four States the qualified voters, in three the white population, in one the white males over twenty-one years, in one the *permanent* inhabitants, in one the *taxable* inhabitants, and in one the taxable polls and amount of taxes. In two States they exclude from representation the Indians not taxed, in two Indians not taxed and soldiers in the United States army, in two aliens and Indians not taxed, in one aliens and persons of color not taxed, and in one aliens and Indians not civilized.

In the Constitution of Illinois, adopted in 1870, we find the principle of *minority repre-*

sentation fully introduced in elections to the Lower House. From each district three members are chosen, and each voter may place three names on his ballot, which may be alike, and for one candidate only, if he pleases. This plan secures at least a partial representation, wherever a party is able, by nominating but one man, to concentrate their strength upon him in numbers sufficient to give him an election.

A modified form of this principle was temporarily applied in the first election of justices in the present Court of Appeals in the State of New York, in which there were *six* of these officers to be elected, while only *four* could be voted for by any elector. The benefits resulting from a fair representation of parties in a State government are manifest, as by their mutual vigilance they tend to exclude partisan action in the discharge of official duties which heavy majorities might favor or demand. An administration or a Legislature elected by a nearly even vote would naturally seek to deserve continuance by satisfying the expectations of the whole people, and the minority principle above noticed, and which has also been frequently applied in municipal appointments and local elections, we regard as eminently worthy of favor. In fact, a nearly equal division of certain offices between political parties, whatever may be their comparative numbers, has been found, in the inspection of elections and certain branches of administrative service, as the best guarantee against fraud, and as the only means of satisfying the people that their rights were fairly and fully maintained.

A pleasant illustration of this theory of non-partisan action was presented in the election of delegates to the convention that prepared the present Constitution of the State of New Jersey in 1844, in which, by an arrangement recommended by members of the Legislature in concurrence with influential persons throughout the State, the delegates from all of the districts but one were elected from each of the political parties of the day in equal numbers. The good sense and justice of this proceeding can not be too highly commended, and in no other way could the results of their labors have been so effectually placed beyond suspicion of partisan bias, or made more worthy of the public confidence. The Commission recently appointed for preparing amendments to be recommended for adoption in the Constitution of New York is designedly made neutral as to politics by being constituted of members selected from each of the leading parties of the day; and it is quite probable that no allusions will be made to the peculiar views of either in their discussions.

The tendency of reform in the arrangement of representative districts has been toward election by single districts. The first elections to Congress in New York and some other States were made upon general ticket, in the manner now practiced in the choice of Presidential electors. If these representatives be regarded as intrusted with the interests of the State as a whole, this may have been proper, and their selection might have been made without reference to their locality, upon the grounds of their intelligence, ability, and fitness for the place and duties assigned them. But a better view of the requirements soon led to an even distribution of the representation on the plan now every where adopted. The four great Senatorial districts of New York, under the Constitution of 1777, were subdivided into eight in 1821, and into thirty-two in 1846. There was a strong tendency in 1821 toward the adoption of single districts, and the committee in charge of this subject first reported in favor of seventeen. The supposed difficulty of obtaining an equal distribution of the population without dividing counties alone prevented the convention from adopting the smallest possible division as since established.

The subdivision adopted in the revision of the Constitution of Virginia in 1829–30 into the Trans-Alleghany, Valley, Middle, and Tide-water districts proved a fertile source of discontent for many years, and the very unequal vote which these great divisions returned upon the question of its ratification strongly indicates some undue advantages which the proposed Constitution promised to some and denied to others,* and the result afforded conclusive arguments in favor of single districts. The election of members to the Lower House by general ticket for counties and cities, formerly so common, has become almost unknown.

Among the first models of our Constitutions we find some experiments in State government that soon failed to satisfy the requirements, and were abandoned. For example, in Georgia, Pennsylvania, and Vermont the Legislature was at first composed of a single House, as was also the Continental Congress under the Articles of Confederation. The salutary check upon hasty and imprudent legislation afforded by two distinct branches was, however, early recognized, and is now, without exception, an essential feature in the organization of State and Territorial Legislatures, and in the common councils of the great cities. These two branches of the Legislature, distinct and independent in their organization, rules, and proceedings, and in power over their own members, are sensitive to the slightest

* The vote by great divisions upon the question of adoption was as follows:

Trans-Alleghany District.	2,123	for, and	11,289	against.
Valley District	3,842	"	"	2,097	"
Middle District	12,417	"	"	1,086	"
Tide-water District	7,673	"	"	1,091	"

infringement upon their dignity and rights as free and independent bodies, and in the early period of the older States they were very formal in transmitting business from one to the other. No message could be carried except by committees duly appointed, announced, and received; and the ceremonies of opening the session, receiving the speech of the Governors, returning their reply, and the like, partook of much of the stately grandeur affected by colonial Governors, and derived from Parliamentary precedents. Most of these forms have given place to a plain and direct business-like style of proceeding, and we can now scarcely realize the grounds for the strong expressions of resentment which a neglect of some trivial formality on the part of one House in its dealings with the other occasionally called forth, and which were placed upon record in their journals.

Although independent in most respects, neither House can adjourn to another place, or for more than a very limited time, without the other's consent, and both must concur in the passage of laws.

This collective body is in twenty-one States styled a "General Assembly," in thirteen a "Legislature," in two a "General Court," and in one a "Legislative Assembly." It meets biennially in eighteen States, annually in seventeen, and semi-annually in two; the sessions being limited to thirty days in one, to forty in two, to forty-five in one, to fifty in one, to ninety in two, and to one hundred in two of the States. There has been a change from *annual* to *biennial* sessions in thirteen of the States, which can be regarded in no other light than as an intimation by the people of their belief that their Legislatures had done *too much*.

The more numerous legislative branch is in twenty-eight of the States styled a "House of Representatives," in five an "Assembly," in three a "House of Delegates," and in one a "General Assembly." Their numbers are generally limited by the Constitution, and average about one hundred. They are elected for the national government and twenty-six of the States biennially, and for eleven of the States annually. In twelve States no person can be elected to the Lower House under twenty-one years of age, in one State under twenty-two, in three States under twenty-four, and in Congress under twenty-five years.

The smaller branch, known in every instance as a "Senate," varies in number from nine to fifty, or from a fourth to a half that of the other House. The average number is a little over thirty, and the terms of Senators range from one to six years, five States electing for one, eleven for two, two for three, eighteen for four, and one for six years. In eight of the States where the Senators are chosen for two years they are all elected at one time, and in three in classes, one-half annually. Wherever they hold for four years one-half are chosen every second year, and in States where they hold for three or six years one-third of the whole number are chosen annually or biennially. The limit of least age of Senators in Congress and in six States is thirty years, in two States twenty-seven years, in fourteen States twenty-five years, and in one State twenty-one years.

In all of the States the sessions of both Houses are held with open doors (except in special cases), the journals are published, and the members are privileged from arrest on civil process during attendance, and from being questioned elsewhere for words spoken in debate. In fourteen States bills for raising revenue must originate in the Lower House, and in seventeen States any bills may originate in either House, and be amended in the other.

In Delaware, North Carolina, Ohio, and Rhode Island bills become laws upon passage by both Houses. In all the other States bills must be approved by the Governor, or returned with his objections to the House where they originated. They may then be reconsidered and passed over the veto—in nine States by two-thirds of each House, in eight States by two-thirds *present*, in four States by two-thirds *elected*, in eight States by a majority *elected*, in two States by a majority *present*, and in one State by three-fifths *elected* to each House. The return must be made within three days in nine of the States, within five days in sixteen, within six days in one, and within ten days in Congress and in seven of the States.

Impeachments against public officers are in every State preferred by the Lower House, and tried by the Senate. With this exception, neither House exercises any judicial functions properly so called, although formerly, in several States, the Senators sat in the court of last appeal, with the judges of the higher courts.

Having thus briefly noticed the principal limitations upon the organization of State Legislatures, we come to consider the results of their operation, and the indications they suggest relative to the preservation of a due harmony of the system.

While the number of legislators, and the time allowed for legislation, are fixed, or are liable to but slight change, the increasing wealth and population of the country, and the development of new interests, are every year creating new subjects of legislation, and are rapidly bringing upon all of the States the necessity, already felt by many, for some relief from this growing burden of business, without the neglect of any important interest.

We will take New York as an example.

The number of laws passed in the ninety-five sessions since the formation of the State

in 1777 is 30,440, and the number of printed pages which they occupy (exclusive of title-pages, indexes, etc.) is 56,516, of which the first 1512 are large folio, and the remainder octavo.

Grouping these laws into periods of ten years, we find the following in numbers:

From	1778 to 1787.....	650 laws.			
"	1788 " 1797.....	709 "	Increase.....	59	
"	1798 " 1807.....	1,421 "	"	712	
"	1808 " 1817.....	2,335 "	"	914	
"	1818 " 1827.....	2,831 "	"	496	
"	1828 " 1837.....	3,705 "	"	874	
"	1838 " 1847.....	3,547 "	Decrease.....	158	
"	1848 " 1857.....	4,795 "	Increase.....	1248	
"	1858 " 1867.....	6,004 "	"	1209	
Since	1867 (5 years) ...	4,443 "			
	Total.....	30,440			

If in the coming five years the number is as great as for the last, the increase in this decade will be 2882, or more than twice that of any former period of ten years.*

From this table we observe that, excepting the years from 1838 to 1847, which include a period of great commercial revulsion, a stoppage of work upon the State canals, a suspension of specie payments, and general stagnation of business, this increase has been continuous, and that the rate has been of late altogether beyond that of the population or wealth of the State. If we look over the titles of these acts, there will be found an immense number of laws which simply amend or repeal those of recent years, proving that much of this legislation has been hasty or needless. During the last few years there have also been a very large number of bills returned by the Governor with his objections, and in many of these cases his reasons assigned were that ample provision had already been made by general laws for the attainment of the end proposed by these bills.

What we have noticed in the State of New York is also true of other States, but in very unequal degree. Without counting their number, and judging only from the growing thickness of each succeeding volume, the rate of increase of laws in New Jersey and Pennsylvania must be fully as great as that in New York. In short, this improvident and unguarded legislation—so defective as to require amendment or repeal the next year, and so easily got that almost any special favor and privilege may be readily obtained through influences that would not always bear the test of inquiry—has become one of the great evils of the day, and must in time produce a confusion and uncertainty in the laws tending greatly to lessen their force, and to multiply the faults which they profess to remedy.

The only limitation besides the veto of the Governor that can be placed upon the passage of laws is through the restrictions that may be imposed by a Constitution; and where experience has shown that a discretionary power in the hands of the Legislature is liable to abuse, it should be placed beyond their reach, and other means should be provided for the attainment of the ends required. The limitations upon the duration of legislative sessions grew out of an abuse of privilege, and was an effort toward controlling excessive legislation. But we have seen these sessions continue a month or more beyond the time when the pay of the members ceased, and it has been amply shown that if the mischief arising from bad laws is to be lessened by restricting the time of session, this limit must be positive, and not left discretionary, or simply qualified by stopping the pay of members.

The veto power implies an obligation upon the Governor to obstruct the passage of laws which would be unconstitutional or detrimental to the public welfare. But, in practice, so much of this revision is thrown upon his hands during the last days of the session that he can scarcely consider the titles, much less detect the objectionable provisions that may lie concealed in the body of the bills that are laid before him. Since the sessions of the New York Legislature have been nominally limited to one hundred days, about ten per cent. only of the laws of each session have been perfected during the first seventy, and in some years fully three-fourths of the whole number passed during the session were signed during the last ten days, or after adjournment.

We would at this point stop to notice a practice which has come to prevail in the State of New York, in the signing of bills

* Comparing this result with that of the general government, we find that the latter at the end of the second session of the Forty-second Congress had passed 5840 public and 5885 private laws, and 1047 public and 367 private joint resolutions, making a total of 13,139 acts and resolutions requiring a consideration in both Houses and the approval of the President, or passage over his veto. In periods of ten years the numbers were as follows:

Congresses.	Laws.			Joint Resolutions.			Years.
	Public.	Private.	Total.	Public.	Private.	Total.	
1st to 5th	448	84	532	29	2	31	1789–1799
6th " 10th.....	426	89	515	14	..	14	1799–1809
11th " 15th.....	711	383	1,094	57	4	61	1809–1819
16th " 20th.....	653	606	1,259	32	1	33	1819–1829
21st " 25th.....	715	1440	2,155	58	10	68	1829–1839
26th " 30th.....	581	1001	1,582	116	47	163	1839–1849
31st " 35th.....	640	876	1,516	126	64	190	1849–1859
36th " 40th.....	1111	852	1,963	412	156	568	1859–1869
41st and two sessions of 42d	555	554	1,199	203	83	286	1869–1872
Total	5840	5885	11,725	1047	367	1414	

after the end of the session. The Constitution upon this point is precisely the same as that of the United States, and provides that if any bill be not returned within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented, the same shall be a law in like manner as if signed, "unless the Legislature shall, by their adjournment, prevent its return, *in which case it shall not be a law.*" It is well known that a bill not signed by the President before the adjournment of Congress fails; but in New York, during the twenty years after the adoption of the present Constitution, not less than 1036 bills were signed by the Governor after both Houses of the Legislature had returned home, and in some cases many months after. It is true that a judicial decision has been rendered in defense of this custom,* and it is not charged that corrupt influences have been brought to bear upon the Governors to procure or prevent their signature, but the practice is liable to abuse, and a prohibition should be laid upon it, like that recommended by the convention of 1867–68, that "no bill shall become a law by the approval of the Governor after the end of the session at which the same was passed, unless it shall be sent by him to the office of the Secretary of State within ten days (excluding Sundays) after the end of the session."

The privilege of returning a bill prepared by one Legislature to the next, as allowed in Nevada and Pennsylvania, can scarcely be commended or safely allowed, unless coupled with a requirement that all the facts upon which it was predicated be also laid before the Legislature finally approving.

It would be well to require that all bills should be presented and printed within a limited time, as, for instance, within fifty days after the organization of the Legislature, to the end that their provisions might be known in the localities and among the interests to be affected by them, and an opportunity allowed, by petition, remonstrance, and argument before committees, for presenting the reasons for or against their enactment.

We assume it as a general rule that no man who deserved and accepted an election to either House would, under such a restriction, neglect to inform himself upon the local interests of his district that would probably require his attention, between the time of his election and the date of meeting of the Legislature, or within the time limited for the introduction of bills; and that an *absolute necessity* for immediate legislation would seldom or never arise during the later period of the session.

The familiar maxim that "in union there is strength" is equally understood by the pioneer settlers who need the shelter of a log-cabin and by those both in and out of the Legislature who seek the passage of laws beyond their ability to secure single-handed. Hence we frequently find appropriations of money, and other legislative measures which could not stand alone upon their intrinsic merits, linked in with others of conceded necessity, and often under one title. An effectual remedy of this evil would be to so modify the veto power as to allow the Governor to object to specific items in general appropriations, or particular provisions in statutes, where clearly against the public interests, and to give him sufficient opportunity for revision before signature.

The Constitution of Illinois adopted in 1870 has a most commendable provision, which requires that all judges of courts of record inferior to the Supreme Court shall annually report in writing to the judges of the Supreme Court such defects and omissions in the laws as their experience may suggest; and that the judges of the Supreme Court shall, on or before the first day of each regular session, report in writing to the Governor such defects and omissions as they may find to exist, together with appropriate forms of bills to cure such defects and omissions in the laws.* These the Governor is required to lay before the Legislature.†

The septennial Council of Censors, which until recently existed under the Constitution of Vermont (and which was borrowed from the first Constitution of Pennsylvania), was required to make inquiry whether the Constitution had been preserved inviolate in every part during the last septenary (including the year of their service), and whether the legislative or executive branches of the government had performed their duty as guardians of the people, or assumed to themselves or exercised other or greater powers than they were entitled to by the Constitution. We regard this as a most salutary feature, except that it operated at too great intervals to be of greatest advantage. The judiciary would manifestly be the first to notice these defects, and should be required to report them.

Having thus noticed some of the principal faults in our legislative system, we would suggest the following remedies:

1. That the regulation of strictly local affairs of counties should be intrusted, within fixed limits, to boards of supervisors, county commissioners, or the county courts, according as they are severally charged with county business.

2. That the internal and local affairs of towns, cities, and villages, under like restrictions, should be left to the officers or boards elected for their government, subject to the approval of the people by an election, upon

* The People *v.* Bowen *et al.*, June, 1870. *7 Smith's Reports*, 517.

* Article VI., § 31. † *Ib.*, § 21.

questions involving taxation and expenditures.

3. That the legalization of the acts of local officers, changes of names of persons and corporations, and other petty details which now burden our statute-books, should be left to judicial inquiry in courts of record, with power to apply the relief suited to each case according to its merits.

4. That corporations and societies of every kind be created under general laws, under fixed regulations, with accountability and power of control in the hands of some officer or board of the government, wherever the public interests may require.

5. That the relief of county and other local financial officers, the extension of time for the collection of taxes, and the like, be left to the controller or other chief auditing officer of the State.

6. That certain special interests, within fixed limits, be intrusted, with legislative powers, to boards elected or appointed for the purpose, and accountable to the Legislature for the faithful discharge of their trusts. The interests of education, public institutions, and charities might thus in a great degree be managed without special legislative care.

In short, we would allow to counties, towns, cities, and villages the largest liberty of self-government, in whatever concerns themselves alone, that is consistent with the public interests; to the courts, an inquiry into claims and rights, within the sphere of judicial inquest; and to public officers and special boards whatever details require supervision, accountability, or statistical report to the State government. This arrangement would leave the Legislatures with leisure to provide agencies for the care of new interests as they arise, or as existing ones multiply; to watch the operation of general laws, and amend them as found unequal or defective; and to exercise that general supervision which the public welfare of the whole might demand.

Experience has shown that general laws do not afford relief, unless special laws properly within their province are *absolutely forbidden*, and when they have been carefully perfected the courts should be empowered and required to declare such special legislation null and void.

Under these limitations, which the Constitutions may properly impose, the growth of a State need not increase the burden, although it might add to the responsibilities, of its Legislature; and its statutes would acquire a dignity that would command respect, and a certainty that would insure confidence, stability, and general prosperity.

THE INTERPRETER.

A WANDERER found a deep green spot
With shadowy verdure overrun:
Low grass, by any gleam forgot,
And small young vines whose highest knot
Had seldom seen the sun.

And every idle leaf and blade,
Catching at any wind astray,
With many-mingled murmur prayed
Some breath, beyond the narrow glade,
From the great night and day.

So that a stir was in the dell
As of a myriad beaten wings,
What time, with sudden fall and swell,
The captive wind began to tell
A tale of marvelous things.

Spell-bound with rapturous awe, like one
Within some secret, sacred place,
While up and down his pulses run
As if his heart were played upon,
The listener bowed his face.

But fain at length with little will
To plod once more through bush and brier,
Upon his lips there lingered still
An echo like the haunting thrill
Along the smitten wire.

So, when he reached the busy street,
The gathered throng about him hung,
Praying the utterance complete
Of that new song, so strangely sweet,
That trembled on his tongue.

As best he could he sang to them,
With many a false note here and there,
Till even the rose upon her stem
Let fall her dewy diadem
In tremulous despair.

But when the crowd in rapturous mood
Besought the singer once again,
He led them to the lonely wood;
And all the people silent stood
To hear the magic strain.

The wild sweet melody anew
Stirred all his soul to smiles and tears;
But nothing heard the gaping crew,
Except a noisy wind that blew
About their open ears.

Then straight besought the tuneless throng,
That scorned the master's instrument,
Its echo in that first rude song,
And praised and listened, right or wrong,
In measureless content.

And ever since that lucky rhyme
The world has heard, at second-hand,
With many a break of tune and time,
The strain whose freshly falling chime
It could not understand.

But who hath ears to catch the play
Of melodies unspoiled by men,
May hear the wandering wind to-day
Chanting the same sweet roundelay
Within the breezy glen.

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued.)*

I SUSPECT Dr. Staines merely meant to say that she had concealed from him an alarming symptom for several weeks; but she answered in a hurry, to excuse herself, and let the cat out of the bag—excuse my vulgarity.

"It was all that Mrs. Vivian's fault. She laughed at me so for not wearing them: and she has a waist you can span—the wretch!"

"Oh, then, you have been wearing stays clandestinely?"

"Why, you know I have. Oh, what a stupid! I have let it all out."

"How could you do it, when you know, by experience, it is your death?"

"But it looks so beautiful—a tiny waist."

"It looks as hideous as a Chinese foot, and, to the eye of science, far more disgusting; it is the cause of so many nasty diseases."

"Just tell me one thing. Have you looked at Mrs. Vivian?"

"Minutely. I look at all your friends—with great anxiety, knowing no animal more dangerous than a fool. Vivian—a skinny woman, with a pretty face, lovely hair, good teeth, dying eyes—yes, lovely. A sure proof of a disordered stomach—and a waist pinched in so unnaturally, that I said to myself, 'Where on earth does this idiot put her liver?' Did you ever read of the frog who burst trying to swell to an ox? Well, here is the rivalry reversed. Mrs. Vivian is a bag of bones in a balloon; she can machine herself into a wasp; but a fine young woman like you, with flesh and muscle, must kill yourself three or four times before you can make your body as meagre, hideous, angular, and unnatural as Vivian's. But all you ladies are monomaniacs. One might as well offer the truth to a gorilla. It brought you to the edge of the grave. I saved you. Yet you could go and— God grant me patience! So I suppose these unprincipled women lent you their stays, to deceive your husband?"

"No. But they laughed at me so that—Oh, Christie, I'm a wretch; I kept a pair at the Lucases', and a pair at Madame Cie's, and I put them on now and then."

"But you never appeared here in them."

"What, before my tyrant? Oh no, I dared not."

"So you took them off before you came home?"

Rosa hung her head, and said "Yes," in a reluctant whisper.

"You spent your daylight dressing. You dressed to go out; dressed again in stays; dressed again without them; and all to deceive your husband, and kill yourself, at the bidding of two shallow, heartless women, who would dance over your grave without a pang of remorse, or sentiment of any kind, since they live, like midges, *only to dance in the sun, and suck some worker's blood.*"

"Oh, Christie! I'm so easily led. I am too great a fool to live. Kill me!"

And she kneeled down, and renewed the request, looking up in his face with an expression that might have disarmed Cain *ipsum.*

He smiled superior. "The question is, are you sorry you have been so naughty?"

"Yes, dear. Oh! oh!"

"Will you be very good, to make up?"

"Oh yes. Only tell me how: for it does not come natural to poor me."

"Keep out of those women's way for the rest of the season."

"I will."

"Bring your stays home, and allow me to do what I like with them."

"Of course. Cut them in a million pieces."

"Till you are recovered you must be my patient, and go nowhere without me."

"That is no punishment, I am sure."

"Punishment! Am I the man to punish you? I only want to save you."

"Well, darling, it won't be the first time."

"No; but I do hope it will be the last."

CHAPTER X.

Sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus. The stays being gone, and dissipation moderated, Mrs. Staines bloomed again, and they gave one or two unpretending little dinners at the Bijou. Dr. Staines admitted no false friends to these. They never went beyond eight; five gentlemen, three ladies. By this arrangement the terrible discursiveness of the fair, and man's cruel disposition to work a subject threadbare, were controlled and modified, and a happy balance of conversation established. Lady Cicely Treherne was always invited, and always managed to come; for she said, "They were the most agweeable little paaties in London, and the host and hostess both so intewesting." In the autumn Staines worked double tides with the pen, and found a vehicle for medical narratives in a weekly magazine that did not profess medicine.

This new vein put him in heart. His fees, toward the end of the year, were less than

last year, because there was no hundred guinea fee; but there was a marked increase in the small fees, and the unflagging pen had actually earned him £200, or nearly. So he was in good spirits.

Not so Mrs. Staines; for some time she had been uneasy, fretful, and like a person with a weight on her mind.

One Sunday she said to him, "Oh dear, I do feel so dull. Nobody to go to church with me, nor yet to the Zoo."

"I'll go with you," said Staines.

"You will? To which?"

"To both: in for a penny, in for a pound."

So to church they went; and Staines, whose motto was "Hoc age," minded his book. Rosa had some intervals of attention to the words, but found plenty of time to study the costumes.

During the Litany in bustled Clara, the house-maid, with a white jacket on so like her mistress's that Rosa clutched her own convulsively to see whether she had not been skinned of it by some devilish sleight of hand.

No, it was on her back; but Clara's was identical.

In her excitement Rosa pinched Staines, and with her nose, that went like a water-wagtail, pointed out the malefactor. Then she whispered, "Look! How dare she? My very jacket! Ear-rings too, and brooches, and dresses her hair like mine."

"Well, never mind," whispered Staines. "Sunday is her day. We have got all the week to shine. There, don't look at her. 'From all evil speaking, lying, and slandering—'"

"I can't keep my eyes off her."

"Attend to the Litany. Do you know this is really a beautiful composition?"

"I'd rather do the work fifty times over myself."

"Hush! people will hear you."

When they walked home, after church, Staines tried to divert her from the consideration of her wrongs; but no—all other topics were too flat by comparison.

She mourned the hard fate of mistresses—unfortunate creatures that could not do without servants.

"Is not that a confession that servants are good, useful creatures, with all their faults? Then, as to the mania for dress, why, that is not confined to them. It is the mania of the sex. Are you free from it?"

"No, of course not. But I am a lady."

"Then she is your intellectual inferior, and more excusable. Any way, it is wise to connive at a thing we can't help."

"What, keep her, after this? no, never."

"My dear, pray do not send her away, for she is tidy in the house, and quick, and better than any one we have had this last six months; and you know you have tried a great number."

"To hear you speak, one would think it was my fault that we have so many bad servants."

"I never said it was your fault; but I *think*, dearest, a little more forbearance in trifles—"

"Trifles! trifles—for a mistress and maid to be seen dressed alike in the same church? You take the servant's part against me, that you do."

"You should not say that, even in jest. Come now, do you really think a jacket like yours can make the servant look like you, or detract from your grace and beauty? There is a very simple way: put your jacket by for a future occasion, and wear something else in its stead at church."

"A nice thing, indeed, to give in to these creatures. I won't do it."

"Why won't you, this once?"

"Because I won't—there!"

"That is unanswerable," said he.

Mrs. Staines said that, but, when it came to acting, she deferred to her husband's wish; she resigned her intention of sending for Clara and giving her warning; on the contrary, when Clara let her in, and the white jackets rubbed together in the narrow passage, she actually said nothing, but stalked to her own room, and tore her jacket off, and flung it on the floor.

Unfortunately, she was so long dressing for the Zoo, that Clara came in to arrange the room. She picks up the white jacket, takes it in both hands, gives it a flap, and proceeds to hang it up in the wardrobe.

Then the great feminine heart burst its bounds.

"You can leave that alone. I shall not wear that again."

Thereupon ensued an uneven encounter, Clara being one of those of whom the Scripture says, "the poison of asps is under their tongues."

"La, ma'am," said she, "why, t'ain't so very dirty."

"No; but it is too common."

"Oh, because I've got one like it. Ay. Missies can't abide a good-looking servant, nor to see 'em dressed becoming."

"Mistresses do not like servants to forget their place, nor wear what does not become their situation."

"My situation! Why, I can pay my way, go where I will. I don't tremble at the tradesman's knock, as some do."

"Leave the room! Leave it this moment."

"Leave the room, yes—and I'll leave the house too, and tell all the neighbors what I know about it."

She flounced out, and slammed the door, and Rosa sat down, trembling.

Clara rushed to the kitchen, and there told the cook and Andrew Pearman how she had given it the mistress, and every word

she had said to her, with a good many more she had not.

The cook laughed, and encouraged her.

But Andrew Pearman was wroth, and said, "You to affront our mistress like that! Why, if I had heard you, I'd have twisted your neck for ye."

"It would take a better man than you to do that. You mind your own business. Stick to your one-horse chay."

"Well, I'm not above my place, for that matter. But you gals must always be aping your betters."

"I have got a proper pride, that is all, and you haven't. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to do two men's work—drive a brougham and wait on a horse, and then come in and wait at table. You are a tea-kettle groom, that is what you are. Why, my brother was coachman to Lord Fitz-James, and gave his lordship notice the first time he had to drive the children. Says he, 'I don't object to the children, my lord, but with her ladyship in the carriage.' It's such servants as you as spoil places. No servant as knows what's due to a servant ought to know you. They'd scorn your 'quaintance, as I do, Mr. Pearman."

"You're a stuck-up hussy and a soldier's jade," roared Andrew.

"And you are a low tea-kettle groom."

This expression wounded the great equestrian heart to the quick; the rest of Sunday he pondered on it. The next morning he drove the doctor as usual, but with a very heavy soul.

Meantime the cook made haste and told the baker Pearman had "got it hot" from the house-maid, and she had called him a tea-kettle groom; and in less than half an hour after that it was in every stable in the mews. Why, as Pearman was taking the horse out of the brougham, didn't two little red-headed urchins call out, "Here, come and see the tea-kettle groom!" and at night some mischievous boy chalked on the black door of the stable a large white tea-kettle, and next morning a drunken, idle fellow, with a clay pipe in his mouth, and a dirty pair of corduroy trowsers, no coat, but a shirt very open at the chest, showing inflamed skin, the effect of drink, inspected that work of art with blinking eyes and vacillating toes, and said, "This comes of a chap doing too much. A few more like you, and work would be scarce. A fine thing for gentlefolks to make one man fill two places! but it ain't the gentlefolks' fault, it's the man as humors 'em."

Pearman was a peaceable man, and made no reply, but went on with his work, only during the day he told his master that he should be obliged to him if he would fill his situation as soon as convenient. The master inquired the cause, and the man told him, and said the mews was too hot for him.

The doctor offered him five pounds a year more, knowing he had a treasure; but Pearman said, with sadness and firmness, that he had made up his mind to go, and go he would.

The doctor's heart fairly sank at the prospect of losing the one creature he could depend upon.

Next Sunday evening Clara was out, and fell in with friends, to whom she exaggerated her grievance.

Then they worked her up to fury, after the manner of servants' *friends*. She came home, packed her box, brought it down, and then flounced into the room to Doctor and Mrs. Staines, and said, "I sha'n't sleep another night in this house."

Rosa was about to speak, but Dr. Staines forbade her: he said, "You had better think twice of that. You are a good servant, though for once you have been betrayed into speaking disrespectfully. Why forfeit your character and three weeks' wages?"

"I don't care for my wages. I won't stay in such a house as this."

"Come, you must not be impertinent."

"I don't mean to, Sir," said she, lowering her voice suddenly; then, raising it as suddenly, "There are my keys, ma'am, and you can search my box."

"Mrs. Staines will not search your box; and you will retire at once to your own part of the house."

"I'll go farther than that," said she, and soon after the street-door was slammed; the Bijou shook.

At six o'clock next morning she came for her box. It had been put away for safety. Pearman told her she must wait till the doctor came down. She did not wait, but went at eleven A.M. to a police magistrate, and took out a summons against Dr. Staines, for detaining a box containing certain articles specified—value under fifteen pounds.

When Dr. Staines heard she had been for her box, but left no address, he sent Pearman to hunt for her. He could not find her. She avoided the house, but sent a woman for her diurnal love-letters. Dr. Staines sent the woman back to fetch her. She came, received her box, her letters, and the balance of her wages, which was small, for Staines deducted the three weeks' wages.

Two days afterward, to his surprise, the summons was served.

Out of respect for a court of justice, however humble, Dr. Staines attended next Monday, to meet the summons.

The magistrate was an elderly man, with a face shaped like a hog's, but much richer in color, being purple and pimply: so *foul* a visage Staines had rarely seen, even in the lowest class of the community.

Clara swore that her box had been opened, and certain things stolen out of it; and that she had been refused the box next morning.

Staines swore that he had never opened the box, and that if any one else had, it was with her consent, for she had left the keys for that purpose. He bade the magistrate observe that, if a servant went away like this, and left no address, she put it out of the master's *power* to send her box after her: and he proved he had some trouble to force her box on her.

The pig-faced beak showed a manifest leaning toward the servant; but there wasn't a leg to stand on; and he did not believe, nor was it credible, that any thing had been stolen out of her box.

At this moment Pearman, sent by Rosa, entered the court with an old gown of Clara's that had been discovered in the scullery, and a scribbling-book of the doctor's, which Clara had appropriated and written amorous verses in, very superior—in number—to those that have come down to us from Anacreon.

"Hand me those," said the pig-faced beak. "What are they, Dr. Staines?"

"I really don't know. I must ask my servant."

"Why, more things of mine that have been detained," said Clara.

"Some things that have been found since she left," said Staines.

"Oh! those that hide know where to find."

"Young woman," said Staines, "do not insult those whose bread you have eaten, and have given you many presents, besides your wages. Since you are so ready to accuse people of stealing, permit me to say that this book is mine, and not yours; and yet, you see, it is sent after you because you have written your trash in it."

The purple, pig-faced beak went instantly out of the record, and wasted a deal of time reading Clara's poetry, and trying to be witty. He raised the question whose book this was. The girl swore it was given her by a lady who was now in Rome. Staines swore he bought it of a certain stationer, and happening to have his pass-book in his pocket, produced an entry corresponding with the date of the book.

The pig-faced beak said that the doctor's was an improbable story, and that the gown and the book were quite enough to justify the summons. Verdict, one guinea costs.

"What, because two things she never demanded have been found and sent after her? This is monstrous. I shall appeal to your superiors."

"If you are impertinent, I'll fine you five pounds."

"Very well, Sir. Now hear me: if this is an honest judgment, I pray God I may be dead before the year's out; and if it isn't, I pray God you may be."

Then the pig-faced beak fired up, and threatened to fine him for blaspheming.

He deigned no reply, but paid the guinea, and Clara swept out of the court with a train a yard long, and leaning on the arm of a scarlet soldier, who avenged Dr. Staines with military promptitude.

Christopher went home raging internally, for hitherto he had never seen so gross a case of injustice.

One of his humble patients followed him, and said, "I wish I had known, Sir; you shouldn't have come here to be insulted. Why, no gentleman can ever get justice against a servant-girl when *he* is sitting. It is notorious, and that makes these hussies so bold. I've seen that jade here with the same story twice afore."

Staines reached home more discomposed than he could have himself believed. The reason was that barefaced injustice in a court of justice shook his whole faith in man. He opened the street-door with his latch-key, and found two men standing in the passage. He inquired what they wanted.

"Well, Sir," said one of them, civilly enough, "we only want our due."

"For what?"

"For goods delivered at this house, Sir. Balance of account." And he handed him a butcher's bill, £88 11*s.* 5½*d.*

"You must be mistaken; we run no bills here. We pay ready money for every thing."

"Well, Sir," said the butcher, "there have been payments; but the balance has always been gaining; and we have been put off so often, we determined to see the master. Show you the books, Sir, and welcome."

"This instant, if you please." He took the butcher's address, who then retired, and the other tradesman, a grocer, told him a similar tale; balance, sixty pounds odd.

He went to the butcher's, sick at heart, inspected the books, and saw that, right or wrong, they were incontrovertible; that debt had been gaining slowly but surely almost from the time he confided the accounts to his wife. She had kept faith with him about five weeks, no more.

The grocer's books told a similar tale.

The debtor put his hand to his heart, and stood a moment. The very grocer pitied him, and said, "There's no hurry, doctor; a trifle on account, if settlement in full is not convenient just now. I see you have been kept in the dark."

"No, no," said Christopher; "I'll pay every shilling." He gave one gulp, and hurried away.

At the fish-monger's the same story, only for a smaller amount.

A bill of nineteen pounds at the very pastry-cook's; a place she had promised him, as her physician, never to enter.

At the draper's, thirty-seven pounds odd.

In short, wherever she had dealt, the same system; partial payments, and ever-growing debt.

Remembering Madame Cie, he drove in a cab to Regent Street, and asked for Mrs. Staines's account.

"Shall I send it, Sir?"

"No; I will take it with me."

"Miss Edwards, make out Mrs. Staines's account, if you please."

Miss Edwards was a good while making it out; but it was ready at last. He thrust it into his pocket, without daring to look at it then; but he went into Verrey's, asked for a cup of coffee, and there perused the document.

MRS. DR. STAINES

TO MADAME CIE, DR.

	£	s.	d.
To 1 black silk costume	23	8	0
To 1 costume of réséda faille, with cashmere polonaise	20	10	0
To 1 bonnet of pink velvet, with plume	5	5	6
To making trained dress of blue gros grain	5	0	0
To 12 yards of gros grain for do., with trimmings	19	0	0
To draping lace shawl	1	8	0
To 1 Sicilienne Dolman	8	3	6
To 1 round hat of faille and crape	4	0	0
To 1 cashmere morning dress	8	5	0
To 2 camisoles	3	2	6
To 1 crinoline bustle	1	6	0
Total	99	8	6

He went home, and into his studio, and sat down on his hard beech chair; he looked round on his books and his work, and then, for the first time, remembered how long and how patiently he had toiled for every hundred pounds he had made; and he laid the evidences of his wife's profusion and deceit by the side of those signs of painful industry and self-denial, and his soul filled with bitterness. "Deceit! Deceit!"

Mrs. Staines heard he was in the house, and came to know about the trial. She came hurriedly in, and caught him with his head on the table, in an attitude of prostration, quite new to him; he raised his head directly he heard her, and revealed a face pale, stern, and wretched.

"Oh! what is the matter now?" said she.

"The matter is what it has always been, if I could only have seen it. You have deceived me, and disgraced yourself. Look at those bills."

"What bills?—oh!"

"You have had an allowance for housekeeping."

"It wasn't enough."

"It was plenty, if you had kept faith with me, and paid ready money. It was enough for the first five weeks. I am housekeeper now, and I shall allow myself two pounds a week less, and not owe a shilling either."

"Well, all I know is, I couldn't do it; no woman could."

"Then you should have come to me and said so; and I would have shown you how. Was I in Egypt, or at the North Pole, that you could not find me, to treat me like a friend? You have ruined us; these debts will sweep away the last shilling of our little capital; but it isn't that, oh no! it is the miserable deceit."

Rosa's eye caught the sum total of Madame Cie's bill, and she turned pale. "Oh, what a cheat that woman is!"

But she turned paler when Christopher said, "That is the one honest bill, for I gave you leave. It is these that part us; these; these. Look at them, false heart! There, go and pack up your things. We can live here no longer; we are ruined. I must send you back to your father."

"I thought you would, sooner or later," said Mrs. Staines, panting, trembling, but showing a little fight. "He told you I wasn't fit to be a poor man's wife."

"An honest man's wife, you mean: that is what you are not fit for. You will go home to your father, and I shall go into some humble lodging to work for you. I'll contrive to keep you, and find you a hundred a year to spend in dress—the only thing your heart can really love. But I won't have an enemy here in the disguise of a friend, and I won't have a wife about me I must treat like a servant and watch like a traitor."

The words were harsh, but the agony with which they were spoken distinguished them from vulgar vituperation.

They overpowered poor Rosa; she had been ailing a little some time, and from remorse and terror, coupled with other causes, nature gave way. Her lips turned white, she gasped inarticulately, and, with a little piteous moan, tottered, and swooned dead away.

He was walking wildly about, ready to tear his hair, when she tottered; he saw her just in time to save her, and laid her gently on the floor, and kneeled over her.

Away went anger and every other feeling but love and pity for the poor weak creature that, with all her faults, was so lovable and so loved. He applied no remedies at first; he knew they were useless and unnecessary; he laid her head quite low, and opened door and window, and loosened all her dress, sighing deeply all the time at her condition.

While he was thus employed, suddenly a strange cry broke from him; a cry of horror, remorse, joy, tenderness, all combined; a cry compared with which language is inarticulate. His swift and practical eye had made a discovery.

He kneeled over her, with his eyes dilating and his hands clasped—a picture of love and tender remorse.

She stirred.

Then he made haste and applied his remedies, and brought her slowly back to life: he lifted her up and carried her in his arms quite away from the bills and things, that when she came to she might see nothing to revive her distress. He carried her to the drawing-room, and kneeled down and rock-

ed her in his arms, and pressed her again and again gently to his heart, and cried over her. "Oh, my dove, my dove! the tender creature God gave me to love and cherish, and have I used it harshly? If I had only known! if I had only known!"

While he was thus bemoaning her, and blaming himself, and crying over her like the rain—he, whom she had never seen shed a tear before in all his troubles—she was coming to entirely, and her quick ears caught his words, and she opened her lovely eyes on him.

"I forgive you, dear," she said, feebly. "BUT I HOPE YOU WILL BE A KINDER FATHER THAN A HUSBAND."

These quiet words, spoken with rare gravity and softness, went through the great heart like a knife.

He gave a sort of shiver, but said not a word.

But that night he made a solemn vow to God that no harsh word from his lips should ever again strike a being so weak, so loving, and so beyond his comprehension. Why look for courage and candor in a creature so timid and shy she could not even tell her husband *that* until, with her subtle sense, she saw he had discovered it?

CHAPTER XI.

To be a father; to have an image of his darling Rosa, and a fruit of their love to live and work for: this gave the sore heart a heavenly glow, and elasticity to bear. Should this dear object be born to an inheritance of debt, of poverty? Never.

He began to act as if he was even now a father. He entreated Rosa not to trouble or vex herself; he would look into their finances, and set all straight.

He paid all the bills, and put by a quarter's rent and taxes. Then there remained of his little capital just £10.

He went to his printers, and had a thousand order-checks printed. These forms ran thus:

"Dr. Staines, of 13 Dear Street, Mayfair (blank for date), orders of (blank here for tradesman and goods ordered), for cash. Received same time (blank for tradesman's receipt). Notice.—Dr. Staines disowns all orders not printed on this form, and paid for at date of order."

He exhibited these forms, and warned all the trades-people before a witness whom he took round for that purpose.

He paid off Pearman on the spot. Pearman had met Clara, dressed like a pauper, her soldier having emptied her box to the very dregs, and he now offered to stay. But it was too late.

Staines told the cook Mrs. Staines was in delicate health, and must not be troubled with any thing. She must come to him for all orders.

"Yes, Sir," said she. But she no sooner comprehended the check system fully than she gave warning. It put a stop to her wholesale pilfering. Her cooks had made full £100 out of Rosa among them since she began to keep accounts.

Under the male housekeeper every article was weighed on delivery, and this soon revealed that the butcher and the fish-monger had habitually delivered short weight from the first, besides putting down the same thing twice. The things were sent back that moment, with a printed form, stating the nature and extent of the fraud.

The washer-woman, who had been pilfering wholesale so long as Mrs. Staines and her sloppy-headed maids counted the linen, and then forgot it, was brought up with a run, by triplicate forms, and by Staines counting the things before two witnesses, and compelling the washer-woman to count them as well, and verify or dispute on the spot. The laundress gave warning—a plain confession that stealing had been part of her trade.

He kept the house well for £3 a week, exclusive of coals, candles, and wine. His wife had had £5, and whatever she asked for dinner-parties, yet found it not half enough upon her method.

He kept no coachman. If he visited a patient, a man in the yard drove him at a shilling per hour.

By these means, and by working like a galley-slave, he dragged his expenditure down almost to a level with his income.

Rosa was quite content at first, and thought herself lucky to escape reproaches on such easy terms.

But by-and-by so rigorous a system began to gall her. One day she fancied a Bath bun; sent the new maid to the pastry-cook's. Pastry-cook asked to see the doctor's order. Maid could not show it, and came back bunless.

Rosa came into the study to complain to her husband.

"A Bath bun," said Staines. "Why, they are colored with anatto, to save an egg, and anatto is adulterated with chromates that are poison. Adulteration upon adulteration. *I'll* make you a real Bath bun." Off coat, and into the kitchen, and made her three, pure, but rather heavy. He brought them her in due course. She declined them languidly. She was off the notion, as they say in Scotland.

"If I can't have a thing when I want it, I don't care for it at all." Such was the principle she laid down for his future guidance.

He sighed, and went back to his work; she cleared the plate.

One day, when she asked for the carriage,

he told her the time was now come for her to leave off carriage exercise. She must walk with him every day, instead.

"But I don't like walking."

"I am sorry for that. But it is necessary to you, and by-and-by your life may depend on it."

Quietly, but inexorably, he dragged her out walking every day.

In one of these walks she stopped at a shop window, and fell in love with some baby's things. "Oh! I must have that," said she. "I must. I shall die if I don't; you'll see, now."

"You shall," said he, "when I can pay for it," and drew her away.

The tears of disappointment stood in her eyes, and his heart yearned over her. But he kept his head.

He changed the dinner-hour to six, and used to go out directly afterward.

She began to complain of his leaving her alone like that.

"Well, but wait a bit," said he; "suppose I am making a little money by it, to buy you something you have set your heart on, poor darling!"

In a very few days after this, he brought her a little box with a slit in it. He shook it, and money rattled; then he unlocked it, and poured out a little pile of silver. "There," said he, "put on your bonnet, and come and buy those things."

She put on her bonnet, and on the way she asked how it came to be all in silver.

"That is a puzzler," said he, "isn't it?"

"And how did you make it, dear; by writing?"

"No."

"By fees from poor people?"

"What, undersell my brethren! Hang it, no! My dear, I made it honestly, and some day I will tell you how I made it; at present, all I will tell you is this: I saw my darling longing for something she had a right to long for; I saw the tears in her sweet eyes, and—oh, come along, do. I am wretched till I see you with the things in your hand."

They went to the shop; and Staines sat and watched Rosa buying baby clothes. Oh, it was a pretty sight to see this modest young creature, little more than a child herself, anticipating maternity, but blushing every now and then, and looking askant at her lord and master. How his very bowels yearned over her!

And, when they got home, she spread the things on the table, and they sat hand in hand, and looked at them, and she leaned her head on his shoulder, and went quietly to sleep there.

And yet, as time rolled on, she became irritable at times and impatient, and wanted all manner of things she could not have, and made him unhappy.

Then he was out from six o'clock till one, and she took it into her head to be jealous. So many hours to spend away from her! Now that she wanted all his comfort.

Presently Ellen, the new maid, got gossiping in the yard, and a groom told her her master had a sweetheart on the sly, he thought; for he drove the brougham out every evening himself; "and," said the man, "he wears a mustache at night."

Ellen ran in, brimful of this, and told the cook; the cook told the washer-woman; the washer-woman told a dozen families, till about two hundred people knew it.

At last it came to Mrs. Staines in a roundabout way, at the very moment when she was complaining to Lady Cicely Treherne of her hard lot. She had been telling her she was nothing more than a lay figure in the house.

"My husband is housekeeper now, and cook and all, and makes me delicious dishes, I can tell you; *such* curries! I couldn't keep the house with five pounds a week, so now he does it with three: and I never get the carriage, because walking is best for me; and he takes it out every night to make money. I don't understand it."

Lady Cicely suggested that perhaps Dr. Staines thought it best for her to be relieved of all worry, and so undertook the housekeeping.

"No, no, no," said Rosa; "I used to pay them all a part of their bills, and then a little more, and so I kept getting deeper; and I was ashamed to tell Christie, so that he calls deceit; and oh, he spoke to me so cruelly once! But he was very sorry afterward, poor dear! Why are girls brought up so silly? all piano, and no sense; and why are men sillier still to go and marry such silly things? A wife! I am not so much as a servant. Oh, I am finely humiliated, and," with a sudden hearty naïveté all her own, "it serves me just right."

While Lady Cicely was puzzling this out, in came a letter. Rosa opened it, read it, and gave a cry like a wounded deer.

"Oh!" she cried, "I am a miserable woman. What will become of me?"

The letter informed her bluntly that her husband drove his brougham out every night to pursue a criminal amour.

While Rosa was wringing her hands in real anguish of heart, Lady Cicely read the letter carefully.

"I don't believe this," said she, quietly.

"Not true! Why, who would be so wicked as to stab a poor, inoffensive wretch like me if it wasn't true?"

"The first ugly woman would, in a minute. Don't you see the writer can't tell you where he goes? Dwives his bwougham out! That is all your infaumant knows."

"Oh, my dear friend, bless you! What have I been complaining to you about? All

is light, except to lose his love. What shall I do? I will never tell him. I will never affront him by saying I suspected him."

"Wosa, if you do that, you will always have a serpent gnawing you. No; you must put the letter quietly into his hand, and say, 'Is there any twuth in that?'"

"Oh, I could not. I haven't the courage. If I do that, I shall know by his face is there any truth in it."

"Well, and you must know the twuth. You shall know it. I want to know it too; for, if he does not love you twuly, I will nevaa twust myself to any thing so deceitful as a man."

Rosa, at last, consented to follow this advice.

After dinner she put the letter into Christopher's hand, and asked him quietly was there any truth in that: then her hands trembled, and her eyes drank him.

Christopher read it, and frowned; then he looked up, and said, "No, not a word. What scoundrels there are in the world! To go and tell you that, now! Why, you little goose, have you been silly enough to believe it?"

"No," said she, irresolutely. "But *do* you drive the brougham out every night?"

"Except Sunday."

"Where?"

"My dear wife, I never loved you as I love you now, and if it was not for you I should not drive the brougham out of nights. That is all I shall tell you at present; but some day I'll tell you all about it."

He took such a calm high hand with her about it, that she submitted to leave it there; but from this moment the serpent doubt nibbled her.

It had one curious effect, though. She left off complaining of trifles.

Now, it happened one night that Lady Cicely Treherne and a friend were at a concert in Hanover Square. The other lady felt rather faint, and Lady Cicely offered to take her home. The carriages had not yet arrived, and Miss Macnamara said to walk a few steps would do her good. A smart cabman saw them from a distance, and drove up, and, touching his hat, said, "Cab, ladies?"

It seemed a very superior cab, and Miss Macnamara said "Yes" directly.

The cabman bustled down and opened the door; Miss Macnamara got in first, then Lady Cicely; her eye fell on the cabman's face, which was lighted full by a street lamp, and it was Christopher Staines!

He started and winced, but the woman of the world never moved a muscle.

"Where to?" said Staines, averting his head.

She told him where, and when they got out, said, "I'll send it you by the servant."

A flunky soon after appeared with half a crown, and the amateur coachman drove away. He said to himself, "Come, my mustache is a better disguise than I thought."

Next day, and the day after, he asked Rosa, with affected carelessness, had she heard any thing of Lady Cicely.

"No, dear; but I dare say she will call this afternoon: it is her day."

She did call at last, and, after a few words with Rosa, became a little restless, and asked if she might consult Dr. Staines.

"Certainly, dear; come to his studio."

"No; might I see him here?"

"Certainly." She rang the bell, and told the servant to ask Dr. Staines if he would be kind enough to step into the drawing-room.

Dr. Staines came in, and bowed to Lady Cicely, and eyed her a little uncomfortably.

She began, however, in a way that put him quite at his ease. "You remember the advice you gave us about my little cousin Tadcastah."

"Perfectly; his life is very precarious; he is bilious, consumptive, and, if not watched, will be epileptical; and he has a fond, weak mother, who will let him kill himself."

"Exactly: and you wecommended a sea-voyage, with a medical attendant to watch his diet, and contwol his habits. Well, she took other advice, and the youth is worse; so now she is fwightened, and a month ago she asked me to pwopose to you to sail about with Tadcastah; and she offered me a thousand pounds a year. I put on my stiff look, and said, 'Countess, with every desiah to oblige you, I must decline to cawwy that offah to a man of genius, learning, and weputation, who has the ball at his feet in London.'"

"Lord forgive you, Lady Cicely."

"Lord bless her, for standing up for my Christie."

Lady Cicely continued: "Now, this good lady, you must know, is not exactly one of us; the late earl mawwied into cotton, or wool, or something. So she said, 'Name your price for him.' I shwugged my shoulders, smiled affably, and as affectedly as you like, and changed the subject. But since then things have happened. I am afwaid it is my duty to make you the judge whether you choose to sail about with that little cub— Rosa, I can beat about the bush no longer. Is it a fit thing that a man of genius, at whose feet we ought all to be sitting with reverence, should drive a cab in the public streets? Yes, Rosa Staines, your husband drives his brougham out at night, not to visit any other lady, as that anonymous wretch told you, but to make a few miserable shillings for you."

"Oh, Christie!"

"It is no use, Dr. Staines; I must and will tell her. My dear, he drove *me* three nights ago. He had a cabman's badge on his poor arm. If you knew what I suffered

in those five minutes! Indeed it seems cruel to speak of it—but I could not keep it from Rosa, and the reason I muster courage to say it before you, Sir, is because I know she has other friends who keep you out of their consultations; and, after all, it is the world that ought to blush, and not you."

Her ladyship's kindly bosom heaved, and she wanted to cry; so she took her handkerchief out of her pocket without the least hurry, and pressed it delicately to her eyes, and did cry quietly, but without any disguise, like a brave lady, who neither cried nor did any thing else she was ashamed to be seen at.

As for Rosa, she sat sobbing round Christopher's neck, and kissed him with all her soul.

"Dear me!" said Christopher. "You are both very kind. But, begging your pardon, it is much ado about nothing."

Lady Cicely took no notice of that observation. "So, Rosa dear," said she, "I think you are the person to decide whether he had not better sail about with that little cub, than— Oh!"

"I will settle that," said Staines. "I have one beloved creature to provide for. I may have another. I *must* make money. Turning a brougham into a cab, whatever you may think, is an honest way of making it, and I am not the first doctor who has coined his brougham at night. But, if there is a good deal of money to be made by sailing with Lord Tadcaster, of course I should prefer that to cab-driving, for I have never made above twelve shillings a night."

"Oh, as to that, she shall give you fifteen hundred a year."

"Then I jump at it."

"What! and leave *me!*"

"Yes, love: leave you—for your good; and only for a time. Lady Cicely, it is a noble offer. My darling Rosa will have every comfort—ay, every luxury, till I come home, and then we will start afresh, with a good balance, and with more experience than we did at first."

Lady Cicely gazed on him with wonder. She said, "Oh, what stout hearts men have! No, no; don't let him go. See, he is acting. His great heart is torn with agony. I will have no hand in parting man and wife—no, not for a day." And she hurried away in rare agitation.

Rosa fell on her knees, and asked Christopher's pardon for having been jealous; and that day she was a flood of divine tenderness. She repaid him richly for driving the cab. But she was unnaturally cool about Lady Cicely; and the exquisite reason soon came out. "Oh yes! She is very good, very kind; but it is not for me now! No! you shall not sail about with her cub of a cousin, and leave me at such a time."

Christopher groaned.

"Christie, you shall not see that lady again. She came here to part us. *She is in love with you.* I was blind not to see it before."

Next day, as Lady Cicely sat alone in the morning-room thinking over this very scene, a footman brought in a card and a note. "Dr. Staines begs particularly to see Lady Cicely Treherne."

The lady's pale cheek colored; she stood irresolute a single moment. "I will see Dr. Staines," said she.

Dr. Staines came in, looking pale and worn; he had not slept a wink since she saw him last.

She looked at him full, and divined this at a glance. She motioned him to a seat, and sat down herself, with her white hand pressing her forehead, and her head turned a little away from him.

NEWSPAPERS AND EDITORS.*

WHAT is more entertaining than an old newspaper? Yesterday's is stale and dull; but to take up one that was printed a hundred years ago, and scan its dingy columns, its news, its gossip, and still more its advertisements, is like receiving direct communication from another world. Such a paper lies before me at this moment. It is a copy of the *New Jersey Gazette*, printed by Isaac Collins, at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 24th of March, 1779. The contrast it presents with the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Tribune* of this morning represents the growth of more than a century. It is yellow and dingy with age, of insignificant proportions, printed on coarse paper in large but not inelegant type. Although published in stirring times, it contains but little news, and that is packed away in odd corners, without any of the headings or display now in vogue to call attention to important intelligence. The whole of the first page is taken up with a communication in defense of Continental currency against the attacks of some sordid individual who preferred "hard money" to the greenbacks of the period. It is very spicily written, and shows that newspaper vituperation is not altogether a vice of modern growth. The writer accuses his antagonist of being a "British spy"—the old story of "British gold!"—calls him "an awkward braggadocio" who has "the effrontery to talk big of his birth, education, figure, and breeding," whereas "this *Hard-Money*, amidst all his straining at high figure to cover real fact, and pretending to derive his genealogy from the *sunbeams*, is well

* *Journalism in the United States*, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. New York: Harper and Brothers.

known to be descended of as low, obscure, mongrel, and motley a mixture as any to be met with. The old man of the family is a mulatto; the mother an Indian," etc., etc. It is easy to imagine "Hard-Money's" feelings on taking up this number of the *Gazette*. We have no copy of the paper containing his reply; but who can doubt that it was pitched in the same lofty strain of scorn in which editors, Congressmen, and belligerent correspondents of our own day are accustomed to "hurl back" injurious accusations?

Turning to the other pages, we find the latest news from London to be under date of December 9. Among the items is one to the effect that 12,000 British troops are to be sent to New York in the spring. Another announces that "all the bishops but four, to their immortal honor, declined voting for that diabolical engine of cruelty, the American proclamation, and avoided countenancing the vindictive shedding of Christian blood." We also learn that "the vacancies in the Hessian troops alone, now at New York, it is said, require upward of 4000 to fill them up." A correspondent "from camp at Fazzel's place in Georgia," under date of January 27, gives a spirited account of the repulse of a British attack upon the camp. A "personal" states that "Major-General Arnold hath obtained leave to retire a while from the duties of his station to take charge of his domestic affairs." A letter "from one of our plenipotentiaries at Paris, dated October 18, 1778," gives the important information that "the embassador of the King of Naples has declared to us in form that his master has directed his ports to be open to all vessels belonging to the United States; and the Dutch are more than half inclined to acknowledge our independence."

Some of the advertisements are very curious. Here is an amusing sample:

"Was found the day of the battle at Monmouth, the 28 of July, 1778, by one of the company of militia under Capt. Parker, of Col. Frelinghuysen's battalion, and put into Capt. Parker's baggage waggon, a good shirt, marked I. L., and a pair of trowsers or drawers, inclosed in a knapsack. Whoever gives the further particulars and proves property shall have them by applying to me at Baskinridge. HENRY DALGLIS."

Shirts and trowsers were evidently scarce and precious in those days; and the honesty of Mr. Henry Dalglis in advertising them, at an expense of two dollars (that being the rate for "advertisements of moderate length" in the *Gazette*), deserves to be put on permanent record. The incident will remind our readers of the reckless manner with which the "boys in blue" threw away shirts, blankets, overcoats, and other articles of clothing in the earlier days of the rebellion.

Several other advertisements carry us back to a phase of society which has long passed away in the Northern States, and from which the whole Union is now happily free. Mr. Samuel Henry, of Trenton, offers twenty dollars reward for the return of "a negro man named Tom," who is described as "a well-set fellow, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high." Tom did not leave his master's house empty-handed: he had on "a short bear-skin coat, white vest, buckskin breeches, and a round hat; he likewise took with him a brown coat lined with brown shalloon, one striped Damascus vest, and sundry other clothes." A postscript to the advertisement states that he was supposed to have taken "the York road," with the intention of getting "to the enemy." Most of the advertisers of goods, lands, etc., state that the Continental "emissions [of paper money] of May 20, 1777, and April 11, 1778, will be received in payment."

No history could give so graphic and living a picture of the time as this dingy, insignificant sheet affords. It is the time itself. And if a newspaper not quite a hundred years old is so precious a memorial of manners, customs, and events, what would we give if we could have as faithful a record of the olden days of Greece and Rome? An eminent scholar has said that a copy of the *Athens Times* (had such a paper ever existed) of the days of Pericles would outweigh in historical value all the researches and discoveries of the most learned of antiquarians. The old Romans had something of the kind, but no copies have come down to us. The Chinese, who seem to have anticipated by ages many of the most important inventions of the European nations, claim also to have been the first to establish a newspaper; and if it be true that the files of the *Pekin Gazette*, preserved in the imperial library at the celestial capital, run back in unbroken succession three or four thousand years, according to the rather extravagant assertions of Chinese historians, it may be that they contain much that is curious and valuable, which the researches of scholars may some day bring to light for the benefit of outside barbarians.

The first journalists of Europe undoubtedly made their *début* in Rome. The *Acta Diurna*, in manuscript, were the prototype, on a small scale, of the newspapers of the present day. They recorded remarkable events, gave reports of fires, executions, and public debates; the Roman *Tribune* had its House, and its Winter, and its Wilkins to criticise public plays, and its Jenkins to describe the *fêtes* of that happy period. In later times, before the invention of printing, news was distributed by news-letters and news circulars, written in Venice, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Amsterdam, Cologne, Frankfort, Leipsic, Paris, London, and Boston, as it had previously been done in Rome, by paid letter-writers in those news centres, and sent to their principals in other places—not unlike the correspondence from London, or

Canton, or Washington, at the present time, by the bankers, merchants, and editors of Boston, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati. There is evidence of their being circulated in Venice in 1536, a century after Koster introduced his rude style of type and ink. There are thirty volumes of these news-letters preserved in the Magliabecchi Library in Florence, and some, we believe, are filed away in the British Museum. The news circulars of Augsburg were started toward the close of the sixteenth century. There appeared the *Ordinari Zeittunger* and the *Extraordinari Zeittunger*. There is a collection of these journals from 1568 to 1604 in the Vienna Library. They were issued by the mercantile house of the Messrs. Fugger, who had agents scattered every where —merchants and traders well posted on the current events of the day. Nine of John Campbell's news-letters, written in Boston in 1703, the year before he resorted to the printing-press, have lately been added to the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. These news-letters were, of course, the pioneers of the newspapers of the world.

Authorities have differed widely as to the nation and city entitled to the honor of having started the first printed newspaper. For many years it was supposed that the credit belonged to England. It was claimed that the British Museum had a copy of the earliest paper in its collection. It was called the *English Mercurie*, and printed July 23, 1588; but it has been shown that this copy, like specimens of rare old coins, was spurious, and gotten up for sale. Watts, the bibliographer of the Museum, who saw, on examination, that the type and paper were of modern origin, and did not belong to the sixteenth century, exposed the forgery. It was an ingenious fabrication, pretending to give the news of the Spanish Armada, which was destroyed in the English Channel by Drake and Howard a day or two previous to the date of the sheet. There were seven numbers of this spurious *Mercurie* produced —four in manuscript, and three in print.

Venice has also claimed the honor of leading the way in giving newspapers to the world. The *Gazzetta*, thus named because it sold for a small piece of money called gazzetta, it is asserted, was printed there in 1570, and it is pretended that copies of this paper of that date are in one or two collections in London. But late discoveries have apparently established the claim of the old German city of Nuremberg to this high honor. A paper called the *Gazette*, according to trustworthy authorities, was printed in that city as early as 1457, five years after Peter Schöffer cast the first metal type in matrices. Nuremberg, with the first paper in the fifteenth century, also claims the honor of the first paper in the sixteenth century. There is an anciently printed sheet in the Libri collection which antedates all others except the sheet of 1457 and the *Chronicle* of Cologne. It is called the *Neue Zeitung aus Hispanien und Italien*, and bears the date of February, 1534. The British Museum, it is said, has a duplicate of this sheet.

Thus to Germany belongs the honor not only of the first printers and the first printing, but also of the first printed newspaper. It has also another claim to distinction. In 1615 Egenolf Eurmel started *Die Frankfurter Oberpostamts Zeitung*, the first daily paper in the world. This journal is still published; and the city of Frankfort is to erect a monument in honor of its founder and editor as the father of newspapers.

The fifth newspaper in the world appeared in England in 1622, toward the close of the reign of James the First, and shortly after Sir Walter Raleigh's unsuccessful voyage to America. It was published by Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer. The earliest sheet known of this paper is dated May 23, 1622. It was entitled the *Weekley Newes*. Although the name of Nathaniel Butters does not appear till September 28, he is called the father of the English press because of his earlier efforts in this profession. Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newbury, William Sheffard, Bartholomew Downes, and Edward Alide were associates of Butters. They met with indifferent success. Ben Jonson, in the *Staple of News*, ridiculed these half-fledged newspaper men. So did Fletcher and Shirley. The playwrights were then the censors of the public, and newspapers were considered enterprising to obtain the earliest copies of play-bills. Other wits made fun of the *Newes*. But since that period the journalists have changed places with the playwrights, and have become not only the critics and the arbiters on the stage, but in the cars, at the breakfast-table, in the drawing-room, in Presidential conventions, in cabinet councils—indeed, every where. In spite of the wits, the *Newes* lived longer than many papers of more modern date.

It was in the capacity of a news-carrier, his original profession, as a hired letter-writer in the pay of a few country gentlemen to gather the news in London and send a weekly written sheet of his intelligence and gossip to his employers, that Nathaniel Butters prepared the way for the first English newspaper. He had printed news pamphlets now and then as far back as 1611, and on the 9th of October, 1621, he published, on a half sheet, one or two numbers of the *Courant, or Weekley Newes from Forain Partes*. It seems that he was one of the originators of the present mode of selling papers in the streets. "Mercury women" and "hawkers," the news-vendors of his

day, were introduced by him. We now have newsboys, although many of the news-vendors of the present time in New York and other cities are women and girls. Women keep the *kiosques* in Paris, where all the papers are daily sold, and these women, some of whom have been news-vendors for thirty years, are perfectly *au courant* in the political upheavals of France in that time.

The first daily newspaper printed in English appeared in the reign of Queen Anne. It was the *Daily Courant*, a morning paper, and issued in March, 1702. It was not till 1777 that the first daily paper appeared in Paris. It was the *Journal de Paris, ou Poste au Soir*. Colletet published a paper a century earlier, named the *Journal de la Ville de Paris*, in which daily occurrences were recorded—hence the name of journal; but the sheet, we think, was not issued oftener than once a week. The first daily newspaper in the United States was the *American Daily Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia in 1784. The earliest newspaper in Russia was issued in 1703. It was printed under the authority of Peter the Great, who not only took an active part in its direction, but it is asserted that he corrected many of the proof-sheets! It was named the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. The initial paper in Spain appeared in 1704, and was called the *Gaceta de Madrid*.

The *avant courrier* of American newspapers was printed in Boston on the 25th of September, 1690, by Richard Pierce, for Benjamin Harris. It was called *Publick Occurrences*, and was immediately suppressed by the government. In chronological order it was the tenth newspaper of the world. The first permanent American newspaper was the *Boston News-Letter*, which made its appearance on the 20th of April, 1704. It was not like its predecessor in the character of its contents. It gave no local news. Its whole aim seemed to be to keep its readers *au courant* with the affairs of Europe only. In this way it escaped local censure and persecution. Another paper, called the *Gazette*, was issued in Boston in 1719. The *American Mercury* appeared in Philadelphia in the same year. Then James Franklin started the *New England Courant* in 1721, but, after some persecution from the authorities, it passed nominally under the management of Benjamin Franklin. It ceased to exist in 1727.

The first newspaper in New York made its appearance in 1725. It was called the *New York Gazette*. "Gazette" appears to have been the favorite name for newspapers in early times. A *Gazette* came out in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1727. Another in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1731, and yet another, the *Rhode Island Gazette*, in Newport, in 1733. The first newspaper printed in Virginia was also the *Gazette*, published in Williamsburg in 1736. Twenty years later, in 1756, the *New Hampshire Gazette*, still in existence, was published in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The order in which the "initial newspapers of the world" made their appearance is shown by the following table, compiled by Mr. Hudson:

Name.	*Town.*	*Year.*
1. Gazette,	Nuremberg,	1457
2. Chronicle,	Cologne,	1499
3. Gazette,	Venice,	1570
4. Die Frankfurter Oberpostamts Zeitung,	Frankfort,	1615
5. Weekley Newes,	London,	1622
6. Gazette de France,	Paris,	1631
7. Postosch Inrikes Tidning,	Sweden,	1644
8. Mercurius Politicus,	Leith, Scotland,	1653
9. Courant,	Haarlem, Holland,	1656
10. Publick Occurrences,	Boston,	1690
11. Pue's Occurrences,	Dublin, Ireland,	1700
12. Gazette,	St. Petersburg, Russia,	1703
13. News-Letter,	Boston,	1704
14. Gaceta de Madrid,	Madrid, Spain,	1704
15. Mercury,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	1719
16. Gazette,	New York,	1725
17. Gazette,	Annapolis, Md.,	1727
18. Gazette,	Charleston, S. C.,	1731
19. Gazette,	Williamsburg, Va.,	1736
20. Gazette,	Calcutta,	1781

These twenty journals were the pioneer newspapers. Although nothing but dry chronicles of news, bits of history, and gossip, without any pretension to system or completeness, these forerunners of the great journals of the present time prepared the way for the free expression of opinion and the popular diffusion of intelligence. Very little attention was paid in early days to "editorial articles," communications, or expression of opinions. News, with an advertisement here and there, filled the short columns in the small half sheets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was in the next epoch, between 1755 and 1783, that intellect began to manifest itself, and political and religious liberty receive its great impulse from the public press, particularly in America, where the colonial newspapers exerted a powerful influence on popular feeling and opinion, and materially assisted in bringing about the Revolution of 1776.

The story of the first American newspaper, brief as was its life, is full of curious interest. Seventy years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and two hundred and fifty years after the invention of printing, a newspaper was issued in Boston. It lived one day, and only one copy is known to have been preserved. That copy was discovered by the historian of Salem, the Rev. J. B. Felt, in the Colonial State-paper Office, in London, while engaged in researches relating to the history of his own city. This pioneer of American journalism was published by Benjamin Harris at the London Coffee-house, Boston, and was printed for him by Richard Pierce on Thursday, the 25th of September, 1690, nearly two centuries after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The paper was printed on

three pages of a folded sheet, leaving one page blank, with two columns to a page, and each page about eleven inches by seven in size. Harris proposed to issue his paper once a month, or oftener if there should be a "glut of occurrences." His first and, as it turned out, his only number, contained several columns of home and foreign gossip, without a word of editorial comment. Unfortunately for the success of his undertaking, he printed one or two items of local and military news which set the official busybodies in a ferment of indignation. The legislative authorities solemnly determined that the paper came out contrary to law, and that it contained "reflections of a very high nature." To prevent Mr. Harris from issuing a second number, they forbade "any thing in print without license first obtained from those authorized by the government to grant the same." In this way the first American newspaper came to grief; and but for the accidental preservation of a single copy in London its very name would have passed into oblivion.

Nearly fourteen years after the suppression of Harris's newspaper, John Campbell, postmaster of Boston, issued the first number of the *Boston News-Letter*. Its appearance created a sensation in Boston. The first sheet of the first number was taken damp from the press by Chief Justice Sewall, to be shown to President Willard, of Harvard University, as a wonderful curiosity. So completely was Harris's unfortunate enterprise forgotten, that the *News-Letter* was greeted as the pioneer of American newspapers, and historians and antiquarians have hailed John Campbell as "the father of the American press." Since Mr. Felt's interesting discovery, we suppose, says Mr. Hudson, that Harris must be called its grandfather. The *News-Letter* was printed by authority, on a half sheet, foolscap size, with two columns to a page. The first number contained news taken from the *London Flying Post* from December 2 to 4, 1703, and from the *London Gazette* from December 16 to 20. These extracts were "concerning the present Danger of the Kingdom and of the Protestant Religion," in consequence of the movements and intrigues and "talking big" of the friends of "the pretended King James VIII." This intelligence, with a short speech of Queen Anne to Parliament on the same subject, occupied three-fourths of the paper. The domestic news filled the remainder of the space. There was not an advertisement in the paper.

The *News-Letter* continued under Campbell's management upward of eighteen years, and during this time went through many tribulations. Though without a rival on this continent, it languished for want of support, and the proprietor was constantly appealing to his patrons to pay up their subscriptions. In 1719 Campbell made an effort to interest the public in the enlargement of his paper; it was impossible, he said, "with half a sheet a week to carry on all the public news of Europe," and he was then, in consequence of this want of adequate facilities, *thirteen months behind* the news of the old world! He proposed to catch up by publishing every other week a full sheet. The plan of skipping the intervening months seems not to have occurred to him. The first effort at reporting in this country was made for the *News-Letter* shortly after it was established. Six pirates were executed on Charles River on Friday, June 30, 1704. The description of the scene, including the "exhortations to the malefactors," and the prayer made by one of the ministers, after the pirates were on the scaffold, "as near as it could be taken in writing in the great crowd," filled nearly one-half of the paper.

Such was the small beginning of American journalism, whose history is minutely traced in Mr. Hudson's interesting and important work. We of this age who take the morning newspaper with our breakfast coffee, who glance over the one-o'clock editions of the afternoon papers at lunch, and leisurely scan the four-o'clock editions when the business of the day is over, can hardly realize a time when newspapers were not, when news was tardily circulated by means of written letters, when the mails were slow and infrequent, and it took longer to hear in New York from Boston than now from the antipodes. This morning's paper may contain the news of a murder committed yesterday in Australia, last night's debate in the British Parliament; we know, almost as soon as the Parisians, every time President Thiers threatens to resign, and before he has had time to reconsider we are ready with speculations on the result of his action. Compare this state of things with poor John Campbell's frantic endeavors to make up thirteen months arrears in news! A hundred years back takes us into the Dark Ages of journalism. The smallest country newspaper of the present time is magnificent in comparison with the *News-Letters*, the *Gazettes*, and the *Courants* of Franklin's early days.

The progress of American journalism was comparatively slow during the first century of its history. The appetite for news grows with what it feeds on. When mail facilities were scant, and newspapers were meagre and dull, the demand for this class of reading was limited. With increased facilities for transporting the mails and for collecting news, the taste spread and became more exacting. There was a time when the public was willing to allow a newspaper five months to catch up with the news; nowadays a newspaper which can not give all the news of the world every morning, with timely and suggestive com-

ment, might as well give up the ghost at once. Nobody wants it. Our ancestors could afford to wait for the news. They had other matters to occupy their attention, and news had not the business importance which it now possesses. The sixty-seven newspapers which were established in the American colonies from 1690 to 1783 were monthly, weekly, or semi-weekly publications. One paper had been started as a tri-weekly, but failed on that plan, and was then issued semi-weekly, and finally weekly. While New York was occupied by the English troops, the several papers there arranged their days of publication, as has since been done in Liverpool, England, so that one paper was issued each day, thus giving the public a daily newspaper. Only forty-three out of the sixty-seven were in existence in 1783, when the independence of the United States was acknowledged by George the Third, and the young republic commenced its career of greatness and glory.

Before the age of railroads and the electric telegraph little enterprise was manifested by the journals in the collection of news. They waited for it to come of its own accord. Among the earliest to recognize the necessity for greater enterprise were Messrs. Hale and Hallock, of the *Journal of Commerce*. These gentlemen, in 1830, bought and equipped a small, swift schooner, called her the *Journal of Commerce*, and sent her to cruise at sea, intercept packet-ships, and bring in the latest intelligence. This was the first news-boat of any size in America. Small row-boats had been used to board shipping in the harbor by the *Journal* as well as other papers, but no one had, up to this time, sent a news-boat to sea. The enterprise was regarded by others as ridiculous and ruinously expensive, but the result proved its wisdom. The semaphoric telegraph would report the *Journal of Commerce* in the offing, and business would be at once suspended to await her arrival. Crowds would then surround the office, as in the days of modern war bulletins, and the news would soon appear in an extra. The success was such that the firm built and equipped another schooner, of ninety tons, calling her the *Evening Edition*, and thus had two swift vessels constantly cruising for news. An association of other papers was then formed, and a pilot-boat hired to compete with the *Journal of Commerce* squadron. The association subsequently fitted out a small vessel, and the business of news-boats continued for some time a fixed fact with the New York dailies.

The success of this experiment determined Messrs. Hale and Hallock to introduce their system on land. Accordingly, in 1833, they established a horse express from Philadelphia to New York, with eight relays, and by this means published the proceedings of Congress, and all other Southern news, one day in advance of their contemporaries. The other papers established an opposition express, and the government then commenced it, and ran the express from Philadelphia to New York; whereupon the proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce* extended their relays to Washington, so that they regularly beat the government express twenty-four hours. They employed twenty-four horses, and often made the whole distance of 227 miles inside of twenty hours. The *Journal* claims that these news-boats and expresses were the origin of the whole system of expressing and telegraphing which has since been brought to such perfection by the New York Associated Press and the enterprising independent journals of the country.

The newspapers had at last begun to appreciate the value of late intelligence, and their motto was, as it is now, "Get news, honestly if you can, but get news." Apropos of this, Mr. Hudson relates the following anecdote concerning the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Courier and Enquirer*. The latter was most fortunate in obtaining late news from Europe, but the editor was constantly mortified to find it in the columns of his rival. He cogitated, and resorted to strategy. About that time the ship *Ajax* was due from Europe with later news. One morning the *Courier and Enquirer* appeared with a postscript, announcing the arrival of their news schooner with the news by the *Ajax*, which had reached the offing the night before. The "news" was given. It appeared in a few copies only. These were left by the carrier in the regular way at the doors of the subscribers' stores nearest the newspaper offices. One was "borrowed." Immediately the others were gathered up and destroyed, and the regular *Courier and Enquirer*, without the "news," was delivered to subscribers. That morning the *Journal of Commerce* published the "news by the *Ajax*" exclusively.

"Ho! ho! Your neighbor is ahead of you this morning," exclaimed the *Courier* subscribers, rushing into the office.

"Ahead? No! How?" asked the astonished clerks.

"Haven't you seen the *Journal*? It's got the *Ajax's* news! Beaten this time, my fine fellows. They are too much for you. You had better look out for your laurels," said the considerate friends of the *Courier*. But these remarks did not seem to affect the occupants of that establishment as such remarks sometimes do. They looked as if the *Courier* could survive the defeat. After a few congratulations the cat was seen in the meal-tub, and the *attachés* of the *Journal of Commerce* were not very hilarious about Wall Street that day.

The late Henry J. Raymond used to say, half in jest, that the invention of the electric

telegraph had destroyed the zest of newspaper editing. Like all great editors who have risen by promotion from the ranks, he always retained an affection and respect for the reporters' room, and delighted in reminiscences of his own early experience before the introduction of the telegraph. Although not a short-hand writer, Mr. Raymond was an accomplished reporter, and unquestionably the most rapid writer connected with the press. He held his own with such stenographers as Robert Sutton and James A. Houston, two of the best short-hand reporters in the country at that period. With marvelous rapidity in writing, Mr. Raymond displayed great tact. On one occasion, when Daniel Webster was to speak in Boston, several reporters were sent from New York to report his speech, and Mr. Raymond attended for the *Tribune*. On his return, instead of losing time, he engaged a state-room on the Sound steamboat, where he wrote out his long-hand notes. While the reporters were in Boston, types, cases, and printers had been quietly placed on board the steamer, and as rapidly as Mr. Raymond wrote out the speech the printers "set it up." On their arrival at New York the speech was in type and ready for the press, and appeared the same morning in a late edition of the *Tribune*, much to the mortification of the other reporters and the surprise of the other journalists.

One of the most striking instances of Mr. Raymond's accuracy and rapidity as a reporter occurred while he was representing the *Courier and Enquirer* at Washington. Mr. Webster was to make an important speech in the Senate. Mr. Raymond was present, and all the other papers were represented. Looking at the clock, it occurred to him that the Senator would finish about the hour of the closing of the mail. He therefore prepared himself. Webster began his speech. Raymond took every word down in long-hand—the other reporters, of course, in short-hand. Webster, it is true, was a slow, deliberate speaker, but as the average speed of an orator's tongue is six uttered to one carefully written word, our readers can imagine the rapidity of Raymond's writing. Webster finished. It was nearly mail-time. It would be utterly impossible to write out the speech for that mail, and that was the mail to carry the speech. Raymond looked at his notes, and again at the clock. Rolling all up in an envelope, inclosing a private note to the foreman of the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, he dropped the parcel into the editors' bag. It reached the office in Wall Street, the copy was distributed among the compositors, and the whole speech appeared in the next edition of the *Courier and Enquirer*, to the dismay of the other papers and the chagrin of the reporters. Its accuracy received the fullest indorsement of Mr. Webster.

The rivalry between the several newspaper establishments was very sharp, and sometimes amusing and expensive. On one occasion, before the era of telegraphs, two expresses were arranged to bring the European news from Boston to New York on the arrival of the Cunard steamer at the former port—one to run over the Norwich and Worcester road for the *Sun*, and the other to run over the Providence and Stonington road for the *Herald*. The Cunard steamer was not telegraphed at Boston till early Saturday morning. The *Herald* was not then published on Sundays, and the *Sun* never issued a regular edition on that day. If the expresses were run, they would reach New York about midnight on Saturday. What was to be done? The agent of the *Herald* determined not to run his express, but he was anxious for the *Sun* to enjoy the luxury. So he made his arrangements, with locomotive fired up, to start the moment the news reached his hands. The wide-awake agent of the *Sun* was not to be beaten. The moment the Cunarder touched the wharf at East Boston he started with the news for the Worcester dépôt. John Gilpin's time was beaten through the streets of Boston as easily as Bonner's team now beats all others on Harlem Lane. On the panting and puffing locomotive jumped the indefatigable man of the *Sun*, and with one shrill whistle he was off for New York. The agent of the *Herald*, as soon as his plucky competitor was out of sight and going off at the rate of a mile a minute, had his locomotive run into the engine-house and cooled off. He then went down to the office of the *Mail*, published in State Street by Purdy and Bradley, and quietly got out the news and had it printed on extra sheets, with the *New York Herald* head. He took several thousand by one train that afternoon, and sent as many by a messenger by the other regular line. They reached New York about six o'clock the next morning, and the extras were immediately sold to the newsboys. Meanwhile the *Sun* express had made splendid time from city to city, and there was great commotion in the *Sun* office. All was bright and watchful, but quiet, at the *Herald* establishment on the opposite corner. There was no news there. "The *Herald* is beaten!" gleefully exclaimed the happy fellows in the *Sun* building. But, to their bewilderment, about six o'clock they heard the cry, "'Ere's the extra *'Erald!* Important news from Europe!" under their very windows. The *Sun* was eclipsed that morning.

Thousands and thousands of dollars were spent in these delightful and exciting contests. Some of this money was apparently thrown away, but none was in reality wasted. It assisted in the great development of newspaper enterprise, which has become a leading characteristic of the American Press.

Under the present system for the collec-

tion and distribution of news from all parts of the world, through the agency of the Associated Press and its younger rival, the American Press Association, the public is undoubtedly better served than it was when each paper was dependent upon individual enterprise for all its news. No single paper could stand the expense of the agencies through which the news of the world, published every morning in all the papers connected with either association, is collected and forwarded. True, the system imparts a sameness to the news columns, the regular press dispatches being alike in all the papers, or differing only in the style of "dressing up;" while the rules of the associations require that all "special dispatches," with the exception of those from Washington and Albany, and telegraphic reports of political meetings, must be sent round to all the associated papers. During the war this rule was frequently evaded by correspondents forwarding their dispatches by telegraph or messenger from the field to Washington, whence they were telegraphed to the office in New York. Such papers as make use of the specials bear their proportion of the expense, and all may profit by the enterprise of each. To prevent an abuse of this privilege, a paper using a single item or line of a "special" sent from another office is responsible for its proportion of the expense of the whole dispatch. On one occasion the *Herald* sent round a very long special from Europe. It was interesting, but contained only one item of much importance, and with one exception the night editors of the other papers declined to use it. The exception occurred in an office where the place of the regular night editor was temporarily filled by a young man who was ignorant of this rule. Casting his eye over the "special," he singled out for publication the one important item, and threw the rest of the dispatch aside. The next morning he found, to his dismay, that this two-line item cost the office its proportion—in this instance one-half—of the expense of a cable dispatch of nearly a column.

As an offset to the sameness of the regular press dispatches, every large newspaper has its special correspondents at Washington and other important news centres, whose dispatches invariably, and indeed necessarily, take the tone of the paper, and are the medium not only of news, but of opinion. The press reports of the Congressional proceedings and debates are the same in all the associated papers; but the special dispatch of the Washington correspondent gives a Republican or Democratic gloss, according to the political tone of the paper he represents. During the session of Congress the position of Washington correspondent is second only to that of editor in chief. It is his duty to keep the office duly posted on all that is going on at the Capitol. He must watch the debates, the bills introduced, the political caucuses, keep a sharp eye on all the Departments, and see that nothing is done, planned, or dreamed without his knowledge.

The names most widely known in the annals of American journalism as those of the founders of great newspapers are James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, and Henry J. Raymond, each of whom strongly impressed his own individuality on the journal under his control, and exerted a wide-spread influence on the character of the American press at large. All have passed away within a recent period; the youngest of the three dying first, less than four years ago, the other two at a riper age, while the book which records the struggles and triumphs of all was passing through the press. For the history, in all its most interesting details, of the three great newspaper enterprises with which their names are connected, we must refer our readers to the pages of Mr. Hudson's most important and fascinating book, in which ample justice is done to the character, aims, and achievements of each of these distinguished men. To Mr. Bennett belongs the credit of first discerning the necessities and possibilities of the modern American newspaper in its function as the disseminator of news. He led the way in the establishment of the grand system of agencies by which, at the present day, all the news of the world appears every morning in the columns of our daily journals, and which place them, as *news*papers, far in advance of their European contemporaries. A single copy of a New York journal gives more news than will be found in a week's file of the London *Times*. At the time of the English expedition to Abyssinia the London papers were indebted to the courtesy of the *Herald* correspondent for the latest and fullest intelligence from the field; and during the Franco-German war the most interesting and accurate accounts of the grand achievements of the German armies published in the English papers were given in the dispatches to the *Tribune*, but for which the English public would have been compelled to await the arrival of letters by post for more than the meagre telegraphic announcement of victories which involved the fate of an empire. The English have scarcely begun to learn the use of the telegraph for transmitting news. They affect a contempt for the American system, and plume themselves on the more solid and scholarly character of their newspapers; but while this view may have been once correct, an impartial comparison of American and English journals of the present day would show that in addition to an amount of news which would supply London newspapers for a week, the leading articles, literary reviews,

and correspondence in every issue of one of our first-class papers are as thoughtful and as carefully considered as the articles which appear in the columns of the London *Times*.

The *Herald* was, perhaps, more rigidly organized than either the *Times* or the *Tribune*, not only with respect to the news department, but as to its editorial corps. Both Mr. Raymond and Mr. Greeley permitted great freedom in their writers, and encouraged individuality of thought and opinion. The former, indeed, rarely interfered with his associates, suggested topics, or dictated a line of policy. Each editorial writer selected his own subject, treated it in his own way, in keeping, of course, with the tone and character of the paper; and Mr. Raymond, even when in town, rarely saw the articles except in proof. This system had, undoubtedly, its disadvantages; slight variances of opinion were sometimes detected in the paper, which, of course, were laid to his charge; but this was balanced by obvious advantages. Mr. Bennett pursued a very different system. He established the daily council of editors, which is still a feature in the management of the *Herald*. It is held at noon, and every editor is required to be present. The topics of the day are fully discussed at these meetings, and each writer has his subject assigned to him, and its treatment prescribed. While the influence and views of other writers besides Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond were frequently apparent in the *Tribune* and the *Times*, the *Herald*, under this system, always faithfully reflected the ideas and purposes of its founder and editor.

Mr. Bennett kept the public at a distance. Few outsiders found access to his private room at the *Herald* office. Mr. Raymond and Mr. Greeley, on the contrary, rarely refused to see visitors in the editorial sanctum. A gentleman once entered Mr. Raymond's private office with the inquiry, "Are you at leisure?" "No, Sir," was the courteous reply, as the quick pen was stayed in its progress over the page, "but I am at your service." For a few years previous to his death Mr. Greeley had a private room in the *Tribune* building, to which he could retreat when the pressure of visitors became too great even for his patience; but his old room was open to all, and he might be seen engrossed in work. If he heard a step on the floor he would ask, without looking up, "What's wanted?" and would generally keep on writing while the visitor stated his errand, unless his attention was arrested by something of importance. Both Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond could listen and write at the same time—a rare faculty even among newspaper men.

The history of American journalism, from its small beginning in 1690 to the present day, is that of American civilization. Its several epochs mark successive steps in the progress of freedom and intelligence in the New World. The reader who takes up Mr. Hudson's admirable work will find in its pages all the fascination of a romance. The history of every important newspaper in America, biographical sketches of prominent editors, accounts of the origin and progress of all our great news agencies, of the early systems for collecting news, which have been superseded by the telegraph, and incidents and anecdotes illustrating the progress of every kind of newspaper enterprise, will be found in this work; and to its pages we refer all our readers who may be curious—and what American is not?—to become familiar with the history of our newspaper press.

PEGGY'S PANDOWDY.

"WA'AL, you take your apples," said the culinary oracle, neighbor Kempton, Peggy's uncle having decided that he should relish an old-fashioned pandowdy, such as his mother used to make forty years ago.

"If you can make such a one," he had said, "I'll give you a gold ring, Peggy, as fine as a wedding-ring—as good a wedding-ring as you are like to get, poor lass," he had added beneath his breath; and so Peggy had applied to neighbor Kempton for the recipe.

"Wa'al, you take your apples," repeated Mrs. Kempton. "Bless me! ain't that there pot a-b'iling over?"

"No," said Peggy; "it's only Nancy dishing the cabbage."

"Wa'al, as I was a-saying, you take your apples, and you— There's Ben's boat just a-coming up the river, if I live! He went out after mackerel this morning. The tide's dead ag'in him, and the dinner done to a turn already."

"And the pandowdy," meekly suggested Peggy.

"Oh, as I was a-saying—my mind skips about like a flea; it goes by telegram, I have so much to think of. But you take your apples, and— Sakes alive! if the clothes-line ain't broke and let the things on to the ground, and father's new flannels—the first time they ever see the wash too!" And in the tumult that ensued Peggy effected her escape, feeling fully competent to take the apples and go ahead, after so many admonitions to that end. She next resorted to the *Cook's Counselor*, which advised her to line a deep pan with paste, slice the apples, sweeten with New Orleans molasses, spice to the taste (apparently overlooking the fact that tastes differ), cover with paste, and bake in a moderate oven—brick oven preferred.

On these hints Peggy proceeded. She

didn't care a fig for the promise of a ring. What was a gold ring to her set with jewels of Golconda, when, but for her own folly and the malicious interference of another, she might now be wearing a real wedding-ring, the happiest wife in Christendom? For when she had first come to live with her uncle, John Brierly, Matthew Royston had set his heart upon her, and she had in no wise objected, accepting his devotions as a matter of course. But Aunt Brierly had other views for Matthew Royston. She had made up her mind to marry him to her own niece, Patty Pratt; and when Aunt Brierly had made up her mind, it wasn't an easy thing to unravel. If he couldn't be managed by fair means, he should be managed by foul. And wasn't all fair in love? She contrived to arouse Matthew's jealousy concerning another admirer of Peggy's, and with sly and subtle insinuations to harrow his soul with the fear lest he was being chosen by his sweetheart not for himself, but his prospects. And yet her insinuations were so well timed and so deftly handled that the poor love-lorn youth conceived that they were deductions drawn from his own experience and observation, rather than suggested by Aunt Brierly. So one day he forbade Peggy, up and down, to accept any attentions but his own, though there was only an understanding between them, which, as every body knows, is apt to lead to a misunderstanding. He had never said, in so many words, "Will you marry me, Peggy?" or "Name the day, sweetheart," though they both hoped that it would come to that in time.

So Aunt Brierly sneered in her quiet way at Peggy for being under a man's thumb before her time came, hinted that she had found a master, if not a lover, questioning if such things were done in the green leaf, what would be done in the dry, till poor foolish Peggy, giddy with youth, and inexperienced in the ways of wily women, began to believe that Matthew was arrogating to himself more authority over her than was becoming in a lover—which was very likely the case—and so walked into the snare Aunt Brierly had spread for her. One day, as they sat together, Sam Perrin was seen to drive up with his new turn-out.

"He has come to take you to drive," said Aunt Brierly.

"I sha'n't go," said Peggy, decidedly.

"Of course not," continued her aunt; "I couldn't advise you to such a step. It wouldn't be wise. A woman can not begin too early to learn the lesson of obedience."

"I sha'n't go," protested Peggy. "But it isn't because I mean to learn obedience."

"No? If you haven't begun before this, you will never get the lesson, child. Sam's got the handsomest team in the place. He's a match to be proud of, too! I wish he'd ask Patty to ride!"

"I hope he may."

"I trust he won't understand *why* you decline," in the most honeyed accents.

"Well, I *haven't* declined yet."

"Only because you haven't been asked."

And the result was that Peggy accepted, and Matthew came and found her gone, and accepted Aunt Brierly's version of the fact, which didn't vouchsafe a drop of oil on the troubled waters, since she did every thing in her power to irritate him, while preserving the mask of peace-maker. As a matter of course, an unpleasantness ensued, which owed more than half its animus to Aunt Brierly's arts. The lovers did not speak or look at each other, except by stealth, for over a week, each one waiting for the other to say the words which both were dying to speak and hear. But just as Peggy had about made up her mind that she couldn't endure such silence much longer, she heard, apparently by chance, that Matthew Royston had been to see Patty Pratt, and had invited her to a merry-making."

"That's shabby enough, if Patty is my niece," said Aunt Brierly. "I wouldn't blame you *now* if you should give him as hard a nut to crack. There's nothing like obliging a young fellow to come the whole way in a making up, without holding out a little finger to him, 'specially when he's in the wrong. I suppose he expects you'll get frightened at this and speak first, and I've noticed that those who speak first in a quarrel always have to take the blame." Aunt Brierly was getting ready the brick oven while she spoke for the week's baking. She had a flushed face and a nervous manner, not usual with her, as she threw into the oven a handful of paper which she had caught up just as Peggy entered, and she was about to lay on the kindlings and apply the match, when she stumbled and fell against a pine knot that Uncle John had brought in to heat the oven, and there was no more baking nor any thing else done that day but running for doctors, while a soul hovered between life and death. Well, Aunt Brierly was sick five months, if she was a day; and when she had recovered from her shock as much as she ever would, though she could not move a hand nor frame an intelligible sentence, she signified her desire to be dressed and allowed to sit, propped up, in the big arm-chair, to look out at the window and see what the world was about, to see the maples, that had just hung out their green banners when she took to her bed, reddening in the October sun, and the Rev. Moses Precept and his wife in light kids leaving brother Pratt's door in a coach. How the earth had turned round while she had been lying idly on her back, and the baking not done! The grass that had only begun to look green and feathery when she was stricken down had been mown and har-

vested, leaving brown, barren fields; and the grape-vines that had only put out a few tender feelers were now purple and dusty with fruit; and the trees that had dropped their blossoms in pink and fragrant showers were now dropping great golden pippins and rosy gillyflowers. No, the earth never stood still, whatever other folks might do. But what under the sun were Mr. Precept and his wife doing at brother Pratt's with a coach all to themselves? She tried to put the question to Uncle John, but the words got all shaken up together upon her tongue, so that it was more of a conundrum than ever. It was like one of those games where you are given the letters of a word, and left to spell it out for yourself. But as Uncle John could not guess, she did her best to intimate by rude but energetic signs that Mr. Precept was the object of her curiosity.

"Oh," said Uncle John, reluctantly, "it's —a—a wedding! It's Patty and Matt Royston; they couldn't wait for you to get out, because Matt's going into business out West."

Peggy was beating a pillow as he spoke, and instinctively Aunt Brierly's eyes were turned upon her; and such wild, astonished, frightened eyes that Peggy will never forget them to her dying day; eyes, too, with something like a tear in them, in their startled depth. Then she was on her feet in an instant, reaching out vainly toward the door, and uttering a flood of incoherent words, as if she would assure them she had important business on hand that must not be neglected; then she sank back exhausted among her pillows, and the yellow sunlight fell across her face, and a dead leaf floated past the window, and Aunt Brierly's soul floated out into the unknown.

Peggy was thinking of some of these things as she went about her humble task of making the pandowdy—of such a part of these things as had fallen within the scope of her experience. There was good reason why a gold ring had no longer any meaning to her, or any charm to hold her. Why should she care to ornament herself, when nobody heeded whether she looked well or ill? No; she was making the pandowdy to please Uncle John, who had always stood her friend, hoping its flavor might bring back his youth for a little. Let other women who had husbands or lovers to please deck themselves in finery, but it was too late for her. Once she might have coveted such things, but that was a by-gone. Nothing could restore to her the supreme confidence of youth; nothing could bring back those warm June nights when she and Royston had watched the stars slide across the heavens, had noted the heavy fragrance of dew-drenched flowers as they walked the fields, or had sat on some rocky ledge by the river, and had seen the belated fishermen come in with masses of quivering silver tangled in their nets, and had listened to the echo of voices on the other side, or, taking a boat, had moved, silently as the stars themselves, across the half-luminous expanse of water, where the planets seemed broken into star-dust; and now and then a fish had leaped to the surface, a cock had crowed from some distant farm-house, an oar had played in its rowlock and made the chord complete. Peggy never stepped out now on sultry summer nights to carry comfort to some ailing neighbor but the inspiration of that sacred time came upon her like a strain of tender melody waking one at dead of night—like an old hymn that her mother sang when she was a child in the cradle, a hymn laid up in the heart in lavender and scented with sweet-brier, and speaking of infinite love and happiness.

Ten years had passed since Aunt Brierly had been stricken down in the act of lighting the fire in the brick oven, and they had not been years calculated to touch Peggy lightly. She was no longer the rosy, lilting lass that Royston had left behind; she had lost something of her rounded contours, much of her bloom; her mouth had settled into a sad seriousness, her eyes had the appearance of looking on other scenes than those about her—for all they were bright eyes, as if their light was reflected from tears rather than from joys. Yet in the mean time men had not been lacking who found her comely enough to share their hearts. And yet her disappointment had not soured her; one might say that it had ripened her instead. She could laugh as heartily as the rest when occasion served, only it was apt to end in a sigh; she relished quiltings and parish picnics, and loved to see the younger generations at their pastimes. She kept Uncle John's house like wax-work, could fashion almost any garment you might name, sent butter and honey to market, sang in the choir, read metaphysics, and had faculty, as neighbor Kempton said, for every thing but getting married!

Patty Pratt had died the second year of her marriage, but in all the eight succeeding years nobody in the place had ever heard or spoken of the young widower Royston. He had passed out of mind as entirely as the leaves of that dead-and-gone summer-time; out of the mind of all but Peggy, in whose heart remembrance was still green and living.

Peggy rolled out her paste reflectively, and lined a deep pan as daintily as the tailor-bee lines her nest with a rose leaf; then she pared the apples, thinking of the cheery winter evenings when Royston had helped her out with her stint, and the fire had sputtered over the back-log, and the kettle had sung on the hob, and heaven had not seemed far away, since Aunt Brierly was

taking tea at brother Pratt's. Sliced apples and spice and molasses, spice and molasses and sliced apples, and a canopy of paste, and the thing was done! But mind you, Peggy, the baking *is half* the battle!

When the pandowdy came to the tea-table, wearing a healthy brown, "Ah," said Uncle John, tasting it prospectively, "that looks something like! Heyday! it carries me straight back to the time when I was a little shaver, picking up the windfalls for mother's pandowdy. Ah, Peggy, Professor Blot couldn't hold a candle to you. It smells as if all the spices of Araby the blest had been let loose in it! Ah! Oh! Humph! Pandowdy indeed! Pan-fiddle-sticks!"

"What's the matter?" asked Peggy, taking alarm

"That's what I'd like to know. Perhaps it's the modern recipe for pandowdy; but it ain't no more like my mother's than swan are like geese. Well, well, cooking ain't the art it used to be. I ain't seen a pumpkin-pie that deserved the name these dozen years, and buckwheats don't taste as they used to cold mornings when I was a boy, and mother fried 'em."

"I'm so sorry," said Peggy; "but the deceitful old thing isn't half done. When the top looked so promising, who would suspect that there was only raw apples and dough floating in molasses underneath? Its downright hypocrisy! I shall never believe in pandowdies again."

"How did you bake it?" asked Uncle John, disconsolately.

"In the stove oven, to be sure. Perhaps you thought that I baked it in the sun?"

"Ah, that's it. My mother always used the brick oven; and so did—" And then Uncle John pushed back his chair and left the room.

"I never thought of the brick oven," said Peggy to herself. "It hasn't been used since Aunt Brierly had her shock. I wonder if it would be safe? I'll try it to-morrow if I'm alive."

The brick oven was in the winter kitchen at Brierly Farm, and, as Peggy said, had never been used or disturbed since the day of Aunt Brierly's shock. The kitchen itself had fallen into disuse as a kitchen since her time, having been turned to account as a store-room. So when to-morrow came Peggy made her pandowdy ready, and went into the old kitchen to light a fire in the brick oven, matches and kindlings in hand. The rusty door of the oven grated on its hinges, as if loath to be called into service again after so many years of idleness, and disclosed a newspaper twisted together carelessly, and a handful of kindlings thrown upon it, just as Aunt Brierly had left them when paralysis seized her. Wondering what scrap of forgotten news she might find in an old daily of ten years back, Peggy took the newspaper up with a sort of shudder, shook, and smoothed it out, and let fall from among its folds a letter, yellow and torn and crumpled. She picked it up without much concern, saw that it was addressed to "Miss Margaret Brierly," opened it, and read a few impassioned lines from Matthew Royston—a few lines imploring her to forgive his miserable exactions, and to send him some sign of her favor. He feared that he might have forfeited her regard; but if she still loved him, would she write a line in answer, or send a message by the bearer, or meet him at the stile in Lover's Lane at twilight, or, if this were inconvenient—sued the humble lover—would she set a light in a window of the best room, which, being seldom used, would signify to him that he would be welcome at Brierly Farm?

And all this dated ten years ago! And she had not written the line he asked for, nor sent the message, nor set the light in the window, nor met him in the soft spring twilight at the stile in Lover's Lane!

No wonder he had married Patty Pratt! Peggy came near having a shock herself at this revelation of the old brick oven, and it was after twelve by the kitchen clock before she came to her senses, and vaguely remembered that she had been meaning to heat the brick oven and bake the pandowdy. Was it yesterday, or the day before?

Just then Uncle John came in to his dinner, and found the table not set, not a vegetable on the fire, the tea-kettle dry, the mutton black as a coal, and the pandowdy waiting for a baking! Had Peggy run away? And then he stepped into the old kitchen, and found her with the yellow letter spread out upon her lap, her hands folded over it, and her eyes staring hard at the opposite wall. "Peggy, Peggy, what's the matter, child?" he called twice before she heeded. Then she was on her feet in a trice, rubbing her eyes as if she had been dreaming.

"I'm heating the brick oven for the pandowdy," she answered, gathering her kindlings.

"Didn't you know it's after twelve, Peggy?" he mildly suggested, picking up the letter that had slipped to the floor. "What's this, eh?"

"It's mine; give it to me," she cried. "It's nothing—only a scrap of old paper, you see. It's my own. I found it in the oven. Do give it to me. I have a right to it!" But Uncle John was already adjusting his spectacles, conscious, in a sort of hazy way, that something had troubled Peggy, and that this yellow rag was the something, which it was his duty to look into.

"Nobody's going to eat it, child!" he said. "And you found it in the oven, eh? Pretty place for a love-letter. I wonder it didn't heat the oven without any kindlings or other fuel. You didn't answer it, I reckon?"

"Answer it! I never laid eyes on it before to-day," said Peggy, with eyes that struck fire.

"It's been a good while on the road, eh? April 29, 1862. Why, that's the same day as Sophy had her shock! Ah! Oh! Humph! And he married Patty Pratt! Ahem! Ain't it most dinner-time, Peggy?"

"Dinner! Bless me, yes. And there's the pandowdy done to a crisp. No; what am I talking about? It hasn't seen the oven!" And Peggy was alert and busy in half a minute.

Uncle John made no further reference to the letter; but about a month later, when Peggy sat knitting in the twilight, and wondering what her twilights would have been like if Aunt Brierly had not been unkind, somebody opened the door, came to her side, and stooped and kissed her on the brow.

"Is it time to light the lamps, Uncle John?" she asked.

"Uncle John has brought about a great illumination already," said a voice that seemed an echo from the past, but which in reality belonged to Matthew Royston himself. "Uncle John wrote me all about that precious pandowdy, and the brick oven, and a love-letter that had been ten years on the way to you. Peggy dear, we have been a long while making up our quarrel. Shall we end it with a wedding-ring?"

And they did. But I think they owed it all to the pandowdy!

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XX.

THE POLICEMAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES.

JULIAN looked round the room, and stopped at the door which he had just opened.

His eyes rested first on Mercy, next on Grace.

The disturbed faces of both the women told him but too plainly that the disaster which he had dreaded had actually happened. They had met without any third person to interfere between them. To what extremities the hostile interview might have led it was impossible for him to guess. In his aunt's presence he could only wait his opportunity of speaking to Mercy, and be ready to interpose if any thing was ignorantly done which might give just cause of offense to Grace.

Lady Janet's course of action on entering the dining-room was in perfect harmony with Lady Janet's character.

Instantly discovering the intruder, she looked sharply at Mercy. "What did I tell you?" she asked. "Are you frightened? No! not in the least frightened! Wonderful!" She turned to the servant. "Wait in the library; I may want you again." She looked at Julian. "Leave it all to me; I can manage it." She made a sign to Horace. "Stay where you are, and hold your tongue." Having now said all that was necessary to every one else, she advanced to the part of the room in which Grace was standing, with lowering brows and firmly shut lips, defiant of every body.

"I have no desire to offend you, or to act harshly toward you," her ladyship began, very quietly. "I only suggest that your visits to my house can not possibly lead to any satisfactory result. I hope you will not oblige me to say any harder words than these—I hope you will understand that I wish you to withdraw."

The order of dismissal could hardly have been issued with more humane consideration for the supposed mental infirmity of the person to whom it was addressed. Grace instantly resisted it in the plainest possible terms.

"In justice to my father's memory and in justice to myself," she answered, "I insist on a hearing. I refuse to withdraw." She deliberately took a chair and seated herself in the presence of the mistress of the house.

Lady Janet waited a moment—steadily controlling her temper. In the interval of silence Julian seized the opportunity of remonstrating with Grace.

"Is this what you promised me?" he asked, gently. "You gave me your word that you would not return to Mablethorpe House."

Before he could say more, Lady Janet had got her temper under command. She began her answer to Grace by pointing with a peremptory forefinger to the library door.

"If you have not made up your mind to take my advice by the time I have walked back to that door," she said, "I will put it out of your power to set me at defiance. I am used to be obeyed, and I will be obeyed. You force me to use hard words. I warn you before it is too late. Go!"

She returned slowly toward the library. Julian attempted to interfere with another word of remonstrance. His aunt stopped him by a gesture which said plainly, "I insist on acting for myself." He looked next at Mercy. Would she remain passive? Yes. She never lifted her head; she never moved from the place in which she was standing apart from the rest. Horace himself tried to attract her attention, and tried in vain.

Arrived at the library door, Lady Janet

looked over her shoulder at the little immovable black figure in the chair.

"Will you go?" she asked, for the last time.

Grace started up angrily from her seat, and fixed her viperish eyes on Mercy.

"I won't be turned out of your ladyship's house in the presence of that impostor," she said. "I may yield to force, but I will yield to nothing else. I insist on my right to the place that she has stolen from me. It's no use scolding me," she added, turning doggedly to Julian. "As long as that woman is here under my name I can't and won't keep away from the house. I warn her, in your presence, that I have written to my friends in Canada! I dare her before you all to deny that she is the outcast and adventuress, Mercy Merrick!"

The challenge forced Mercy to take part in the proceedings, in her own defense. She had pledged herself to meet and defy Grace Roseberry on her own ground. She attempted to speak—Horace stopped her.

"You degrade yourself if you answer her," he said. "Take my arm, and let us leave the room."

"Yes! Take her out!" cried Grace. "She may well be ashamed to face an honest woman. It's her place to leave the room—not mine!"

Mercy drew her hand out of Horace's arm. "I decline to leave the room," she said, quietly.

Horace still tried to persuade her to withdraw. "I can't bear to hear you insulted," he rejoined. "The woman offends me, though I know she is not responsible for what she says."

"Nobody's endurance will be tried much longer," said Lady Janet. She glanced at Julian, and taking from her pocket the card which he had given to her, opened the library door.

"Go to the police station," she said to the servant in an under-tone, "and give that card to the inspector on duty. Tell him there is not a moment to lose."

"Stop!" said Julian, before his aunt could close the door again.

"Stop?" repeated Lady Janet, sharply. "I have given the man his orders. What do you mean?"

"Before you send the card I wish to say a word in private to this lady," replied Julian, indicating Grace. "When that is done," he continued, approaching Mercy, and pointedly addressing himself to her, "I shall have a request to make—I shall ask you to give me an opportunity of speaking to you without interruption."

His tone pointed the allusion. Mercy shrank from looking at him. The signs of painful agitation began to show themselves in her shifting color and her uneasy silence. Roused by Julian's significantly distant reference to what had passed between them, her better impulses were struggling already to recover their influence over her. She might, at that critical moment, have yielded to the promptings of her own nobler nature—she might have risen superior to the galling remembrance of the insults that had been heaped upon her—if Grace's malice had not seen in her hesitation a means of referring offensively once again to her interview with Julian Gray.

"Pray don't think twice about trusting him alone with me," she said, with a sardonic affectation of politeness. "*I* am not interested in making a conquest of Mr. Julian Gray."

The jealous distrust in Horace (already awakened by Julian's request) now attempted to assert itself openly. Before he could speak, Mercy's indignation had dictated Mercy's answer.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Gray," she said, addressing Julian (but still not raising her eyes to his). "I have nothing more to say. There is no need for me to trouble you again."

In those rash words she recalled the confession to which she stood pledged. In those rash words she committed herself to keeping the position that she had usurped, in the face of the woman whom she had deprived of it!

Horace was silenced, but not satisfied. He saw Julian's eyes fixed in sad and searching attention on Mercy's face while she was speaking. He heard Julian sigh to himself when she had done. He observed Julian—after a moment's serious consideration, and a moment's glance backward at the stranger in the poor black clothes—lift his head with the air of a man who had taken a sudden resolution.

"Bring me that card directly," he said to the servant. His tone announced that he was not to be trifled with. The man obeyed.

Without answering Lady Janet—who still peremptorily insisted on her right to act for herself—Julian took the pencil from his pocket-book and added his signature to the writing already inscribed on the card. When he had handed it back to the servant he made his apologies to his aunt.

"Pardon me for venturing to interfere," he said. "There is a serious reason for what I have done, which I will explain to you at a fitter time. In the mean while I offer no further obstruction to the course which you propose taking. On the contrary, I have just assisted you in gaining the end that you have in view."

As he said that he held up the pencil with which he had signed his name.

Lady Janet, naturally perplexed, and (with some reason perhaps) offended as well, made no answer. She waved her hand to

the servant, and sent him away with the card.

There was silence in the room. The eyes of all the persons present turned more or less anxiously on Julian. Mercy was vaguely surprised and alarmed. Horace, like Lady Janet, felt offended, without clearly knowing why. Even Grace Roseberry herself was subdued by her own presentiment of some coming interference for which she was completely unprepared. Julian's words and actions, from the moment when he had written on the card, were involved in a mystery to which not one of the persons round him held the clew.

The motive which had animated his conduct may, nevertheless, be described in two words: Julian still held to his faith in the inbred nobility of Mercy's nature.

He had inferred, with little difficulty, from the language which Grace had used toward Mercy in his presence, that the injured woman must have taken pitiless advantage of her position at the interview which he had interrupted. Instead of appealing to Mercy's sympathies and Mercy's sense of right —instead of accepting the expression of her sincere contrition, and encouraging her to make the completest and the speediest atonement—Grace had evidently outraged and insulted her. As a necessary result, her endurance had given way—under her own sense of intolerable severity and intolerable wrong.

The remedy for the mischief thus done was, as Julian had first seen it, to speak privately with Grace, to soothe her by owning that his opinion of the justice of her claims had undergone a change in her favor, and then to persuade her, in her own interests, to let him carry to Mercy such expressions of apology and regret as might lead to a friendly understanding between them.

With those motives, he had made his request to be permitted to speak separately to the one and the other. The scene that had followed, the new insult offered by Grace, and the answer which it had wrung from Mercy, had convinced him that no such interference as he had contemplated would have the slightest prospect of success.

The one remedy now left to try was the desperate remedy of letting things take their course, and trusting implicitly to Mercy's better nature for the result.

Let her see the police officer in plain clothes enter the room. Let her understand clearly what the result of his interference would be. Let her confront the alternative of consigning Grace Roseberry to a mad-house or of confessing the truth—and what would happen? If Julian's confidence in her was a confidence soundly placed, she would nobly pardon the outrages that had been heaped upon her, and she would do justice to the woman whom she had wronged.

If, on the other hand, his belief in her was nothing better than the blind belief of an infatuated man—if she faced the alternative and persisted in asserting her assumed identity—what then?

Julian's faith in Mercy refused to let that darker side of the question find a place in his thoughts. It rested entirely with him to bring the officer into the house. He had prevented Lady Janet from making any mischievous use of his card by sending to the police station and warning them to attend to no message which they might receive unless the card produced bore his signature. Knowing the responsibility that he was taking on himself—knowing that Mercy had made no confession to him to which it was possible to appeal—he had signed his name without an instant's hesitation: and there he stood now, looking at the woman whose better nature he was determined to vindicate, the only calm person in the room.

Horace's jealousy saw something suspiciously suggestive of a private understanding in Julian's earnest attention and in Mercy's downcast face. Having no excuse for open interference, he made an effort to part them.

"You spoke just now," he said to Julian, "of wishing to say a word in private to that person." (He pointed to Grace.) "Shall we retire, or will you take her into the library?"

"I refuse to have any thing to say to him," Grace burst out, before Julian could answer. "I happen to know that he is the last person to do me justice. *He* has been effectually hoodwinked. If I speak to any body privately, it ought to be to you. *You* have the greatest interest of any of them in finding out the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to marry an outcast from the streets?"

Horace took one step forward toward her. There was a look in his face which plainly betrayed that he was capable of turning her out of the house with his own hands. Lady Janet stopped him.

"You were right in suggesting just now that Grace had better leave the room," she said. "Let us all three go. Julian will remain here and give the man his directions when he arrives. Come."

No. By a strange contradiction it was Horace himself who now interfered to prevent Mercy from leaving the room. In the heat of his indignation he lost all sense of his own dignity; he descended to the level of a woman whose intellect he believed to be deranged. To the surprise of every one present, he stepped back and took from the table a jewel-case which he had placed there when he came into the room. It was the

wedding present from his mother which he had brought to his betrothed wife. His outraged self-esteem seized the opportunity of vindicating Mercy by a public bestowal of the gift.

"Wait!" he called out, sternly. "That wretch shall have her answer. She has sense enough to see, and sense enough to hear. Let her see and hear!"

He opened the jewel-case, and took from it a magnificent pearl necklace in an antique setting.

"Grace," he said, with his highest distinction of manner, "my mother sends you her love and her congratulations on our approaching marriage. She begs you to accept, as part of your bridal dress, these pearls. She was married in them herself. They have been in our family for centuries. As one of the family, honored and beloved, my mother offers them to my wife."

He lifted the necklace to clasp it round Mercy's neck.

Julian watched her in breathless suspense. Would she sustain the ordeal through which Horace had innocently condemned her to pass?

Yes! In the insolent presence of Grace Roseberry, what was there now that she could *not* sustain? Her pride was in arms. Her lovely eyes lighted up as only a woman's eyes *can* light up when they see jewelry. Her grand head bent gracefully to receive the necklace. Her face warmed into color; her beauty rallied its charms. Her triumph over Grace Roseberry was complete! Julian's head sank. For one sad moment he secretly asked himself the question, "Have I been mistaken in her?"

Horace arrayed her in the pearls.

"Your husband puts these pearls on your neck, love," he said, proudly, and paused to look at her. "Now," he added, with a contemptuous backward glance at Grace, "we may go into the library. She has seen, and she has heard."

He believed that he had silenced her. He had simply furnished her sharp tongue with a new sting.

"*You* will hear, and *you* will see, when my proofs come from Canada," she retorted. "You will hear that your wife has stolen my name and my character! You will see your wife dismissed from this house!"

Mercy turned on her with an uncontrollable outburst of passion.

"You are mad!" she cried.

Lady Janet caught the electric infection of anger in the air of the room. She too turned on Grace. She too said it:

"You are mad!"

Horace followed Lady Janet. *He* was beside himself. *He* fixed his pitiless eyes on Grace, and echoed the contagious words:

"You are mad!"

She was silenced, she was daunted at last. The treble accusation revealed to her, for the first time, the frightful suspicion to which she had exposed herself. She shrank back, with a low cry of horror, and struck against a chair. She would have fallen if Julian had not sprung forward and caught her.

Lady Janet led the way into the library. She opened the door—started—and suddenly stepped aside, so as to leave the entrance free.

A man appeared in the open doorway.

He was not a gentleman; he was not a workman; he was not a servant. He was vilely dressed, in glossy black broadcloth. His frock-coat hung on him instead of fitting him. His waistcoat was too short and too tight over the chest. His trowsers were a pair of shapeless black bags. His gloves were too large for him. His highly polished boots creaked detestably whenever he moved. He had odiously watchful eyes—eyes that looked skilled in peeping through key-holes. His large ears, set forward like the ears of a monkey, pleaded guilty to meanly listening behind other people's doors. His manner was quietly confidential when he spoke, impenetrably self-possessed when he was silent. A lurking air of secret service enveloped the fellow, like an atmosphere of his own, from head to foot. He looked all round the magnificent room without betraying either surprise or admiration. He closely investigated every person in it with one glance of his cunningly watchful eyes. Making his bow to Lady Janet, he silently showed her, as his introduction, the card that had summoned him. And then he stood at ease, self-revealed in his own sinister identity—a police officer in plain clothes.

Nobody spoke to him. Every body shrank inwardly, as if a reptile had crawled into the room.

He looked backward and forward, perfectly unembarrassed, between Julian and Horace.

"Is Mr. Julian Gray here?" he asked.

Julian led Grace to a seat. Her eyes were fixed on the man. She trembled—she whispered, "Who is he?" Julian spoke to the police officer without answering her.

"Wait there," he said, pointing to a chair in the most distant corner of the room. "I will speak to you directly."

The man advanced to the chair, marching to the discord of his creaking boots. He privately valued the carpet at so much a yard as he walked over it. He privately valued the chair at so much the dozen as he sat down on it. He was quite at his ease: it was no matter to him whether he waited and did nothing, or whether he pried into the private character of every one in the room, as long as he was paid for it.

Even Lady Janet's resolution to act for herself was not proof against the appearance

of the policeman in plain clothes. She left it to her nephew to take the lead. Julian glanced at Mercy before he stirred further in the matter. He alone knew that the end rested now not with him, but with her.

She felt his eye on her while her own eyes were looking at the man. She turned her head—hesitated—and suddenly approached Julian. Like Grace Roseberry, she was trembling. Like Grace Roseberry, she whispered, "Who is he?"

Julian told her plainly who he was.

"Why is he here?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No!"

Horace left Lady Janet, and joined Mercy and Julian—impatient of the private colloquy between them.

"Am I in the way?" he inquired.

Julian drew back a little, understanding Horace perfectly. He looked round at Grace. Nearly the whole length of the spacious room divided them from the place in which she was sitting. She had never moved since he had placed her in a chair. The direst of all terrors was in possession of her—terror of the unknown. There was no fear of her interfering, and no fear of her hearing what they said so long as they were careful to speak in guarded tones. Julian set the example by lowering his voice.

"Ask Horace why the police officer is here?" he said to Mercy.

She put the question directly. "Why is he here?"

Horace looked across the room at Grace, and answered, "He is here to relieve us of that woman."

"Do you mean that he will take her away?"

"Yes."

"Where will he take her to?"

"To the police station."

Mercy started, and looked at Julian. He was still watching the slightest changes in her face. She looked back again at Horace.

"To the police station!" she repeated. "What for?"

"How can you ask the question?" said Horace, irritably. "To be placed under restraint, of course."

"Do you mean prison?"

"I mean an asylum."

Again Mercy turned to Julian. There was horror now, as well as surprise, in her face. "Oh!" she said to him, "Horace is surely wrong? It can't be?"

Julian left it to Horace to answer. Every faculty in him seemed to be still absorbed in watching Mercy's face. She was compelled to address herself to Horace once more.

"What sort of asylum?" she asked. "You don't surely mean a mad-house?"

"I do," he rejoined. "The work-house first, perhaps—and then the mad-house. What is there to surprise you in that? You yourself told her to her face she was mad. Good Heavens! how pale you are! What is the matter?"

She turned to Julian for the third time. The terrible alternative that was offered to her had showed itself at last, without reserve or disguise. Restore the identity that you have stolen, or shut her up in a mad-house—it rests with you to choose! In that form the situation shaped itself in her mind. She chose on the instant. Before she opened her lips the higher nature in her spoke to Julian, in her eyes. The steady inner light that he had seen in them once already shone in them again, brighter and purer than before. The conscience that he had fortified, the soul that he had saved, looked at him and said, Doubt us no more!

"Send that man out of the house."

Those were her first words. She spoke (pointing to the police officer) in clear, ringing, resolute tones, audible in the remotest corner of the room.

Julian's hand stole unobserved to hers, and told her, in its momentary pressure, to count on his brotherly sympathy and help. All the other persons in the room looked at her in speechless surprise. Grace rose from her chair. Even the man in plain clothes started to his feet. Lady Janet (hurriedly joining Horace, and fully sharing his perplexity and alarm) took Mercy impulsively by the arm, and shook it, as if to rouse her to a sense of what she was doing. Mercy held firm; Mercy resolutely repeated what she had said: "Send that man out of the house."

Lady Janet lost all patience with her. "What has come to you?" she asked, sternly. "Do you know what you are saying? The man is here in your interest, as well as in mine; the man is here to spare you, as well as me, further annoyance and insult. And you insist—insist, in my presence—on his being sent away! What does it mean?"

"You shall know what it means, Lady Janet, in half an hour. I don't insist—I only reiterate my entreaty. Let the man be sent away!"

Julian stepped aside (with his aunt's eyes angrily following him) and spoke to the police officer. "Go back to the station," he said, "and wait there till you hear from me."

The meanly vigilant eyes of the man in plain clothes traveled sidelong from Julian to Mercy, and valued her beauty as they had valued the carpet and the chairs. "The old story," he thought. "The nice-looking woman is always at the bottom of it; and, sooner or later, the nice-looking woman has her way." He marched back across the room, to the discord of his own creaking boots, bowed, with a villainous smile which put the

worst construction on every thing, and vanished through the library door.

Lady Janet's high breeding restrained her from saying any thing until the police officer was out of hearing. Then, and not till then, she appealed to Julian.

"I presume you are in the secret of this?" she said. "I suppose you have some reason for setting my authority at defiance in my own house?"

"I have never yet failed to respect your ladyship," Julian answered. "Before long you will know that I am not failing in respect toward you now."

Lady Janet looked across the room. Grace was listening eagerly, conscious that events had taken some mysterious turn in her favor within the last minute.

"Is it part of your new arrangement of my affairs," her ladyship continued, "that this person is to remain in the house?"

The terror that had daunted Grace had not lost all hold of her yet. She left it to Julian to reply. Before he could speak Mercy crossed the room and whispered to her, "Give me time to confess it in writing. I can't own it before them—with this round my neck." She pointed to the necklace. Grace cast a threatening glance at her, and suddenly looked away again in silence.

Mercy answered Lady Janet's question. "I beg your ladyship to permit her to remain until the half hour is over," she said. "My request will have explained itself by that time."

Lady Janet raised no further obstacles. Something in Mercy's face, or in Mercy's tone, seemed to have silenced her, as it had silenced Grace. Horace was the next who spoke. In tones of suppressed rage and suspicion he addressed himself to Mercy, standing fronting him by Julian's side.

"Am I included," he asked, "in the arrangement which engages you to explain your extraordinary conduct in half an hour?"

His hand had placed his mother's wedding present round Mercy's neck. A sharp pang wrung her as she looked at Horace, and saw how deeply she had already distressed and offended him. The tears rose in her eyes; she humbly and faintly answered him.

"If you please," was all she could say, before the cruel swelling at her heart rose and silenced her.

Horace's sense of injury refused to be soothed by such simple submission as this.

"I dislike mysteries and innuendoes," he went on, harshly. "In my family circle we are accustomed to meet each other frankly. Why am I to wait half an hour for an explanation which might be given now? What am I to wait for?"

Lady Janet recovered herself as Horace spoke.

"I entirely agree with you," she said. "I ask, too, what are we to wait for?"

Even Julian's self-possession failed him when his aunt repeated that cruelly plain question. How would Mercy answer it? Would her courage still hold out?

"You have asked me what you are to wait for," she said to Horace, quietly and firmly. "Wait to hear something more of Mercy Merrick."

Lady Janet listened with a look of weary disgust.

"Don't return to *that!*" she said. "We know enough about Mercy Merrick already."

"Pardon me—your ladyship does *not* know. I am the only person who can inform you."

"You?"

She bent her head respectfully.

"I have begged you, Lady Janet, to give me half an hour," she went on. "In half an hour I solemnly engage myself to produce Mercy Merrick in this room. Lady Janet Roy, Mr. Horace Holmcroft, you are to wait for that."

Steadily pledging herself in those terms to make her confession, she unclasped the pearls from her neck, put them away in their case, and placed it in Horace's hand. "Keep it," she said, with a momentary faltering in her voice, "until we meet again."

Horace took the case in silence; he looked and acted like a man whose mind was paralyzed by surprise. His hand moved mechanically. His eyes followed Mercy with a vacant, questioning look. Lady Janet seemed, in her different way, to share the strange oppression that had fallen on him. A vague sense of dread and distress hung like a cloud over her mind. At that memorable moment she felt her age, she looked her age, as she had never felt it or looked it yet.

"Have I your ladyship's leave," said Mercy, respectfully, "to go to my room?"

Lady Janet mutely granted the request. Mercy's last look, before she went out, was a look at Grace. "Are you satisfied now?" the grand gray eyes seemed to say, mournfully. Grace turned her head aside, with a quick, petulant action. Even her narrow nature opened for a moment unwillingly, and let pity in a little way, in spite of itself.

Mercy's parting words recommended Grace to Julian's care:

"You will see that she is allowed a room to wait in? You will warn her yourself when the half hour has expired?"

Julian opened the library door for her.

"Well done! Nobly done!" he whispered. "All my sympathy is with you—all my help is yours."

Her eyes looked at him, and thanked him, through her gathering tears. His own eyes were dimmed. She passed quietly down the room, and was lost to him before he had shut the door again.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOOTSTEP IN THE CORRIDOR.

MERCY was alone.

She had secured one half hour of retirement in her own room, designing to devote that interval to the writing of her confession, in the form of a letter addressed to Julian Gray.

No recent change in her position had, as yet, mitigated her horror of acknowledging to Horace and to Lady Janet that she had won her way to their hearts in disguise. Through Julian only could she say the words which were to establish Grace Roseberry in her right position in the house.

How was her confession to be addressed to him? In writing? or by word of mouth?

After all that had happened, from the time when Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted them, she would have felt relief rather than embarrassment in personally opening her heart to the man who had so delicately understood her, who had so faithfully befriended her in her sorest need. But the repeated betrayals of Horace's jealous suspicion of Julian warned her that she would only be surrounding herself with new difficulties, and be placing Julian in a position of painful embarrassment, if she admitted him to a private interview while Horace was in the house.

The one course left to take was the course that she had adopted. Determining to address the narrative of the Fraud to Julian in the form of a letter, she arranged to add, at the close, certain instructions, pointing out to him the line of conduct which she wished him to pursue.

These instructions contemplated the communication of her letter to Lady Janet and to Horace in the library, while Mercy—self-confessed as the missing woman whom she had pledged herself to produce—awaited in the adjoining room whatever sentence it pleased them to pronounce on her. Her resolution not to screen herself behind Julian from any consequences which might follow the confession had taken root in her mind from the moment when Horace had harshly asked her (and when Lady Janet had joined him in asking) why she delayed her explanation, and what she was keeping them waiting for. Out of the very pain which those questions inflicted, the idea of waiting her sentence in her own person in one room, while her letter to Julian was speaking for her in another, had sprung to life. "Let them break my heart if they like," she had thought to herself, in the self-abasement of that bitter moment; "it will be no more than I have deserved."

She locked her door and opened her writing-desk. Knowing what she had to do, she tried to collect herself and do it.

The effort was in vain. Those persons who study writing as an art are probably the only persons who can measure the vast distance which separates a conception as it exists in the mind from the reduction of that conception to form and shape in words. The heavy stress of agitation that had been laid on Mercy for hours together had utterly unfitted her for the delicate and difficult process of arranging the events of a narrative in their due sequence and their due proportion toward each other. Again and again she tried to begin her letter, and again and again she was baffled by the same hopeless confusion of ideas. She gave up the struggle in despair.

A sense of sinking at heart, a weight of hysterical oppression on her bosom, warned her not to leave herself unoccupied, a prey to morbid self-investigation and imaginary alarms.

She turned instinctively, for a temporary employment of some kind, to the consideration of her own future. Here there were no intricacies or entanglements. The prospect began and ended with her return to the Refuge, if the matron would receive her. She did no injustice to Julian Gray; that great heart would feel for her, that kind hand would be held out to her, she knew. But what would happen if she thoughtlessly accepted all that his sympathy might offer? Scandal would point to her beauty and to his youth, and would place its own vile interpretation on the purest friendship that could exist between them. And *he* would be the sufferer, for *he* had a character—a clergyman's character—to lose. No. For his sake, out of gratitude to *him*, the farewell to Mablethorpe House must be also the farewell to Julian Gray.

The precious minutes were passing. She resolved to write to the matron and ask if she might hope to be forgiven and employed at the Refuge again. Occupation over the letter that was easy to write might have its fortifying effect on her mind, and might pave the way for resuming the letter that was hard to write. She waited a moment at the window, thinking of the past life to which she was soon to return, before she took up the pen again.

Her window looked eastward. The dusky glare of lighted London met her as her eyes rested on the sky. It seemed to beckon her back to the horror of the cruel streets—to point her way mockingly to the bridges over the black river—to lure her to the top of the parapet, and the dreadful leap into God's arms, or into annihilation—who knew which?

She turned, shuddering, from the window.

"Will it end in that way," she asked herself, "if the matron says No?"

She began her letter.

"DEAR MADAM,—So long a time has passed since you heard from me that I almost shrink from writing to you. I am afraid you have already given me up in your own mind as a hard-hearted, ungrateful woman.

"I have been leading a false life; I have not been fit to write to you before to-day. Now, when I am doing what I can to atone to those whom I have injured—now, when I repent with my whole heart—may I ask leave to return to the friend who has borne with me and helped me through many miserable years? Oh, madam, do not cast me off! I have no one to turn to but you.

"Will you let me own every thing to you? Will you forgive me when you know what I have done? Will you take me back into the Refuge, if you have any employment for me by which I may earn my shelter and my bread?

"Before the night comes I must leave the house from which I am now writing. I have nowhere to go to. The little money, the few valuable possessions I have, must be left behind me: they have been obtained under false pretenses; they are not mine. No more forlorn creature than I am lives at this moment. You are a Christian woman. Not for my sake—for Christ's sake—pity me and take me back.

"I am a good nurse, as you know, and I am a quick worker with my needle. In one way or the other can you not find occupation for me?

"I could also teach, in a very unpretending way. But that is useless. Who would trust their children to a woman without a character? There is no hope for me in this direction. And yet I am so fond of children! I think I could be, not happy again, perhaps, but content with my lot, if I could be associated with them in some way. Are there not charitable societies which are trying to help and protect destitute children wandering about the streets? I think of my own wretched childhood—and oh! I should so like to be employed in saving other children from ending as I have ended. I could work, for such an object as that, from morning to night, and never feel weary. All my heart would be in it; and I should have this advantage over happy and prosperous women—I should have nothing else to think of. Surely they might trust me with the poor little starving wanderers of the streets—if you said a word for me? If I am asking too much, please forgive me. I am so wretched, madam—so lonely and so weary of my life.

"There is only one thing more. My time here is very short. Will you please reply to this letter (to say yes or no) by telegram?

"The name by which you know me is not the name by which I have been known here. I must beg you to address the telegram to 'The Reverend Julian Gray, Mablethorpe House, Kensington.' He is here, and he will show it to me. No words of mine can describe what I owe to him. He has never despaired of me—he has saved me from myself. God bless and reward the kindest, truest, best man I have ever known!

"I have no more to say, except to ask you to excuse this long letter, and to believe me your grateful servant, ——."

She signed and inclosed the letter, and wrote the address. Then, for the first time, an obstacle which she ought to have seen before showed itself, standing straight in her way.

There was no time to forward her letter in the ordinary manner by post. It must be taken to its destination by a private messenger. Lady Janet's servants had hitherto been, one and all, at her disposal. Could she presume to employ them on her own affairs, when she might be dismissed from the house, a disgraced woman, in half an hour's time? Of the two alternatives it seemed better to take her chance, and present herself at the Refuge without asking leave first.

While she was still considering the question she was startled by a knock at her door. On opening it she admitted Lady Janet's maid, with a morsel of folded note-paper in her hand.

"From my lady, miss," said the woman, giving her the note. "There is no answer."

Mercy stopped her as she was about to leave the room. The appearance of the maid suggested an inquiry to her. She asked if any of the servants were likely to be going into town that afternoon.

"Yes, miss. One of the grooms is going on horseback, with a message to her ladyship's coach-maker."

The Refuge was close by the coach-maker's place of business. Under the circumstances, Mercy was emboldened to make use of the man. It was a pardonable liberty to employ his services now.

"Will you kindly give the groom that letter for me?" she said. "It will not take him out of his way. He has only to deliver it—nothing more."

The woman willingly complied with the request. Left once more by herself, Mercy looked at the little note which had been placed in her hands.

It was the first time that her benefactress had employed this formal method of communicating with her when they were both in the house. What did such a departure from established habits mean? Had she received her notice of dismissal? Had Lady Janet's quick intelligence found its way already to a suspicion of the truth? Mercy's nerves were unstrung. She trembled pitiably as she opened the folded note.

It began without a form of address, and it ended without a signature. Thus it ran:

"I must request you to delay for a little while the explanation which you have promised me. At my age, painful surprises are very trying things. I must have time to compose myself, before I can hear what you have to say. You shall not be kept waiting longer than I can help. In the mean while every thing will go on as usual. My nephew Julian, and Horace Holmcroft, and the lady whom I found in the dining-room will, by my desire, remain in the house until I am able to meet them, and to meet you, again."

There the note ended. To what conclusion did it point?

Had Lady Janet really guessed the truth? or had she only surmised that her adopted daughter was connected in some discreditable manner with the mystery of "Mercy Merrick?" The line in which she referred to the intruder in the dining-room as "the lady" showed very remarkably that her opinions had undergone a change in that quarter. But was the phrase enough of itself to justify the inference that she had actually anticipated the nature of Mercy's confession? It was not easy to decide that doubt at the moment—and it proved to be equally difficult to throw any light on it at an after-time. To the end of her life Lady Janet resolutely refused to communicate to any one the conclusions which she might have privately formed, the griefs which she might have secretly stifled, on that memorable day.

Amidst much, however, which was beset with uncertainty, one thing at least was clear. The time at Mercy's disposal in her own room had been indefinitely prolonged by Mercy's benefactress. Hours might pass before the disclosure to which she stood committed would be expected from her. In those hours she might surely compose her mind sufficiently to be able to write her letter of confession to Julian Gray.

Once more she placed the sheet of paper before her. Resting her head on her hand as she sat at the table, she tried to trace her way through the labyrinth of the past, beginning with the day when she had met Grace Roseberry in the French cottage, and ending with the day which had brought them face to face, for the second time, in the dining-room at Mablethorpe House.

The chain of events began to unroll itself in her mind clearly, link by link.

She remarked, as she pursued the retrospect, how strangely Chance, or Fate, had paved the way for the act of personation, in the first place.

If they had met under ordinary circumstances, neither Mercy nor Grace would have trusted each other with the confidences which had been exchanged between them. As the event had happened, they had come together, under those extraordinary circumstances of common trial and common peril, in a strange country, which would especially predispose two women of the same nation to open their hearts to each other. In no other way could Mercy have obtained at a first interview that fatal knowledge of Grace's position and Grace's affairs which had placed temptation before her, as the necessary consequence that followed the bursting of the German shell.

Advancing from this point through the succeeding series of events which had so naturally and yet so strangely favored the perpetration of the fraud, Mercy reached the later period when Grace had followed her to England. Here again she remarked, in the second place, how Chance, or Fate, had once more paved the way for that second meeting which had confronted them with one another at Mablethorpe House.

She had, as she well remembered, attended at a certain assembly (convened by a charitable society) in the character of Lady Janet's representative, at Lady Janet's own request. For that reason she had been absent from the house when Grace had entered it. If her return had been delayed by a few minutes only, Julian would have had time to take Grace out of the room, and the terrible meeting which had stretched Mercy senseless on the floor would never have taken place. As the event had happened, the period of her absence had been fatally shortened by what appeared at the time to be the commonest possible occurrence. The persons assembled at the society's rooms had disagreed so seriously on the business which had brought them together as to render it necessary to take the ordinary course of adjourning the proceedings to a future day. And Chance, or Fate, had so timed that adjournment as to bring Mercy back into the dining-room exactly at the moment when Grace Roseberry insisted on being confronted with the woman who had taken her place.

She had never yet seen the circumstances in this sinister light. She was alone in her room, at a crisis in her life. She was worn and weakened by emotions which had shaken her to the soul.

Little by little she felt the enervating influences let loose on her, in her lonely position, by her new train of thought. Little by little her heart began to sink under the stealthy chill of superstitious dread. Vaguely horrible presentiments throbbed in her with her pulses, flowed through her with her blood. Mystic oppressions of hidden disaster hovered over her in the atmosphere of the room. The cheerful candle-light turned traitor to her and grew dim. Supernatural murmurs trembled round the house in the moaning of the winter wind. She was afraid to look behind her. On a sudden she felt her own cold hands covering her face, without knowing when she had lifted them to it, or why.

Still helpless under the horror that held her, she suddenly heard footsteps—a man's footsteps—in the corridor outside. At other times the sound would have startled her: now it broke the spell. The footsteps suggested life, companionship, human interposition—no matter of what sort. She mechanically took up her pen; she found herself beginning to remember her letter to Julian Gray.

At the same moment the footsteps stopped outside her door. The man knocked.

She still felt shaken. She was hardly mistress of herself yet. A faint cry of alarm escaped her at the sound of the knock. Before it could be repeated she had rallied her courage, and had opened the door.

The man in the corridor was Horace Holmcroft.

His ruddy complexion had turned pale. His hair (of which he was especially careful at other times) was in disorder. The superficial polish of his manner was gone; the undisguised man, sullen, distrustful, irritated to the last degree of endurance, showed through. He looked at her with a watchfully suspicious eye; he spoke to her, without preface or apology, in a coldly angry voice.

"Are you aware," he asked, "of what is going on down stairs?"

"I have not left my room," she answered. "I know that Lady Janet has deferred the explanation which I had promised to give her, and I know no more."

"Has nobody told you what Lady Janet did after you left us? Has nobody told you that she politely placed her own boudoir at the disposal of the very woman whom she had ordered half an hour before to leave the house? Do you really not know that Mr. Julian Gray has himself conducted this suddenly honored guest to her place of retirement? and that I am left alone in the midst of these changes, contradictions, and mysteries—the only person who is kept out in the dark?"

"It is surely needless to ask me these questions," said Mercy, gently. "Who could possibly have told me what was going on below stairs before you knocked at my door?"

He looked at her with an ironical affectation of surprise.

"You are strangely forgetful to-day," he said. "Surely your friend Mr. Julian Gray might have told you? I am astonished to hear that he has not had his private interview yet."

"I don't understand you, Horace."

"I don't want you to understand me," he retorted, irritably. "The proper person to understand me is Julian Gray. I look to *him* to account to me for the confidential relations which seem to have been established between you behind my back. He has avoided me thus far, but I shall find my way to him yet."

His manner threatened more than his words expressed. In Mercy's nervous condition at the moment, it suggested to her that he might attempt to fasten a quarrel on Julian Gray.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, warmly. "You are ungratefully doubting your best and truest friend. I say nothing of myself. You will soon discover why I patiently submit to suspicions which other women would resent as an insult."

"Let me discover it at once. Now! Without wasting a moment more!"

There had hitherto been some little distance between them. Mercy had listened, waiting on the threshold of her door; Horace had spoken, standing against the opposite wall of the corridor. When he said his last words he suddenly stepped forward, and (with something imperative in the gesture) laid his hand on her arm. The strong grasp of it almost hurt her. She struggled to release herself.

"Let me go!" she said. "What do you mean?"

He dropped her arm as suddenly as he had taken it.

"You shall know what I mean," he replied. "A woman who has grossly outraged and insulted you—whose only excuse is that she is mad—is detained in the house at your desire, I might almost say at your command, when the police officer is waiting to take her away. I have a right to know what this means. I am engaged to marry you. If you won't trust other people, you are bound to explain yourself to Me. I refuse to wait for Lady Janet's convenience. I insist (if you force me to say so)—I insist on knowing the real nature of your connection with this affair. You have obliged me to follow you here; it is my only opportunity of speaking to you. You avoid me; you shut yourself up from me in your own room. I am not your husband yet—I have no right to follow you in. But there are other rooms open to us. The library is at our disposal, and I will take care that we are not interrupted. I am now going there, and I have a last question to ask. You are to be my wife in a week's time: will you take me into your confidence or not?"

To hesitate was, in this case, literally to be lost. Mercy's sense of justice told her that Horace had claimed no more than his due. She answered instantly:

"I will follow you to the library, Horace, in five minutes."

Her prompt and frank compliance with his wishes surprised and touched him. He took her hand.

She had endured all that his angry sense of injury could say. His gratitude wounded her to the quick. The bitterest moment

she had felt yet was the moment in which he raised her hand to his lips, and murmured tenderly, "My own true Grace!" She could only sign to him to leave her, and hurry back into her own room.

Her first feeling, when she found herself alone again, was wonder—wonder that it should never have occurred to her, until he had himself suggested it, that her betrothed husband had the foremost right to her confession. Her horror at owning to either of them that she had cheated them out of their love had hitherto placed Horace and Lady Janet on the same level. She now saw for the first time that there was no comparison between the claims which they respectively had on her. She owed an allegiance to Horace to which Lady Janet could assert no right. Cost her what it might to avow the truth to him with her own lips, the cruel sacrifice must be made.

Without a moment's hesitation she put away her writing materials. It amazed her that she should ever have thought of using Julian Gray as an interpreter between the man to whom she was betrothed and herself. Julian's sympathy (she thought) must have made a strong impression on her indeed to blind her to a duty which was beyond all compromise, which admitted of no dispute!

She had asked for five minutes of delay before she followed Horace. It was too long a time.

Her one chance of finding courage to crush him with the dreadful revelation of who she really was, of what she had really done, was to plunge headlong into the disclosure without giving herself time to think. The shame of it would overpower her if she gave herself time to think.

She turned to the door to follow him at once.

Even at that terrible moment the most ineradicable of all a woman's instincts—the instinct of personal self-respect—brought her to a pause. She had passed through more than one terrible trial since she had dressed to go down stairs. Remembering this, she stopped mechanically, retraced her steps, and looked at herself in the glass.

There was no motive of vanity in what she now did. The action was as unconscious as if she had buttoned an unfastened glove, or shaken out a crumpled dress. Not the faintest idea crossed her mind of looking to see if her beauty might still plead for her, and of trying to set it off at its best.

A momentary smile, the most weary, the most hopeless, that ever saddened a woman's face, appeared in the reflection which her mirror gave her back. "Haggard, ghastly, old before my time!" she said to herself. "Well! better so. He will feel it less—he will not regret me."

With that thought she went down stairs to meet him in the library.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the year 1730 a select committee of Parliament exposed the cruel condition of the jails in England. The prisoners, innocent or guilty, were abandoned to barbarous keepers. They died of every kind of loathsome disease. They were tortured with thumb-screws and iron skull-caps. They were chained in damp dungeons. They perished of famine. Forty or fifty together were locked for the night into a room not sixteen feet square. The mad inhumanity of their treatment is incredible. But the wretched victims had their revenge. Chief Baron Pengelly went to hold court upon the Western circuit, and in the county of Somerset Chief Baron Pengelly, his officers and servants, with the high sheriff of the county, died suddenly of fever arising from "the horrid stench emanating from the prisoners brought to their trials." Not long before, the judge, sheriff, grand jurymen, and some hundreds of citizens at Oxford, died from an infection caught from the prisoners tried at the assizes.

The novels of that time give terrible glimpses of the prisons. In Fielding's *Amelia*, in Smollett, you see the jail life, as in Dickens's *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* you see its more modern aspect. It is always hideous. A hundred years ago John Howard was high sheriff of Bedfordshire. What he saw in the county prisons so shocked him that in two years he had examined almost every jail in England. In 1777 he published his work on prisons, in which he described those nurseries of vice and crime, full of filth and disease, in which the victims starved and froze to death. And Parliament palliated the evil a little, but did nothing to prevent it. In 1835, about a century after Chief Baron Pengelly and his company died of the infection of prisoners, the great jail of Newgate, in London, under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen, was found to be a "disgusting example of the contaminating influence of an ill-managed prison;" while of the Scotch prisons "dirt, idleness, drinking, gambling, fighting, and stealing were the distinguishing characteristics." Prisoners of every kind were herded together without employment. The hoary criminals taught the boys who were held only upon suspicion, and during the temporary rest from crime new and surer villainies were matured.

The old times and the old countries are the most convenient and familiar tests. How the poor Hebrews are battered for the sins of Christian congregations! How pleasant and natural it is to say, "Dear neighbor, I am seriously concerned about that mote in your eye." Mr. Warner says, in his delightful *Back-log Studies*, that we are all well supplied with Gothic church-

es, which are severely Gothic and utterly inconvenient. But who so base as to consult his convenience in religion? To sit behind a noble stone column, where you see nothing of the preacher, and hear nothing of him but the indistinct rumbling and roar and reverberation of his voice among the groined arches of the roof, is our modern maceration. We are martyrs, too, in our way. It is not that of St. Lawrence or St. Sebastian. But times change, and martyrs. We are all well supplied with splendid Gothic churches and with jails.

There are as many jails in the country as there are counties. In the State of New York there are more, for there are sixty-six. Does any body ever go to see his county jail? Has he any idea of its condition? As he strolls in a pleased and half-dreamy mood along the quiet country ways, thinking what a beautiful world it is, and pensively agreeing with Burns that man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, does he ever suddenly hear a voice asking, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And does he wish to veil his face as he remembers that Abel is in the county jail, which he has himself, indeed, never seen, but of which he has an uncomfortable theory? Cain's answer to this question is the first statement of a familiar and favorite theory of government—the *laisse-faire* and *laisse-aller* of Carlyle's contempt.

Or, quite willing to do what he can, does he suppose that, as more than a century has passed since Chief Baron Pengelly and company were slain by the pestilential stench of a jail, and since so many select committees have reported the frightful condition of the prisons, and since those more powerful committees of one, the great novelists, have described the horrors of jails, and since so many societies and philanthropists have investigated and denounced and exposed—does he suppose that Abel as a county prisoner is rather cockered and spoiled than abused, and that the superior luxury of his situation is likely to demoralize society and multiply crime by making every body of a self-indulgent turn desirous of being housed amidst the comforts of a "penal institution?" Is he uncomfortable lest he is overdoing the care of the criminal classes and making the county jail a little heaven below, and fairly laying himself open to the withering sarcasm of pitying the poor dear murderer? Then let him ask himself, "Have I ever been inside of my county jail, and do I know any thing more of it than any golden youth of England a hundred and a hundred and thirty years ago knew of the frightful abuses which Dr. Johnson's General Oglethorpe exposed?"

Look into those places, then, through the testimony of those who have seen and studied them. Last year special commissioners in the State of Michigan explored the county jails, and said: "Their condition is wretched beyond all power of description, and beyond all conception of those who have not had the experience of their own senses in the matter.....If the wisdom of the State had been exercised to devise a school of crime, it would have been difficult to devise a more efficient one.....Our present county-jail system is an unmitigated evil, and ought to be abated." The State Board of Charities in Illinois tells the same story. It appeals for mercy. If criminals and persons suspected of crime are to be tortured, very well; only let the law prescribe what and how they shall suffer. Do not refuse the prisoner air to breathe. "Do not deny him the light of day. Do not compel him to be idle for weeks and months. Do not disgrace our boasted Christian civilization by forcing him to live over an open privy-vault used by a score of prisoners."

You see that Abel is not pampered overmuch in the luxurious county jails of Illinois. How is it in Ohio? The Board of State Charities assert that "Ohio is to-day supporting, at public expense, as base 'seminaries of crime' as are to be found in any civilized community." All inmates, guilty or not guilty, young or old, "are crowded often into an ill-ventilated, dirty, dark prison, where the whole being, physical, mental, and moral, is soon fitted to receive all 'uncleanness with greediness.' With bad air, vile quarters, and depraved associates, little can be added to hasten the perfection of the student in crime. And these schools of crime are to-day found in every county in the State, sustained under form of law and at the expense of the public." These are representative States, and this is the condition of their county jails in this most beautiful of beautiful worlds. Chief Baron Pengelly and his retainers might well mournfully ask, "To what end were we slain by the noisome breath of the jails?"

In the great and good State of New York the committee of the Prison Association said concisely in 1867 that the county jails were "nothing less than seminaries of vice and nurseries of crime." The report for the year 1871 confirms that of earlier years, that sunlight and fresh air are shut out of the county jails; that there is no proper separation of the sexes; no decent provision for personal cleanliness; that the air is foul with sickening stenches; that the prisoners have no employment, no instruction, no discipline; that they are herded together to pollute each other; that they are "infamous dens of death," in which "all the nobler attributes of the mind and the moral feelings are hopelessly destroyed in thousands of prisoners every year." There is nothing new in all this. It is a wretchedly old story, as old as the general indifference to it.

But how clearly it shows that the worthy men who compose the boards of supervisors of counties have adopted Cain's philosophy! They are evidently not Abel's keepers. What is it that ossifies so many men's hearts the moment that they become public functionaries? Evidently there is one mischief developed by a popular form of government. Public officers are so fearful of forfeiting the public favor and the free and enlightened votes of their fellow-citizens, if they propose any increase of taxation, that they wink at enormities which money would do much to remedy. It is the moral duty of supervisors to inform themselves thoroughly of the condition of all the county institutions, and to bring the facts to the knowledge of the people. In that way there would be the beginning of a public opinion which would imperatively demand a thorough reform in the whole system of county imprisonment.

What is needed is very evident. The county jails should be for the detention of those charged with crime, and of such only. They should be

well lighted, thoroughly ventilated, and provided with decent means of personal cleanliness. There should be employment for all, and the sexes should be rigidly separated. Convicted criminals should be sent to penitentiary work-houses. These are the recommendations of those who have visited both Cain and Abel in prison, and who have reflected long and well upon what they have seen, and what the most sympathetic and sagacious observers every where have also seen. They are not sentimental visionaries who pity the poor dear murderer; they are sensible and humane men who know the purpose of punishment and the reasonable methods of attaining it. They know also that there is a moral influence in the matter which is invaluable, and which in the volunteer visiting societies is beginning to be felt. That influence is sympathetic visitation. "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Who of us, comfortable loungers or hard workers, have done it, or have the habit of doing it? But to show the boy or the girl that to trip is not to fall forever, that to enter a prison is not to leave all hope and human sympathy behind, that life still offers something better than plots of revenge for punishment—this is man's humanity to man, which is the best police, and will reduce taxation.

Mr. Froude left the country sooner than he intended, and, undoubtedly, disappointed. He did not come without expectation of misrepresentation and opposition, but perhaps he also expected more sympathy and support than he found. There are many reasons which explain his disappointment. To begin with, he was an Englishman, and somehow the old feeling still lingers—the Englishman is a red-coat, and he shrugged his shoulders when we more recently fell into trouble. It is largely factitious, this feeling, but it exists, and it is carefully cultivated by demagogues. We are inclined—we Americans who are magnanimous and unconcerned about money-making—to fancy John Bull a cold, selfish, mercenary fellow-creature, who never puts himself out to do any body a favor, and who stands by to make the most for himself out of all that happens. He kicked our ancestors out of his country because they didn't like the lawn sleeves of his clergy, and then he tried to thrash them because they wouldn't let him pick their pockets. The brutal berserkir, as Taine keenly felt, is in his blood. He is a despot. When the first George came over he brought the gross German sausage and blood-pudding, and they have passed into the character of John Bull. There are plenty of honest Americans who wish no other reason for disliking somebody than that he is an Englishman.

But who kicked our ancestors out of England? Who asserted the right of eminent domain over the colonial pockets? Dr. Johnson, indeed, and George the Third, but not Chatham and Edmund Burke. Who cheered the escape of the *Alabama*, not from any love of either side in our quarrel, but because of a wish to see us divided and broken? Not John Bright, nor Richard Cobden, nor Goldwin Smith. Our generalization is unfair. There are two Englands, and there always have been, but in another sense than Disraeli intended in his novel. There are two Americas also, and there always have been. Still, the gibe at John Bull is usually agreeable to the American audience. It gazes with complacency upon the lion retiring with his tail between his legs, while the majestic eagle of our country pecks undazzled at the sun.

Besides being an Englishman, Mr. Froude came to speak upon a subject in which our sympathies were against him. Ireland, at least, is unhappy, and our sympathies are always with misfortune. And the unhappiness is, we are generally of opinion, due to that selfish and supercilious personage who kicked our ancestors, etc., etc. But whether that be the truth or not, it is a subject about which only one class among us greatly cares—and the mind of that class is passionately fixed. When Mr. Froude began, therefore, they began. They denied and derided and inveighed. The general feeling of the surprised public was, "Why does the man wish to raise such a pother?" And a very pusillanimous feeling it was.

An English scholar and historian, whose works we have all read with delight, comes to speak to us of a subject upon which, as he thinks, the enlightened opinion of America may be very serviceable in settling an ancient and difficult dispute. Of course he expects no extravagant nor immediate result. In pursuit of his plan he tells us a most interesting tale of the history of Ireland in its relations with England. Instantly he is answered in the most vehement way by an Irish clergyman, who gives his side of the story. Simultaneously the Englishman's veracity as a historian is assaulted, and upon two grounds: one, that he perverts or forges manuscripts; and the other, that he misstates or disregards printed documents. In the midst of the hubbub the servants in the family in which the Englishman is staying declare that either he must leave the house or they will, and he is insulted at a railroad station.

That a simple historical discussion should provoke such bitter personal hostility upon the part of those who have no interest in history is absurd. The reason of the excitement must, therefore, be sought elsewhere, and it is found in the patriotic and religious sympathies of the opponents. The Englishman is made to appear to be, against his own distinct assertion, the apologist of British tyranny in Ireland, and the enemy of the Roman Catholic Church; and it becomes a serious question whether a learned scholar may calmly express upon the American platform his views of the history of his country. It would seem as if the American instinct must settle the point at once. Every man shall "say his say" unharmed. If there is the slightest question of touching his right, there is the most conclusive reason for asserting it. His topic disappears. The question is at once not whether English rule in Ireland was or was not good or bad, but whether in America a man, speaking decently and in order, shall or shall not be allowed to express his opinion.

Whether the servants were dismissed with a lesson upon American liberty is not known. But it is known that the Englishman was gravely advised to go home and not to provoke trouble, while the tone of the press was either openly hostile or contemptuous. He was told that nobody was interested in the subject, and that he was vexing his soul for nothing; and that he

ought to explain certain misrepresentations, or worse, which had been cited against him in his own history. If he had made historical misrepresentations, they should undoubtedly be explained. But the immediate question was whether the significance of the treatment the lecturer received should be frankly stated or not. An indignant Biddy is important only to her household. But this particular Biddy represented ecclesiastical and political influences. There is very great reluctance in this country to speak of Ireland or of the Roman Catholic Church except in the lightest and most gingerly manner. Why is it? Of course it can not be because of votes. A mayor of New York once dressed himself in a suit of green clothes on St. Patrick's Day. How gratified St. Patrick must have been! And what noble business for an American citizen!

Does it ever seem as if American newspapers and orators of all kinds put on suits of green whenever the Irish question appears? Did they wear green when Mr. Froude was threatened? They made a jest of Biddy, and some of them declared that Father Burke continued the great line of Irish orators! Oh, the sweet blarney-stone! If they had not been so eager to wear the green, they would perhaps have said that whatever Mr. Froude's opinions might be, he must continue to speak as long as there was any menace against him. For if there is any historical or political question which respectable people in Boston think should not be discussed, there is nothing more necessary than its immediate discussion.

We have already expressed our opinion of the purpose which brought Mr. Froude to this country. It was most legitimate. Besides, whatever the purpose may have been, the lectures of so accomplished a historical scholar and so delightful a writer were sure to be, as they were, full of interest and profit. But he could not permit himself, a stranger in the land, to turn households topsy-turvy. He knew, as every body knew, that there was personal discomfort, if not peril, in his continuing, and the newspapers were clad in green. It was not surprising, therefore, that he decided to return to England. Yet he did not come in vain if he has shown us that it is not safe or comfortable in this country to suggest that in the history of the woes of Ireland England may not be wholly to blame. And if it is not safe or comfortable to say so now, when will it be? And what kind of a free country is it which thinks that a courteous scholar who crosses the sea to discuss a historic point is a meddler and an incendiary, who had better go home again speedily?

As for the assaults upon Mr. Froude's historical candor and accuracy, they have been urged with the ferocity of ecclesiastical zeal, not in the temper of truth-seeking. The charge of forgery or perversion of manuscripts he offered, in the most manly way, to leave to the only satisfactory tribunal. The charges of false citation of printed papers he very properly did not undertake to answer, except in the most general way, when separated from the original authorities.

These charges relate chiefly to Mr. Froude's view of Mary, Queen of Scotland, and however he may dispose of them, he will not, of course, dispose of the old feud upon the subject. There is a Roman Catholic view of Mary Stuart, just as Father Burke gave us the Roman Catholic view of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and of the revolt of the Netherlands. Now, when a historical subject has become a matter of ecclesiastical difference of opinion, as Mary of Scotland not unnaturally has, there will be tremendous arguments upon both sides, but never a settlement. Miss Strickland, indeed, is not of Mary's religious faith, but those who are are uniformly of opinion that she is blackly maligned. Perhaps she is. Certainly the evidence is accessible to the reader, and there are eloquent advocates who thunder for her and against her. Only let us not mistake passionate vituperation of the opposite counsel for argument.

In speaking of Sophia Dorothea, the unhappy wife of George the First of England, Thackeray says: "She has bewitched two or three persons who have taken her up, and they won't believe in her wrong. Like Mary of Scotland, she finds adherents ready to conspire for her, even in history; and people who have to deal with her are charmed and fascinated and bedeviled. How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence! Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus, her husband, ill-used her, and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Blue-beard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key or stained it with blood, and her brothers were quite right in finishing Blue-beard, the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent."

In the course of many years' monthly chatting and chronicling the Easy Chair has had occasion often to speak a word of regretful farewell to some whom all men honored and loved, and to some known only to a smaller circle. It is pleasant to think that on some day hereafter, when this century is ended and we are all gone, and the new world that follows us wonders over the quaint ways and amusing conceits of their ancestors, some kind and curious soul, turning over the yellow pages of some odd volume of this Magazine, will come upon the name of Paul Duggan, and thank the Easy Chair for a glimpse of that perhaps else forgotten bright and genial nature. But, gentle reader of that distant day, when your eyes fall upon this page, know that the few words which the Easy Chair is about to write can not show you, as they fain would, the sweet and cheerful and serene soul which henceforth lives for us only in memory and in his beautiful pictures.

Rome changes so little from year to year that the spacious studio in which the Easy Chair first saw Kensett doubtless still remains, and is occupied perhaps by some young worker at the easel, who hears the same old constant ringing of church-bells, and who climbs the hill over the

studio at evening to see the sun setting and St. Peter's steeped in the rosy light. It was upon the Via Margutta, a little back from the street, and Kensett shared the studio with his life-long friend, Thomas Hicks. There in the happy days they studied and painted, and there was always the lively welcome for the mere loungers, youths making the grand tour, and excellent seniors who came to Rome with families and traveling carriages, the bland dispensers of commissions. All that Kensett was in the later days—ever bright, tranquil, sympathetic, modest, generous, manly—he was in the Roman days more than twenty years ago. Never peevish, never selfish, scorning to solicit in any way, self-reliant, trusting himself and the future, how plainly he seems to stand at this moment, stepping back a little from the easel, turning his head and studying the effect of every touch, while a soft, lovely landscape of summer peace brightens his canvas!

There was the usual society of artists of all kinds in Rome, one of whom, the oldest resident, Robert Macpherson, who married Mrs. Jameson's niece, and who chanced upon the famous Sebastien del Piombo, died just before Kensett. We all dined at the Lepre, and probably ate more than our peck of— But what a flavor it had! Hark! That is the "boss" waiter. "*Ecco! Signore, vengo, vengo! Eccomi qua!*" What guests does the bustling Muzio serve now? and what viands? Do the unwary still expect broth when they order *Zuppa Inglese?* Does the tradition of *Mezzo Sbrinzo* yet linger? And Calcedonio, with his smooth fair face, who needed only the heavy vine chaplet to be Antinous himself, in what celestial *trattoria* does he now come smiling in, holding huge piles of plates aloft?

From the Lepre we crossed to the Café Greco. It was famous ground, for Thorwaldsen had sat there sipping his black coffee, and Gibson was sometimes seen in our day. We sat in the narrow dark room called the omnibus. We paid two bajocchi, or pennies, for a tumbler of coffee. How we smoked! How we talked and laughed! What good things were said at the Lepre! Because there was a Mermaid, shall there be no other cakes and ale? How plain it was! how dingy! And were ever more satisfaction, more pleasure, and richer memories bought at a cheaper rate? And among all the famous loiterers at the Greco was there ever a kinder, simpler, sweeter companion than Kensett? He was not fluent. He told few stories. But his generous sympathy, his interested attention, were inspiration. He made a sunshine that harmonized and softened all. Is there a Greco still? The old dingy room must have gone. But if by any chance it remains, let its frequenters of to-day cherish it the more because of that gentle presence long ago.

Was it to the Piazza and to the round game of pool at the billiard-table that we afterward repaired? There is not a gilded fledgeling of a New York club that would not have smiled at our small skill. But the Easy Chair watches the splendid games of to-day, and sees no gayer players. There are jokes, there are incidents, from those old games of pool still current among those innocent gamesters grown gray. There are characters, figures, movements, that are still irresistible in memory. Those Roman hours of youth are bonds still among men whose lives are widely severed and who have no other interests in common. Christopher Sly and old John Naps of Greece are names merely—so are Leafchild and the fat British troubadour. He played the guitar, and threw up his round blue eyes and his pudgy fingers as he trolled a sentimental ditty. And what awful stories he told afterward! That fat troubadour *told tales* of English social life which, if they were true, are such as Mrs. Aphra Behn would have delighted to record, but which probably, for the honor of human nature, none of the hearers believed.

There were tea-parties also, in the rooms of the bachelors up many and many a flight of stone stairs. The nearer the roof the nearer heaven. Nor was there any disturbing fear, as in the splendid modern cities. There was no burning in Rome, that is, no burning of houses. There had been other kinds formerly, and, according to some sermons preached there, there was immense preparation for firing up hereafter. There were bachelor tea-parties: tea, with a *leetle* hot spiced wine; simple wine, you understand—*Velletri*, and other vineyards of the neighboring hills. Not one of that set of foreign Romans did the Easy Chair ever see as he should not be by reason of wine. One night there was a symposium at the rooms of Kensett and Hicks. It was a pleasant, merry, singing, not roistering, feast: tea in large cups, without milk, and a dash of Velletri somewhere during the evening. And somehow it came to be midnight, and as Time is always pushing on, he began to mow the tender stalks of morning hours, and still the tea was hot, and still there was one more glass of spiced Velletri, and another song, when there was a knock at the door.

It was at an hour when only doctors or the police knock, and there was some wonder. But the youngest comer said, quietly, "I think that must be Cousin Timothy." The youngest comer was new to Rome, and was stopping with his cousin, who served the god of regularity, and who, vexed and alarmed by the nocturnal truancy of a tyro, came forth to seek him. When the door was opened the admonishing figure of Timothy appeared, holding a coil of wax taper in his hand to light his way, and it also revealed the spruce trimness of his attire. "It's time to come home," said Timothy, gravely—and he was in the right. But the youngest comer replied, calmly, "Cousin Timothy, henceforth I think that all baggage had better be at the risk of the owner." It was decisive. Timothy politely withdrew, and hunted no more erring lambs before light.

From Rome there was a long and happy journey with Kensett to Naples and Pæstum and Amalfi, Ischia and the Blue Grotto. Then again for a few summer days to Rome, and slowly northward to Florence. After a month at Florence, where Mr. and Mrs. Browning then were, we passed across the Apennines by Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. In September we came through Lombardy, and one soft evening at Verona Kensett climbed into the banquette of the diligence, and reaching down his hand, we who remained shook it heartily and bade him Godspeed for America. During all that Italian time Kensett was constantly at work, and with wonderfully little waste. He would pass a day faithfully studying and painting a mullein. His

sketches were so vivid and faithful and delicate that afterward there was no wall in New York so beautiful as that of his old studio, at the top of the Waverley House, on the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street, upon which they were hung in a solid mass.

He returned home to a series of noiseless victories. He was a recognized master of landscape, and all his pictures are biographical, for they all reveal the fidelity, the tenderness, and the sweet serenity of his nature. Universally beloved, he was always welcome. He did not live to be an old man; but although he had turned the half-century corner, he seemed no older in heart and sympathy and the fresh faith that illuminates life with celestial radiance, in the studio upon the Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where he died, than in the old Roman room in the Via Margutta long ago. Somewhat lonely he must sometimes have been, but no one probably ever heard from him a sigh of regret, or the least impatient wish that life might have been different. As those who personally knew him die, his eventless life will pass from memory, but his lovely character will still live on in his pictures, and mingle, unconsciously to those who grow beneath the spell of their beauty, with other lives and characters in a hundred homes. So the influence of a good man is not lost; and so will it forever inspire that faith in the Divine goodness which was peculiarly that of this beloved artist.

"For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die:
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover."

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY.

BIOGRAPHIES rarely afford information respecting those processes of early education which develop the character into its subsequent maturity, and render it capable of its subsequent achievement. So history is more profuse in praise of the deeds wrought by a great nation after it has come to greatness than satisfactory in its explanation of the providential education to which that greatness is due. American achievement has had no lack of historians. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM has chosen a more profitable though less popular theme for his last work, *The Rise of the Republic of the United States* (Little, Brown, and Co.). The long processes of education, lasting nearly, if not quite, a century and a half, by which the American people were schooled to the two ideas of national liberty and national union, are rarely recognized by those who huzza the loudest for liberty and union as one and inseparable. These processes of education it is the purpose of Mr. Frothingham to trace, and he brings rare fitness both in natural endowment and scholastic acquirement to his task. His previous researches and writings have led him, perhaps, to give undue prominence to the part which New England took in the formation of the republic; yet if, in later years, Virginia contributed quite as much to the consolidation of the nation, nevertheless it is true that the ideas which found such kindly soil there threw out their first roots in New England, and that the germ of the national union perfected in 1787 is to be found in the New England confederacy of 1643. The native calmness and sobriety of Mr. Frothingham's mind, while they forbid to his style that peculiar charm which only fire and enthusiasm can impart, render his record peculiarly trustworthy, as it is singularly free from passion and prejudice. As a philosophical and impartial history, it is almost a faultless model. The work bears abundant evidences of painstaking and patient research, and his language, though never impassioned or eloquent, never fails to be both clear and forcible. The work is at once a credit to American scholarship and a valuable addition to American historical literature.

We commenced P. LANFREY'S *History of Napoleon the First* (Macmillan and Co.) with great anticipations. The first paragraph announces the purpose of the author. If, thought we, this really discloses his spirit, we have at last a history of Napoleon that is neither a philippic nor a eulogy. "Napoleon," says M. Lanfrey in his introductory chapter, "has, for the most part, had no judgment passed upon him but that either of professed hatred or professed attachment .....I feel myself free alike from the prepossessions of hatred and the superstition of enthusiasm. And I should repulse as an ignoble servitude any opinion which could withhold me from paying reverence to true greatness." Alas! men form but ill judgments of their own capacities. When most under the influence of prejudice we account ourselves freest from it. Whatever other merits M. Lanfrey's history may possess, impartiality is not one of them. The calmness of the judge appears only in a certain forced temperance of style, a careful abstinence from the epithets of indignation. It certainly does not appear in any unprejudiced estimate of character, nor even in an unvarnished narrative of facts. The chapter which opens with such promise of judicial fairness closes with this condensed statement of the author's conception of his hero's real character: "In a word, when Bonaparte begins to belong to history, calculating self-interest and ambition had already gained the ascendency over every other motive: we behold him freed from every scruple, proof against any political impetuosity, on the best terms with the conquerors without being irreconcilable toward the conquered, unburdened of all his generous illusions of other days, measuring with his glance the unbounded field that lies stretched out before him." This is the Napoleon Bonaparte whose history M. Lanfrey proceeds to narrate; a Napoleon who never suffers from a "generous illusion;" whose eloquent productions are the rodomontade of an actor and a rhetorician; who is without

sympathy with his fellow-men, without noble aspirations for himself or patriotic impulses for his country; who is cold, scheming, calculating, selfish, hypocritical; and who merely simulates fire because thus he kindles it in others, and their enthusiasm is necessary for his purposes. This is not the Napoleon Bonaparte of actual history. It is not in the power of any mere hypocrite to awaken the enthusiasm of a nation, and retain, after so sublime a failure and so sorrowful a death, a name so imperishable and an affection so perennial in the hearts of the people. Character is not so simple as M. Lanfrey would have us believe; certainly the character of that sphinx of history, the first Napoleon, was not. Nor will his true history ever be written by one who denies to him generous impetuosity on the one hand or calculating greed of power on the other. Reading side by side this history of Napoleon and that of Mr. Abbott, we have been somewhat interested and not a little amused in noticing how from the same facts, the same documents even, conclusions the most antagonistic are drawn; how, for example, Napoleon's breach with his old friend Paoli appears to M. Lanfrey a treachery on the part of the ambitious Corsican to a sincere friend and patriot, while to Mr. Abbott it affords a striking illustration of Napoleon's devotion to his country—a devotion so great that not even his warmest friendship for his best friends could lead him to condone their betrayal of its interests. We are sorry to say, however, that M. Lanfrey does not hesitate to omit incidents which seem to witness to a generous impetuosity, and so to contradict his theory, as in his account of the battle of Lodi, in which he makes no mention of Napoleon's placing of himself at the head of the charging column, an act which as surely indicates an almost reckless impetuosity of character as any recorded in history. The second volume of this history, which is the last one now published, carries us to the decree of Berlin, 1806.

We can not speak too highly of Miss M. E. Thalheimer's *Manual of Ancient History* (Wilson, Hinkle, and Co.). Neither its title nor its preface does it full justice; but modesty in authors is so rare a failing that it becomes virtue. Manuals are proverbially dull and jejune. Miss Thalheimer's book is in style at once clear, concise, and attractive—a combination rarely met with. She traces the history of the ancient world from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire. The necessary compression prevents any full and elaborate description of even prominent events, or any analysis, except of the briefest sort, of leading characters. But she does not content herself with giving merely the dry bones of history; she has not accepted the general opinion of book-makers that a school history must be dull to be available, nor has she sacrificed perspicuity to the requirements of a limited space. The book is furnished with questions, and each section closes with a recapitulation—features which fit the book especially for school use; but its brief and comprehensive survey of the whole field of the past admirably adapts it to the use of any reader who desires to get, not full information respecting any particular era, but a general conception of the whole realm of ancient history; and its compact sentences and its admirable arrangement fit it no less for use as a book of reference. The maps are fine; the engravings are attractive and pleasing, but not very useful.

The object of *The Great Events of History from the Creation of Man till the Present Time* (J. W. Schemerhorn and Co.) is to present in a series of pictures the course of history, ancient and modern. Its chief use will be for the schoolroom. The author, in a laudable desire to relieve his style from the dead level of the text-book, is occasionally too rhetorical, and the whole volume presents a somewhat fragmentary appearance from an imperfect apprehension of the relative historical importance of past events. Thus we have eight pages given to King Philip and his Indian war against the American colonists, and but six to all ancient history except that of the Hebrews.—The first volume of Freeman's Historical Course for Schools, *Outlines of History* (Holt and Williams), hardly gives an adequate idea of the series which it introduces. The author's object is to give in the present volume "a general sketch of the history of the civilized world," and he purposes to follow this by a series of special histories of particular countries, which will give the details of events whose outlines only are given in this volume. To compress the history of the civilized world into a small-sized volume of less than 400 pages, and yet preserve any elements of genuine historical interest, is a work of rare difficulty, if, indeed, it be not impossible. The value of the present volume is as a compact and condensed summary of history; logically it should precede, practically in study it should follow, the other volumes of the series, by which the value of the whole can alone be fairly tested. It is only after the student has mastered the history of particular nations and eras in detail that he can be expected to be interested in studying a summary which combines them all.—*The Young Folks' History of England*, by Ira Craig-Knox (Lee and Shepard), is an admirable book. The style is simple and yet charming, and the disputed questions in history, such as the character and career of Mary Queen of Scots, are treated with great wisdom; the youthful reader is advised of the historical difficulties which attend such themes, and yet is not perplexed by them. The spirit of the book in its treatment of religious and political questions, such as the Reformation, chapter thirty-one, and the American War, chapter fifty-seven, is admirable. The book is furnished with a good index—a feature whose lack is often painfully felt in more pretentious works. In brief, we do not know a volume any where more worthy to be recommended to any one, young or old, who desires to get a clear and simple statement of the entire course of English history as a preparation for a more careful study of larger works.—Mr. John S. C. Abbott commences a new historical series, "American Pioneers and Patriots," with *Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky* (Dodd and Mead). It is curious that both romance and history should have made us more familiar with the chivalry of other lands than with that of our own. The nation knows not what it owes to the pioneers who blazed the first pathways through its forests, and Mr. Abbott has done a double service in opening this chapter in our history: one to American youth in luring them from the

romance of fiction to that of fact; and one to the American public in rendering popular pages which were not, indeed, before wanting in the national record, but which were unread and, so to speak, uncut.—There is a good deal of curious and interesting information in M. SCHELE DE VERE'S *Romance of American History* (G. P. Putnam and Sons). It is a sort of museum of historical curiosities, displays a considerable research in the by-paths of early history, and if the information which it affords is not very important, it is certainly both curious and interesting. —Dr. DÖLLINGER'S *Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages* (Dodd and Mead) is not, as one might very naturally imagine, a controversial work, but a contribution to the history of the Middle Ages, to the elucidation of which the author brings not only that learning which is his well-known characteristic, but an impartial spirit which, under the circumstances, he could hardly be expected to possess. He removes from history alike myths which have been invented to disgrace the pontificate and myths which have been invented to do it honor. It is a book of fragments, separate chapters of history, but upon the subjects on which it treats it is an authority.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE second volume of JOHN FORSTER'S *Life of Charles Dickens* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) carries us from 1842 to 1857. It opens with Mr. Dickens's return from America, and the publication of the *American Notes;* describes the writing of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *Christmas Carol;* lets us into the interior history of Mr. Dickens's pecuniary embarrassments, and affords a hint which suggests that Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield was evolved out of the novelist's personal experience; describes his visit to Italy, and his sojourn there; gives a brief and rather unsatisfactory account of Mr. Dickens's three weeks' editorship of the *Daily News;* goes with him to Switzerland, where he began *Dombey and Son*, and where in private readings he got the germ of an idea of those public readings which in subsequent years added so much to his fame and to his purse; and at the close brings us to the inauguration of *Household Words*, and the beginning of *David Copperfield*, with the promise, in the opening chapter of the next volume, of a fuller account of that book, which Mr. Dickens declared to be his favorite, and which certainly reveals more of himself than any other of his works. The volume contains some very interesting revelations of Mr. Dickens's character and views, but also some assertions that need a stronger evidence than Mr. Forster's testimony. We must be excused, for example, from accepting his statement that "no man advocated temperance, even, as far as possible, its legislative enforcement, with greater earnestness." Bearing in mind the instances in which Dickens paints drinking in attractive forms, and, at least by implication, represents drunkenness as a foible to be made merry over, against the one instance in *David Copperfield* (the solitary instance, so far as we recollect) in which he paints it as a degradation and disgrace—remembering, too, the scenes which approach very nearly a debauch in which he was accustomed to mingle, if not personally to partake, and of which Mr. Forster, in this very volume, gives us some vivid descriptions—we must regard the latter's imputation of temperance advocacy to Charles Dickens as a greater testimonial to the growing power of the temperance sentiment in Great Britain than to Dickens himself, whose efforts (possibly unconscious) to stem and check the progress of that sentiment proved, happily, unavailing. Mr. Forster's work is amenable to some severe criticisms; but its very faults, like those of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, add to its interest, though not to the reader's respect for its author.

Thorvaldsen: his Life and Work (Roberts Brothers) is a charming book—to look at. The thirty-five wood-cuts, copies of the great sculptor's compositions, and printed on India paper and pasted in, are, many of them, peculiarly beautiful, and do more to give a conception of the great artist's work than any verbal description could do. The book is translated from the French of EUGENE PLON. It lacks, however, that vivacity which belongs to the French writers as a class, nor does it afford much real insight, except in occasional glimpses, into Thorvaldsen's character. It is in reality a life of Thorvaldsen the sculptor, not the life of the man, and in saying this we indicate at once its chief value and its chief defects.—*The Memoirs of Madame Desbordes Valmore* (Roberts Brothers) is interesting rather on account of its author, the late C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE, than by reason of its subject, who was a French actress, popular but not great, and a French poet whose poetry has never crossed the boundary of her native land. The story of her life is not told—it is rather hinted at, sometimes in ways that only tantalize by provoking curiosity. That it was a sorrowful life, and that her heart was heavy with a grief whose explanation must be looked for in some deeper sorrows than the mere trials of poverty and uncongenial companionship to which she was subjected, is evident; but what her burden was we are not told, and the interest of the book, which is a panegyric rather than a narrative, consists chiefly in the insight into her strangely contradictory character afforded by her own poems and letters.—*Modern Leaders*, by JUSTIN M'CARTHY (Sheldon and Co.) consists of sketches of prominent modern men and women—kings and queens, politicians and literati. Except Brigham Young, all are Europeans. These sketches are estimates of character rather than biographies.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DR. H. SCHELLEN'S *Spectrum Analysis* (D. Appleton and Co.) is at once a popular and a scientific treatise. Its foundation was a series of lectures delivered by the author in 1869 in Cologne. Its object is defined in the preface to be, "on the one hand, to give a clear and familiar representation of the nature and phenomena of spectrum analysis, enabling an educated person not previously familiar with physical science to become acquainted with the newest and most brilliant discovery of this century; and on the other hand, to show the important position which spectrum analysis has acquired in the pursuit of physics, chemistry, technology, physiology, and astronomy, as well as its adaptability to almost every kind of scientific investigation." It contains little or nothing, however, on the application of the spectrum analysis to the practical arts. Its value, as well as its beauty, is greatly

enhanced by a number of wood-cuts, and by some plates beautifully printed in color. It is, indeed, one of the handsomest scientific books, if not the handsomest, issued in America during 1872. Dr. Schellen possesses the rare merit—rare among scientific men, though more common now than formerly—of dealing with even abstruse points in science in such a way as to make them clear to minds not scientifically educated. Too much is not claimed for his treatise in the assertion of the title-page that in it the application of the spectrum analysis "to terrestrial substances and the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies is familiarly explained." It is true that the book requires careful study. The reader who takes it up expecting to master the mysteries of this branch of science by a casual and thoughtless reading, such as modern habits tend to cultivate, will find himself disappointed.

The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain, by JOHN EVANS (D. Appleton and Co.), impresses the reader at the first glance as devoting too much space to its somewhat limited topic. In truth, however, its title does not do this admirable and comprehensive treatise justice. It treats the whole subject of stone implements, belonging, as is supposed by most scientific men, to a period far antedating human history, with great fullness; gives in a preliminary chapter an account of the process employed in the manufacture of flint implements; shows how those discovered in earthy deposits could have been made by uncivilized races; gives an account of remains of ancient mines or pits, worked on a considerable scale, and of evidences which lead to the belief that regular and somewhat extensive manufactories of rough-hewn implements existed in prehistoric times; and after this introduction describes in great detail the axes, hammers, knives, arrow-heads, etc., found in various localities in Great Britain. In the main the work is simply an accumulation of facts, from which the reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions. In doing this he is greatly aided by the numerous wood-cuts of implements discovered. At the close of the volume the author states his own belief of the extreme antiquity of man; but his treatise is not in any sense the work of a partisan, and he gives with great impartiality the reasons which lead some persons, who do not impugn the evidence, to question the accuracy of the verdict of scientific circles. Among these admissions, or rather these statements, we notice many that go to indicate that the iron, bronze, and stone ages were, at least in many cases, contemporaneous. On the subject of which it treats this book has all the qualifications of an authority: careful investigation, full and exhaustive information, and a thoroughly impartial spirit.

Radically different from it in these respects is the work of HENRY C. CHAPMAN, *Evolution of Life* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). The author avows it as his purpose "to bring together a condensed view of the evidences for the theory that the animal and vegetal worlds have been very gradually evolved, as distinguished from the hypothesis of their sudden special creation," and to place them before the reader "in as popular a manner as possible." The book is throughout the plea of an advocate whose statements carry little weight, because his advocacy is so partisan, and his conception of the views he opposes so imperfect. His pictures of the comparative facial expression of the various races of apes and men remind one forcibly of the popular caricature on the "Grecian bend," and suggest that the faces have been drawn to order to support the hypothesis of a common origin; and the book is far from being popular in style. The reader will find Darwin's theories stated more clearly and maintained more effectually, because in a more impartial spirit, in Darwin's writings.

Town Geology, by Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY (D. Appleton and Co.), consists chiefly, if not wholly, of papers which have already appeared, if we mistake not, in the *Sunday Magazine*. They take for their texts such common objects as the "Pebbles in the Street," and the "Coals in the Fire," and then out of them evolve what is certainly an interesting and very readable book. While this work affords, in an admirably clear and lucid manner, much useful information on geology, though nothing new to those at all familiar with the science, it is yet more valuable for its peculiar power of stimulating in the readers the spirit of inquiry, and inciting them to push investigations, so far as the opportunities of doing so are afforded, into the nature and causes of physical phenomena.—*Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat*, by JOHN TYNDALL (D. Appleton and Co.), consists of a series of scientific memoirs heretofore published in the *Philosophical Transactions* and other journals, and revised for their present more permanent publication. The substance of most of these papers, at least the results to which they conduce, are embodied in a more popular form in Professor Tyndall's work on heat, and this publication will be chiefly valuable to scientists who wish to investigate more fully the conclusions there stated.

FICTION.

Barriers Burnt Away (Dodd and Mead) introduces a new writer to the American reading public. Mr. EDWARD P. ROE has been known as a popular lecturer, and to the readers of the religious press as an occasional contributor, but this, we think, is his first contribution to American literature in a book form. The story turns upon the Chicago fire, which burns away the barriers that before interposed apparently insuperable obstacles between Dennis Fleet and Christine Rudolph. The former begins life as a porter in Mr. Rudolph's art store. The only point of sympathy between hero and heroine is art. He is poor, she rich; he is a democrat and an American, she an aristocrat and a German; he is a Christian, she is an infidel. The fire destroys these barriers, and the dénouement both converts and marries her. The plot is certainly original, the incidents are certainly fresh, and disclose not a little power of imagination. The only conventional character we recognize is Deacon Gudgeon: and the deacons always are conventional. There is a good deal of power, too, in working up the scenes, which both in conception and in general effect are strong without being objectionably sensational. We are not surprised to see that the story is having an unusual degree of success, having already proved itself one of the most popular American novels of the past year. —*Off the Skelligs* (Roberts Brothers) would at-

tract attention even if it were not the first novel by the famous poet and successful story-teller, JEAN INGELOW. The Skelligs are two rocks which constitute the westernmost point of British land, and rise up perpendicularly out of the sea like spikes. In calm weather they are serene and light, but in storms they become the dread of the mariner. The plot of the story, if it can be said to have a plot, turns upon the rescue by a yacht of part of the crew of a burning vessel off the Skelligs. The story has some wonderful passages in it—the description of the fire and rescue, for example—but it is uneven in character and inartistic in construction. The connection between the first and last part of the story is not apparent. Scarcely a single character retains its own consistent individuality or fulfills its early promise, and at the close there remains in the reader's mind a decidedly unsatisfied consciousness of much good material having vanished into air. While the book, as a whole, contains many fine passages and beautiful delineations, it falls short of the standard which attaches to the poetical writings of Jean Ingelow. —We come to *The Inglises*, by MARGARET M. ROBINSON (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), prepossessed in its favor by our recollection of a very pleasant previous story from the same pen, *Janet's Love and Service*. Like that, this is a story of a minister's family. David, the son, goes through various experiences of trial and temptation, and finally, though not till after his father's death, is converted and becomes a minister himself. There is rather more incident and life in this story than in its predecessor, though undoubtedly not enough to satisfy the craving of the average novel-reader. Its religious tone is peculiarly free from false sentiment, as its characters are from a sickly and unnatural pietism. Decidedly the authoress must be ranked as one of our best religious story writers.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE has three notable characteristics as a story-teller. He conceives a grandeur and nobility in life which by his pen he seeks to inspire in others both by the negative and the positive, the beckoning and the warning. He possesses a singular and indescribable fancy, and draws out and works up the oddest conceits, and with the most plausible air narrates the most impossible incidents. Every story has in it a philanthropic inspiration, yet his enthusiasm of humanity is not without a balance wheel of solid common-sense. His fancy never runs away with his judgment, but is used by it. These characteristics are illustrated by *His Level Best, and Other Stories* (James R. Osgood and Co.). The first story, which gives title to the book, describes in an amusingly exaggerated way the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Boothby, who "meant well," but whose endeavor to do what was expected of them by society brought them to the poor-house. —*In Extremis*, by Mrs. RICHARD S. GREENOUGH (Roberts Brothers), is a sketch which originally appeared as a serial in the *Christian Union*, in which form its artistic beauty was utterly destroyed. The picture is a sad one, nothing relieving its pathetic sombreness but the touches at the close which show the brilliant hues of the glorious heaven just beyond shining upon the closing hours of Helen. The idea of the story is an old one—the voluntary and unacknowledged sacrifice of a daughter for her parents' sake—but the setting is a new one, exquisite in conception and in the literary finish of its execution.—One hardly knows whether to class *Shawl Straps* (Roberts Brothers) with fiction or with books of travel. It is the latter under the guise of the former. The travelers are three girls, and their perpetual conversation, which sometimes becomes a chatter, gives to the tour a dramatic form if not a truly dramatic interest. Miss ALCOTT'S style is so well known that we can not better characterize this little volume than by simply saying that it is her last book. It is always vivacious, but not always natural and simple. It contains a good deal of fresh information and but little that is stale, and on the whole affords a decidedly agreeable method of visiting the places it describes — Brittany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Sweden.

Editor's Scientific Record.

DISCUSSION OF DEEP-SEA TEMPERATURES.

PROFESSOR MOHN, of Christiania, discussing in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* the results of the deep-sea temperature observations in the waters between Greenland, North Europe, and Spitzbergen, remarks that the deep basin of the polar sea is filled from bottom to top with an enormous mass of cold water, which on the southeast is encompassed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and penetrates below its current to the coast of Europe. The principal discharge of the polar ocean takes place into the lower strata of the Atlantic, through the deep channel between Greenland and Iceland; while the shallow sea between Iceland and the Faroes hinders any further outflow, which is only permitted through the narrow lower portion of the Faroe-Shetland channel. The banks around the British Islands (the shallow North Sea and the Norwegian banks) prevent any other outflow southward; and those between the Bear Islands and Norway answer the same purpose to the east. On the other hand, an immense mass of warm water extends from the deep abyss of the Atlantic northward over the shallow sea between Iceland and the Faroe Islands, as also above the Faroe-Shetland channel. Thence some part of the current passes the Norwegian coast and continues in two different arms, the narrower but deeper reaching to the north coast of Spitzbergen, while the second and broader arm expands over the entire sea of Nova Zembla.

The left bank and bottom of the Gulf Stream are formed by the ice-cold water of the Arctic Ocean; the right side, however, consists of the bottom of the North Sea and the banks connected with it, as also of the Norwegian coast to the Russian boundary. The Gulf Stream is warmest on the surface layer quite close to the coast of Norway (in the summer, of course), and from this point the strata exhibit a sensibly decreasing temperature with the increasing

depth, until we reach the stratum of the freezing-point.

Deep-sea observations in several of the Norwegian fiords, which are protected by their outlying banks from the great Atlantic depths, show that their water comes from the Gulf Stream, and they appear to be filled with this water to the very bottom, even when this lies lower than the ice-cold bed of the Gulf Stream off the coast. Thus the West Fiord, at a depth of from 100 to 320 fathoms, showed a uniform temperature of 44.6° F. in the summer of 1868, while outside of the Loffodens the observations of the *Norna* in July, 1871, at 35 fathoms, revealed a temperature of 44.6° F., and at 215 fathoms of 39.2°. To the southwest of Lindesnæs and Lister, in June to August, 1871, at 150 to 250 fathoms, the temperature registered 42.8° to 44.6°, while in the Faroe-Shetland channel, at the same depth, the temperature decreased from 42.8° to 33.8°.

Attention is called by the author to the temperature indications of the *Porcupine* expedition in July, 1869, where, in the deep depression of the Atlantic Ocean, outside the channel, while the temperature at the surface was 62.6° F., at 2435 fathoms it was 36.5°, a decrease occurring abruptly below the first 50 fathoms, through the loss of the influence of the sun's rays, and then again at 700 fathoms, the difference between 900 fathoms and the sea-bottom amounting only to 2.7°.

Southwest of Iceland, to the west of the Rockall Gulf, at a depth of 300 fathoms, where the sea-bottom branches off from the greatest depression of the Atlantic, a uniform temperature of 44.6° was noted, while at the same depth on the east side of the Rockall the temperature was 48.2°.

In the Faroe-Shetland channel, and to the northeast of Iceland, at a depth of 200 to 300 fathoms, water was met with of 32° F., while in the neighboring portion of the Atlantic Ocean the temperature at the same depth was above 46.4°.

The general variation of the surface temperature amounts to 9° F., or even more, but becomes less as we descend, the decline, however, not being every where in the same ratio. Deep-sea strata reach their maxima and minima a little later than the surface layer.

PEOPLE USING THE BOOMERANG.

Colonel Fox, in his address before the Anthropological Subsection of the British Association, refers to the use of the boomerang in different countries, and remarks that he has traced this primeval weapon of the Australians to the Dravidian races of the Indian peninsula and to the ancient Egyptians; and he states that all these races have been referred by Professor Huxley to the Australoid stock, and that a connection between the Australian and Dravidian languages has been suggested by various philologists.

In reply to the objection that the Dravidian boomerang does not return, like the Australian weapon, he states that the return flight is not a matter of such primary importance as to constitute a generic difference, the utility of the return flight, due to the comparative thinness and lightness of the Australian weapon, having been greatly exaggerated. The essential principle of the boomerang consists in its bent and flat form, by means of which it can be thrown with a rotary movement, thereby increasing the range and velocity of the trajectory.

In this connection the recent discovery by Dr. Edward Palmer of the use of the boomerang among the American Indians possesses a high interest. This gentleman, in the course of his explorations, found this to be the principal weapon among the Moqui Indians of Northern Arizona and New Mexico, replacing the gun and the bow and arrow. It is used more especially in killing rabbits, the motion by which it is thrown for this purpose being similar to that of a stone made to skip on the surface of the water. At a distance of twenty-five to thirty yards the rabbit is rarely missed, however rapidly he may be moving. The animal furnishes the principal meat eaten by these Indians, while its skin is worked into rugs and robes.

The wood of which the Moqui boomerang is made is obtained from the crooked branches of a species of walnut, procured by the barter of sheep, corn, etc., from the Navajoes, who own the locality (the cañon of Chelly) in which it is found.

More recently the same weapon has been detected, according to a communication to the California Academy of Sciences, among some of the tribes of the California Indians; and it is possible that further investigation will show a still more extended use of it among the Indians.

COINCIDENCE OF SOLAR OUTBURSTS AND MAGNETIC DISTURBANCE.

An interesting coincidence between solar outbursts and magnetic storms, if not a relation of cause and effect, is suggested by Professor Airy in a communication to *Nature*. In this, referring to an announcement by Father Secchi of a remarkable outburst from the sun's limb, which lasted nearly four hours, as witnessed by him on the 7th of July, he remarks that a magnetic storm commenced the same day, its influence upon all the instruments being unusually sudden and perceptible. The disturbance diminished gradually to the evening of the second day, and was accompanied during a part of the time by an aurora. If a connection really existed between the two phenomena, the transmission of the influence from the sun to the earth must have occupied two hours and twenty minutes, or a longer time if Father Secchi did not see the actual beginning of the outburst.

NOCTILUCINE.

A communication from Mr. Phipson appears in the *Comptes Rendus*, upon what he calls noctilucine, and which he claims to be a hitherto undistinguished organic substance, widely distributed in nature, and which constitutes the phosphorescent matter of animals, living or dead. This is not only the cause of the phosphorescence of dead fish and dead animal matter, but it is secreted by certain luminous worms (the *Scolopendra*, etc.), and probably by all animals which shine in the dark, and frequently by certain living plants (*Agaricus*, *Euphorbia*, etc.). It is also developed by the decomposition of vegetable matters, under certain conditions (fermentation of potatoes, etc.).

At the ordinary temperature noctilucine is an almost liquid, nitrogenized matter. It mixes

with water, but does not dissolve in it, and appears to have a density little less than this liquid. It is white, and, whether extracted from a living or dead animal, is luminous, and possesses an odor resembling that of caprylic acid. It is insoluble in alcohol and ether, and is dissolved and easily decomposed by the mineral acids and alkalies. When fermented in contact with water, it disengages an odor of cheese. When fresh, it is strongly phosphorescent, the production of light being due to its oxidation in contact with moist air. Indeed, it will shine as well in water as in air. It is a little more brilliant in oxygen gas; and it has been observed that it is always most lustrous when the wind blows from the southwest—that is to say, when there is most ozone in the air. As soon as the oxidation of all the matter is accomplished the production of light ceases. If the slightest quantity of air adheres to it, it shines for some moments in moist carbonic acid.

In phosphorescent animals noctilucine is supplied from a special organ—as the bile is secreted by the liver—and appears to be employed to produce light almost as soon as it is formed. It is also produced in certain conditions of temperature and moisture by dead animal matter of various kinds; but whatever its source, it always gives the same kind of light; that is to say, one that is almost monochromatic, giving a spectrum principally visible between the lines E and F, and possessing the same uniform chemical properties, as far as has been observed. It is secreted in a state of considerable purity by the *Scolopendra electrica*, and by causing several of these myriapods to run about on a large capsule of glass, enough can be obtained to allow an examination of its principal properties. From *Lampyrus* and the phosphorescence of dead fish it can always be obtained in a state of less purity.

The secretion of this substance by the luminous animals higher in the scale, such as *Lampyrus* and others, is, without doubt, up to a certain point, under the influence of the nervous system, this permitting them to shine at will. In this case the secretion is arrested for the moment, but it is known that the eggs of *Lampyrus* shine for some time after they are laid, probably from containing a small quantity of noctilucine. In the animals lower in the scale there appears to be the existence of a special organ for the production of light; and where we find scarcely any traces of a nervous system the secretion of luminous matter is often subject to external circumstances.

RATE OF GROWTH IN CORAL.

A suggestion in reference to the growth of coral is quoted by *Nature* from the *Honolulu Gazette* as follows: "Somewhat less than two years ago a buoy was moored in Kealakekua Bay. Last week the anchor was hoisted in order to examine the condition of the chain. The latter, which is a heavy two-inch cable, was found covered with corals and oyster-shells, some of which were as large as a man's hand. The large corals measured fourteen and a half inches in length, which thus represents their growth during the period of two years that the anchor and cable have been submerged. The specimens which we have seen show the nature of the formation of the coral by the coral animals very distinctly. The popular idea is that corals are of extremely slow growth, yet here we have a formation equal to a rate of over seventeen feet in a century."

CURE FOR ECZEMA.

Dr. Sacc, of Neufchatel, communicates what he considers to be a perfect specific against eczema, one of the most trying and painful of cutaneous maladies, and one very widely distributed. This is characterized by a redness of the skin, in spots, over all parts of the body, accompanied by small pustules filled with a colorless liquid, and by itching so persistent and varied as to produce not only sleeplessness, but even, at times, delirium. The usual remedies for this disease consist of emollient baths (iodized, sulphurized, or saline), as also the mercurial remedies. Dr. Sacc, however, has treated it for fifteen years by the application of acetic acid of eight degrees, rubbed night and morning upon the parts affected, until the disease disappears. Generally two or three applications are sufficient to effect a temporary cure. Each successive return of the disease will be weaker and weaker, and should be treated as at first, and finally the cure will be complete. The smarting caused by the first friction will be intense, but will soon cease with the other symptoms.

THE LOST COMET.

Just one hundred years ago a new comet was discovered by Montaigne. It was so faint and difficult of observation that no time could be fixed for its return. In 1826 a comet was found by Von Biela, and on computing the orbit it proved to be identical with that of 1772. Further investigation showed that it was also observed in 1805, but was not then recognized as the same. It was, therefore, a periodic comet, and the period of its revolution was found to be six years eight months. It has since been known as Biela's comet, from its discoverer of 1826. The next two returns were not favorable for its observation, so that it was not again satisfactorily detected till 1845. It was seen in November and December of that year by a number of observers, who noticed nothing unusual; but in January it was found to have suffered an accident such as was never before known to happen to a heavenly body, and of which no explanation has ever been given. It was split in two, and for some months was observed as two comets. In 1852 it appeared again, and now the two comets were nearly two million miles apart. They disappeared from view about the end of September, and have never been seen since, although they must have returned in 1859, and again in 1866 and 1872. The return of 1866 was quite favorable, but although the most powerful telescopes searched for it, all was in vain. The comet had vanished from the heavens.

The earth crossed the orbit of this comet about the end of November. Professor Newton was thus led to infer that, though lost to sight, the fragments of the comet would be seen about that time striking the atmosphere as shooting-stars. This prediction was fully verified by the event. On the evening of November 27, between the hours of six and eight, a remarkable shower of meteors was observed, the astronomers of the

Naval Observatory counting several hundred. And further, the direction of their motion corresponded, as nearly as could be judged, to that of the lost comet. In consequence, the Washington astronomers entertain no serious doubt that the meteoric shower was really caused by the earth's meeting the débris of the comet.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF DELPHINIUM.

Recent researches made at the physiological laboratory at Leipsic have shown a remarkable action of the poisonous principle of delphinium, or the common larkspur, upon the muscular tissue of the heart. The lower two-thirds of the ventricle of the frog's heart have not, as is well known, the power of spontaneous rhythmical contraction when cut out and placed in a condition of isolation. If a portion of the base of the ventricle be included, however, in the piece cut off from the frog's heart, rhythmical contraction will continue in the isolated portion, on account of the presence in that case of some of the nervous ganglion cells which lie at the base of the ventricle. Dr. Bowditch has found that the introduction into its cavity of a solution of delphinium in serum acts upon an isolated lower two-thirds of a frog's heart ventricle like providing it with a nervous system. The portion of heart which, as is well known to physiologists, is invariably inert, now, under the influence of delphinium, exhibits spontaneous and continued rhythmical contractions.

NATIVE SULPHURIC ACID IN TEXAS.

According to a communication presented to the British Association by Professor J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, sulphuric acid occurs native in certain pools in the midst of the open prairie to the westward of the Nueces River, in Texas. These pools are strongly acid, owing to the presence of free sulphuric acid combined with various salts, especially of aluminum and iron sulphates. At the bottom of some of these lakes there is a deposit in which sulphur is largely present.

A kind of petroleum is sometimes found oozing from the soil to such an extent that sods taken up with the spade can be ignited, and produce a considerable amount of light. Professor Mallet was informed by Confederate officers serving west of the Mississippi during the late war that during the blockade of Southern ports the galvanic batteries of the telegraphic offices in Texas and Southern Louisiana were worked with this sulphuric acid.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN AMERICA.

A few years ago Dr. Schmidt, of Essen, Germany, visited the United States for the special purpose of investigating certain questions connected with the archæology and ethnology of America. He devoted special attention to the investigation of the crania of the aboriginal tribes of America, both ancient and modern, and after his return prepared a memoir detailing the result of some of his inquiries, which has just been published in the *Archiv für Anthropologie*. He passes in review various well-known crania, some of which are in the Army Medical Museum at Washington, Professor Whitney's Calaveras skull, the human pelvis found by Mr. W. Dickinson in the bluffs of Natchez, and others, including the alleged discoveries of human remains in the post-pliocene beds at Charleston.

As a summary of his observations, he remarks that five well-authenticated instances of human remains of extreme antiquity have come to his knowledge: first, those referred to by Holmes in South Carolina; second, implements found in caves in Anguilla; third, the California skull; fourth, the human pelvis found in the bluff; and fifth, a skull found in a limestone fissure in the drift formation in Illinois, and presented by Mr. M'Connell to the Smithsonian Institution, by which it was transferred to the Army Medical Museum.

These he considers to be of much importance, since, until very recently, our knowledge of the early condition of the human race was extremely slight in any part of the world; and the California skull takes us at least beyond the glacier period, and, as Dr. Schmidt believes, is the very oldest monument of the human race in existence. He thinks that the ice period in America occurred simultaneously with that in Europe, and that consequently the primitive inhabitants of California must have lived even before those of the valley of the Somme and of the Neander.

The case, however, is complicated by the high condition of development of the California skull; this at least shows that the race must have experienced a considerable development at that time, while the contemporary implements are often met with in California, exhibiting a great deal of skill in their manufacture.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS AT SOLOUTRÉ.

Some interesting prehistoric remains have lately been found by Ferry and Asetin at Soloutré. This locality is situated at the foot of a high rock, and the surface is covered by broken flints. In the superficial layer there are fragments of pottery of the middle age period, but broken and entire bones of horses occur at a greater depth. Under this layer are found the food refuse, reindeer and horses' bones, stone implements, etc. The hearths are set off with flat stones. Remains of the cave lion and mammoth are also to be met with; and a rude drawing of a reindeer was found inscribed on a bit of slate.

The bones of horses were extremely abundant, the soil being filled with them in every direction. The most interesting discoveries were certain graves, consisting of rude stone boxes, partly in the earth and partly lying on the hearths. The skeletons of the adults lay upon large hearths, and those of the children on the smaller. According to Pruner-Bey, all the human remains belong to a Mongoloid race. The discoverers estimated the antiquity of the remains of this locality at about the earliest period of the reindeer epoch.

EFFECTS OF USING BROMIDE OF POTASSIUM.

Long-continued use of the bromide of potassium has, as is well known, a tendency to produce certain nervous diseases, which, according to Carles, present themselves under five different forms. The first is represented by acne; the second by ulcers of a dull yellow, having an offensive odor; third, red blotches, like purpura; fourth, by furuncles; fifth (the rarest of all), exhibits the appearance of eczema. Hitherto the

only known method of causing the eruptions to disappear has been to suspend or diminish the employment of the bromide of potassium; but as there are cases where its continued use is necessary, it becomes important to discover some other way of meeting the difficulty.

From the observations of Dr. Carles, he is satisfied that the bromide of potassium is chiefly eliminated by the urine, and that it only establishes itself under the skin, producing the effects referred to when elimination by the kidneys is incomplete. On this account, therefore, he suggests the use of diuretics, and the opening of the pores of the skin by means of hot baths; and he found a very remarkable measure of success by this treatment.

SPECTRUM OF NEPTUNE.

Mr. H. C. Vogel, of the observatory at Bothcamp, has spectroscopically examined the light of Neptune, the most extreme of the known members of our solar system, and found the spectrum of this planet identical with that of Uranus. Eight lines of absorption have been measured, and they coincided with those of Uranus. Red could not be perceived. This result differs somewhat from that of Mr. Secchi, who only considers the spectra of the two planets as very similar.

DRY METHOD OF CLEANING SOILED FABRICS.

Great progress has been made of late years in the method of cleaning soiled articles of dress, by removing tar, grease, etc., from wool and other raw material, this, as it appears, being accomplished best by the so-called dry method rather than by the use of a watery solution of soap or other alkaline substance. This originally consisted in subjecting the articles in a proper apparatus to immersion in benzine, gasoline, bisulphide of carbon, etc., with continued rotation of the apparatus. More recently, however, it has been ascertained that the vapor of these substances, caused by distillation, is more efficient than the liquid substances themselves, the articles thus treated being much more thoroughly penetrated, and more rapidly, than in the old way.

The articles are placed upon a grating over the liquid, the vapor from which permeates them completely as it is carried over into the reservoir, where it is condensed and is collected. In this form it contains grease in solution, which may be removed by a second distillation, while the hydrocarbon is obtained in a form for further use.

EFFECT OF BATHING ON THE HEAT OF THE BODY.

Dr. John C. Draper has lately published the results of some experiments upon the heat produced in the body, and the effects of exposure to cold, as determined, in his own case, by the use of the bath. He found that exposure for an hour to water at a temperature of about 74° lowered the temperature of the mouth 2°; of the armpits, 4°; and of the temples, 2°. The rate of respiration was also diminished—in one case two, and in another four movements; and that of the pulse twenty beats in one, and twenty-three in another case. It is therefore evident that the effect of the long-continued application of cold is to reduce the temperature of the body, and to make the pulsation slower, and that it affects the pulsations more profoundly. One of the consequences of this effect of the cold on the action of the heart was a great reduction in the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system. The rate of pulsation being reduced nearly one-third, the quantity of oxygen introduced into the interior of the body was diminished in a somewhat similar ratio.

From this resulted an almost overwhelming and, indeed, uncontrollable disposition to fall asleep. A similar result to this sluggish movement of the blood is a disposition to congestion of the various internal organs.

In summing up the conclusions from the entire series of experiments, Dr. Draper remarks that the primary and most important effect of the application of cold to the whole surface of the body is to reduce the action of the heart. This reduction is still further increased on removing the cold, if the application has continued for a sufficient length of time; and, as a consequence of the reduction of the heart's action, the phenomenon of stupor, or sleep, appears, produced either by deficient oxidation or by imperfect removal of carbonic acid. There is also a tendency to congestion of various internal organs, especially of the lungs, and the establishment of a pulse-respiration ratio similar to that of pneumonia.

RELATION OF THE BAROMETER TO THE AURORA AND SUN-SPOTS.

Professor Hornstein presented a paper to the Academy in Vienna in which he demonstrates that the daily as well as the yearly fluctuations of the barometer are intimately connected with the polar lights and the sun-spots. Thirty years ago Professor Lamont suggested that the daily variations of terrestrial magnetism and the daily oscillations of the barometer might be influenced by the electricity of the sun. This hypothesis seems to have been verified by Mr. Hornstein's researches.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN WYOMING.

According to Dr. Leidy, the plains and ravines of the buttes, and the lower mounds at the base of the larger buttes, near Fort Bridger, in Wyoming, are thickly strewn with stone fragments, sharply fractured in such a manner as to have the appearance of artificial origin. Mingled with them are many implements of the rudest construction, while there are some of the finest finish. Between these and the stone sprawls, of less doubtful or natural origin, there occurs every variety of form, so as to render it impossible to say where nature ceased her labors, and where primitive man commenced his.

The material of these splintered stones consists of jaspers, quartzites, some of the softer rocks of the buttes, and less frequently of black flint, the last probably transported by human agency from the locality of its natural occurrence, as it is only known to occur in position in the tertiary strata of Henry's Fork of Green River. In visiting a party of Indians encamped near Fort Bridger, Professor Leidy informs us that the only stone implement found among them was one called the teshoa, obtained from a quartzite boulder by a single smart blow made with

another stone, and used for scraping the green hide of the buffalo.

In an Indian grave, exposed to view by the wearing away of the edge of a bluff, he found a teshoa and some perforated canines of elk, which are highly prized by the Shoshones as ornaments. This form of adornment is quite common to primitive man, as it occurs abundantly in the shell heaps of New England, and among the prehistoric remains found in France, Germany, and Switzerland.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NORTH AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGY.

Under the modest title of *Illustrations of North American Entomology*, Professor Townend Glover, of Washington, has commenced the publication of what promises to be one of the most important works in practical natural history ever published in this country. It is intended to embrace fully detailed figures of all the species of American insects that stand in a noxious or beneficial relation to the farmer, including accurate figures of all stages of development, as well as illustrations of the methods by which their ravages are prosecuted.

The first part, recently published, is devoted to the *Orthoptera*, embracing the grasshoppers, crickets, mantis, cockroaches, earwigs, etc., among them, of course, many of the most destructive pests with which North America is afflicted. The accompanying text gives a description of these insects, an account of their habits, and the methods by which their ravages can be best met; and by an ingenious system of tables the student is enabled to determine, within a very short time, the name of any given insect before him, and the cross references from insect to plant, and from plant to insect, leave nothing to be desired.

The portion on the *Orthoptera* embraces thirteen plates, and that on the *Diptera*, which is in an advanced state of preparation, will include a considerably larger number. The whole work will probably require nearly 250 octavo plates, with some 5000 figures, and all of these, with the exception of twenty or thirty, are already engraved on copper by Professor Glover himself.

The only adverse criticism we have to make upon the book is the small number of copies published by the author, the edition having been limited by him to fifty, and intended exclusively, in its distribution, for entomological societies at home and abroad. A book like this, which must necessarily be a manual of reference not only for entomologists, but for every farmer and horticulturist, should be available to all who choose to purchase it, as it meets a want that has long been felt, and which no other publication in this country has ever supplied.

CHANGE OF LEVEL IN THE NORTHERN SEAS.

According to *Notice, No.* 89, just published by the Hydrographic Office at Washington, the principal results of the explorations in the Northern seas about Nova Zembla during the past year prove that the waters are completely free from ice for five months in the year, during which period they are navigable along the northwest coast of the island as late as September, while the sea east of it was not only free from ice, but had a temperature of about 43° F. in the month of September. The position and contour of Nova Zembla on the map has been considerably changed, as it has been shown to reach north to latitude 77°, and east to longitude 69°, and Cape Nassau lies twenty-two miles farther southwest than the position given to it hitherto.

A very interesting discovery is that of the Gulf Stream islands, in the exact place where the examinations of the Dutch expeditions in 1594 to 1597 located a sand-bank with eighteen fathoms of water over it, the depth of water between it and the coast being fifty to sixty fathoms. This would indicate that the sea-bottom in that region has risen more than 110 feet in three hundred years, a very remarkable fact. According to Mack, these islands are six miles from the coast, the north point being in latitude 76° 22′, longitude 63° 38′. They consist of sand and rock, being bare, with no trace of vegetation. Petrified shells are found on the firmer parts of the surface.

CARBONIC ACID OF SEA-WATER.

Mr. Lant Carpenter, who has been investigating the amount of gaseous constituents in samples of deep-sea water obtained during the *Porcupine* expedition of 1869–70, remarks that the analyses show that both surface and bottom water contain more carbonic acid and less oxygen in the more southern than in the more northern latitudes. The examinations made embraced samples taken from localities extending from the Faroe Islands to Lisbon. Contrary to the general supposition, however, he reports that there is no greater quantity of dissolved gaseous constituents in the bottom than in the surface water, although he fully admits the power of pressure at great depths to retain gases in solution if once evolved there.

ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP.

In an elaborate paper upon the physiology of sleep, Dr. Henry B. Baker takes the ground that the general cause of normal sleep in man and animals is the accumulation in the organism of the products of oxidation, and mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favored and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and also allows of sufficient accumulation of oxidizable material to enable the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period.

FOSSIL ELEPHANT IN ALASKA.

Among other collections brought back from Alaska by M. Pinart was a tooth of a fossil elephant, which has been reported upon by Mr. A. Gaudry. This specimen is considered to be the sixth upper right molar of *Elephas primigenius*, in a state of preservation which will scarcely permit it to be called a fossil. There are certain peculiarities of the teeth, as with the Old World *primigenius*, which seem to indicate the fact of a well-marked race, although scarcely worthy of a specific distinction. The most important difference is the greater number of transverse plates —namely, one plate for each centimeter, instead of a decidedly smaller proportion. The enamel is said to be peculiarly thin. The analogy between the European and American mammoth, in Mr. Gaudry's opinion, indicates the probable

existence of a communication between the Old and the New World during the first portion of the miocene period, especially as the miocene fossils of France have striking analogies to those of Nebraska, and there are equally well marked relationships between the plants of Europe and North America in that same locality.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE RED SEA.

The Hydrographic Office has lately published a pamphlet on the physical geography of the Red Sea, translated from the German of Captain W. Kropp, of the Imperial Austrian navy. The article contains an account of the formation of the coast, the winds, the clouds, the amount of atmospheric precipitation, the temperature and pressure, the saltness and temperature of the sea, the currents, tides, depths, etc. The tables of temperature given well bear out the reputation of the Red Sea in regard to excessive heat, the maximum temperature ranging from 80° in November to nearly 105° in July; and the minimum in November and December being about 58°. This temperature in itself, although indicating one of the hottest regions on the globe, would not be unbearable were it not for the enormous amount of the moisture in the atmosphere, which makes it a perpetual hot bath.

The Red Sea is an exception to the general rule that deep water approaches close to high and rocky shores, while a low and flat shore indicates shallow water. Although the sea is surrounded almost entirely by a flat sandy coast, the depth of the water up to the land is very considerable. The descent is gradual in a few localities, the bottom of the sea forming plateaus, with sudden and steep descents from one to the other in some cases.

INJECTION OF SEPTICÆMIC BLOOD.

According to a communication from M. Davaine upon the subcutaneous injection of septicæmic blood (that is, blood derived from an animal poisoned by putrefied blood), the virus acquires increased intensity and power by passing through the animal organism. This follows as the result of twenty-five series of experiments on rabbits and Guinea-pigs, and the accumulated intensity of power became so tremendous that "the blood of the rabbit killed by the ten millionth part of a drop was injected into five rabbits in doses of the one hundred millionth, the billionth, the ten billionth, the one hundred billionth, and the *trillionth of a drop*. All died within twenty-five hours."

IMPROVED LIQUID GLUE.

An improved liquid glue, according to the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*, may be prepared by dissolving three parts of glue, broken into small pieces, in twelve to fifteen parts of saccharate of lime. On warming, the glue dissolves rapidly, and remains liquid when cold, without losing its strength. Any desirable consistency may be secured by varying the amount of saccharate of lime.

The thicker glue keeps its muddy color, the thin becomes clear, on standing. The saccharate of lime is prepared by taking one part of loaf-sugar and dissolving it in three parts of water, adding to the sugar one-fourth part of its weight of slacked lime, and heating the whole to 145° or 165° and allowing it to macerate for several days, with frequent shaking. The greater part of the lime will be thus dissolved, and the solution may be decanted from the lime sediment, which has the properties of mucilage.

The solution of the glue in the saccharate of lime may be made very readily, and even old gelatine, which has become insoluble in water, will be easily dissolved. The glue has great adhesiveness, and admits of very many uses.

CONVERSION OF INDIGO-BLUE INTO INDIGO-WHITE.

It is well known that if, in any manner, one equivalent of hydrogen be added to indigo-blue or commercial indigo, the former becomes changed to a substance known as indigo-white; and that if yarns be impregnated with this, without being previously mordanted and exposed to the atmospheric air, the indigo-white loses one equivalent of hydrogen by the absorption of one equivalent of oxygen, and is again transformed into indigo-blue, the fabric or yarn becoming a genuine blue color. This transformation of indigo-blue into indigo-white, according to Professor Böttger, can be made very readily by boiling the finely powdered indigo with a solution of stannous hydrate of tin in caustic soda.

FIFTH REPORT OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE.

The fifth annual report of the trustees of the American Peabody Museum on American Archæology and Ethnology, as presented by its director, Professor Jeffries Wyman, has just been published, and, like its predecessors, shows a gratifying evidence of that progress which has already made this museum the foremost collection of the kind in America as regards the ethnology and archæology of the Old World. The collection is extremely rich in every thing illustrating the stone age of Denmark and Sweden, the reindeer period of France, and the lacustrian period of France, Switzerland, Italy, etc.; indeed, the number of European collections equally full must be very small. During the year 1871–72 a large part of the archæological collection of the late Dr. Clement, of St. Aubin, was obtained, and the remainder was procured during the present year. This is extremely rich in specimens from the ancient dwellings of Lake Neufchatel.

The report chronicles the result of several explorations made under the auspices of the museum, among them that of Rev. E. O. Dunning in Tennessee. The specimens obtained during his investigations of certain caves and mounds were extremely important, particularly in reference to the objects of ornamented shell, which, as is well known, are very rare. Some very interesting specimens of pottery were also obtained in the same connection.

Professor Wyman recounts his own explorations in Florida, which he has been in the habit of visiting for several years past. Among these the most remarkable is one at Silver Spring, on the western side of Lake George, near Pilatka, from the fact that the lower part of the shell deposit is cemented by lime, uniting the whole in a solid mass, in which were inclosed the bones of the eatable animals, and implements of shell and bone, as in the ancient caves of France.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of January. —Congress reassembled, after its holiday recess, January 6. Various financial measures have been introduced, the most important of which were bills for a return to specie payments, by Mr. Buckingham in the Senate, and by Mr. Hooper in the House. Senator Sherman, January 16, made a long speech in favor of resumption. He argued that the time for resumption had almost come, and that it was demanded by public policy. It did not involve a contraction of the currency, or a disturbance of real values. Senator Sherman reported from the Finance Committee a substitute for Buckingham's bill. This substitute provides for the payment of United States notes, January 1, 1874, either in coin or in coupon or registered bonds, exempt from taxation; that after July 1, 1873, the limit now prescribed by law to the aggregate circulation of national banks shall be repealed; and that all banking associations which shall after July 1, 1874, redeem their notes, either in coin or in United States legal-tender notes, shall be exempt from the requirements under the existing law as to holding a reserve of lawful money of the United States. Mr. Hooper's bill, introduced into the House January 10, provides for the convertibility of United States notes into coin after May 1, 1874.—The Committee of Finance reported, January 14, a resolution declaring that the Secretary of the Treasury has not the power to issue United States notes for any portion of the $44,000,000 in notes canceled under the act of June, 1866.—Senator Corbett, January 14, reported a bill, which was passed, to amend the National Currency act. It allows national banks to loan to any individual or corporation ten per cent. upon their surplus profits, as well as upon their original capital.—Senator Sherman, January 15, reported a bill to require national banks to restore their capital when impaired, and to amend the National Currency act.

Senator Morton, January 17, called up his resolution instructing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into the defects of the present electoral system, and the best means for remedying them. He addressed the Senate at length upon the constitutional position of the States in choosing Presidential electors—"a matter entirely beyond the jurisdiction of the national government." "The proposition," said he, "that Congress has power to sit as a canvassing board upon the electoral votes of the States, admitting or rejecting them for reasons of its own, subverts the whole theory by which their appointment was conferred upon the States, makes Congress the judge of the election and qualifications of the President and Vice-President, and by the operation of the twenty-second joint rule gives that power to each House separately, as in the case of its own members. There is no such express power given to Congress in the Constitution, nor is it necessary to carry out any express power therein given, and its exercise would be in direct conflict with the known purposes of the framers to make the executive and legislative departments as nearly independent of each other as possible." He advocated such a change as would bring the election of the President directly to the people of the several States, each State to be divided into as many districts as it has Senators and Representatives, each district to have one vote, and that vote to be given to the candidate receiving the largest number of votes in the district.

The Indian Appropriation bill was passed by the Senate January 10.—In the course of the debate in the House on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill, January 10, an amendment to increase the appropriation for the Bureau of Education by a little over $7000 failed to pass, 74 to 78.—In the consideration in the Senate of the House bill for soldiers' homesteads, it was estimated that 320,000,000 of acres would be required.

In the Senate, January 20, Mr. Stewart offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads to inquire into the cost of construction and the present market value of the existing telegraph lines now in successful operation in the United States, and the character of the franchises and special privileges connected with them. A similar resolution was adopted in the House January 21.

The bill reported from the Committee on Commerce last March creating a Bureau of Immigration, etc., was virtually defeated in the House, January 9, by its reference to the Committee of the Whole.

A bill was reported in the Senate, January 20, for the repeal of the Bankruptcy act of March 2, 1867. The House the same day passed a bill repealing the act.

A bill was passed by the House, January 9, to amend the twelfth section of the act for the appointment of shipping commissioners, by excepting masters of vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States who were also engaged in the trade with the British North American provinces, the West India Islands, and the republic of Mexico.

A bill was passed in the Senate, January 22, abolishing the franking privilege after July, 1873. It does not even provide for—indeed, it expressly forbids—any allowance to be made for postage to members of Congress. The vote stood 33 to 16.

The bill for the construction of ten new sloops of war for the navy was passed by the Senate January 22. The House bill previously passed provided for the construction of only six sloops.

Roscoe Conkling was elected United States Senator by the New York Legislature January 21. Other United States Senators have been elected from various States, as follows: Simon Cameron, from Pennsylvania; W. J. Jones, to succeed Senator Nye, from Nevada; General George B. Gordon, from Georgia; John J. Patterson, from South Carolina; Louis V. Bogy, to succeed General Blair, from Missouri; R. J. Oglesby, to succeed Senator Trumbull, from Illinois; Judge W. O. Merrimon, to succeed Senator Pool, from North Carolina; and S. W. Dorsey, to succeed Senator Rice, from Arkansas.

Among the important recommendations made by the Governors of States in their recent messages are to be specially noted Governor Dix's for the repeal of the usury laws of New York,

and those made by almost all the Governors for more efficient measures by which juvenile offenders may be separated from older and more hardened convicts.

The New York and Pennsylvania State Constitutions are under revision by conventions appointed for that purpose.

President Grant's San Domingo scheme has been carried out by private capitalists under the style of the Samana Bay Company, who have negotiated a treaty with the republic of San Domingo for the acquisition of a large portion of the island, with remarkable franchises and privileges. All the public land of the peninsula of Samana is ceded under the treaty, together with the waters of Samana Bay. The treaty was signed December 28, 1872, and is to be submitted to the vote of the Dominican people.

Secretary Fish sent, October 29, 1872, a dispatch to General Sickles on the colonial policy of Spain, reproaching the Spanish government for not executing the law for the gradual emancipation of slaves in Cuba and Porto Rico, and complaining of the strain imposed upon the United States government in the enforcement of neutrality laws by the continuance of the insurrection in Cuba, which has lasted for four years, and cost 100,000 lives. General Sickles was instructed to present these views to the Spanish government "in a way which, without giving offense, will leave a conviction that we are in earnest" in the expression of them. The recent publication of this dispatch has excited astonishment in some quarters. But General Sickles's presentation of the views of our government seems to have been taken in good part by Spain, and to have led to good results, as is shown in the recent action of the Spanish Cortes, having for its object the establishment of municipal government in Porto Rico and the abolition of slavery in that island.

The census of France for the year 1872, just completed, shows the population to be 38,102,921, a decrease of 366,935 since 1866. The decrease is attributed mainly to the war, besides which cause there have been many fatal visitations of small-pox and a falling off in the number of marriages.

President Thiers was present at the session of the Committee of Thirty, January 14, when the report of the sub-committee was read. This report proposed the adoption by the Assembly of the following decree:

"Whereas the Assembly integrally reserves to itself the constitutional power, it hereby decrees:

"*First.* The President of the republic shall communicate with the Assembly by message. Nevertheless he may be heard, after announcing by message his intention to speak. At the close of his speech the debate will be adjourned to a subsequent sitting, in order that the vote shall not be taken when the President is in the Chamber.

"*Second.* The President shall promulgate all laws declared urgent within three days after their passage, or demand a fresh debate thereon; and all laws not declared urgent he shall promulgate within one month of their passage, or may suspend the third reading of the same for one month.

"*Third.* After the dissolution of the present Assembly its powers shall devolve upon two Chambers."

The report also recommends that the Committee of Thirty be instructed by the Assembly to prepare a law regulating elections, and prescribing the qualifications of electors, and a law defining the powers of a second Chamber. President Thiers expressed dissatisfaction with portions of the sub-committee's report. He said the suspensory power over legislation was wholly insufficient, and he objected to the excessive formalities required before he could address the Assembly. He urged that provision be made for the extension of the executive power for a term of six weeks after the day on which the Assembly might dissolve. In other respects he could agree to the recommendations of the sub-committee.

The *North German Gazette*, in its issue of December 28, stigmatizes the allocution of Pope Pius the Ninth, delivered at the Consistory held in Rome on December 23, as "an unpardonable insult to the Emperor of Germany." "The colossal impudence of the Pope," says the *Gazette*, "proves the inevitable necessity which exists for the immediate passage of a law defining the boundaries between the state and the Roman Catholic Church."

General Von Roon has been appointed president of the Prussian Council of Ministers, in succession to Prince Bismarck, and General Von Kamecke co-operates with Von Roon as Minister of War, representing him officially.

The King of Sweden, opening the annual session of the Diet, January 20, expressed an earnest hope for the development of the Scandinavian union.

The Swiss Federal Council has threatened to use rigorous measures against the Canton of Valois because Jesuit teachers have been tolerated in the schools. Diplomatic relations between the Swiss government and the Vatican have been broken off.

The ministers of Austria, Germany, and Russia serving at Athens, acting on instructions from their respective governments, have jointly advised the Greek government to end the difficulty about the Laurium silver mines by conceding the demands of France and Italy. The Greek government has followed this advice.

The King of Italy has legalized the Civil Marriage bill.—The corner-stone of the pioneer Protestant church was laid in Rome January 8.—The Italian Senate has approved the bill forbidding theological instruction in schools.

The *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1872 presents some statistics showing the growth of the Russian empire in Europe, including Poland and Finland. In 1722 its population was 14,000,000; in 1803, 38,000,000; in 1829, 50,000,000; in 1863, 65,000,000; and in 1872, 68,000,000. During the second half of the fifteenth century the empire contained only 18,000,000 square miles, but during the next century it increased to 237,000,000 miles. Peter the Great added 43,000,000, and Catherine II. 55,000,000 miles. At present the area is nearly 375,000,000 miles, the population being densest in Poland, and most scattered in Siberia.—Russia is the third maritime power in Europe, her navy consisting of 290 vessels, including twenty-six iron-clads.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

The tendency of the traditionary training of our schools is to divert from industrial pursuits. The rising generation, seeing that for the most part laborers are uneducated, does not associate with labor that is so nearly identical with mere drudgery the dignity which ought to belong thereto, and comes to regard education as the

stepping-stone to leisure and gentility. Thus the number of the unproductive class in the community is continually increased, to its own embarrassment, and labor is still further degraded. It is natural, therefore, that at this time, when so much attention is being given to the elevation of the conditions of labor, there should also be a strong movement looking toward the establishment of systems of education whereby well-trained intelligence should be applied to the industries from which it has been abnormally estranged. This new educational tendency is to be seen in the interest that is being taken in Kindergarten, object teaching, art, and scientific schools.

In a recent address, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the Bristol Trade and Mining School, Mr. Mundella, the member for Sheffield, England, took the opportunity of enforcing the necessity of a practical knowledge of science as applied to special branches of industry. He recounted his experience of the German system (he has been for years an employer of labor in Germany), and told his audience that in a Saxon town of one hundred and fifty inhabitants no child from six to fourteen years of age was absent from school, no person over fourteen was ignorant of the three R's, and every boy who desired to learn any particular branch of science had the means of scientific instruction at his own door, and at a very low price. This was the case in every little town in Germany and Switzerland, and "if Bristol were a German city, the boy who had gained a scholarship in the School of Mines would not have to go to London," but there would be a mining school close at hand, where boys living at home could find the education which they have now to seek in the capital at considerable expense. In Germany technical schools were established every where, and employers refused to take apprentices who did not attend them. "We hear much of unions, combinations, and strikes, but very little of attempts to redeem the negligence of the past in respect to scientific and technical culture. A twelve weeks' strike in Wigan in 1868 cost £150,000 in wages, and all the union funds were exhausted, and the masters lost a quarter of a million. Had the money devoted to building up a false and artificial system been spent in education, there would have been no waste, and the workmen and their children would have been permanent gainers."

Germany has an extraordinary number of schools for special preparation for industrial pursuits, including schools for architects, engineers, business men, soldiers, farmers, musicians, sailors, surgeons, gymnasts, and for mechanics, designers, telegraphers, artists, wood-cutters, builders, pharmaceutists, printers, sewing-women, glass-makers, and for women in various useful branches of arts and sciences, mechanical trades and pursuits. One of the largest and best-organized schools for printers is at Stuttgart.

Bavaria occupies an area of 29,617 square miles, and had in 1864 4,807,440 inhabitants. Her art schools consist of the following: four superior agricultural schools, with 29 agricultural sections in the trade schools, with 2144 pupils; one school of forestry, with 40 pupils; one school of horticulture, with 30 pupils; one school of veterinary surgery, with 18 teachers and 140 pupils; two commercial schools, with 18 commercial divisions in the trade schools, with 2000 pupils; twenty-nine trade schools; three polytechnic schools; one academy of painting and sculpture, with 14 professors and 231 pupils; one school of architecture, with 9 teachers and 143 pupils; 261 schools for drawing, with 9973 pupils; one conservatorium of music, with 15 teachers and 94 pupils, and ten schools for music. These are all special schools. In addition, music, drawing, etc., are taught in all the public schools.

Würtemberg has 1,700,000 inhabitants. She has one technical university, and ten technical schools of the next grade, with 539 instructors and 5148 pupils. There are eleven building and trade schools, giving a thorough theoretical and practical training in these occupations. They have 286 teachers and 6457 pupils. There are 108 trade and industrial schools, having 8254 pupils.

Belgium has one college and school of agriculture; one of horticulture, forestry, and veterinary surgery. Of commercial schools there are one superior and twelve secondary; three navigation schools and fifteen technical schools, with 2293 pupils. Besides these, there are sixty-eight workshop schools, with 1857 pupils. They have 1428 looms in them, and have sent out, since 1845, 27,373 thoroughly trained weavers. There is a royal academy of arts, mining, and manufacturing, one of engineers, and art as applied to industry is taught in sixty academies and schools, with more than a thousand pupils.

There are in Prussia proper 361 schools devoted to agriculture, mining, architecture, forestry, navigation, commerce, and other technical studies. Besides schools for weaving and the textile manufactures, there are 265 industrial schools, whose studies and hours are arranged to suit mechanics. There is a large number of drawing schools, in which the classes are arranged to suit various trades needing such instruction. The Berlin schools are provided with 200 sewing teachers.

Through the efforts of one of Queen Victoria's daughters, the Princess Alice, consort of Prince Louis of Hesse, several important movements for the industrial education of women have been commenced in Germany. For the last ten years the princess has been engaged in the organization of the German Female Educational and Industrial Association. She has also established an association which, in addition to the care and education of orphans, has for its object the education of professional nurses.

Technical education is receiving special attention just now in France. One incident connected therewith is the founding at Rouen of an "Upper School of Industry," organized on the widest basis, and specially intended for the instruction of persons who are to be placed at the head of manufacturing establishments. The school will not only give that general knowledge necessary for the management of any industrial work, but also the special instruction required in all the chief departments of national industry—such as spinning, weaving, dyeing, the chemical arts, machine-making, etc.

From a report on the schools of art at South Kensington we learn that in the first six months of the past year the number of students there at work was 696, of whom 383 were males and 313 females. The principal object for which they

study is to qualify themselves to take part in manufacturing operations in which art of some kind is required. As yet the young women have not swarmed off and found places in factories, but a number of them are employed within the precinct of the museum itself in painting china and constructing mosaic, and this, as we are informed, they do very satisfactorily. The question, therefore, as to whether it would "pay" to maintain a government department to train young women as artists is not yet settled. As regards the men it is settled, for they find artistic employment in factories, studios, and educational establishments; and by improving the art manufactures of the kingdom, as may be seen at the museum, they heighten their reputation, and increase the national wealth. Some among them have become distinguished artists on their own account, and not a few have gone out to India, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Canada as teachers. Others have become designers in cabinet-work, carpets, damasks, in terra cotta, and so forth, while many are medalists, house-decorators, or glass-painters, and earn from £130 to £300 a year. The schools at South Kensington are open to the whole kingdom. Any youth who has won a national scholarship in a country school, and who passes the examination, is taken in at Kensington, is there trained to the highest pitch that his faculties are capable of, while a government allowance of from £1 to £2 a week is given to him besides.

The scheme for establishing a technical college in Glasgow is assuming a tangible shape. A subscription list has just been issued, in which we find that thirty subscribers have among themselves contributed no less than £11,050. It is proposed, when £20,000 are subscribed, to begin the actual organization of the technical college, establishing, in the first instance, chairs for, 1, naval architecture and marine mechanical engineering; 2, the theory and practice of weaving; and 3, the theory and practice of dyeing and printing on textile fabrics.

Jessup W. Scott, of Toledo, Ohio, has bequeathed one hundred and sixty acres of land, valued at $80,000, to found an institution "for the promotion of knowledge in the arts and trades and the related sciences, by means of lectures and oral instruction, of models and representative works of art, of cabinets of minerals, of museums instructive of the mechanic arts, and of whatever else may serve to furnish artists and artisans with the best facilities for a high culture in their respective occupations, in addition to what are furnished in the public schools in the city." The advantages of the institution are to be free of cost to all pupils who have not the means to pay for them, and they are to be open alike to both sexes.

One of the most important investigations connected with this subject of industrial education is that undertaken by General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education. He has addressed to employers in this and other countries a series of questions as to the value of education in the various industries. The replies to these questions are very suggestive. A. J. Mundella, M.P. for Sheffield, from whom we have already quoted, says:

"Evidence has been given before the British Parliament, from my own district, showing that some grave mistakes in chemical processes, such as bleaching, dyeing, etc., are constantly occurring through the ignorance of the workmen, they not having the ability to read writing. I have often witnessed natural powers in a person entirely uneducated, which would have been turned to the benefit of himself and his employer if he had only received a thorough elementary education. I have recently seen, in Massachusetts, Englishmen whose wages their employers would have doubled, by willingly appointing them overseers, if they had only been educated sufficiently to keep accounts....I believe that technical education is of great importance; that the success of Switzerland and Germany in manufactures, and their superiority over others for the last thirty years, have been owing to the excellent elementary education which they have given to their work-people, to which has been superadded, with great advantage, a large amount of scientific and technical education. Art training in England has had a marvelous effect in improving the designs for every description of manufacture where taste is required, and consequently in increasing the demand in foreign countries for such manufactures. For example, the result is seen in the better styles of carpets, laces, dress goods, crockery-ware, furniture, ornamental iron-work, and in every manufacture where decorative art is of value. I think the great want in this country is such education. I have known instances where a youth who has received art training has been able at twenty years of age to earn more than all the rest of the working force of his father's family. There is one case among my own workmen where such a lad is getting very high wages, and the effect is that the whole household is elevated. The greater the improvements in machinery the more intelligence is required on the part of the workmen who manipulate it. It has been found in England that for working the improved agricultural machines a higher class of intelligence and skill is required to manage them than the old peasantry possess. An intelligent workman will always produce a larger amount of work from a clever machine than an ignorant man can, and will keep his machine in better working condition."

Cyrus Mendenhall, president of the Kenton Iron Company, Newport, Kentucky, says:

"The want of a higher grade of instruction in the science of their business for the managers of the different departments of the manufacture of iron, say, in mensuration, geometry, the mechanical powers, hydraulics, hydrostatics, chemistry, etc., has been severely felt by proprietors. The want of competent men in such positions often, I believe, makes the difference to owners between success and failure."

Edward Winslow, of Boston, Massachusetts, the general agent of the Industrial Aid Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, suggests, in reference "to *practical* education in this country *pari passu* with theoretical, that we are greatly deficient in this respect as compared with all other civilized nations, for we have but few technical or trade schools, and those few are designed for a higher class than that which our society hopes to reach.....The school at Kensington, established by Prince Albert, has been of infinite value to England, not only in cultivating the taste and skill of her artisans; for the export of manufactured articles traceable to that school amounts to £70,000" (or $350,000). "A few years ago (1863) only 3000 students were instructed in the art and technical schools of Paris; in 1867 there were 12,000; and in 1869 there were 350 *schools*." After some observations on the superiority of the educated workman in the ease with which he learns his trade, the improvements in machinery and manipulation that he can make, and the rapidity and perfection of his work, Mr. Winslow goes on to say:

"The greatest benefit to be conferred upon our country is to make mechanical and industrial pursuits more respectable, and to educate and train the young for these pursuits. Our systems of instruction are now altogether intellectual, and even this only goes far enough to give the pupils a distaste for manual occupations."

Commissioner Eaton, as the result of his inquiries in this direction, estimates that the mere ability to read and write increases the productive power of the laborer to the extent of twenty-five per cent., and his wages accordingly, and that the increase from a higher degree of education amounts to fifty per cent. more.

Alluding to this subject in an address to the Educational Convention at St. Louis last December, Mr. W. T. Harris said:

"The results and tendencies in foreign nations, when summed up before us, bring a more overwhelming conviction on this phase of our theme. During the past twenty years there has been inaugurated an immense movement toward special education of the laboring classes of the people, in order to increase the results of productive industry. Property itself has sought investment through the municipal organization of the community in the founding of numerous schools for scientific instruction in agriculture, horticulture, forestry, the culture of the vine and the silkworm, and veterinary surgery; also for mining and metallurgy, navigation and commerce; for engineering in its various departments; for the various technical applications of chemistry to the arts and manufactures; and finally, for the acquirement of skill in every species of industry. The example of one, and its practical success in increasing the productivity of its laborers by school education, soon compelled its jealous neighbors to enter the same field purely for the protection of their own material interests, and at present there are multitudes of these schools, well endowed and equipped with all the apparatus yet invented, in Prussia, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, France, Switzerland, Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Great Britain, while Russia itself is awakening to the importance of this movement, and hastening with accelerated speed in the same direction.

"The first great national exhibition proved decisively that those nations were most advanced on the road to the creation of wealth whose schools in science and art had been supported for the longest period and in the freest and most liberal manner. This lesson has been repeated and enforced with each succeeding universal exhibition, until it has been accepted that material prosperity and scientific enlightenment are inseparable—the former the effect, the latter its producing cause."

Mr. Richard J. Hinton, in his report to the Bureau of Education on the present condition of education among our working classes, says:

"If we are to succeed in any attempt at technical training adequate to our wants, we must rely on instrumentalities more diffused and potential than the few, however admirable, institutions like the school at Worcester, the Technological Institute at Boston, the Cooper Union in New York, and the small schools of art and design at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and a few other cities. Such technical education as will be at all commensurate with our needs must be inwrought with our public-school system, beginning through object instruction at the primary, and proceeding through the secondary schools, until the scholar reaches that stage of development wherein, his or her special aptitude being understood, instruction may be continued in branches directly applicable to the chosen pursuit. As is said of the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, we ought to be able to say that our 'whole system is most scientifically constructed from beginning to end, and it is as practically adapted to all the wants of an industrial community as it is scientific in its plan.' How completely provided for this Swiss community is may be realized from the fact that, among other advantages, it has supplementary or repetition schools, in which apprentices and youth over fifteen, who work in shop, mill, or yard, attend one day or two half days per week, in order to freshen their studies and acquire new ones. Therein 'they have every facility for obtaining technical instruction suited to their respective trades and occupations.' The teachers are carefully trained at special seminaries. The simplest object lessons are all prepared for this purpose—the training of the hand and eye as well as the brain. In the Zurich school-houses may be found during the hours of attendance all the children of the canton. In Lausanne a teacher was puzzled to reply to the question of an English tourist, who asked what steps were taken if parents failed to send their children. He said, at last, such a thing never occurred there. The consequence is that, as in Germany, all are educated to a considerable degree, and are especially trained to practical life. We, however, seem to depend for our future progress upon the favorable conditions we have created in the past. In the more advanced countries of Europe there appears every where manifest an earnest effort to create new and more favorable conditions in which to insure that progress will be secure and steady. It is evident we must not depend too much upon our favorable past or our fortunate present. Both as a matter of profit and development, from the material and moral plane alike, the question of a more complete practical and individual education, welded into and forming a vital part of our public-school system, is one of growing importance."

The endowment of national schools of science is now brought freshly before the people in connection with the bill of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, for the further endowment of universities or colleges which availed themselves of the grant of 1862, commonly known as the "Agricultural Grant." This bill has passed the Senate. Its main provisions are as follows: Instead of bestowing land scrip (as in 1862) upon the several States in proportion to population, each State—no matter what its size—is to receive the proceeds resulting from the sale of 500,000 acres of land, estimated at $1 25 per acre. The proceeds will come from the usual sales of land through the Land-office, so that several years will pass before the full sum is at command. The capital representing these proceeds is to be kept by the national government, and invested in the public securities, of which the income only will be distributed to the institutions already founded, like the University of California, under the act of 1862. Thus, should the additional grant to this State realize ultimately $625,000, and be invested in United States bonds drawing five per cent. interest, it would be equivalent to $31,250 per annum in the way of permanent endowment, and would increase by just so much the regular income of the university. The manner in which the original grant was utilized justifies an increased endowment. Every State in the Union, according to Professor Gilman's report to the Educational Bureau, has taken measures to secure the land grant of 1862, and thirty-four States have actually received the grant. Of these, twenty-eight have taken definite steps for the establishment of such colleges as the act of Congress contemplates. In most of these States the national grant has been added to the funds of some existing institution, and reinforced by private endowments, but almost invariably in such cases the Congressional funds, with others given expressly for scientific purposes, have been separately invested and employed, so that they may not be diverted to classical or literary studies. Thus we have a system of national schools of science growing up, and the effect of the Congressional grant has been to wonderfully expand and deepen and practicalize our college courses, and to render more practical our college education.

The aid to agricultural colleges by the Morrill bill of 1862 was expedient, and has been useful, in some cases eminently so. The apparatus of the "new education," so called, is expensive. These institutions need a great increase of funds. It may be expedient that the general government should do more for them, but the bill which has just passed the Senate grants, in effect, $650,000 to each State for this purpose, which will absorb

the income from lands for the next ten years or more. If other departments of education were every where equally advanced, this action would doubtless awaken less criticism. But the fact is that even the common school is hardly known in large sections of the country, and in Alabama, for instance, fifty-three per cent. of the voters can not write. Of course they are, to all intents and purposes, illiterate; and even seventeen per cent. of the voters in the whole country are illiterate.

The sentiment in many States is strong against an efficient system of popular education. Maryland only last year made provision for the education of the colored children outside of Baltimore, devoting $50,000 for the purpose. Neither Delaware nor Kentucky has yet any provision for this class of children.

Now statesmanship, while it looks to special education that shall increase the skill of the industries of the country, must not overlook that elementary education which is absolutely essential to a right knowledge of the duties of the citizen, and a disposition to discharge them. This is essential, and underlies every other element of the public welfare. If, then, Congress is to apply the doctrine long since promulgated by the fathers, that the public domain and its income should be applied in aid of education, certainly while they help the colleges for industrial science reasonably, they ought also adequately to aid universal education by the same means. A bill to this effect, consecrating the net income of the public lands to the education of the people, passed the House nearly a year ago. By this bill half of the income from this source is to be made a permanent fund; and the income from that and half of the net proceeds each year from the sales of lands are to be distributed among the States *pro rata*, on the basis of illiteracy.

It would seem that a discriminating and far-sighted statesmanship would not sacrifice this measure to the aid of agricultural colleges alone. Indeed, many of the most eminent educators of the country—among them Dr. Sears—believe that the aid proposed by the House bill, especially to the South, would be adequate to revive education there, and not a few consider it the only means of their ever reaching that desirable result.

Educators have of late years given much attention to the introduction of some species of manual labor in large schools and colleges. The most important experiment has been that tried at Cornell University. This university pays the students for labor about $10,000 annually, and they earn about as much more by work performed outside of the institution. These working students are reported to be invariably the best scholars. There is connected with the university a large farm, a garden, a printing-office, shops for carpenter, stone-cutting, mason work, etc., but these do not satisfy the demand. The Hampton Institute for Freedmen has successfully tried the same experiment.

An equally important experiment is that which has been put in operation to mingle education with labor by means of half-time schools. It has been successfully tried in many parts of Germany and Switzerland, and also in England. In the latter country special schools have been established for factory children, so that two distinct sets of children are taught every day, each for three or four hours—the forenoon classes working in the mill in the afternoon, and the afternoon classes working in the forenoon. Here also it is observed that the half-time students are more intelligent and capable than the full-time scholars, and that they attain a higher standard in the various subjects taught. In this country a school of this sort was in 1868 established in connection with the "Indian Orchard Mills," Springfield, Massachusetts, by Mr. Edward Atkinson, the treasurer of the mills. At first the children worked in the mills in the forenoon, left work for dinner at noon, attended school from 1 (afterward 1¼) to 4 P.M., then returned to their work in the mills. Those who worked by the day were allowed three-quarters pay, but their average pay for the month amounted to nearly as much as when they worked full time, the lost time being greatly reduced. Those who worked by the piece earned as much as when working full time. After six months' attendance in this way (to satisfy the legal requirement of three months' schooling), the school children gave all their time to the mills, and another set took their place in the school. In December, 1870, it was decided to employ two sets of children, each set to go to school half of each day (one in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon), and to work half a day, receiving pay for half time. This plan reduced the children's pay so much that it did not work well, and the first plan was resumed, to the detriment of the children, since it increased their hours of labor, and allowed them no time for recreation. Still, it was far better than no schooling, which is the fate of the same class of children in most other mills. The managing agent of the mills, Mr. C. J. Goodwin, describes the effect of the school on the children as marvelous. "They acquire habits of neatness, their morals improve—in fact, their whole being seems changed by their contact with the school-room. It is astonishing to see how readily they learn, and how much reading, writing, and arithmetic they acquire in one short term." In reporting on the doings and prospects of this school to the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Mr. Atkinson says: "From the observations I have made while the half-time school has been in operation at our mill, I should think that the system might be applied with great benefit to the cash-boys in our retail shops, to boys employed in our printing-offices, to boys who sell newspapers, and that very many girls would be much more usefully employed if occupied half the day in a clothing establishment, or some trade, and the other half in some sensibly conducted school, rather than all day in school." A school more nearly on the English plan of alternate half days of work and study is sustained in connection with the Naumkeag Cotton Mills, at Salem, where the children get twenty-six weeks of half-time schooling a year—the equivalent of the thirteen weeks' tuition required by law. The results are rather better than those obtained at Indian Orchard, and very much better than those obtained where the required three months' schooling is taken at once, and the remaining nine months devoted exclusively to labor.

We may here add that the reports of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor show that the statute compelling a certain amount of education for the children of the State is not complied with. In some cases the proprietors

of large manufacturing establishments have made special efforts for the education of working children. The Uonotuck Silk-manufacturing Company has erected a brick school-house, at a cost of $35,000, and provided it with all necessary facilities, adding thereto a free library and reading-room for operatives. But this is an exceptional case. As a rule, ignorance in the manufacturing towns is steadily increasing. In a single establishment of about 1600 working people more than 800 could neither read nor write.

From a moral point of view the subject of industrial education is of the greatest importance. It is estimated that but two per cent. of the inmates of our penitentiaries belong to the professional class, and sixteen per cent. to the farming and mechanic class, while eighty-two per cent. come from the great mass of unskilled laborers. Of the sixteen per cent. included in the second division only about six per cent. are skilled artisans and mechanics.

The superintendent of the Industrial School for Girls located at Middletown, Connecticut, in his annual report, presented April 1, 1872, says: "The first inmate to the school was received January 1, 1870; the formal opening took place the 30th of June following. April 1, 1872, there were seventy-two inmates, one-third were foreigners. Some of them, only a few, are fifteen years of age. The provisions of the institution include girls of between eight and fifteen years of age. All had started in a downward career leading inevitably to ruin, and but for the State interfering and providing a place for their education and care, they would add in time fearful scores to the criminal population of the State. Ninety-four since the opening have been provided for, and not one has proved an eloper—all are accounted for. The excess of seventy-two, as by report of April 1, 1872, had been provided with homes as servants in worthy families. Elisha Harris, M.D., secretary of the New York Prison Association, after visiting the school, said:

'The Middletown school presents a practical illustration that removes all doubt of the fact that a cottage and family grouping and treatment of delinquent girls can save the girls for useful and happy lives, and at the same time save the cost of vice and crime into which such girls are sure to plunge. I have recently seen four young women in one of the county penitentiaries of New York who, two years since, stole from dry-goods stores and jewelers more than enough goods to pay *all* the expenses of the Connecticut Industrial School for three years. The moral and financial economy of such institutions should be popularly understood and appreciated. Again I thank you for the opportunity to see this best of models.'

These girls, between the ages of eight and sixteen, do all their room-work, their own washing, ironing, and cooking, make and mend their own clothing and bedding, and attend school three hours a day; besides this, have made over forty thousand paper boxes. They entered the school in the worst possible plight, pale and sickly; they soon change to beauty and health in many instances. Their parents were, in nine cases out of ten, criminals and drunkards. More than sixty per cent. were either orphans or had lost one parent. Not a few were taught by professional beggars, thieves, and prostitutes the vilest arts and vices. They were born and bred amidst profanity and impropriety."

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Among the most important reforms that are needed for the perfection of our public-school system are the elevation of the normal schools, so that they shall more fully secure the objects for which they were established, the improvement of the county superintendency system, and the general establishment of compulsory education.

In twenty-three of the States there is now county supervision. Some of the States have practically no supervision of any sort. In Delaware there is a provision for the appointment of county superintendents, but none for their compensation. New York has a school commissioner for each Assembly district, making 113 for the State. His salary is $800 a year. Connecticut has town superintendents. In many States the superintendents appointed are incompetent, and are poorly paid.

According to the census of 1870 there were over 6,550,000 pupils in over 124,000 schools in the United States. Of these 232,000 were foreign. The number of teachers was over 219,000, of whom 93,000 were males. The total expenditure for instruction was $94,194,000.

There are in the United States 114 normal schools, of which fifty-one are State and sixteen city institutions. Twenty-seven are connected with colleges and universities. In these 114 schools there are 445 teachers and 10,922 pupils. Massachusetts has seven normal schools—one for every 208,193 of her population; Illinois has ten—one for every 254,941 of her population; Ohio has nine—one for every 296,140 of her population; New York has eleven—one for every 398,432 of her population; Pennsylvania has eight; Wisconsin and West Virginia have each five; Tennessee and Iowa, each four; Vermont, Indiana, Kentucky, and Minnesota, each three; California, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, Oregon, Virginia, and North Carolina, each two; Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Kansas, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Michigan, District of Columbia, Utah, each one. Thus every State in the Union has provided for normal instruction except Texas and Nevada.

Commissioner Eaton states that, according to the last census, there are in the United States 1,554,931 totally illiterate male adults. This means that there are 2,073,241 practically illiterate. The determination of our Presidential elections is capable of being decided by less than one-sixth of the number of illiterate voters. In Alabama the proportion of illiterate voters is 53 per cent.; in Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida it is over 50 per cent.; and in these four States, therefore, the governing power is in the hands of the ignorant. In Kentucky 28 per cent. of the voters are illiterate; in Maryland, 22 per cent.; and in Delaware, 24. General Eaton adds that if the illiterate voters of the United States acquired the ability to simply read and write, they would add annually to the production of the country $116,612,425, or nearly twice as much as is paid out annually for all the public-school instruction in the country. A more advanced degree of education attained by these illiterate voters would add $311,286,209, or nearly five times the total amount expended

for education in the entire country. "We do not enter upon the consideration of the relation of education to the increase of invention among a people. The more general the intelligence of the people, as a rule, other things being equal, the greater will be the number of inventions, the more improvements will be made in machinery, in the various arts of living, in the means of shelter, in wearing apparel, in food, in the instruments of industry, in the kitchen, in the shop, in the farm, and in the facilities of transportation. These results of the increase of intelligence at the present time are beyond our present means of computation."

The following table, from the report of Commissioner Eaton for 1871, gives a comparative view of the expense of education in different States:

States.	Public school expenditure per capita of school population.	Assessed value of property per capita of total population.
Massachusetts	$20 66	$972 39
Nevada	19 18	606 79
Connecticut	12 92	600 15
Rhode Island	11 89	982 59
California	11 44	481 29
New Jersey	8 89	689 62
Nebraska	8 06	400 06
Illinois	7 97	190 13
Pennsylvania	7 86	353 04
Michigan	7 33	229 92
Iowa	7 10	253 91
New York	6 89	448 80
Ohio	6 86	438 13
Kansas	6 45	252 80
Vermont	6 09	310 23
Indiana	5 15	394 75
Wisconsin	4 86	316 16
Minnesota	4 85	191 36
Maryland	4 73	542 76
New Hampshire	4 46	468 31
Maine	4 06	357 71
Arkansas	3 53	194 38
Louisiana	3 17	349 93
Mississippi	2 95	214 10
West Virginia	2 84	312 97
Delaware	2 70	518 23
Missouri	2 65	323 08
Oregon	2 06	349 73
Alabama	1 49	157 24
Florida	91	173 00
Tennessee	91	202 35
Kentucky	60	310 02
North Carolina	48	121 69

In Maine the amount appropriated for instruction is very inadequate. So short is the period of schooling in some of the towns that the average throughout the State is only nineteen weeks and three days. Not only do the smaller towns have short schools, but they must, from their limited resources, employ the cheapest and poorest teachers. The average wages of female teachers in the State is three and one-half dollars per week. The smaller towns and districts have generally cheap, poorly constructed, and poorly furnished school buildings. The new Agricultural College of Maine has seventy-one pupils. Females are admitted.

Ninety-two per cent. of the children in Boston between five and fifteen years of age attend either the public or private schools.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has enacted a law authorizing all cities and towns to appropriate money for the teaching of drawing in the free schools, and *requiring* it in all cities and towns of ten thousand inhabitants.

The co-education of the sexes is permitted in four colleges in New England, among them the University of Vermont; in Cornell University; in the University of California; in Swarthmore College, in Pennsylvania; in Oberlin and Antioch colleges, in Ohio; and in the State universities of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas.

The public-school system of New York is now sixty-one years old. The total expenditures for the year ending September 30, 1872, were $10,322,691. Of this $6,953,318 were paid for teachers' wages. The total number of schoolhouses was 11,740; number of teachers, 28,495—employed for full legal term, 18,031; number of children in public schools, 1,010,242; pupils in normal schools, 5657; pupils in private schools, 131,519; number of volumes in district libraries, 875,175. The number of persons in the State between five and twenty-one years of age was 1,520,628. New York city has 228 free public schools, with an average attendance of 103,000 children.

In the New York Constitutional Commission, now in session, Mr. Opdyke has proposed the compulsory attendance at some school of all children in the State between seven and fourteen years of age for three months in each year.

In 1869 the Legislature of this State provided that twenty per cent. of the excise moneys in the city of New York should be appropriated "for the support of schools educating children gratuitously in said city who are not provided for in the common schools thereof." In the distribution of this fund for the past four years $635,219 have been appropriated to Roman Catholic schools, and only $119,019 to all others.

New Jersey by local taxation last year raised $2,375,000 for school purposes—$14 for each pupil actually attending school. Governor Parker, in his recent message, says that another year's trial of the act of April 6, 1871, making free the public schools, has proved its wisdom.

Pennsylvania, during the six years from 1867 to 1872, expended $42,952,152 for school purposes. The expenditure for the six years prior to 1867 was $19,590,149. The State has no school fund. The Legislative appropriations amount to only about $600,000 annually, but the people in the several districts voluntarily vote all other moneys necessary to support the schools. The number of children who do not attend school exceeds 75,000. In Philadelphia 12 per cent. of the children between the ages of five and fifteen do not attend school; and of the number registered as attendants 46 per cent. are absent from the daily sessions. Sixteen per cent. of the inmates of the State-prison are unable to read. In view of these facts Governor Geary, in his recent message, recommends the adoption of a compulsory system of education. The Agricultural College in this State has 150 pupils, of whom thirty are females. This college requires ten hours manual labor per week.

The anthracite region proper includes the counties of Carbon, Columbia, Dauphin, Lehigh, Luzerne, Northumberland, and Schuylkill—seven in all, containing in the aggregate 353,280 acres, and populated by 483,000 souls. In three of these counties (Carbon, Luzerne, and Schuylkill) there are upward of 122,000 persons of school age who are unprovided with the means of education. The anthracite region contains a population equivalent to about one-eighth of that of the whole State of Pennsylvania—or, in round

numbers, 490,000 souls—and of this number more than 92,000 are totally illiterate! Taking into the account only those who can not read, the result is that in the whole anthracite region the proportion of illiterate is very nearly one in fourteen. Comparisons with other sections of the State of Pennsylvania show that a very large percentage of ignorance is contained in this little cluster of counties, where three-fifths of the population are of foreign birth.

The new school law of Maryland authorizes the establishment of a sufficient number of schools for colored children, thus correcting a defect in the old law. The country schools throughout the State have been sustained on an average of nine months a year since 1861, and male and female teachers receive equal pay for equal work. A county superintendent is employed in every county, who gives his whole time to the work, at a salary of $1000 to $1500 a year. The law also makes provision for a public high school in each of the 150 elective districts of the State, if the people desire one, and it gives legal sanction to teachers' institutes and associations and district libraries. The common schools are free, and the colleges are practically free.

Ohio expended last year over $6,000,000 for her free schools, and employed over 22,000 teachers. Sixty-eight teachers' institutes were in existence, for which nearly $17,000 were expended.

The new school law of Illinois requires teachers to be examined in the elements of natural philosophy, physiology, botany, and zoology. The law provides for the appointment of two examiners, at the option of the county board, to assist the county superintendent in the examination of teachers, and for the establishment of a high school in each township by the vote of the people; and directors are authorized to continue the schools nine months in a year, and are required to continue them five months.

Ninety-four per cent. of the public-school teachers of Michigan are without any professional training whatever.

Indiana has created a permanent interest-bearing fund of $8,000,000 for the support of her common schools. She has a revenue of $2,000,000 for the payment of teachers. The number of teachers employed is over 12,000.

Iowa now has a permanent school fund of about three millions of dollars, yielding an annual income of eight per cent., which is applied to the education of her youth. By the future sales of school lands this fund will be largely increased. During the year ending October 3, 1871, there were 7841 schools in the State, attended by 342,440 pupils. The value of school property and apparatus at that date was $6,916,490 16. The public schools are open, and free to all between the ages of five and twenty-one years, for at least six months in each year. It also has a State University, with an annual endowment of $25,000; and an Agricultural College, with an income of $40,000, derived from the sale of lands granted by the general government.

In 1862 there were in Kansas 534 organized school districts; in 1872 there were 3418. During ten years the number of children of school age has increased from 13,974 to 165,982; of teachers from 319 to 3795. The amount paid to teachers has increased from $14,009 to $596,611; the amount raised by district tax from $10,381 to $822,644; the value of school-houses from $10,432 to $2,845,262. The permanent school fund of the State amounts to $759,096, derived mainly from the sale of school lands. The total amount received from various sources in 1872 was $1,701,950. The State University had 258 pupils; $738,500 have been expended on the new building; the addition of a law and a medical department is contemplated. The Agricultural College had 447 students. There were 190 students in the normal school at Emporia; and in that at Leavenworth, sixty-five.

The number of children in attendance in Nebraska is 51,123. The school fund of last year amounted to $110,937.

In Missouri there were 673,493 children between five and twenty-one years of age in 1872. Of these 389,956, about 58 per cent., attended school. There were 7221 schools and 8862 teachers. The average monthly wages paid to teachers were, for male teachers, $42 50; for female, $31 50. The amount of State revenue applied to the support of schools was $243,197, while the amount devoted to the prosecution of criminals and the transportation of convicts to the penitentiary was $174,078.

In the Southern States the Peabody Fund is judiciously distributed so as to encourage voluntary effort. It is distributed only to well-regulated public schools that have an attendance of a hundred pupils, and continue ten months of the year.

The school superintendent of Alabama reports an indebtedness of $940,934, mainly for unpaid salaries of teachers.

There are ninety-nine counties and six cities in Virginia entitled to school superintendents, and there are ninety-one of these officials, showing that there are but fifteen counties and cities in which the school system has not been organized. There are now 3695 schools, 107 graded schools, and 3853 teachers employed, at an average monthly salary of $29 81. The number of scholars in the public schools is 166,377; average daily attendance, 95,488. There are in the State 411,194 children between five and twenty-one years of age. There are 504 houses owned by school districts, and the value of school property is $387,672. Of private schools Virginia has 648 primary, 187 high schools, and 21 colleges and technical schools. There are 10,182 scholars in the primaries, 7742 in the high schools, 2573 in the colleges and technical schools. But more significant than these statistics of actual numbers in the schools is the increase during the year of 648 schools, and 35,283 scholars in the public schools, and 5451 in the private schools. The increase in teachers is 769; in school-houses, 414. The State received $28,000 from the Peabody Fund last year. From the State revenue of $2,800,000, $400,000 are appropriated to schools.

Governor Brown, of Tennessee, declares that the problem whether the State can support public schools without bankrupting the people has been solved, and says that the county system adopted two years ago has given great satisfaction where its merits have been fairly tested. If the Legislature determines to foster this system, he recommends the appointment of a State su-

perintendent, with an adequate salary, and also, if need be, a State Educational Board.

The State of North Carolina appropriates fifty dollars for every teachers' institute held during a period of four weeks, and attended by twenty or more teachers; and the general agent of the Peabody Fund has promised those institutes the same amount on the same conditions.

The progress of the school system in Georgia is very much retarded by the want of funds. We learn from Commissioner Orr's report to the Governor that not a dollar of the debt due to the teachers and school officers for last year's services has been paid, and there is no money in the treasury to be used for the purpose. Of the $327,083 09 of school funds officially reported paid in prior to October 1, 1871, $242,027 62 were used for general purposes, and unsalable bonds substituted.

In Florida there are 67,869 children of the school age, and only 14,184 in attendance.

In Mississippi every county is a school district, as is also every incorporated city containing more than 5000 inhabitants. Each of these school districts has a supervisor, under pay, and a board of six school directors, with a compensation of $3 a day for their services, appointed by the county supervisor. A tax not exceeding one per cent. is levied by these same supervisors of counties, and yet the people find it to their interest to patronize the free schools, and do it willingly and cheerfully, as the figures presented by the superintendent show. The attendance upon public schools is 117,683; that upon private schools, 7180. The number of free schools in the State is 3456. Though possessed of a permanent school fund of over $2,000,000, through defective legislation none of the interest, etc., arising from its investment has ever been applied to the free schools.

When Mr. Conway, the State superintendent of education in Louisiana, began his efforts in behalf of the education of the colored children of the State, under the Freedmen's Bureau, in 1863, not one in twenty of that unfortunate class could read or write. At present it is confidently asserted by persons familiar with the educational work that nineteen out of twenty of these children are capable of reading and writing, while a respectable proportion of them are well advanced in the knowledge of the various branches of a common English education. Since he became State superintendent the children of both races have had ample educational facilities, notwithstanding the prejudices at first manifested against the present school system.

In 1870 Texas was declared the "darkest field, educationally, in the Union." On April 24, 1871, the Legislature passed an act providing for public free schools. Now there are over 2000 schools, employing over 2200 teachers, with an attendance of 90,000 pupils. The school fund amounts to $2,285,279. Of illiterate persons of ten years old and over, the census returns for Texas show, of whites 70,895, and of colored persons 150,617. This illiteracy exists in the sexes in nearly equal proportions, the number of males being 110,448, and of females 111,064—an aggregate of full 27 per cent. of the population. Add to these the number of children between the ages of six and ten years who had never experienced any of the advantages of even a primary education, and the result is sufficiently alarming to those striving to promote intelligence and good citizenship.

California, which has an excellent public-school system, gives female teachers equal payment with males. The State University has lately received a donation of forty-seven acres of land in Oakland, with power to sell a sufficient portion to realize $50,000, which is to be set apart as the endowment fund for a professorship of Oriental languages and literature. The important relations that exist between California and the two most interesting Oriental nations will give an impetus to the study of the Chinese and Japanese languages among the students of her university, and the influence of the chair will tend greatly to ameliorate the condition of the Asiatic emigrants on the Pacific slope. We heartily hope for this latter result.

The corner-stone of the new building to be erected for the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia was laid October 30, 1872. The academy is sixty years old. It has a museum containing over 250,000 specimens, and a library of over 22,000 volumes.

EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

The most important event that has recently occurred in England in connection with the earnest educational controversy that has been going on ever since the passage of the "Elementary Education Act" of 1870 is the distinct committal of the Wesleyans, who number about 370,000, to the policy of unsectarian education. A special committee appointed by the last Conference recently held a three days' session, at which 170 members were present, and by a very large majority adopted the following: "That the committee, while resolving to maintain in full vigor and efficacy the Wesleyan connectional day schools and training colleges, is of opinion that, with due regard to existing interests, all future legislation for primary education at the public cost should provide for such education only upon the principle of unsectarian education under school boards." Meanwhile the London School Board finds it desirable to extend steadily the application of its compulsory powers, as the only means of securing the attendance of all children at some school. Returns presented at a meeting of the board at the close of 1872 showed that 13,048 children had been placed at school during the quarter then ended by the use of the compulsory powers.

Prussia has altogether eighty-eight normal schools.

The new scheme of education in France, which is mainly the work of Bishop Dupanloup, comprehends every French child and every difference of condition and opinion within its provisions. Primary education is to be instituted in every commune of France; and this is defined as including reading, writing, language, arithmetic, weights and measures, elementary history, and geography, and in female schools plain needle-work, as well as religious and moral instruction. These topics are *obligatory;* optional studies in primary schools may comprehend arithmetic practically applied, natural history and physical science, geometry and surveying, instruction in trading and certain principal manufactures, singing and gymnastics. Two classes of primary schools are recognized "free

schools," which are what we call "private schools," established by individuals who receive pay from their patrons, and parish or national schools, supported by the commune or central government, which are free to all children whose families are unable to pay tuition, the ability to pay being decided by the municipal councils, and each parish being obliged to support at least one such school. The teachers may be either lay or clerical, and the teachers of mixed schools must be women. The heads of families in each parish are empowered to decide whether the teachers shall be priests or laymen, a majority controlling the decision. As to sect, the teachers must in every school be of the denomination which includes a majority of the scholars. The school committees are to be composed of the mayor of the commune and one other member of the municipal council, the parish priest, the senior Protestant pastor, and five or seven fathers of families, according to the population of the parish. The parish school committees choose the members of the school board of the canton from among their own number, and the school board of the canton chooses in like manner the school board of the department. No one can be a teacher who is under twenty-one years of age, or who fails to pass the required examination; but a graduate of any French university may be admitted to teach without being examined. The system derives completeness from a clause requiring each department to establish and support a normal school for the preparation of lay teachers, the school to be visited annually by a commission appointed by the Council-General. The new scheme also provides for the establishment of Sunday-schools in which secular studies will be taught those who have no other day to devote to their education; schools in workshops and factories, and in hospitals and prisons; evening classes and free libraries for the communes and parishes.

Switzerland is divided into twenty-two independent cantons, each of which manages its own internal policy after its own peculiar views; so that the educational systems of the several cantons differ materially, while the Federal government, which unites them all, brings all into intimate connection one with another, and facilitates improvement, as the institutions which are found to work best are gradually adopted by the different governments. With a few exceptions, education is compulsory throughout all the cantons for children between the ages of six and fourteen.

It appears from an official report that there are now in Greece 240,000 children and youths who receive no education whatever—that is to say, more than three times the number of those who frequent the schools. But there is a better side to the story of Grecian education in the following statistics: From 1835 to 1869 the number of students at the University of Athens had increased from thirty-five to 1205; the number of gymnasia in Greece, which was three in 1835, had risen to sixteen by the year 1866. During the same period of time the number of secondary schools had increased from twenty-one to 189, and that of the pupils frequenting them from 2500 to 7300. Within thirty-three years also (1833 to 1866) the national elementary schools had increased from seventeen to 1070, and the scholars from 8000 to 65,000. Among the secondary schools there were, in 1869, six institutions for girls, numbering 680 pupils.

Over $4,000,000 will be required to cover the expenditure for education in Italy for 1873. Under the educational system introduced by the Italian government in 1871 the boys of the middle classes are to be instructed at the public expense in the technical school, gymnasium, and lyceum for eight years, with the option of entering a university after quitting the lyceum. Italian, Latin, Greek, French, history, geography, mathematics, drawing, and gymnastics are embraced in the course of studies. One of these public schools, in the city of Rome, has proved so successful that a second has recently been opened by the state, and a third is soon to be added by the municipality. Most of the cities and large towns of the kingdom are making similar educational provisions, prompted by the universal wish of the people. In the Italian kingdom there are 9525 university students. In the polytechnic and scientific academies—such as those at Florence and Milan, the engineering schools at Naples and Turin, and the normal school at Pisa—there are 10,706 students. Then come the lyceums, giving a course of three years' study to 3373 scholars, while the royal gymnasia, or high schools, require five years' study, and number 8268 scholars. The schools in technical studies number 6188 scholars, and to these must be added 2054 who receive elementary education preparatory to the last-named schools. The total in these departments is, therefore, 19,883. In regard to the proportion of individuals who receive technical instruction we have the following: in Lombardy the scholars are one to every 1243 inhabitants; in Venice one to every 1690; in the Emilian States one to 1403; in Tuscany one to 2038; in the Neapolitan provinces one to 2660; in Sicily one to 1671.

In Russia the educational programmes and organizations on paper are not to be trusted. The *Russian World*, a St. Petersburg review, lately published some statistics which throw a sad light on the state of public instruction in that country. This publication attributes the inferior level of the teaching and the miserable position of the establishments of public learning in the Muscovite empire to two principal causes—the continual changes occurring in the staff of the teachers, in consequence of the voluntary retirement of professors dissatisfied with the position they are placed in, and, more especially, to the want of competent persons to teach. On the 1st of January, 1872, there were 199 chairs vacant in the universities, as against 1885 chairs occupied. The empire, which has already a scarcity of masters for herself, expends her best ones in the endeavor to Russianize Poland.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1872 immigrants arrived in this country as follows: From Germany, 122,115; from Ireland, 66,057; from England, 36,159; from Scandinavia, 22,872; from other countries, 43,455. Total, 290,658.

Edward S. Stokes has been sentenced to suffer death for the murder of James Fisk, Jun.; and the Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of Foster, the carhook murderer. These judgments indicate an

awakening of judicial purpose toward the more complete repression of crime. Measures also have been introduced into the New York Legislature having the same object in view through a simplification of the criminal code. In an address delivered at the opening of the session of the National Prison Reform Association in Baltimore, January 21, ex-Governor Seymour said, in connection with this general subject: "While Christian charity leads us to take the kindest view we can of every man, it does not follow that crime should be dealt with in a feeble way. Let the laws be swift, stern, and certain in their action. What they say let them do, for certainty, more than severity, carries a dread of punishment. Let the way of bringing offenders to justice be direct, clear, and untrammeled. The technicalities of pleading, proof, and proceedings in many of our States are painfully absurd. To the minds of most men a criminal trial is a mysterious jumble. The public have no confidence that the worst criminal will be punished. The worst criminal cherishes at all times a hope of escape."

The strike of the silk weavers in Paterson, New Jersey, was ended January 17, after two months' duration, by an agreement of the employers to pay forty-six cents per yard.

In 1865 there were 190 working-men's clubs in England. Now there are 440, and 230 of these are affiliated with the "Working-men's Club and Institute Union," 150 Strand, London, of which Lord Lyttleton is president. The "Union" keeps a supply of scientific instruments, dissolving-view apparatus, maps and plans for lectures; it acts as a lecture agency; lends paintings and engravings for the walls of club-rooms; sometimes it lends money to help new clubs.

From a recently published statistical return we learn that from 1865 to 1870 the number of suicides in Great Britain, in proportion to the population, was greater than in any previous five years since the records were kept, being about sixty-eight to every million of the population.

It is estimated that during the last year 2,300,000 tons of pig-iron were made in the United States. For the year ending June 1, 1870, there were made 2,046,123 tons. Of this 1,033,272 tons were made in Pennsylvania—over one-half of the total amount. Last year Michigan mined nearly 1,000,000 tons of iron ore, Missouri 400,000, and New York 700,000 tons. The annual production of iron in the world amounts to about 13,000,000 tons. Of this Great Britain produces fully one-half; but she has recently been embarrassed by the high price of coal and the disturbed state of her labor market.

DISASTERS.

The floor of a church in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, gave way, December 25, and about three hundred people were precipitated into the cellar. Fourteen were killed, and forty wounded.

Information was received at Boston, December 27, of the loss of the East India ship *Peruvian*, from Singapore to Boston, involving the loss of twenty-five men.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York city, was destroyed by fire January 1. Loss, $150,000.

On the evening of January 3 an express train on the Pittsburg and Erie Railroad ran off the track at Moravia, the two rear cars going down an embankment thirty feet. Twenty-two persons were injured, two of them seriously. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

On the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, January 8, three cars were thrown off the track, owing to a broken rail, at Belmont station. About twenty passengers were injured, five or six seriously.

A sleeping-car on the Alleghany Valley Railroad jumped the track near Scrub Grass station, January 17, and was precipitated into the river. One passenger was killed and six injured, three of them seriously.

At Wells Village, Maine, January 16, a construction train backing down was thrown from the track, and several of the workmen badly injured.

A brig went ashore on the Isle of Wight, January 6, and nine persons were drowned.

Information was received at London, January 15, of the wreck of the ship *Chillingham Castle*, from Shields to Malta. Twenty-six persons were drowned.

The explosion of a boiler in a factory at Charleroi, Belgium, January 15, resulted in the death of eleven persons, and severe injuries to a large number.

A dispatch from Bombay, *via* London, January 13, reports a terrible earthquake at Soonghur, in Baroda. Fifteen hundred persons are said to have been killed in that town alone.

During the night of January 22 the emigrant ship *Northfleet*, bound for Australia, while at anchor off Dungeness, in the English Channel, was run down by some unknown steamship and sunk. She had on board 412 passengers besides her crew. Only eighty-five persons are known to have been saved.

OBITUARY.

Edward A. Pollard, editor and author, died at Lynchburg, Virginia, December 17, 1872, aged forty-five years.

Dr. Harvey P. Peet, principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, died January 1.

The Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D.D., one of the associate editors of the *Independent*, and one of the earliest champions of emancipation, died at the residence of his son, in New York city, January 16, aged seventy-eight years.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis died at Boston, January 21.

William Cassidy, editor of the Albany *Argus*, died January 23, aged fifty-eight years.

Thomas Keightly, author of *Fairy Mythology*, died near Erith, England, toward the close of 1872, aged eighty-two years.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon III. died at Chiselhurst, England, January 9, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton), the celebrated author, died in London, January 18, aged sixty-seven years.

Samuel R. Graves, M.P. for Liverpool, died in that city January 18, aged fifty-four years.

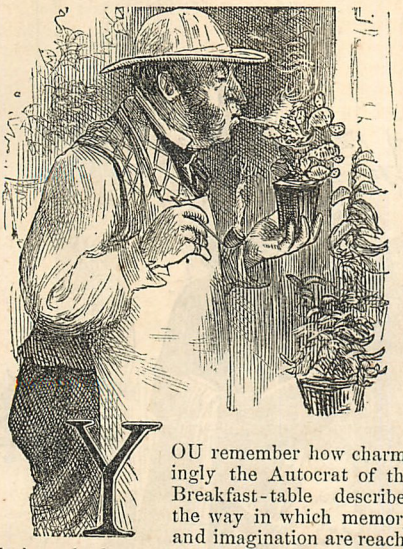
Rev. Baptist W. Noel, the eminent theologian, died in England, January 20, aged seventy-four years.

The Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., died in London, January 21, in his ninety-first year. He was legal adviser of the Byron family.

Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

COVENT GARDEN.



YOU remember how charmingly the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table describes the way in which memory and imagination are reached through the sense of smell? Well, if you wanted an illustration of Dr. Holmes's theory, you would be sure to get it by walking through the main avenue of Covent Garden Market. The scent of English fruit, of rosy apples and melting pears, sends one back to the paternal orchard, with the juvenile and secret excursions across its wall; or, again, a wave of air charged with the luscious odor of the melon calls up that happy holiday when you "did" Southern Europe; while the scent of the immense bouquets, in their holders of lace-like paper, sends you back to the night of Madame Contraltolini's benefit—stalls, foot-lights, stage, all suddenly appear before you, with the prima donna bowing low as the applause deepens, as the huge shower of brilliant vegetables falls about her, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge claps her plump hands in the royal box and smiles benignly.

But Covent Garden Market is a pleasant place to walk in for other reasons than its stimulating effect on the memory. There are interesting sights and sounds to see and to hear, as well as pleasant odors to inhale. In the very early morning, when the first streaks of light begin to frighten away the gray shadows, while as yet the city is wrapped in slumber, and the air so free of the clamor and rattle of commerce that we can hear the distant city clocks striking, and catch the *tramp, tramp* of some untimely pedestrian a street off—at this unearthly hour there is bustle and noise in the surroundings of the market. Immense wagons laden with fruit and vegetables have drawn up, and are being unloaded. Carters in white smock-frocks and corduroy trowsers, on the extremities of which layers of country mud are visible, smoke the early pipe and imbibe the early pint of beer. The drowsy policeman, anxiously anticipating relief, gazes stupidly on the noisy bucolics, and yawns. From an adjacent archway a beggar crawls out,

"Homeless, ragged, and tanned;"

he has passed the night in an empty case. He stretches his arms, rubs his eyes, glances furtively in the direction of the policeman, and shuffles away uneasily to commence the duties of a new day.

But the proper time to visit the market is about mid-day or in the afternoon. The shops and stalls are gay with a show of fruits and flowers, while the pavement of the main avenue is



BUCOLICS.



MAIN AVENUE.

crowded with purchasers or promenaders. That elegantly dressed lady, with the profusion of flaxen curls (they were a brilliant auburn last month) is an actress tripping off to rehearsal. The white-faced, eager man in seedy black is a clerk out of work. That clergyman with the dark shaggy eyebrows and the gold spectacles is the celebrated Dr. Cumming, whose church is within a minute's walk. And observe how the High-Church curate, with the long coat and preposterous hat, calmly turns up his nose as the Presbyterian divine, unheeding, ambles past. Here a bevy of merry girls, followed by a footman, stand admiring the huge bunches of grapes, and the immense pears at "two guineas each." And admiring the bevy at a respectful distance, but in an effective attitude, stands the irrepressible 'Arry, smoking the rankest cigar ever manufactured, and passing his fingers, glittering with mock jewelry, through his reeking locks. A great number of the shop and stall keepers are of the Hebrew persuasion. The Jewish features, the loud attire, the wonderful rings and watch-guards, the marvelously scented curls, bespeak their descent almost as distinctly as the names inscribed above their establishments: Moseses, Isaacs, Davids, Abrams, meet you at every turn. Above the entrance of the market is a broad balcony, to which we mount by two flights of stone steps. Here is quite an array of evergreens in flower-pots, of birds, and of gold-fish. On one side you look through a window into the market. The color and movement make an effective picture. On the other side are the streets.

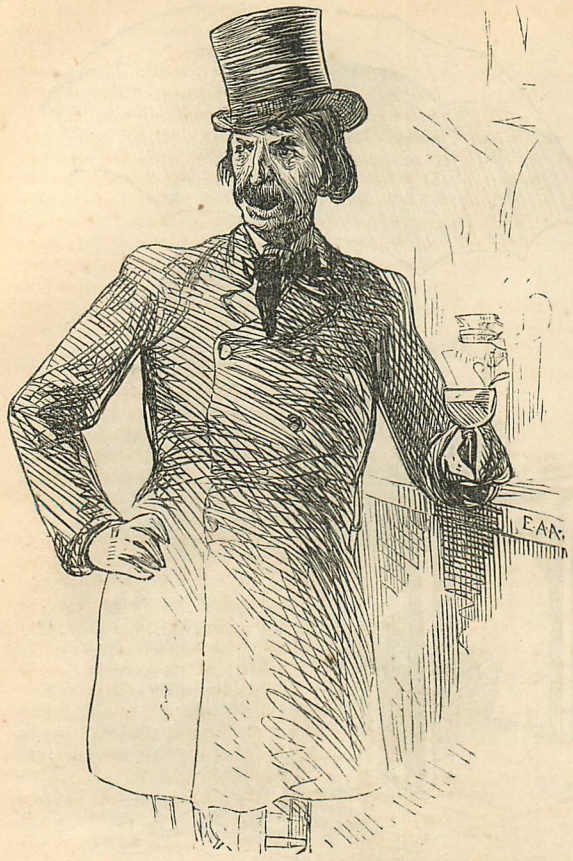
Yonder is Drury Lane, and there is the dome of the Opera-house glittering in the sunshine, while on every hand stretches a monotonous panorama of chimney-pots. We descend. Outside the central avenue of the market, and seeming to be a continuation of it, are a number of extemporized stalls, kept for the most part by Irish-women. They cater for those of moderate desires and small purses. "What 'll yer honor be afther buyin' this mornin'?" "Arrah, look here, Sir. Did ye ever see such apples as thim? Sure they're rale beauties." On the roadway in front are a number of flower-girls making persistent efforts to dispose of little bunches of roses and geraniums suitable for the adornment of the button-hole of adolescence.



IRISH APPLE-WOMAN.

In the square surrounding the market are one or two London institutions worth visiting. Rockley's is one of them. Rockley's is a wine bar, much frequented by actors and the small fry of literature. On any day in the year you will be pretty sure to meet a considerable number of London performers here, if you select the right hour. We *have* selected the right hour. That tall, gaunt man with the heavy black mustache is a "celebrated tragedian whom no one ever goes to see." He has his little peculiarities, like the best of us, his most engaging characteristic being his sublime conceit. His adventures and the conspicuous merit of his impersonations form the staple of his conversation. "'Ave you ever seen me play 'Amlet, Sir? No? Ah! then you never *'ave* seen 'Amlet played." The dapper little gentleman who slaps every body on the back, and is so full of sly jokes, is an author. He has written a farce or two, and innumerable poems in magazines. You observe that the back pocket of his coat sticks out a good deal. That's his volume. If you wait long enough you'll see him take out the volume and indicate its most meritorious contents to some admirer. The pie-bald man with the Astrakhan collar to his coat is editor of a moribund magazine; he promises more and pays less to his contributors than any editor in London. The shy young gentleman with the languid eyes is jeune premier at one of the small comedy theatres. He is a great admirer of the funny bard, and whenever he sees the object of his admiration on the brink of a joke he says to those nearest him, "Hush! he's going to say something original." One likes to witness such tender evidences of hero-worship. The small gentleman with the eyeglass is the most famous low comedian in the country—the life and soul of a company in the Strand during one half of the year, and the delight of the provinces during the other. The conversation of Thespians, however, is seldom very exhilarating, and, indeed, to the uninitiated is generally unintelligible.

There is another institution in Covent Garden worthy of a visit. Who that has read Thackeray does not remember the Back Kitchen? Hither Pendennis was wont to resort and enjoy social converse with the other writers on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Here it was that dear old Colonel Newcome so surprised the company by denouncing tipsy and disreputable Captain Costigan, and roundly abused the assembled wits for encouraging that Hibernian officer in singing his nasty songs. But the Back Kitchen of Colonel Newcome's days is no more, or, at all events, has so sadly changed that none of its old frequenters would be likely to recognize it. In place of the rough and homely room in which one actually saw the chops and steaks cooked, in which the beer went round in dingy tankards, in which a chairman was installed—pompous but affable—calling to the gentlemen present to give their orders in the intervals between the songs, there has sprung up a spacious and beautifully decorated supper-room, with a multitude of frescoes, innumerable mirrors, a whole army of act-



"'AVE YOU EVER SEEN ME PLAY 'AMLET, SIR?"

But the Back Kitchen is no more. It is gone as absolutely as the Mermaid of Shakspeare's time, the ordinary of Congreve's day, the Turk's Head of Dr. Johnson's period, and its large and gaudy successor has a larger and gaudier audience than that which erewhile assembled to hear Captain Costigan sing his melodies. Thus one by one institutions pass away. Can't we see from Hogarth's picture that Tom King's Coffee-house once stood near this very spot? And a pretty row is taking place as we glance through the door which the artist has left open. Fielding many a time has passed this way; and Addison, himself "not incapable of Bacchus," has walked this pavement, while Dick Steele has been hauled from its neighborhood by bailiffs, and ignominiously immured in a dungeon. Earlier still, in "King Charles his time," the gallant and the wit, as it was the custom to call the empty-pated and aristocratic bullies of the time, attended ordinaries here, and diced, and fought the watch, and arranged abductions, and insulted inferiors, and got drunk nightly, swearing by the king and the constitution,

"Like fine old English gentlemen,
All of the olden time."

The Covent Garden Opera-house, with its great portico and imposing columns, is full of mem-

ive waiters, and a choir of well-trained boys singing glees and choruses. It is true that the literary man and the artist still stroll in of a night to hear the fresh voices of the boys warbling,

"Oh, who will o'er the
downs with me?"

It is true that Paddy Green, once proprietor, now manager, still hovers about the scene with rosy cheek and twinkling eye. He still has a cheery welcome for his guests, and is as full of joke and anecdote as of yore. Stimulated possibly by the success of Mr. Planche's *Recollections*, this most jovial of hosts is at present engaged in writing a history of his house, which will, no doubt, be supplemented by a chatty and interesting record of his memories of celebrated customers.



CHILDREN SEEKING ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

ories. As we pass the main entrance the sound of children's voices is borne on the air, and proceeding in the direction of the noise we turn down a side street and arrive at the stage-door, round which a crowd of little boys and girls are pressing. Some are accompanied by their mothers; most of them have come alone. Poor little souls! they are seeking for engagements for the forthcoming pantomime. Some of them are merry enough, but the majority are pale and anxious-looking. All bear more or less distinctly the marks of poverty. The battle of life begins untimely with a London child.

As part of the current humorous history of the West we are furnished with the following from a late number of the St. Louis *Democrat*. It shows, in playful terms, the gentle spirit that pervades the bosom of the man of the frontier:

"DOVER, *October* 3, 1872.

"MY DEAR BOY,—The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home. Bill Slivers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once.

"I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long-range practice. The other I can fill with buck-shot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we called him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom, and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

"If you want to see fun, come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig-pen is one of the sweetest hiding-places I know of, and it is so handy! A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

"I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday-school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time, we will take a big lot of books. I am superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

"My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her $25 set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to your friend and pard, ——.

P.S.—That sneaking, ornery cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill any body except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to-day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double-barrel."

VERY much of the pine wood which gave name to the region so long known as the Pines of New Jersey has been cut and taken away, some as cord-wood for fuel, and a good deal as charcoal. This is especially so near the shore, where it was convenient for shipping. It is on the coasts of the pine lands that many boarders are to be found in the summer, and gentlemen also are to be found frequenting these places later in the season for the purpose of wild-duck shooting. A number of years ago the minister of the then little Methodist church gave notice that as it would soon be time for the city gentry to come out with their families, it was necessary to have the church cleaned and whitewashed, and for that purpose a collection would be taken up. The steward was directed to pass the plate, and the people were enjoined to give liberally. It was in the old time of the multifarious bank-bills and the huge copper pennies. The steward had passed the plate, and returned with the collection. This the preacher counted, and found to be seventeen cents. After citing the stale example of Alexander the coppersmith, he said: "My friends, we can't clean and whitewash this meeting-house for seventeen cents. Brother, you will pass the plate round again." It happened that a New York gentleman was present, much in the character of the first swallow of summer, and he deposited a five-dollar bank-bill in the plate. When the plate was returned it contained, besides the bill, six more of the big cents. Not noticing the cents, the minister took up the bill, looked at the denomination, and was astonished; then rubbed the paper to test its quality, then held it up to the light, seemingly dubious of its character. Then he spoke:

"Brethren, we've got enough this time to clean and whitewash the meeting-house—*that is, if this 'ere bill is good!*"

Just imagine the felinx of that New York gentleman! But then it is good gospel to suffer in well-doing.

THE following came under the writer's own notice. The subject of this anecdote has also gone the way of the fathers. We were going to a preaching which the good man was anxious to sustain. On the way he and the minister got talking on religion. Said the minister:

"Mr. Thomas, I am afraid that very few of us pay sufficient attention to spiritual matters."

The reply, given with genuine seriousness by the old man, was,

"That's a fact, dominie; there ain't none of us that attends as we'd ought to to the solar system."

BISHOP VAIL, of Kansas, tells a little tale that illustrates forcibly the free-and-easy way of life of the frontiersman, and the scant ceremony with which his funeral services are conducted. "In one little grave-yard where I happened to be walking," said the bishop, "there were twenty-seven graves, and my informant, who discharged the office of undertaker, told me that the occupants of twenty-six of them were killed in affrays, or, as he pithily expressed it, died and were buried *with their boots on.*" The twenty-seventh grave was that of a child.

THERE are many who hold in blessed memory the sainted Dr. Cannon, Professor of Pastoral Theology and Church History in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church. He was indeed a gentleman of the olden time, preserving even to the last the costume of a hundred years ago. He held the relation of a brother in affection to Dominie Comfort, of the Presbyterian church of Kingston, New Jersey. On one occasion he heard Mr. Comfort preach, and at dinner remarked,

"Brother Comfort, I overheard an old lady saying this morning the dominie's sermon was very comforting."

To which the said Comfort responded,

"Only a natural consequence, my good broth-

er. But, pray, who ever heard of comfort coming from a Cannon's mouth?"

This Dominie Comfort was a great wag. He was a little, lithe old man, and we well remember on one occasion when he was on the New Brunswick boat, then commanded by Captain Fisher, that a carriage backed up to the gang-plank. The door was opened, and out came, rather gingerly, a delicate-looking young man. The old dominie ran up the plank and assisted the passenger on board, and then, with a youthful air and flourish, said it always gave him pleasure to render any assistance to the aged and infirm.

A DIFFICULTY had arisen in the Presbyterian church at Cranberry. The presbytery was convened to hear and adjust the matter. They met at Cranberry, and the discussion became very hot, so that a good deal of acerbity prevailed. We think it was good old Dr. Hall, of Princeton, a clergyman who had the happy faculty of saying a word in season, that rose to attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Mr. Moderator," said he, "I rise to offer a resolution, which is that a little sugar be put into this Cranberry tart." The effect was to bring in a laugh at the right moment, and thus to check the bitterness that was beginning to gain ground.

THE deference usually accorded to judicial dignitaries in the older sections of the country was not conspicuous in the early days of Nevada, judging from a scene that occurred in one of the lively little towns of that region, related to us by one of the pillars of the Nevada bar. On one occasion, court having been formally opened, counsel in the first case called took exception to the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and a dispute arose.

"If the Court please, I wish to refer to this book a moment," picking up a law-book.

"No use referring to any books; I've decided the p'int," responded the Court.

"But, your honor—"

"Now I don't want to hear any thing further on the subject. I tell you I've decided the p'int."

"I tell you you are wrong," retorted the counsel.

"I am right," reiterated the Court.

"I say you ain't," persisted the counsel.

"Crier!" yelled the judge, "I adjourn this court for ten minutes."

And, jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a lively little fight placed him *hors du combat*, after which business was resumed. But soon another misunderstanding arose.

"Crier!" said the Court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes."

And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, "Never mind, judge; keep your seat. The p'int is yielded. My thumb's out o' j'int, and I've sprained my shoulder."

The Court resumed her ermine.

"How beautiful!" said the tallest of American poets, regarding with delight the mosaic cherubs (Raphael's) on a lady's sleeve-buttons.

"How beautiful!"

"What a pity," replied the lady, mischievously, "that *you poets* are not always as *good* as these cherubs you praise so heartily!"

"Ah!" answered S——, "I really think we might be, if we were physically constructed in the same way—all head and wings!"

How will this suit for repartee?

Two gentlemen well known for quickness of wit, one a politician, the other a clergyman, were at a gentleman's house in the country, and on Sunday were, of course, to go to church. The former said to the clergyman, "Come, ride with me." But the clerical gentleman preferred to walk. A shower came on just as the carriage overtook the clergyman, who had started first. The public functionary put his head out of the window with,

"How blessed is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk!*"

To which the minister immediately retorted,

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk."

APROPOS of Mr. Darwin's theory of the simian descent of man, it seems that the real originator of that notion was James Burnett, who, a hundred years ago, as a Scottish judge, sat as Lord Monboddo. His theory was the subject of a ballad in *Blackwood*, many years ago, of which the following verse is a sample:

The rise of man he loved to trace
Up to the very pod, O!
And in baboons our present race
Was found by old Monboddo.
Their A B C he made them speak,
And learn their *qui, quæ, quod*, O!
Till Hebrew, Latin, Welsh, and Greek
They knew as well's Monboddo!

WE have fresh from an English source the following droll bit of doggerel, which will be appreciated by our 2.40 friends who admire "that noble an-i-mal, the hoss:"

Down to Yapham town end lived an oud Yorkshire tyke,
Whoe for dealin's in horseflesh had never his like;
'Twas his pride that in all the hard bargains he'd hit,
He'd bit a vast mony, but never been bit.

'Twas oud Tommy Towers, by that neam he wor known,
He'd a carrion oud tit that was all skin and bone;
To ha' sold him for dogs wad hae been quite as well,
But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die o' himsel'.

Oud Abraham Muggins, a neighboring cheat,
Thowt to diddle oud Tommy wad be a fine treat:
He'd a horse that was worser than Tommy's, for why,
The neet afore that he considered to die.

So to Tommy he goes, and the question he pops,
"'Twixt thy horse and mine, prythee Tommy, what swaps?
What 'ilt gie us to boot, for mine's better horse still?"
"Nowt!" said Tom; "but I'll swap even hands an t'ou will."

Abram talked a long time about summut to boot,
Protesting that his was the livelier brute;
But Tommy left off at the place he begun.
At last Abram cried, "Well, then, dyune, Tommy, dyune."

Then says Abram to Tommy, "I's sorry for thee;
I thowt thee hadst gettin' mair white in thy ee.
Good luck to the bargain, for my horse is dead."
Says Tommy, "My lad, sae's mine, and he's fleayed."

So Tom got the best of the bargain a vast,
And came off wi' t' Yorkshireman's triumph at last;
For though 'twixt two dead horses thou's not much to choose,
Yet Tommy's was best by t' hide and four shoes.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXVI.—MAY, 1873.—Vol. XLVI.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN WAVE.



CORAL FISHING.

THE tourist who has crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, seen perhaps a few dolphins sporting on the surface of the water, watched and fed the sea-gulls following in the steamer's track, and been perhaps so fortunate as to see an iceberg or experience a storm, imagines that he has seen the ocean. He has done nothing of the sort. He has seen only the least important and least interesting part of it. He knows no more of Neptune's domain than one knows of Ireland who merely looks upon her bleak and rocky shore at Queenstown from the steamer as she stops in the offing to unload her mails. He has merely glanced, as it were, upon the coast of this great kingdom of nature.

For the ocean has, to change the figure, a soul. As every man carries within himself an inner self, a hidden life that casual acquaintances know nothing of, so the ocean has within its bosom a life which is never revealed except to long acquaintance and an almost loving familiarity. It has a life more

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multitudinous, quite as wonderful, and not less beautiful than that of the land. Its mountains rise higher than Mont Blanc. Its valleys and gorges are unequaled by those of the Lebanon, the Pyrenees, or even the Himalayas. It has great steppes and immense plains, which rival those of North America or Central Asia. It has vast and illimitable forests, which the eye of man has never discerned, and never shall, in their entirety—forests that are fuller by far of busy life than the most prolific of the tropics. "The terrestrial forests," says Charles Darwin, "do not contain any thing like the number of animals that those of the sea do." The surface of the waters, which, plowed by storms, are such a source of dread to man, are the protection of these children of the mother ocean. At 550 fathoms there is a perfectly uniform temperature, the same in all latitudes. No cold pierces this wonderful coverlet, no storm ever disturbs the waters beneath. Here in their hidden home, safe from the disturbances of this upper life, are myriads of creatures, living, marrying, dying; warring one upon the other; organizing into kingdoms, republics, families; working in every form of manufacture, as spinners, weavers, architects, builders; endowed with mysterious instincts which are quite as wonderful in their way as our higher reason, and bound together by mysterious ties which we are equally unable to comprehend or to call in question. So true is it that the mysteries of science far outweigh those of morals and theology.

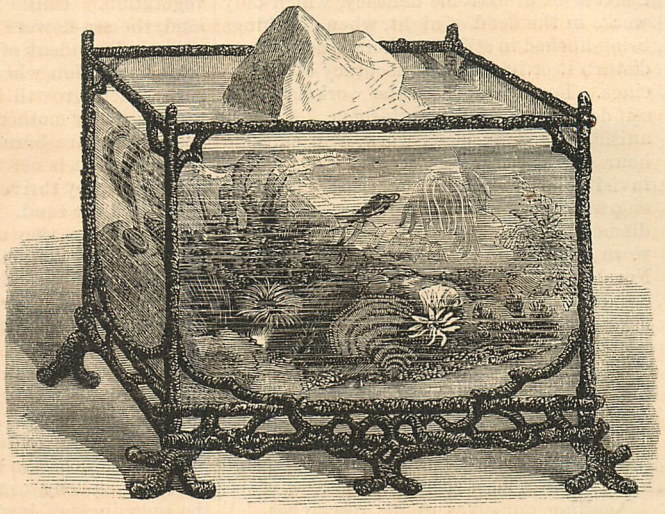
These inhabitants of the sea are found in absolutely countless numbers. No census of old Ocean's population ever has been taken, or ever can be. They exist in all waters, the hot as well as the cold, the fresh as well as the salt. The mariner in the tropic sea is startled to find the ocean all about him growing luminous, as though the very water beneath the hot equatorial sun had turned to flame. Flashes of vermilion-colored light dart from the keel of his vessel as it plows the surface of the waters, and streams of light like lightning sparkle and play upon its waves. If, overcoming his superstitious fears by growing accustomed to the sight, he drops a bucket into the luminous sea, he brings up what seems less like water than like molten lead. It lights the forecastle like a torch. He plunges his hand into the water. It comes out covered with luminous particles glittering like diamonds full of light. How innumerable must be these almost infinitesimal glow-worms of the sea, thus to convert the ocean into a sea of light!

Sometimes these tiny creatures tint instead of illumining the sea. Insects whose diameter is less than that of a hair, 300 of whom placed in line would not make an inch in length, whiten the waters of the ocean by their presence, and make what the Dutch sailors call the Milky Sea, or Sea of Snow. In 1854, in the Bay of Bengal, Captain Kingman passed for thirty miles through the middle of a large patch of sea white with these creatures. Thirty miles of animalcules 300 of whom would hardly constitute an inch! Seamen sometimes meet with "red fogs," especially in the vicinity of the Cape de Verd Islands. Ehrenberg has examined this fog with his microscope. He finds that its tint is given to it by infinitesimal shells of infusoria, brought by the winds from the coasts of South America. Let the reader imagine, if he can, how many of these shells, so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, there must be to produce a cloud large enough and dense enough to perplex the navigator. Now, are the plants less minute or less numerous? Freycinct and Turrel, when on board the corvette *La Creole* in the neighborhood of Tajo, in the Isle of Lucan, observed an extent of thirty-five square miles of ocean tinted a light red. This color proved to be due to the presence of a marine plant so small that in a square inch there were 25,000,000 individuals. As the coloration extended to a considerable depth, it would be impossible to form any adequate conception of their number, still less to calculate it. It is the presence of a similar natural dye which has given to the Red Sea its name. These minute objects, however, are by no means confined to the surface of the sea, or to tropical climates; they are found in all latitudes and in all waters. The great rivers teem with them. The Ganges transports in the course of one year a mass of invisible infusoria equal in volume to six or eight of the great Pyramids of Egypt. Water brought up from the depth of 21,600 feet, between the Philippine and the Marianne islands, was found to contain 116 species. In the arctic regions, where the intense cold forbids all other animal life, the infusoria are still to be found, possessing a hardy constitution which defies all climates. In the residuum of blocks of ice nearly fifty different species have been discovered. At a depth of the sea which exceeds the height of the loftiest mountain, Humboldt asserts that there are to be found an innumerable phalanx of animals, imperceptible to the human eye.

It is only lately that science has begun to investigate this before-hidden life, to draw the veil and admit man to the secrets of the ocean. In this investigation it has employed three instruments. Let us stop for a moment to look at the keys to Neptune's door before we apply them to the lock and enter his palace. Of the diving-bell, not the least important of these keys, we shall have more to say toward the close of this article. The other two instruments of which we wish to speak are the aquarium and the microscope.

The aquarium is not merely a pretty par-

lor ornament, nor a scientific toy. It is really a contrivance for bringing the hidden life of the ocean before the savant for his investigation. That of the parlor is of very simple construction. A flat vessel of slate or zinc constitutes the bottom. Four columns of metal, bronze or iron, hold four sheets of glass in a vertical position, surmounted by a metal frame. To adjust the vegetation of this little world to its animal life, so that the plants will exhale just as much oxygen as the fishes need for life, and will decompose just as much carbonic acid gas as the fishes exhale—this is the scientific problem which a perfect aquarium must solve, and which is by no means easy of solution. On these cabinet aquaria science and art have made, however, great improvements. In the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park, London, and in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, aquaria are constructed which really afford useful material for the instruction of the student of nature. The latter was inaugurated in 1861. "The building," says M. Moquin Taudon, "is solidly constructed of stone, forty yards long and ten broad, showing a range of ten reservoirs of Angers slate facing the north. These reservoirs are nearly cubic, and have a front of strong glass, through which the interior can be examined. It is lit from above, by which a greenish, uniformly dispersed twilight is secured, which is an exact imitation of the feeble light which illumines the submarine world. Each reservoir contains about one hundred and sixty gallons of water, and in each is a rockery picturesquely arranged in the form of an amphitheatre. Upon these rocks spread and grow different species of aquatic plants. The floor is shingled with pebbles, gravel, and sand, which afford sufficient cover for many animals. Ten of these reservoirs are appropriated to marine animals. The quantity of water used is about four thousand gallons; it is never changed, but is continually flowing. This flow is secured by a somewhat complicated piece of mechanism, which also keeps the water at a uniform temperature. By alternately retarding and accelerating the flow, the rise and fall of the tides are almost exactly imitated.



THE AQUARIUM.

But neither the diving-bell nor the aquarium would suffice to bring the world of the sea within the sphere of man's knowledge, since its most wonderful forms of life are so minute as utterly to elude his vision. For the disclosure of its rarer secrets the world is indebted to the microscope. To whom it owes the microscope it is not easy to say. The honor of the invention is claimed by two citizens of Holland, Leuwenhoek and Hartzzoeker; and the dispute, which was exceedingly bitter while they lived, has not been satisfactorily settled since their death. This instrument gives to man a clearness and a minuteness of vision which are almost inconceivable. Two London opticians have succeeded in constructing lenses of 7500 diameters, equal to an enlargement of the surface 56,000,000 times. Notwithstanding this extraordinary result, it is said that every thing can be seen with great clearness. Such instruments are placed, both by their cost* and by the delicacy which they require in management, beyond the reach of any but the few who give their lives to the study of natural science. But for a few dollars common microscopes may be obtained which are sufficient to reveal to the common student a world of beauty before quite unknown. A very little experience suffices to teach any man how to use them, and they afford an endless fund of instruction and amusement.

The measurements of science surpass even the capacity of the eye. There are glass micrometers in which each circle is divided into nearly 1500 parts or lines, of such tenuity that the most practiced eye can not make them out. This is effected by means of an

* The binocular microscope, in which the objects are seen with a stereoscopic effect, costs in its simple form $150, gold, and admits of extra powers and apparatus.

instrument of extreme delicacy, which only works in the dead of night, when, all things being hushed in stillness, there is no agent to disturb it or impede the accuracy of its tracings. For this purpose the workman himself does not enter his work-room. A mechanism, moved by clock-work, at a suitable hour sets the machine in movement. The invisible divisions of the glass plate are engraved by means of an excessively fine diamond spark, which is found to be totally worn out when its work is accomplished. Nor does this exhaust the resources of modern art. Micrometers exist in which, by means of spiders' threads moved by aid of a simple screw, the inch is divided into nearly 30,000 lines. Armed with these instruments, the scientist explores the wonders of the deep, and studies its minute, its invisible life. With this triple key—the diving-bell, the aquarium, and the microscope—he unlocks nature's most secret cabinet.

Availing ourselves of his researches, let us study a little some of the curiosities of ocean life.

In the richness, variety, and fruitfulness of its vegetation it must be confessed that the sea yields the palm to the land. Nevertheless the products of the ocean deserve something better of man than that name of obloquy which he has bestowed upon them —sea-weeds. These weeds, or, as we should rather term them, these flowers of the sea, are of every variety of form, size, and color. Some are so minute that, as we have said, it takes 25,000,000 to cover a square inch. Some are so large as to extend in length 500 yards, greatly surpassing in size the greatest monsters of the land. Some are stationary, being glued to the rock by a sticky surface; others are travelers, and never tire of journeying to and fro upon the surface of the changing sea. They sometimes resemble wavy thongs, sometimes crumpled threads; some are thick and tough, others are thin and membranous. Some might be taken for little transparent balloons, some for fabrics regularly filled, some for shreds of quivering jelly, some for ribbons of yellow horn, some for belts of tanned leather, some for fans of green paper. Their surface is sometimes glossy, polished, and even glittering, sometimes rough with warts or with real hair. One is found covered with a viscous slime, another with a saline dust, a third with a sweet efflorescence; and sometimes they are found with a shelly surface. Their color is olive, fawn, yellow, brown more or less dark, green more or less bright, pink more or less delicate, carmine more or less rich. They are sometimes found alone; sometimes, interlaced, they form great banks and floating forests or prairies. It was such a bank of floating sea-weed which, not far from the Azores, so astonished Columbus, and was believed by him to mark the boundaries of vegetation. Unlike their brethren of the land, the sea-flowers have no roots, and are quite independent of the resources of their local habitation when they chance to have one. Their growth is wholly from the exterior. Their mother is the water on whose bosom they are borne. When they adhere to the shore it is not that they may find sustenance. They thrive alike on granite, limestone, and the sand.

If as flowers they scarcely equal those of the land, they are yet more inferior as fruit-bearers. And yet these weeds of the sea often furnish the peasantry a very considerable means of support. Sometimes as many as 30,000 persons, it is said, may be seen upon the coast of France gathering the sea-wrack. Since in this harvest the poor could but ill compete with the rich, who can employ both teams and laborers, the Catholic priests established a custom in the Middle Ages, which long usage has invested with the sacredness of law, that the poor of the parish alone should gather on the first day of the harvest. This custom is still preserved in some sections, and the day is called "the day of the poor." The sea-weed, dried, serves for packing cushions and mattresses, or, burned, produces kelp, which in turn furnishes soda and iodine, or is used to advantage in the manufacture of glass, alum, and soap. Thus man finds value in the very waste of the sea, the débris which from its stores it casts, as it were, contemptuously upon the shore.

If the vegetable life of the ocean is not equal to that of the land, its animal life is far greater, at least in extent, though not in variety. Nor are the evidences of infinite wisdom in the singular contrivances and varied designs which characterize this world of the waters any less than those which science reveals in the upper air. Had the sweet singer of Israel any premonition of the revelations of modern science when he wrote that inimitable hymn of praise to the God of Nature, the one hundred and fourth Psalm? Surely those revelations give new significance to this stanza:

> "The earth is full of thy riches;
> So is this great and wide sea,
> Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
> Both small and great beasts."

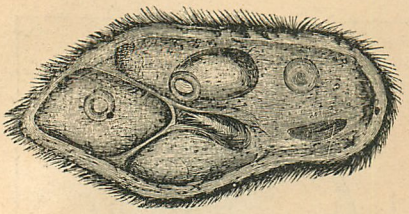
Nowhere else are seen such extremes of life, from the small to the great beasts; nowhere else such multiplicity of life, creeping things so innumerable.

Let us begin with the least, the *Infusoria*.

These little creatures are so minute that a drop of water may contain many millions of them. The diameter of the monad is but $\frac{1}{25000000}$ of an inch. They have been well called "live atoms, points which exist." Yet these infinitesimal creatures have distinct organs, and some of them voracious appetites. Ehrenberg asserts that he has seen



SEA-WEEDS.



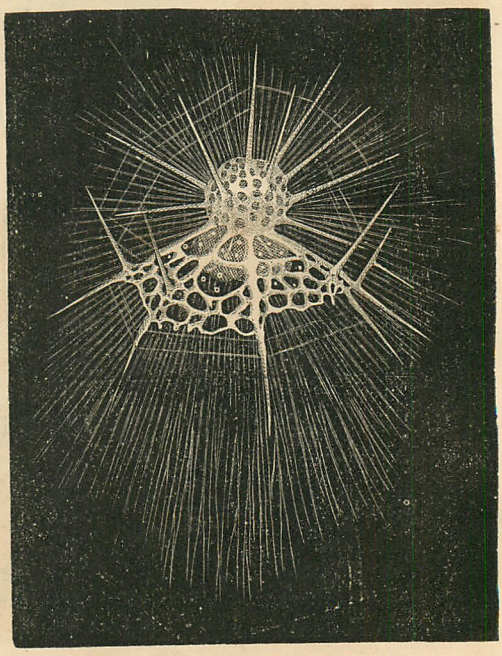
ONE OF THE INFUSORIA MAGNIFIED.

infusoria provided with 200 stomachs! We know not which most to wonder at, the capacity of these "little beasts," or the genius of science which is thus able to dissect them, and study their anatomy. Fortunately their skin is transparent. Their physiology can therefore be studied without the necessity of a *post-mortem*. To investigate their process of eating and digestion it is simply necessary, having put them under the microscope, to place a drop of colored water on the glass near that which contains the subject of study. With the fine point of the needle bring the two drops together. The monad approaches the colored drop to imbibe the molecules of carmine, when the student has the gratification of tracing the food down his throat, and into one of his numerous stomachs.

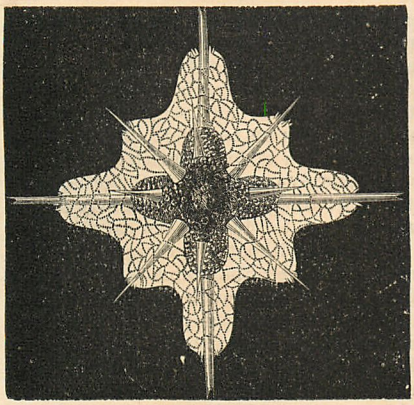
Let him beware, however, lest he see more than really exists. For even scientists are sometimes carried away into the land of dreams by a commendable enthusiasm. Leuwenhoek discovered in the monad, stomach, alimentary canal, vessels, nerves, and muscles. Jablot saw among them animated bagpipes, tufted hens, and silver-fish. Science, however, has declined to accept the testimony of these too excited witnesses. They probably employed unconsciously their imagination in addition to their microscope.

The methods which these monads employ in seizing their food is peculiar. They are armed with long beam-like prominences. These are kept continuously in a vibratory motion, which produces currents of water. These minute maelstroms sweep into the jaws of the least creatures which the microscope discerns creatures still smaller, which serve as their food. They multiply with the greatest rapidity, sometimes by a process of division, sometimes by a kind of budding, like a plant, sometimes by incubation. Minute as they are, parasites burrow in them. These monads have also their fleas. They are, to use Humboldt's expression, "dwellings and pasture grounds" for other animalcules still less. Death and resurrection seem to be in their little sphere common phenomena. Their tenacity of life is astounding. Place a drop of water, with the animalcules in it, under the microscope. Now touch the point of a feather, wet with ammonia, to the water. The poor animalcule immediately begins to dissolve. A notch appears. The animal begins to drop to pieces. Wait until the process of decomposition is nearly completed. Now add another drop of water. It neutralizes the ammonia. The decomposition is at once arrested, and what remains of the animalcule begins again to swim about, as though nothing had happened to it. Fortunate creature, to whom the loss of half or three-quarters of its body is a matter of such small consequence!

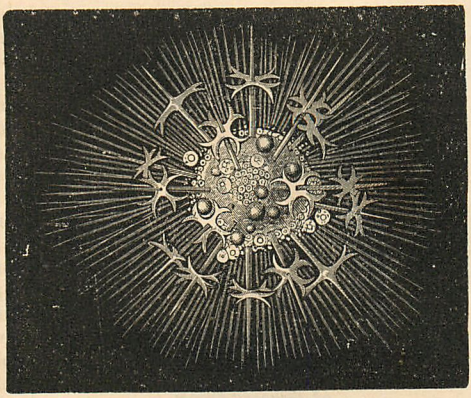
Doubtless to the monad the foraminifera seem like huge monsters of the sea. They are large enough to have shells which serve as homes of their own. These tiny shells, 3,840,000 of which, it is computed, were contained in a single grain (troy-weight) of sand from the Antilles, are of every variety of form and structure. The little creatures which inhabit these shells are composed of a sort of gelatinous substance, which fills the chamber of their house—or are we to consider it their outer body? They are armed with long hairy filaments, which are believed to contain something poisonous. No sooner, at all events, do they touch their prey—for they are carnivorous—than it loses all power of movement, as if stung to death, or possibly paralyzed by fear. These creatures are not always incased in a shell. The



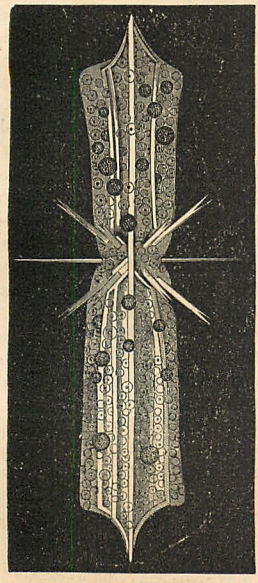
RADIOLARIA—DORATASPIS POLYANCISTRA.



Acanthostaurus purpurascens.

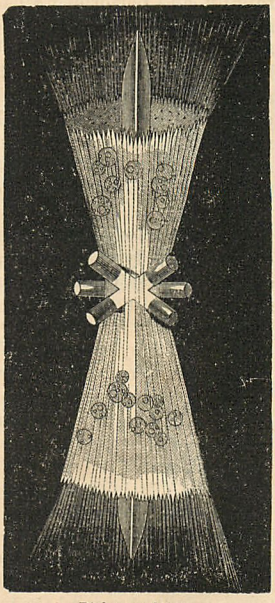


Amphilonche anormala.

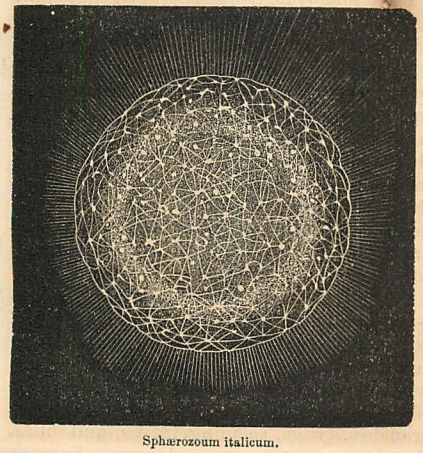


Dyotiosoma trigonizon.

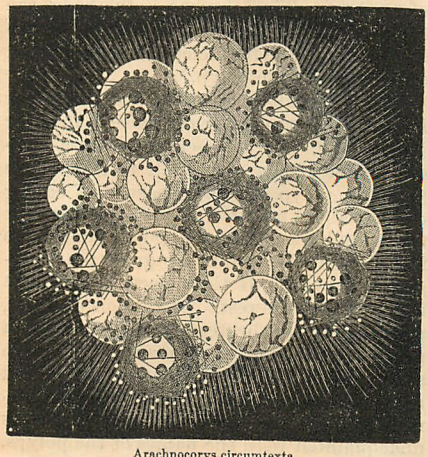
radiolaria float in abundance on the surface of the sea under the beautiful sky of Messina. They are of forms as various and as beautiful as snow-flakes. They are exceedingly difficult to catch. If you take them up with the forceps, they tear. If you lift them from the water with a net, they adhere to its meshes, and you mutilate in endeavoring to detach them. They can be procured intact only by dipping them from the sea in a glass. The loss of a limb, however, is not a serious matter with these jelly-like creatures. They supply it without difficulty. Dujardin observed that when a miliola attempted to climb up the sides of a vase, it could improvise, as it were, on the instant, and at the expense of its own substance, a provisional foot, which stretched itself out



Diploconus fasces.

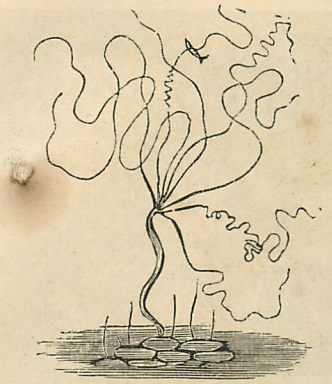


Sphærozoum italicum.



Arachnocorys circumtexta.

RADIOLARIA.



AN ISOLATED POLYP.

rapidly, and performed all the functions of a permanent member. When its task was accomplished, the foot was absorbed into the body. Convenient to be able thus to create an organ and dispense with it at will! How great an improvement on the processes of medicine and surgery practiced among men! And we superciliously rank this little creature among the lowest of the animate creation!

It is not a long stride from the foraminifera to the polyps. Indeed, the line which separates these little creatures of the sea is not very distinctly drawn; perhaps not in fact; certainly it is not very clearly discerned or traced by science. These polyps are verily monsters. They have been known to attain the gigantic size of one-third of an inch in length. "The most prominent member of this group," says M. Taudon, "is the fresh-water polyp, or *Hydra virides*. It looks like a little straight bag, tubular, semi-transparent, greenish, open at one end, and fashioned like a trumpet's mouth, having around the opening six, occasionally eight or ten, tentacles—fine, filiform, and flexible arms, arranged around the mouth in the form of a crown. Thus the bag is the body, the opening is the mouth, the cavity is the stomach, and the tentacles the arms. This, then, is the whole polyp."

It is a voracious creature, and has never learned the virtue of temperance. It never has enough. Its stomach possesses a curious power of adapting itself to its food, so that the polyp has the pleasure of eating occasionally a quantity of food three or four times the bulk of its own body. Sometimes it finds that its meal is too great for its digestive powers. It then ejects a part that it may digest the rest. St. Francis de Sales, pointing to the brutes, drew from them a moral for the benefit of man. "They are sober and temperate," he exclaimed, "and never eat more than their appetites demand." The worthy father was evidently unacquainted with the habits of the polyps. Sometimes a worm swallowed by this monster struggles to escape. The polyp thrusts his long arm into his own stomach, and holds the worm firmly there till he has dissolved. If the end of the polyp is cut off, he does not seem to suffer any serious inconvenience. He eats on as before, though, now that the bottom of his stomach is gone, all his prey simply passes out at the other end of the tube. Indeed, the glutton may count himself fortunate, since he can eat as much as he pleases without any danger of being gorged. Whether the stomach is in time supplied again by growth we are not told. This is by no means impossible, however. For generally amputation only adds a new polyp to the world. In his arithmetic division and multiplication are identical. Cut off his arm, not only does another grow at once to take its place, but the amputated limb becomes itself a new polyp. Cut him into pieces, we only make of the individual a community. He even turns himself inside out like the fabled gymnast; it is of no consequence. His skin makes a very good stomach, and the stomach a very good skin. The polyps naturally prefer to live in the other way; naturalists have, however, succeeded in transfixing them with a fine needle, thus compelling them to remain in their new condition. Their functions go on as before. Without apparent organs of sense, without heart, lungs, intestines, or brains, they perform with seeming success all the functions of higher animals—fight, flee from danger, capture their prey, bring up their children, and, in short, fulfill all the duties which God has devolved upon them. Nor do they seem to lack intelligence, though the organs of intelligence are wholly wanting. In what the marvelous instincts of these brainless, nerveless creatures reside is a question which we commend to the consideration of the phrenologist.

From the polyps we pass very naturally to a study of their habitations.

For a long time it was supposed that coral was a submarine plant. Nor did science admit its blunder without repeated investigations, and a discussion which was protracted for many years. In fact, there is perhaps nothing more difficult than to draw an accurate line of demarkation between the vegetable and the animal kingdom. They melt into one another as night into day. We are now about entering upon the twilight, so to speak, a realm wherein, as it has been well said, "animals flower, and vegetables bear no flowers."

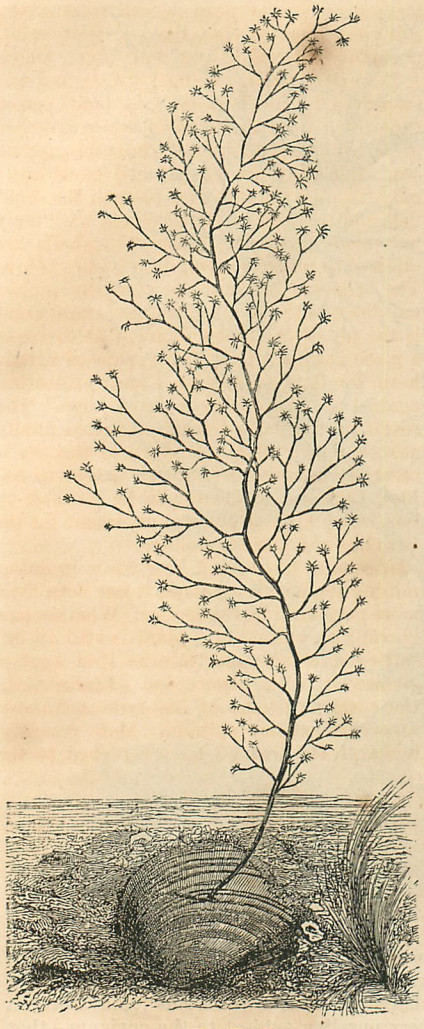
If one looks at a specimen of a polypidom —that is, as we shall presently explain, the home of the polyp—he will no longer wonder that this structure was for a long time assumed to be a vegetable substance. It possesses, as the reader will observe, a trunk, branches, twigs, seeming leaves, and buds. Nay, it seems to possess flowers. For the



A HYDRARIA.

birth of the polyp so greatly resembles the opening of a bud that the one was for a long time mistaken for the other. Tournefort ranked coral with "the marine or fluviatile plants, the flowers and fruits of which are generally unknown." Marsigli discovered, as he supposed, the flower. For, watching the growth, or manufacture—it is difficult to say which we should call it—of the coral beneath the sea, he saw its buds open into eight-petaled flowers, formed of elegant white and stained corallæ, outlined upon the reddish bark of the stems. He sent the coral to the Academy of Sciences, and with it this announcement of his discovery: "I send you some branches of coral covered with white flowers. This discovery made me pass for almost a sorcerer in the country, no person, not even the fishermen, having seen any thing similar."

There was, however, one fact which seriously perplexed the savants, and might perhaps have set them upon the right track, were it not for a very satisfactory but purely hypothetical explanation. The coral was rocky, quite unlike any vegetable substance known. Pliny suggested, however—for the character of the coral seems to have been a very puzzling subject to the ancients—that this coral was of such a nature that, though vegetable in character, it hardened the moment it was taken out of the water. This view was generally accepted by the fishermen. They reported that the coral was soft beneath the wave, and this tradition of the fishermen was accepted by science without cross-examination. Indeed, to conduct the cross-examination was a matter of no slight difficulty. For the coral fishers are a poor, ignorant, and superstitious set of people; they cherish the secrets of their craft with as much care as though their livelihood depended on preserving them, and it is rarely the case that any inducement suffices to persuade them to give to the student a piece of living coral. If, overcoming every obstacle, he gets it, it requires no little patience to study its real character and, so to speak, its habits. For the little creatures who at once produce and inhabit the coral—which is a



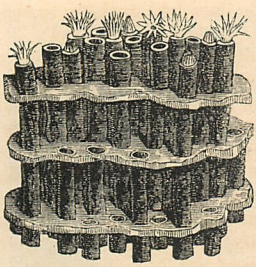
A CAMPANULARIA.

gigantic sea-shell, not of an individual, but of a whole community—are exceedingly sensitive. Drawn up from their home in the bottom of the sea, they lie dormant for hours, and it is rarely by the most patient waiting that you are able to obtain the opportunity of watching the architectural operations of these little "toilers of the sea." M. Nicolai was the first to call in question the universally accepted statement that the coral, which appeared like stone in the air, appeared like wood at the bottom of the sea. He appears not to have doubted the statement, but to have wished to verify it. For this purpose he sent down a diver. The man returned with the statement that the coral was as hard beneath the wave as above it. M. Nicolai was not convinced. It was not till he dived himself that he became satisfied that the theory of Pliny and the traditions of the sailors had nothing to sustain them.

The discovery of the true nature of coral is, however, due to M. Peysonnel. This man, a young physician of France, was sent out by the French Academy to the coasts of Barbary for the purpose of studying certain salt-water plants. He reported in 1725 that "the pretended flowers of the coral were only so many little animals, or polyps, analogous to the madrepores, and which, like them, were really the builders of the false stony shrub." This report, however, received very little attention, and no credence. Réaumur, to whom the report was referred by the Academy, dismissed it almost contemptuously. The name of the author ought, he said, *out of compassion*, to be concealed. De Jussieu would not even take the trouble to examine the coral sent to him. Had he done so, he could not have failed to discover that it was not a vegetable substance. In a word, this notion that great forests of the most brilliant and curiously formed trees and flowers were, or could be, the production of poor, helpless, jelly-like animals, was thought too absurd to deserve serious consideration. It was not till twenty years after, not till Peysonnel, disgusted with the supercilious treatment awarded to his discovery by the Academy, had exiled himself from his native land, and actually disappeared from the sight of men, that the truth was finally and fully recognized, and a tardy justice rendered to his name.

It is now, however, well settled that coral is the shell or the skeleton, the home or the bony frame—for we hardly know which to consider it—of these infinitesimal little polyps. They are found living in genuine socialistic communities. Their motto is *E Pluribus Unum*. Whether they are one or many, it is impossible to say. Linnæus endeavored to solve the problem by calling them "a compound animal." The coral is, then, the home of these monks of the ocean. Each has his own cell. They are bound together, however, by ties more rigorous than any that ever united the members of the most ascetic religious order. The imprisoned polyp never leaves his ocean home. Day and night he is at work, drinking in the sea-water, extracting its calcareous substance, and fashioning it, no man knows how, into new cells, for new polyps. The community and the house grow thus together. Whether these infant polyps be buds or eggs, or little living, sentient creatures, not even the microscope can fully tell us. They seem to occupy a shadowy border land between the animal and the vegetable world.

The perplexity of science is indicated even by the learned names which it gives to this family of sea "architects" to which the coral-builders belong. According to their character and their place in the scale of being, they



TURBIPORINE, OR MUSICAL CORAL.

are respectively known as *bryozoa* (moss animals), *anthozoa* (flower animals), and *zoophytes* (animal plants). They construct their submarine houses in all sorts of fantastic shapes, from the most delicate flower-like growths, which seem to propagate by buds exactly like the flower, to mere aggregations of polyps grouped about a common centre like a swarm of bees. Of these curious forms one of the most singular, and at the same time most beautiful, is that which, from its resemblance to the pipes of an organ, has given to it the poetical name of the musical coral.

Nothing is safe from the rapacity of man; these little creatures in vain hide their houses beneath the waters of the sea. The belles among the human kind demand these beauties of the ocean as decorations, and commerce makes haste to supply the demand. The coral fishers, who carry on their trade most successfully and on the largest scale at the entrance of the Adriatic Gulf, man a small boat, which, from the uses to which it is put, goes by the name of a *coralline*. Six or eight are sufficient for a crew. They are always excellent divers, amphibious creatures, half man, half fish. They take with them a large wooden cross, whose arms are of equal length and very strong. To each arm a strong net is attached. A heavy stone fastened to the centre of the cross serves as a weight, and sinks the simple apparatus to the bottom of the sea. The diver next descends, and by moving the branches of the cross rapidly round among the coral rocks, entangles them in the nets. After about thirty seconds of this work the men on board the felucca haul at the rope, and pull up cross, coral, diver, and all.

But it is not only coral which is brought thus to the surface. "With it," says M. Schele de Vere, "a thousand odd and outlandish citizens of the deep are curiously intermingled. Here hang worthless horn corals, and among them the Black Hand of the sailors, which they love dearly in spite of its uselessness, because it is an unfailing sign of the presence of genuine coral. There come up sepia fishes, with staring eyes, long waving arms, deformed bodies, biting beaks, and mighty suckers, abounding in weird and ghost-like shapes. Between these frightful forms wave sea-weeds with broad green and purple fronds, while little tufted bunches of red and white and violet and yellow lie marvelously close to feathers crusted all over by the salt sea-wave. Elfish faces, with huge staring eyes, peep at you from every side, and seem to threaten you with wild, unearthly horrors if you dare touch them. A fullness of strange things, unseen and unsuspected by dwellers on firm land, comes thus forth from the hand of Nature, in her great workshop of the unfathomable, fertile sea. But they are all pitched overboard; only the men are sure first to open the shell-fish, and to swallow the contents with truly marvelous dexterity, before the shells are allowed to return to their dark homes below. The branches of coral are carefully picked out down to the smallest fragment, and great is the joy of the lucky finder if he discover a piece naturally bent in the shape of a little horn, for it is an amulet, a sure protection against the dire effects of the evil-eye." The result of the day's fishing is carried finally ashore, where all the produce of the sea is carefully assorted, whence it is sent to Naples, Leghorn, or Genoa, to be worked up into every kind of fanciful ornament for the jewelers and their customers.

If science has been a long while in determining the nature of coral, it has been even more perplexed by the sponge. Whether this is really an animal or a plant is still an unsettled question. As late as 1848 Agassiz classed it with vegetables. Linnæus, in the earlier editions of his *Systema Naturæ*, avowed the same opinion. More recently, however, the learned have returned to the



NEPTUNE'S GLOVE.



1. Caryophyllia smithii.—2. Sagartia coccinea.—3. Phyllangia americana.—4. Edwarsia callim.—5. Edwarsia carnea.—6. Sagartia viduata.—7. Sagartia rosea.—8, 9. Sagartia sphyrodeta.—10. Sagartia rosea.—11. Ceriantus lloydii.—12. Actinoloba dianthus.—13. Sagartia chrysosplenium.—14. Balanophyllia regia.

SEA-ANEMONES.

views of the ancients, who classed the sponges among animals, and even attributed sex to them. It is believed that, like the coral, they are the home or skeleton of a great number of infinitesimal little creatures, who not only live in perfect harmony, but work, though without law or leader, in perfect unison in producing one common fabric. If their structure is less beautiful than the coral, it is more extraordinary. That animals unendowed with reason, unable to move from their place, unable apparently to communicate with each other, working in seeming solitude, and at distances which, measured by their scale of being, are almost infinite, should yet produce figures so curiously perfect and symmetrical as that to which the sailors have given the name of "Neptune's Glove," is one of the greatest among all the marvels of this wonderful world of ours.

If the polyps *make* flowers, we may almost say that the sea-anemones *are* flowers. The base of the sea-anemone, or *actinia*, is a plain surface, which acts as a sucker, and by which it clings to the rock. Its mouth is a disk, surrounded by long feelers, or tentacles, which it moves in every direction, and by which it seizes its prey, or creates in the water currents and streams which sweep within their vortex and into its voracious stomach whatever creature is so unfortunate as to come within its reach. They are found of every tint—white, gray, red, pink, purple, fawn, yellow, orange, lilac, azure, green. There is one beautiful species with violet tentacles pointed with white; another with red tentacles speckled with gray; a third spreads out green arms edged with a circle of dead white.

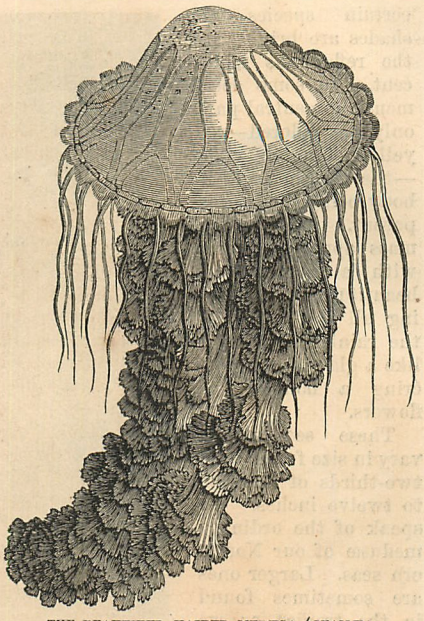
The anemone, unlike the polyp of the coral, has power of locomotion, though its progress is very slow. When it wishes to

change its place, by an imperceptible action it stretches forward one side of its base, gradually drawing in the opposite. Sometimes it draws itself along by means of its tentacles, thus in this instance making them serve as feet. Professor Forbes had an anemone which walked upon the sides of a bottle, sticking alternately by its base and by its disk. So in the kingdom of nature there are flowers that even walk!

These tentacles are not, however, merely arms. They are also fangs. Touch them, a sharp stinging sensation is felt, which produces in the experimenter only a temporary inconvenience, but death in the creatures which serve as their prey. Mr. Gosse tore off one of these filaments just as it had seized a little fish, but the captive only struggled feebly, and soon relaxed all effort. Mr. Holland has seen a young mackerel roll over upon its side and die from merely having touched one of these beautiful but dangerous flowers of the sea.

The anemone has an insatiable appetite. Unfortunate glutton! It is often unable to retain what it has eaten. Sometimes the prey, after it has been swallowed, escapes from the stomach. Sometimes it is seized and carried off by a stronger arm. A shrimp which has seen the prey devoured from a distance will throw itself upon the anemone, and audaciously wrest his booty from him, and, to his great chagrin, devour it before his eyes. Even when the savory morsel has been swallowed, the shrimp, by a great effort, succeeds in drawing it back again from the stomach. Seating itself upon the extended disk of the anemone, with its small feet it prevents the approach of the tentacles, and, at the same time, inserts its claws into the digestive cavity and seizes the food. In vain does the pilfered anemone endeavor to contract and close its mouth—it is useless. The vagabond crustacean generally comes off victorious; but sometimes the conflict becomes serious when the anemone is strong and robust, the aggressor is repelled, and the shrimp runs the risk of supplementing the repast of his victim.

Like the polyps, which we have already described, the anemone has a wonderful power of replacing any missing member, or remedying any physical misfortune, however serious it may at first appear to be. Dr. Johnson tells us that an *Anemone crassicornis*, from having swallowed a shell which separated it into two halves, was well-nigh perishing from hunger, when—*mirabile dictu!*—it opened at its other extremity a new mouth, provided with its proper row of tentacles. So the creature ate at both ends! An accident which to other animals would have insured death became in this sea-anemone the source of redoubled enjoyment. If, however, they eat insatiably at times, they also compensate for their rapacity by long enforced fasts. Unable to pursue their prey, they wait with the exemplary patience of practiced fishermen for their food. They sometimes go without a meal for two or three years. Let us not condemn them severely if, when they get the opportunity, they make up by their voracity for lost time.

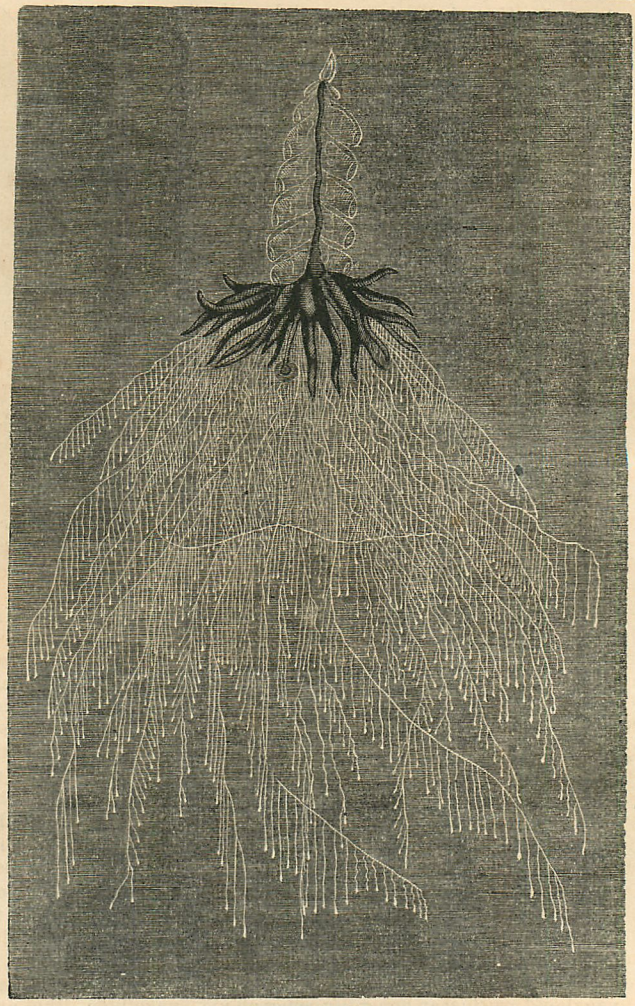


THE BEAUTIFUL HAIRED MEDUSA (CYANŒA ENPLOCAMIA).

The fangs of the anemone are harmless compared with those of the medusæ. The Gorgon-like hairs of these curious creatures, which have given to them this name of medusæ, are armed with an acrid and sometimes dangerous venom, which has caused them to be christened sea-nettles. Their curious vegetable-like appearance has conferred upon them the title of living sea-weeds. And finally, a peculiar palpitating motion, by means of which they swim, together with their unique structure, has gained for them the name of sea-lungs.

The sea-nettle, by which name, to avoid confusion, we will call this singular creature of the sea, resembles an umbrella, or a bell, or an elegant floating mushroom, the support of which has been separated into lobes more or less divergent, sinuous, twisted, shriveled, or fringed. The edges of the umbrella-like top are sometimes plain, sometimes delicately cut, sometimes ciliated, often provided with long thread-like appendages which descend vertically into the water. Sometimes these filaments are very numerous, as in the Physophora, and give the creature the aspect of a living net. Occasionally the sea-nettle is colorless, and as transparent as crystal. Generally, however, it is slightly opaline, with a delicate blue or pink tint; and in

certain species the shades are bright, and the reflections iridescent. In some specimens the central parts only are colored—red, yellow, blue, or violet—the remainder of its body being semi-transparent. The central mass appears covered with a thin veil, a beautiful film, showing all the colors of the rainbow, which is like a glass shade covering a bouquet of flowers.



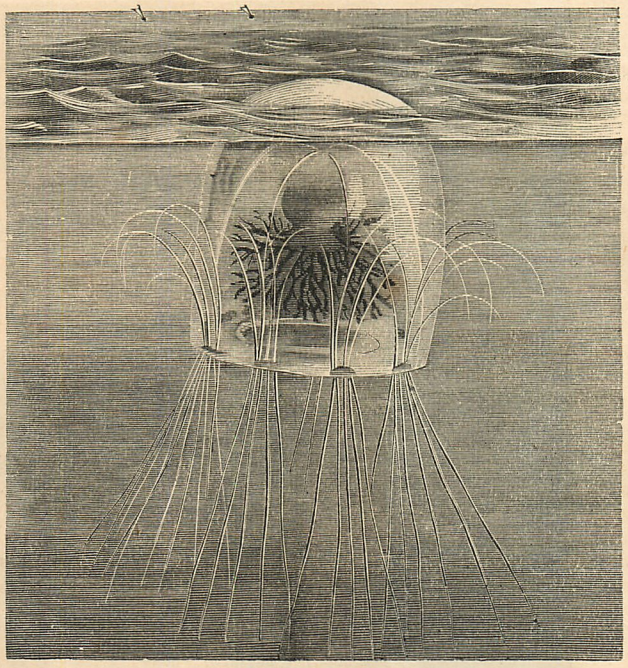
THE PHYSOPHORA.

These sea-nettles vary in size from about two-thirds of an inch to twelve inches. We speak of the ordinary medusæ of our Northern seas. Larger ones are sometimes found in the tropics, as we shall in a moment note. Their bodies are composed almost wholly of a semi-transparent gelatinous substance, without consistence, and absolutely without any bony structure. It would seem as though it were impossible that they could resist the action of the waves. Their structure is, however, their protection. They conquer the wave by yielding to it. The sea bears them tenderly on its bosom. It is the land only which they have to fear. Cast upon the shore, they melt like ice, and utterly disappear, sometimes in a few hours. In 1819 Mr. Telfair saw an enormous sea-nettle cast upon the shore near Bombay. It weighed several tons. The fishermen of the neighborhood were employed to watch its decomposition, and to collect the bones or cartilages of the monster, if there were any. None, however, were found. It entirely disappeared, like an iceberg under the summer sun. The Lizzia of Kölliker, on the other hand, found often on the coasts of Greenland, is so small that it can hardly be recognized by the naked eye in transparent water. A wine-glass suffices to contain 3000 of them.

Of an analogous structure, though of a different form from the ordinary medusa, is the Girdle of Venus, so called from its resemblance to a broad long ribbon. It is six feet long and two inches broad, beautifully fringed at the edges. It is even of a softer and more fluid consistency than the medusa.

These seemingly helpless animal jellies are by no means contemptible foes. They are voracious devourers. They prey upon fish and other creatures of the sea of a considerably higher order of structure and apparent intelligence. They seize their prey, hold it fast till by its struggles it has exhausted its strength, then devour it. They are formidable even to man. Their fine, thread-like hairs, which impart to them their peculiar beauty, constitute a most dangerous weapon. The hairy medusa is a terror to bathers. Any one who ventures to come in contact with its delicate and almost transparent hairs soon feels the most insupportable agony. Though detached from their owner, these little filaments still carry their sting with them. The physalia, or "Portuguese man-of-war," as the

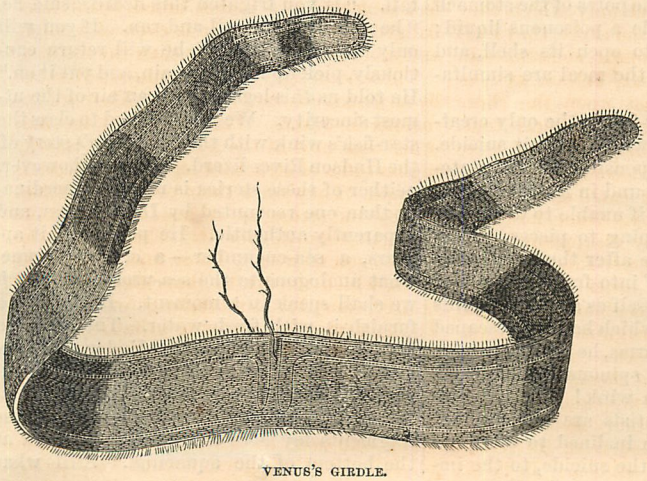
sailors call it, is a still more dangerous creature. Its color is purple, shading off into blue. The pendent threads are of the richest hues. By inflating the upper portion of the body with air the little creature forms a sail, by which it is blown over the waters. Its beauty is deceptive. Be careful how you venture to touch it; its venom sometimes produces convulsions. Father Duterte, when he was in the Antilles, was one day sailing in a small boat, when he saw one of these curious little vessels. Desirous to study its form, he undertook to take it up in his hand. "But I had scarcely seized it," he writes, "when all its fibres seemed to clasp my hand, covering it as with bird-lime; and I had hardly felt it in all its freshness—for it is very cold to the touch—when it seemed as though I had plunged my arm up to the shoulder in boiling oil, and this was accompanied with pains so strange that I could scarcely prevent myself from shrieking." Meyer gives a similar account of the venomous powers of the sea-nettle. A magnificent physalia was seen on one occasion very near his ship. A young sailor leaped into the sea, naked, to secure the animal. Swimming toward it, he seized it; the creature wrapped its assailant with its thread-like filaments,



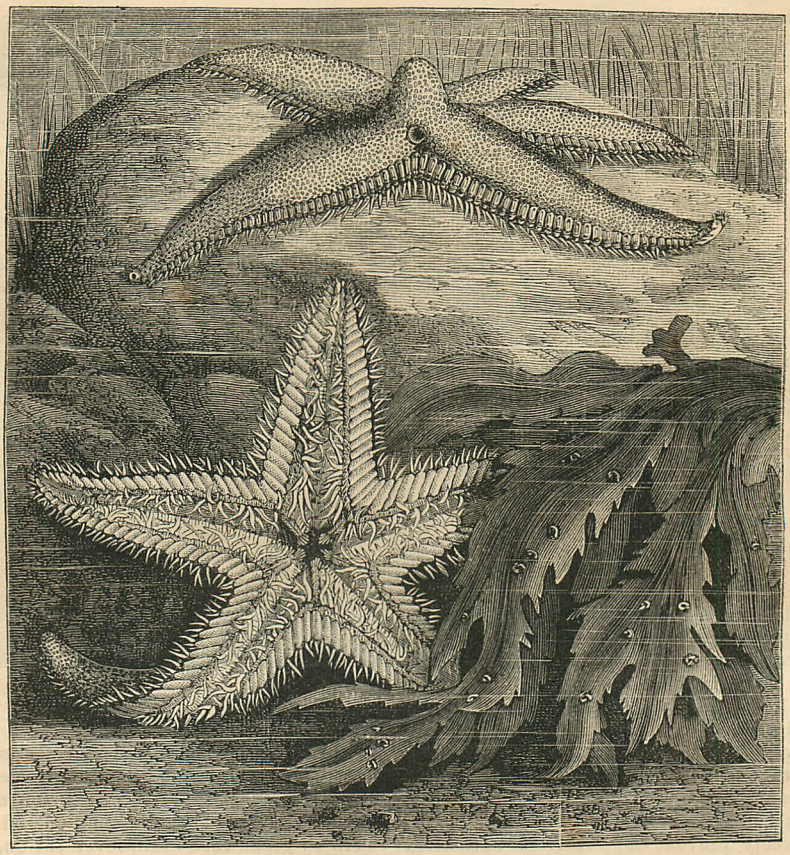
LIZZIA KŒLLIKERI, MAGNIFIED.

which were nearly a yard in length. The young fellow, overwhelmed by a feeling of burning pain, cried out for help. He had scarcely strength to reach the ship and climb on board again. The inflammation and pain were so great that brain-fever set in, and great fears were entertained of his safety.

In marked contrast to the medusæ are the star-fish. The one are formed in graceful curves, the other upon almost strictly geometrical principles. They are without vertebræ, are generally flattened and pentagonal, and invariably possess five symmetrical rays. They dwell at great depths, having been drawn up from 260 fathoms of water. In great quantities they strew the ocean forests. Thus the sea, which produces living trees and living flowers, produces also living stars. They are of various colors. A mouth at the centre of their lower surface affords them the means of supplying a vigorous appetite. This mouth opens immediately into the stomach. When it proves too small for the prey which the star-fish has



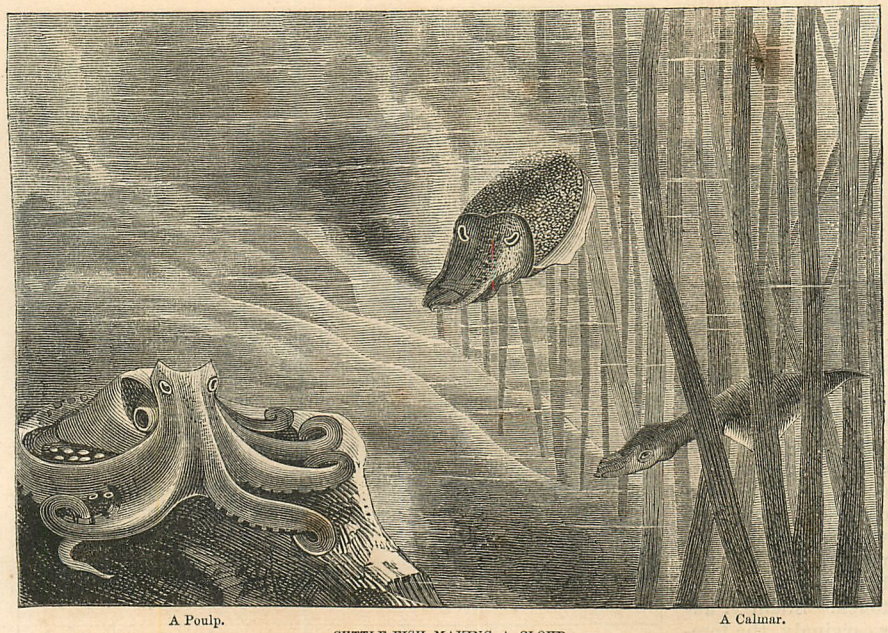
VENUS'S GIRDLE.



UPPER AND UNDER SURFACE OF A STAR-FISH.

seized, the animal has a curious power of inverting its stomach, and so taking the food directly into it. It is thus they succeed in devouring even oysters. They seize the unhappy mollusk by their rays; they then invert their stomach, which infolds the unfortunate victim; from the pores of the stomach there appears to exude a poisonous liquid; the oyster is forced to open its shell, and thus the capture and the meal are simultaneously completed.

We believe the star-fish is the only creature which is ever known to commit suicide. Edward Forbes is responsible for the statement that a star-fish found in the Mediterranean, when attacked, if unable to defend itself, escapes by dropping to pieces. First the arms break off one after the other, then the disk breaks itself into fragments. Not being able to defend itself as a whole, it kills itself in detail. One which had thus escaped him by sacrificing its arms, he reports to have opened and shut its spinous eyelids with something very like a wink! We have already said that scientists are not without imagination. We are inclined to attribute the wink, not to say the suicide, to the imagination of the observer. It is but just to say that events yet more wonderful are reported. An old fisherman pointed out to us not long since on the rocks near the Hudson River a dead lizard. He showed us a very distinct circle round the upper part of the tail. "If you frighten this lizard," said he, "he will drop his tail and run. If you will only wait long enough, he will return cautiously, pick up his tail again, and put it on." He told us this legend with an air of the utmost sincerity. We are inclined to class the star-fish's wink with the fisherman's story of the Hudson River lizard. In truth, however, neither of these stories is more extraordinary than one recounted by Dr. Johnson, and apparently authentic. He possessed, it appears, a sea-cucumber—a creature somewhat analogous to the sea-urchin, of which we shall speak in a moment. He forgot to furnish it with fresh water. The creature became sick and dejected. Under this neglect it wasted away in a most extraordinary manner. One by one it ejected its tentacles, its teeth, its digestive tubes. These fragments lay here and there, scattered at the bottom of the aquarium. Still what



A Poulp. A Calmar.

CUTTLE-FISH MAKING A CLOUD.

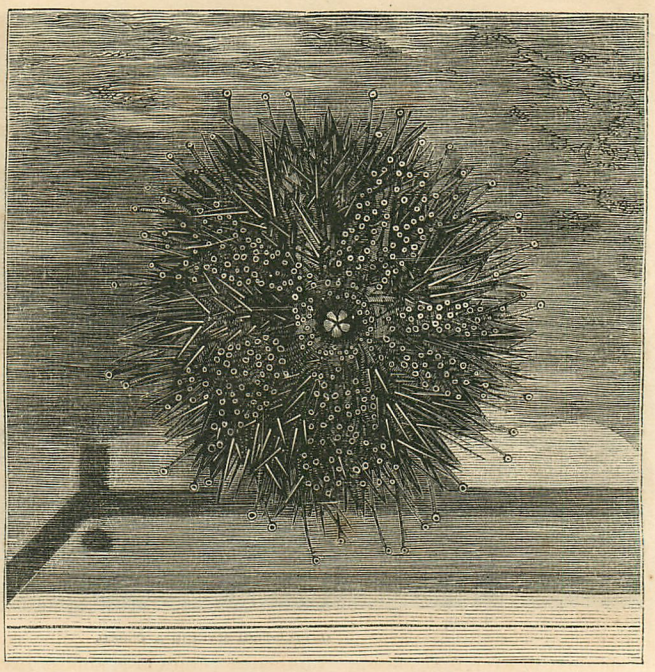
was left of the creature was not dead. Its empty sack contracted at the least touch. But what is more extraordinary, so soon as fresh water was provided the creature began to revive again. It reproduced one after another its lost organs, and at the end of two or three months appeared to be as well and as happy as before.

The disappearance of the sea-star in small pieces is somewhat mythic, but it is scarcely more curious than the resource with which the cuttle-fish is supplied, and by means of which it is enabled to retreat from its foes and quite disappear from their vision. This curious creature is provided with a kind of deep pocket within the abdomen, containing a black inky fluid. It is said that this fluid is used by the Chinese in the manufacture of their ink, though this statement is contradicted, and lacks verification. At all events, it is not to be supposed that the cuttle-fish has any literary propensities because he carries an inkstand in his pocket. It is his means of defense. When attacked he ejects this black fluid forcibly from his pouch, and in the cloud which ensues usually succeeds in escaping from his assailant.

Somewhat analogous in their structure to the sea-stars are the sea-urchins. They live alone, sedentary lives, hidden in the sand, or even in the rock. Their shells are composed of many thousand pieces—in the edible sea-urchins there are 10,000—so admirably and finely united as to appear but one piece. They are protected by prickly spines, which give to the creature both the appearance and the name of sea-hedgehog. In one species as many as 2000 spines have been counted. In the edible sea-urchins there can not be less than 3000. In addition to these spines they are provided with tentacles, terminated by a sucker. These tentacles serve as feet. Professor Forbes once saw one of these prickly creatures crawl up the sides of an aquarium. For this purpose it pushed out certain of its tentacles, fastened them by means of the sucker to the glass, drew itself up a little way, and then fastening its tentacles further up, withdrew the former. How sharp are the spines of the sea-urchins is indicated by the story, apparently well authenticated, though M. Mangin calls it in question, that they hollow out holes for their homes in the hardest granite, and thus add to the protection which nature has afforded them that of an impenetrable fortress produced by art. For this purpose they fix themselves upon the surface of the stone by means of their tentacles, and by the aid of their spines excavate their asylum. Even the infant urchins begin this work of submarine quarrying as soon as they have cut, so to speak, their eye-teeth.

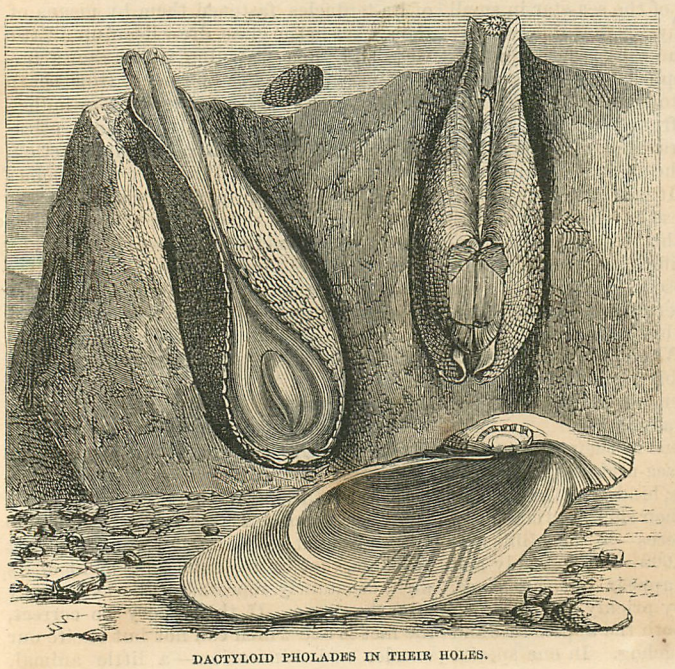
The razor-shell, a mollusk, possesses a similar power. These creatures are found buried in the sand, the wood, the rock. Various explanations have been proposed of the phenomenon. It was De Blainville who first suggested the theory, which seems most probable, that by a simple movement of its shell, constantly repeated, it bores its way into the stone. If this theory be correct, the fact is one which can not but excite our wonder and admiration—a little animal,

without the slightest consistency, boring out for itself a house in the hardest rock. A somewhat similar animal is the teredo. These vandals attack every piece of wood within their reach, just as it is the propensity of certain insects to cover all the wood they are able to with their larvæ. In months, or even weeks, they perforate a plank in every direction, the little miners having the singular instinct never to cut into each other's channel. The wood externally does not appear injured, but crumbles at a touch. Silently, unwearyingly, the teredo bores, until the pier suddenly sinks, or the planks of the doomed ship crumble beneath the feet of the sailors.



AN ECHINUS, OR SEA-URCHIN, CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF AN AQUARIUM.

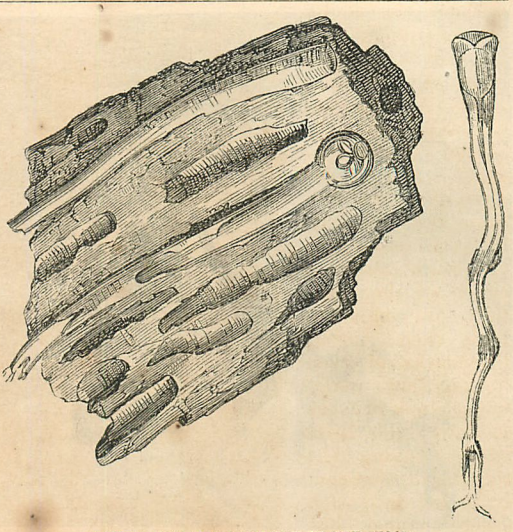
In the beginning of this century half the coast of Holland was threatened with the invasion of the sea, because the piles which upheld the dikes were attacked by the teredo; and it required an outlay of a large sum of money to secure the country from the disaster of an inundation, caused by a contemptible mollusk. A closer study of the habits of this animal has shown that it possesses an insurmountable antipathy to iron-rust; hence all wood which is to be exposed to sea-water is first soaked in a solution containing iron. The covering of copper with which ships are armed renders the appellation Linnæus gave to the teredo —*Calamitus navium* —no longer true.



DACTYLOID PHOLADES IN THEIR HOLES.

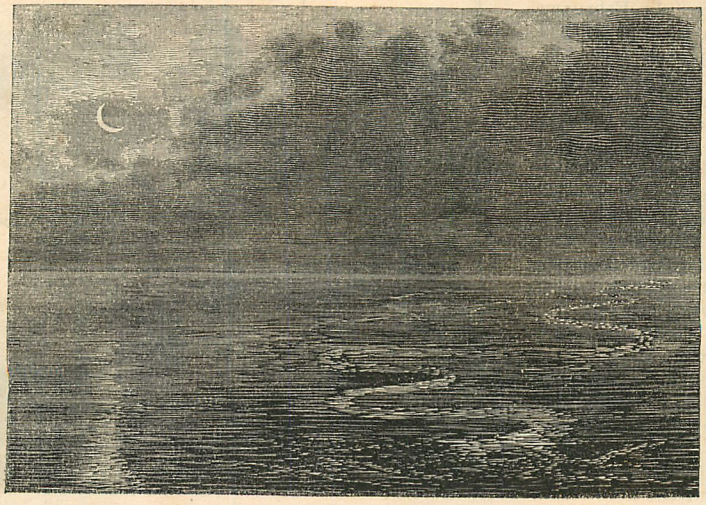
The mollusks, certain species of which may thus be called stone-masons, if not carpenters, are also weavers. Certain of the bivalves anchor themselves to the rock by a golden-colored silk. In the mytilus this silk is short and coarse; in the pinna it is long and silky. Attempts have been made to utilize this

filament; indeed, the inhabitants of Taranto make gloves and stockings of it. Cloths of a rich brown have also been fabricated, which are of an admirable texture. Some beautiful specimens of this fabric were exhibited at the French Exhibition of 1855; and in that year M. J. Cloquet presented the Acclimatization Society with a pair of fine mittens made of the byssus of the pinna. Not only does the byssus serve to fix the mollusks to the rock, but some of them attach by its means stones, pieces of coral, and other solid matters to themselves, thus surrounding their shells with a very invulnerable coat, in which they lie in ambush, waiting for their prey. In constructing this envelope, which is not unlike a miniature rockery, the mollusk, by a singular artifice, spins and weaves the material of its byssus. It then lines its interior with a species of tapestry, thrusts this outside, and mats together by its means the solid bodies within its reach. Thus it in turn plays the part of spinner, weaver, and mason. Clothed in a calcareous covering or a stony mantle, buried in a rock or anchored by a cable, the bivalve—the softest and the most delicate of creatures—can exist in a terrible and ever-turbulent element without injury and without inconvenience.



TEREDO, AND HIS PATHWAY IN THE WOOD.

We may, perhaps, pass by the oyster in silence—not because he is an unimportant member of the submarine kingdom, but because it is safe to assume that our readers are somewhat familiar with his character and habits. But we can not pass by the mollusks as a family altogether without referring to the salpas. Solitary as an oyster has passed into a proverb. Nearly all mollusks are solitary. The salpas, on the contrary, though they belong to the same general class, almost invariably travel in company. Attached to each other, formed into a long chain, sometimes forty miles in length, and possessing phosphorescent qualities, they glide over the surface of the sea in undulating curves, manœuvring in concert like a company of admirably drilled soldiers, and looking like a luminous sea-serpent in the darkness of the night. Their mode of locomotion is peculiar. They are propellers. They always swim upon their backs, and drinking in a quantity of water, squirt it out from behind—a method of locomotion to which they possess a



CHAIN OF PHOSPHORESCENT SALPAS.



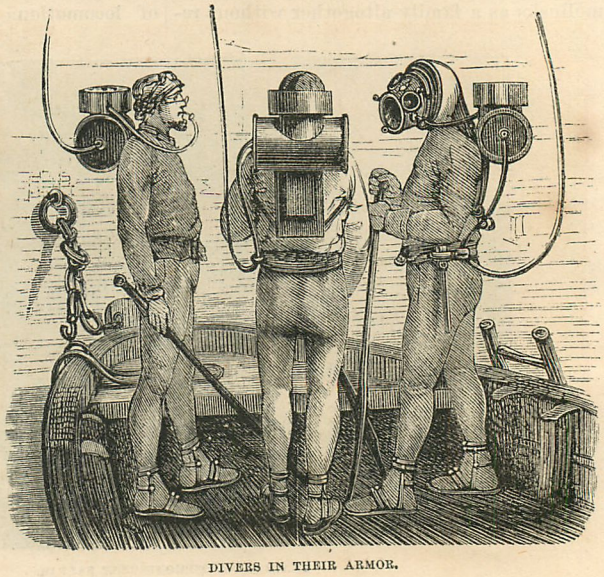
THE PEARL FISHER IN DANGER.

sort of natural and indefeasible patent-right.

We have purposely, in this sketch of some of the phases of life under the ocean wave, passed by the more common phases of that life, or, rather, those that are more commonly known and understood. We can not leave our theme, however, which is far from being exhausted, without speaking briefly of man considered as a submarine animal.

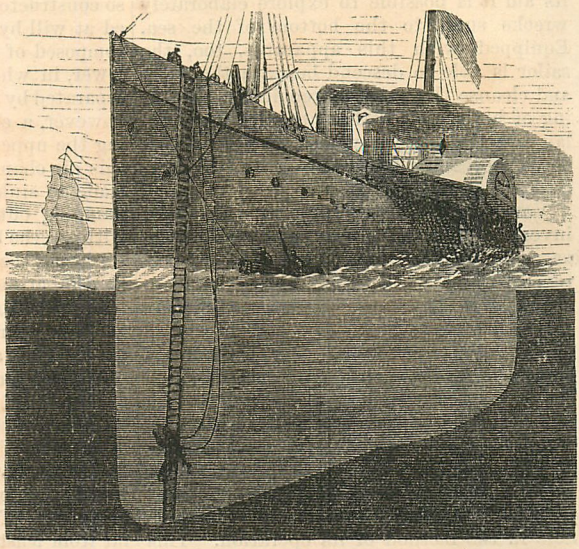
We have already spoken of the coral fishery. At once more difficult, more dangerous, and more productive are the pearl fisheries, carried on on the largest scale both in the Old World and the New. A brief glance at an East Indian fishery will suffice to afford us an illustration of the method pursued, which is substantially the same in all waters. In February or March a fleet of 250 boats appears on the northeast coast of Ceylon. Each boat is manned by ten rowers, and carries ten divers. To prevent the exhaustion of the oyster bank, the fishing is conducted under government inspection. The bank is divided into seven allotments, one of which is thrown open to the fishers in succession every year, so that by the time the seventh is wrought the shell-fish of the first have had time to reproduce and to develop themselves. At the sound of a signal-gun the fleet starts for the bank. The landbreeze wafts it thither. The hour of starting is ten at night. Diving begins at dawn. Diving we call it, yet the word misleads. The pearl-diver drops into the sea feet foremost. To one foot is attached a stone, which accelerates his descent. To the other is attached a net, in which his booty is to be placed. Then seizing in his right hand the cord on which he descends, and with the left holding tightly his nostrils, he commences his perilous voyage. Perilous because the deep abounds with creatures that resent this invasion of their domain. If the diver is so fortunate as to escape these creatures, he rarely is able to counteract the influence upon the constitution of this submarine life. Often water colored with blood oozes from his eyes and mouth and nose when he ascends. Sometimes he dies of apoplexy on emerging from the water, sometimes of suffocation at the bottom of the sea. If he escapes these perils, his constitution inevitably breaks down under repeated violations of the laws of nature, and it is rarely the case that the pearl-diver reaches a good old age. Well may pearls be costly, for which human health, and often human life, are the price. The best divers rarely descend more than eight or nine fathoms, or remain under water over thirty seconds.

Science, however, is the master of nature. Man, equipped with the modern diving-bell,

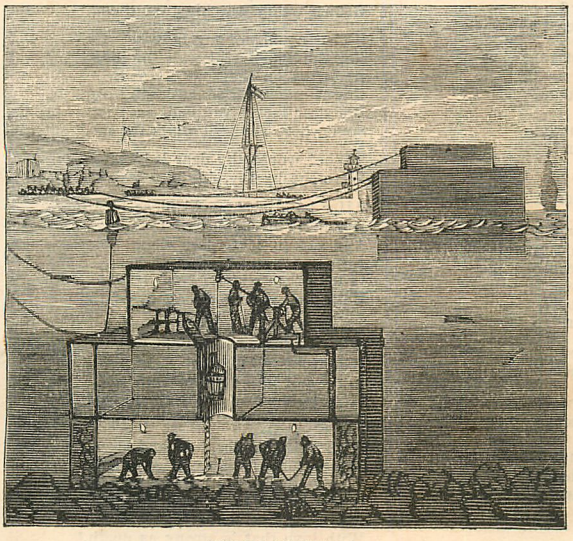


DIVERS IN THEIR ARMOR.

no longer dreads the sea, but walks beneath the wave as though it was his native element. "The diving-bell," says M. Pouchet, "was invented by a spider; we had nothing to do but to imitate it. The copyist has not, however, equaled the inventor." The last sentence, we think, requires qualification. For the modern diving-bell is, for man's purpose, a decided improvement over that of the naiadæ. This water-spider builds a house of silk beneath the wave. This bell-shaped house it fastens to the adjoining grass by a number of little threads, just as a balloon is held back by cords till the moment for its departure has arrived. This house built, the water-spider proceeds to stock it with air. For this purpose he comes to the surface, takes a bubble of air under his abdomen, and carries it to his miniature diving-bell, an operation which he repeats till his bell is completely filled. Man's improvement consists in making an air vessel which is not stationary, but suffers him to move about at will. It has been changed in structure several times since its first employment in the beginning of the sixteenth century. At first it was literally a bell, inverted, sinking by its own weight, and carrying with it a certain quantity of compressed air. Then to this bell a long tube was attached, and air was pumped into it, as needed, from above. For this was substituted a coat of water-proof mail, with a visor of glass. Shoes of lead enabled the diver to maintain an upright position on the bottom of the sea, and a cord served as a signal to his companions to pull him up when he was ready to ascend. M. Rouquayrol, a French engineer, has improved even upon this. A reservoir of compressed air is buckled on the diver's back, like a soldier's knapsack. A system of skillfully disposed valves and a double tube of India rubber fitted to the diver's mouth renders the process of breathing exceedingly easy. A supply pump, worked by men above, keeps the knapsack full. An experienced and robust diver can work with this machinery at a depth of from twenty to twenty-five fathoms for an hour and a half without inconvenience. Thus science, which has not yet succeeded in endowing man with wings, renders him a truly submarine animal. With what curious emotions, if the inhabitants of the deep have emotions, must the fishes have witnessed the advent of this singular monster among them! With what curiosity must they watch his operations, and even wait, perhaps, his advances toward a better acquaintance!



THE SUBMARINE MAN AT HIS WORK.



TOILERS OF THE SEA.

This diving bell is used more frequently in submarine investigations than in any fishing operations. By

its aid it is possible to explore elaborately wrecks sunk to the bottom of the sea. Equipped with this apparatus, too, the sailor is able to descend beneath the wave and cleanse the sides or repair the sheathing of his vessel, without requiring the delay and the expense which are always rendered necessary by resorting to the dry-dock.

Various curious structures have also been invented for enabling a corps of workmen to carry on investigations or labors at the bottom of the sea. By their aid harbors are cleared of obstructions, foundations for piers are laid, with as much deliberation and as much precision as for buildings on the land; and, in short, all the various operations which the necessities of modern civilization require are carried on with an ease and a perfection which constitute one of the greatest marvels of modern science. Of these the submarine *hydrostat* of Dr. Payerne is perhaps the most curious in its structure, and the most remarkable in the method of its operation. This diving-bell—for so we must consider it—is so constructed that it can be raised or lowered at will by the workmen within it. It is composed of three chambers: an upper and lower, in which the workmen are engaged, separated by an air chamber, through which, however, a chimney or flue passes, connecting the upper and lower rooms. By filling this air chamber with water the machine is made to sink to the bottom of the sea; by pumping out the water and filling it again with air, the bell is made to rise again to the surface of the water. The bottom of the lower compartment is open, and the workmen who are within it are thus enabled to carry on their operations upon the bottom of the sea as safely as they could do upon the land.

We are far from having seen all that the diving-bell, the microscope, and the aquarium reveal to us respecting "life under the ocean wave;" but we have seen enough to assure us that, among all the empires of the world, that of Neptune, by far the greatest in extent—if we except that of Æolus—is far from least in the marvels of its wonderful beauty and yet more wonderful life.

LOVE'S QUEST.

A cross in a greenwood fair;
A pilgrim who kneels in prayer;
Beside him, impatient, stands
A wanderer from distant lands.
"Tell me if she dwells here,
The lady I love so dear."

"How know I thy lady dear?
How know I if she dwells here?"

"The lady I love is fair;
Like sunlight her golden hair;
Her face with its loving smile
Would sorrow and pain beguile.
Tell me if she passed here,
The lady I love so dear."

"How know I thy lady dear?
How know I if she passed here?"

"Her presence is sunshine bright;
Her step like a fairy light;
Snow-white and soft is her hand,
Ready to call or command.
Tell me if she dwells here,
The lady I love so dear."

"How know I thy lady dear?
How know I if she dwells here?"

"Her voice is so low and sweet
When she her dear love would greet;
With lashes low-drooping down,
Her eyes are the softest brown.
Tell me if she passed here,
The lady I love so dear."

"How know I thy lady dear?
How know I if she passed here?"

"The flowers are far more sweet
That blossom beneath her feet;
The sky is a deeper blue
As she the land passes through.
Tell me if she dwells here,
The lady I love so dear."

"I once saw a lady fair,
A lady with sunny hair,
Ride by on a palfrey white;
At her side was a noble knight.
She bowed her bright golden head
To soft loving words he said."

"That was not my lady fair;
That was the false Guinevere.
Sir Launcelot by her side,
She roams through the forest wide.
My love is more fair to view;
My love is both pure and true."

"A funeral train passed by;
A fair face looked up to the sky;
White hands were crossed on her breast;
A maiden lay there at rest.
Could that thy dear lady be,
Grown weary watching for thee?"

"That could not my lady be,
For she would still wait for me,
Although on the heav'nly shore
Bright angels stood beck'ning o'er.
Her dear face I yet shall see;
Somewhere she still waits for me."

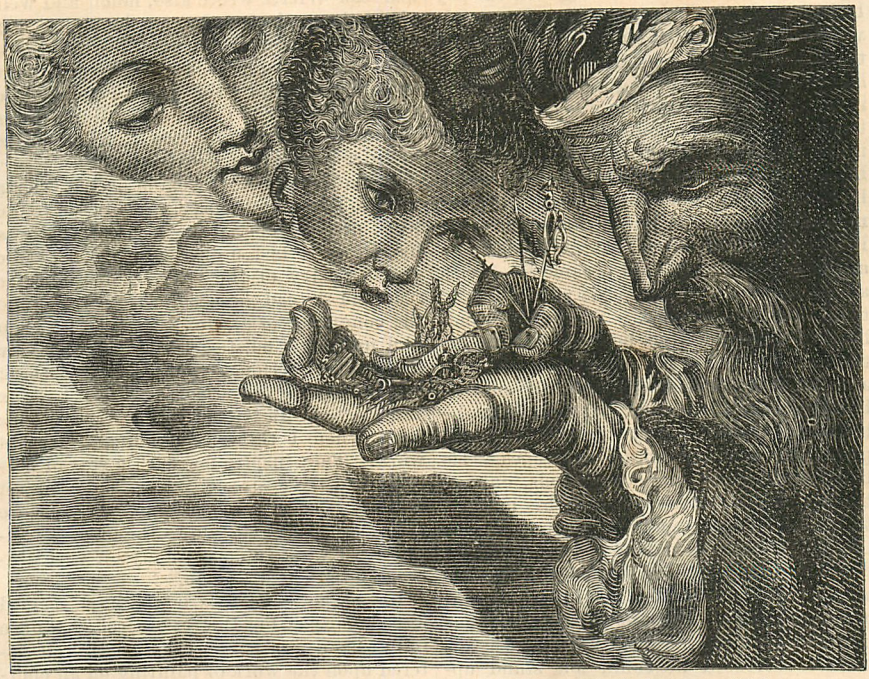
"What would thy dear lady say,
Were she by thy side to-day?"

"Her hand she would place in mine,
Her head on my breast recline,
And say, in a voice so clear
An angel 'twould seem to hear,
'I love thee while I have breath,
With love that is strong as death.'"

Away the dark robe is cast;
With golden curls free at last,
With footstep of fairy light,
And hand like a snow-flake white,
Long lashes low drooping down
O'er eyes of the softest brown,

With voice tender, low, and sweet,
She cometh her love to greet:
"Ah, here, on thy faithful breast,
O true-loving heart, will I rest;
And love thee while I have breath,
With love that is strong as death."

ANTOINE WIERTZ.



"THE MAN OF THE FUTURE REGARDING THE THINGS OF THE PAST."—[SEE PAGE 829.]

AMERICANS who visit Brussels rush to see the bare battle-field of Waterloo, and buy relics, made in the factories of Manchester and Birmingham, with all that enthusiasm for the past which finds its ridiculous side in the woman who wept piteously at the grave of Washington—with all that love of things in themselves uninteresting, but associated with the great, which made the tavern-keeper label and put away on a shelf the water-bucket on which General Grant sat down one day and smoked. The ladies eagerly flit about among the sellers of lace, or dwell enchanted over the little shops in the Galerie de St. Hubert; they visit the Cathedral of St. Gudule; they stare at the spire of the Hôtel de Ville and the statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, and go away fancying they have seen whatever is worth seeing in and about Brussels. *Bradshaw* is obeyed, and there being nothing in *Bradshaw* about the Wiertz Gallery, they go away serenely oblivious of the fact that they have not seen the most interesting sight in Brussels, and one of the most interesting in the world.

The extraordinary paintings, as well as the sculptures, in the Wiertz Gallery are all the work of one hand — that of Antoine Wiertz, son of a tailor in the Ardennes. The tailor had been a soldier, and entertained a dream of glory. He transmitted the fire of his ambition to the son, where it became a steady and consuming flame, burning with clear, pure light, and filling the boy's soul with a spirit which would have been appreciated grandly among the Greek Stoics, but which seemed Quixotic in this practical nineteenth century. He might have lived in luxury by his art, but he preferred to live in abject poverty for his art. His thirst for fame was insatiable—his contempt for fortune incredible. The story of his life is as curious and pathetic as the works of his genius are fantastic and unique.

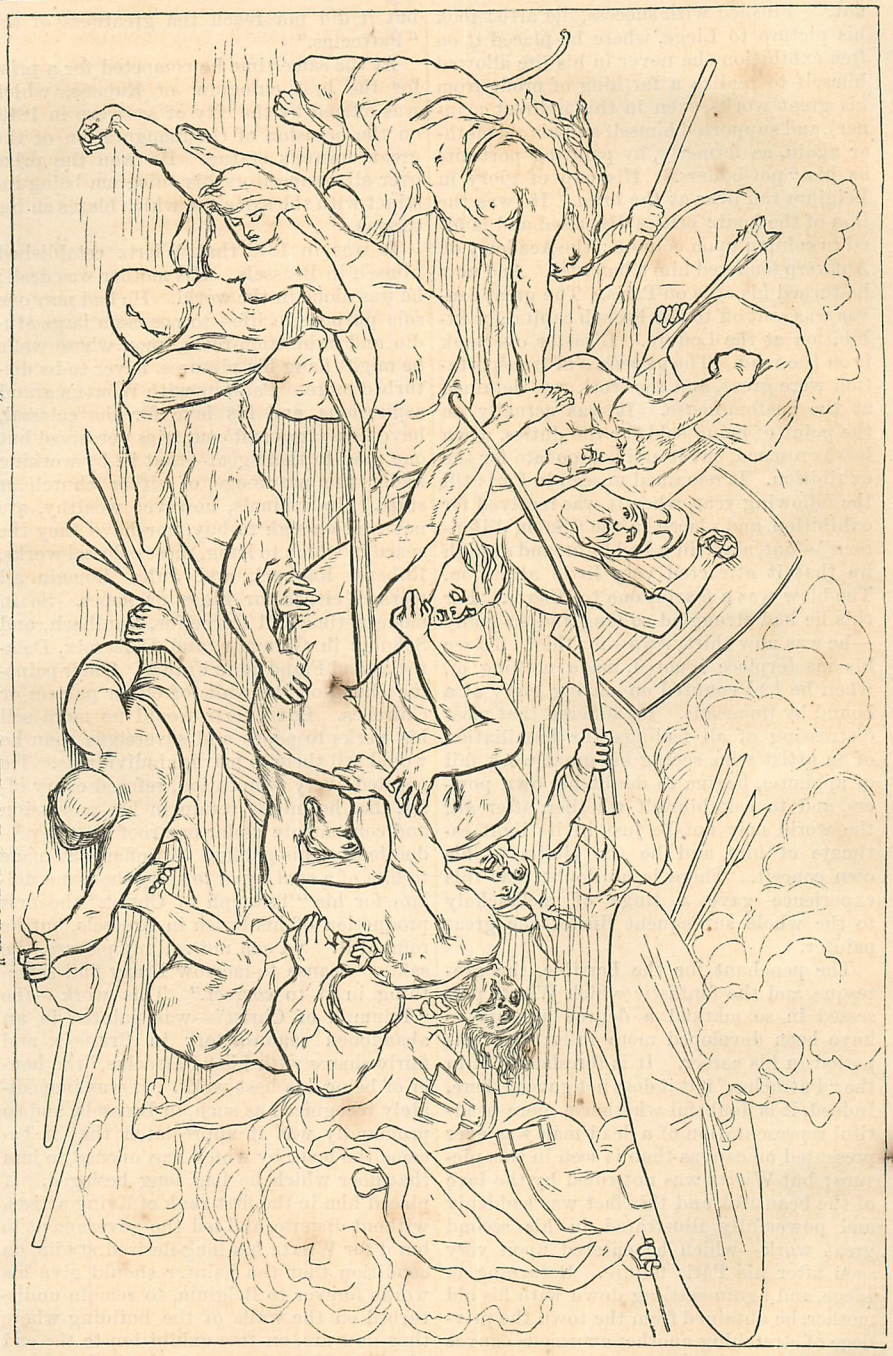
Wiertz was born in 1806, in the old town of Dinant, on the banks of the river Meuse. At an age when other children play, this child occupied himself with the toys of art. He made drawings almost before he could run alone, and tried to color them with berry juices, plants, bits of clay. He carved curious figures with his jackknife. One of the triumphs of his babyhood was a wooden frog which he had cut with his knife, and which was so marvelous an imitation of the living creature that visitors to the tailor's shop tried to kick the counterfeit reptile into the street. A captain of gens-d'armes who tried to pierce the wooden frog with his sword was so amazed by it that he talked about it every where he went, and the news coming to the ears of M. Paul Maibe, an art connoisseur at Dinant, he visited the

boy, and became his patron in a small way; that is to say, he took him home and had him taught music and drawing—for the boy had an aptitude for music too. The result was that at the age of fourteen Wiertz could teach his drawing-master, not only, but he had acquired a surprising facility at engraving, in which latter art he was entirely self-taught. He made wood-cuts of his own original drawings, and having made the cuts, he himself printed from them; besides which he could play on some half a dozen different musical instruments, but of this art he made little or no use in after-life. At so early an age as this the boy's soul became fired with a passion for Rubens, and his patron finally took him to Antwerp. There the kind-hearted man did what he could for his little friend—found him excellent masters, and got him a pension of about fifty-six dollars from the king—and left him to make his way. On this paltry sum the boy lived, practicing the most rigid economies. He had no pleasures, no occupations, outside his art. In one of his letters to his mother, to whom he was tenderly devoted all his life, he wrote, "Except for food, I hardly spend two farthings." His lodging was his studio, and that studio was a miserable corner in a granary, without fire and without lights at evening, the roof so low that as his stature increased he could not stand upright in it, but went about stooping. Here he wrought all day long on the paintings which he already designed to open the door of fame, and in the darkness of night either went out and studied, or remained in his den and solaced his loneliness with wild, weird music. In winter, in the intensest cold, he worked still, almost without ceasing, in a sort of ecstasy, as wretched in his externals as a beggar, as happy in his sublime passion for art as any king, or, better, as any lover. For six years he so dwelt and so lived, and in his scorn of physical comforts—not to speak of luxuries, pleasures—was as stoical as Diogenes. If he could have painted in a tub, he would have lived in a tub.

Tempting offers were made him to paint for money, but he would not. To one connoisseur who offered him a large sum for one of his studies, Wiertz made a reply worthy to live among the celebrated speeches of genius. "Keep your gold," he said; "it is the murderer of art." This sentence strikes the key-note of this remarkable man's anthem of life. He would never sell his works. Hence the gallery in Brussels to-day crowded with the efforts of his fanciful and grotesque genius, while out in the world you should seek in vain for one of his pictures. Portraits form the only exception to this statement, for portraits he painted now and then throughout his life as "pot-boilers." To the day of his death he adhered firmly to the programme which he laid down when he was twenty, as the only noble one for artists—for Wiertz wrote also, much and well, about the art he loved so passionately. "In an epoch when mechanism is preferred to expression," he said, "one must have courage enough to imitate the great Poussin, and paint for posterity; and, struggling always against bad taste, know how to remain poor, in order to remain a great artist."

In the twenty-sixth year of his life Wiertz went to Rome, and consecrated himself to the work of producing a masterpiece. It was his dream to fasten on a heroic canvas the grand poetry of the Grecian epopee. He read and re-read the *Iliad* of Homer. "Like the conqueror of Darius," he said, "I keep him under my bolster. It is singular how the reading of Homer frenzies me. I think continually of the struggle between Ajax and Hector. It is these who transport me most when I think of producing a great work. They inspire me with a sort of heroism, and the desire to combat the grandest masters. To give myself emulation, I dare throw down a challenge to the greatest colorists. I want to measure myself with Rubens and Michael Angelo."

In another man this might have seemed mere bombast; but Wiertz proceeded at once to put his aspirations into practice. He entered upon the work of painting on an enormous canvas that majestic picture which, under the title of "The Greeks and Trojans contending for the Body of Patroclus," rivets the admiring gaze of the lover of art who visits the gallery in Brussels more powerfully, perhaps, than any other picture there. His first great work, I am decidedly of the opinion that it is his grandest. The dimensions are gigantic. The canvas stands thirty feet in height, and is twenty feet wide. The central figures are the beautiful nude corpse of Patroclus, and Menelaus in a divine fury seeking to drag it to the Grecian camp. He is aided in this purpose by a throng of Grecian warriors, while the Trojans struggle to bear the body away to the city. A vigorous Trojan has seized the body by the legs, when he is forced back by the lance of Ajax, which breaks with the strength of the effort. Another Trojan, seizing the body by the feet, strives with rigid muscles and bent body to bear off the prize. Hector and Æneas are active in the struggle on behalf of the Trojans. The combatants exhibit every appearance of profoundest fatigue, for it is now the close of the long day during which this gigantic struggle was maintained. The coloring of the work is superb—every tone of flesh is there, the flushed vigor of the combatants, the ghastly pallor of the dead and the dying, the pouring red blood, the shades of falling night throwing boldly into relief the varieties of chiaro-oscuro in the warrior throng. No man can stand before this work and say that



"THE GREEKS AND TROJANS CONTENDING FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS."

Wiertz has not grandly borne out his purpose of combating the grandest masters. It is perhaps too much to say that any painter has ever fairly rivaled Rubens, but it is sufficient to say of Wiertz that he has more nearly approached this master in strength and majesty of conception, and in perfection of coloring, than any other modern artist has done.

The history of this picture is a sort of type of Wiertz's whole career in art. It created a profound sensation in Rome, where it was first exhibited. When Thorwaldsen saw it he said of Wiertz, "This young man is a gi-

ant." Flushed with success, the artist took his picture to Liege, where he placed it on free exhibition (he never in his life allowed himself to realize a farthing of profit from his great works, even in this indirect manner), and supported himself and his old mother again, as formerly, by painting portraits as his "pot-boilers." His cup of glory in Belgium ran over at the brim. He was the lion of the hour; critics discussed and lauded in column upon column; the Academy of Antwerp tendered him a banquet. And now he turned his eyes on Paris. The great canvas was sent off to the French capital for exhibition at the Louvre. Disaster overtook it on the road. The expenses of transportation were great, and the work was detained at the custom-house. It was actually on the point of being sold for the duties, when it was rescued, but it arrived too late for the exhibition. It remained unseen in Paris till the following year, when it was received for exhibition, and placed in the "Salon d'Honneur"—but, alas! in a bad light, and so high up that it attracted very little attention. The blow was a fearful one to Wiertz. For this he had struggled so long and so nobly—he was now thirty-two—for this! To see his masterpiece ignored, made nothing of, when he had counted on seizing glory at a bound by its means. He suffered that most distressing of all feelings, the humiliation of an artist who, seeing his great work fail of applause, begins to doubt his own powers, and to ask himself whether, after all, the world may not be just in its light estimate of him, and he the victim of his own conceit. There is no doubt that this experience gave a tinge of melancholy to the whole subsequent life of the great painter.

The penchant for the horrible, the grotesque, and the fantastic which Wiertz possessed in so marked a degree appears to have been developed more fully after this period in his career. It is foreshadowed in the "Patroclus," but it does not govern there. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a more beautiful representation of a dead man was ever presented on canvas than is seen in this picture; but Wiertz was not ruled by the love of the beautiful, and this fact was suddenly and powerfully illustrated in his second great work—which he entered upon very soon after his Paris failure. Returning to Liege, and again settling down with his old mother, he obtained from the town the privilege of stretching another enormous canvas in an abandoned church, which now became his studio. This canvas was fifty feet high by thirty feet wide, and he attacked his new subject with a sort of fury. Huge demons, writhing in every horrible contortion; avalanches of blasted rocks hurling into the bottomless pit: slowly the "Revolt of Hell" grew into shape. It was a Titanic work, but it did not reach the greatness of the "Patroclus."

At the same time he competed for a prize for the best eulogium of Rubens, which was offered by the city of Antwerp in 1840, on the occasion of the inauguration of the great master's statue. He won the prize over all competitors, his eulogium being instinct with the same fire which blazes on his canvas.

It was in 1848 that Wiertz established himself in Brussels. His mother was dead; he was alone in the world. He had now one sole purpose in life—to possess a large studio and exhibition-room, upon whose walls he might hang his pictures, never to be disturbed more. Painters with Wiertz's grand aspirations, and his love for the colossal, have in all ages and countries perceived but one road to their goal—that is, by working under the patronage of either church or state. Individuals, however wealthy, are not rich enough to buy, nor have they the space in which to hang, these colossal works. Rubens, Raphael, and Jules Romain all worked either for kings or popes. So in modern time did Cornelius, Kaulbach, and Schnorr in Germany, and Delacroix, Delaroche, and Flandrin in France. Their paintings hang on the walls of either palaces or churches. But Wiertz would no more sell his works to popes and sovereigns than he would sell them to private individuals. He resisted every temptation, refused every offer, that he might retain in his possession and concentrate under one roof all the productions of his genius. An offer was made to him of a sum equal to sixty thousand dollars for his "Triumph of Christ," the first production of his brush in Brussels, but he refused it. "I can not sell my picture," he said, "because to-morrow I may find something in it to correct." This work—the "Triumph of Christ"—was painted in an abandoned manufactory in Brussels, and fairly shares with his "Patroclus," the honor of being his best work. It was immediately recognized as such, in Brussels, and so profoundly was it appreciated that it became the lever by which was opened to him that door which he had long besieged. It placed him in the first rank of living artists, without dispute, and led the government to build for Wiertz his long-desired studio, on condition that the painter should give his works forever to Belgium, to remain undisturbed on the walls of the building where they now are, on free exhibition to the end of time. Therefore was built the large museum on the outskirts of Brussels, mentioned at the opening of this article. It is built of brick, inexpensively, but from the picturesque designs of Wiertz himself, in imitation of one of the ruined temples of Pæstum. Time has covered the structure with a rich mantle of ivy, and, situated in the midst of

lovely grounds, it is in itself a sight worth seeing. Before he died Wiertz had completely covered the walls within with the works of his brush, and peopled it with a multitude of queer contrivances for the production of fantastic effects in viewing some of his smaller works. Here you peep through a crevice in a rude board fence upon a ghastly picture of a murderess cutting up her own babe and putting its members in a pot upon a stove—the wild frenzy of starvation-born madness glaring in her eyes—and you seem to be a secret spectator of this frightful deed, transpiring within the lonely room into which you are thus furtively looking through a crevice. In another place you can only look upon a picture of a group of arctic travelers through a round hole in which you perforce insert your face. By a cunning arrangement of a mirror your face is reflected directly under the fur cap of one of the figures, upon its broad shoulders, and the consequence is that this figure appears to be alive—its eyes wink, and if you smile it smiles in return. A number of dramatic effects of this tricky character are produced by similar contrivances, the pranks of a grand genius in its most fantastic moods.

Established in this studio, Wiertz labored incessantly. Still a stoic in his philosophy—still scorning pleasure, rejecting luxury, indifferent even to ease—he met the bare necessities of life by painting, as formerly, portraits as "pot-boilers." He refused, however, to affix his signature to these portraits, or in any way to acknowledge them. They sold on their merits alone for sums ranging from sixty to two hundred dollars, according to his freak or his momentary need. They were hastily done; he would give but little time to them—time was too precious: he wanted it for the work he loved. Portrait painting was to Wiertz what copying music was to Jean Jacques Rousseau.

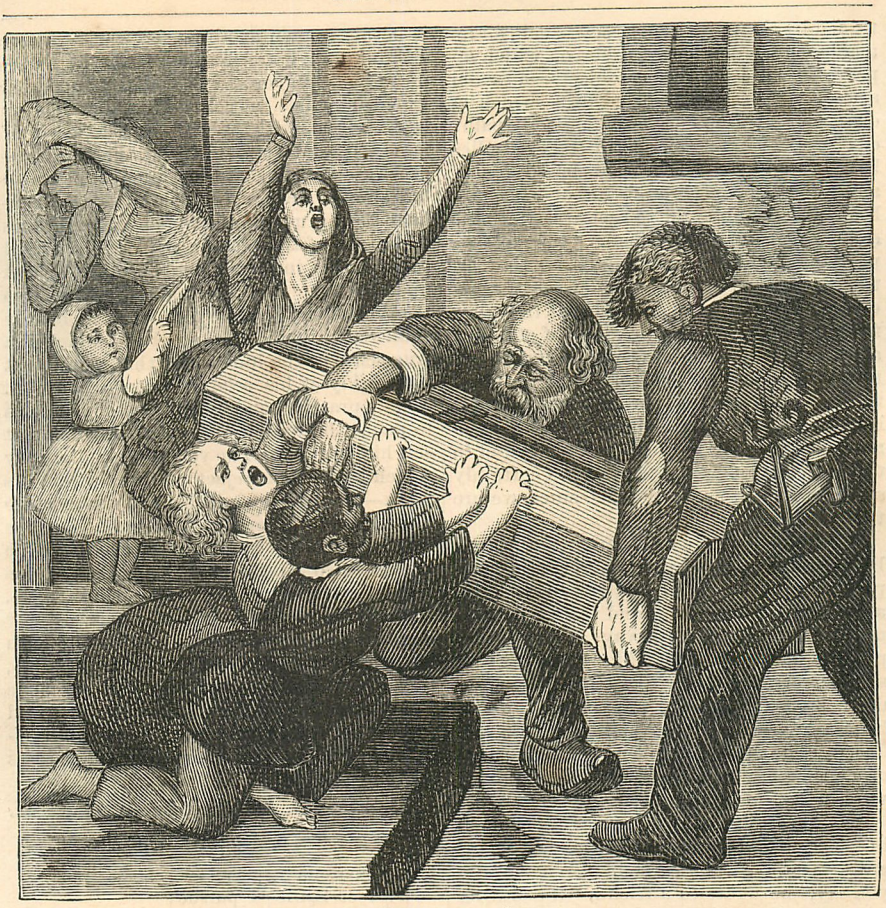
One of his profoundest occupations in his new atelier was the bringing to perfection of a process for painting by which the merits of fresco and of oil should be combined. In the chemical researches which he pursued with a feverish ardor he undermined his health, and planted the seeds of comparatively early death—comparatively early, because, though he was fifty-nine when he died, so ascetic a life had he led, absolutely without the slightest dissipations or indulgence of the appetites, with his naturally robust constitution, he was a man to have lived to a very advanced age. The fault of oil-painting is that it demands a specially favorable light in order to be seen to advantage; and in such large canvases as Wiertz affected for his grandest works it is simply impossible to obtain a light in which every part of the picture is seen to advantage in one comprehensive glance. The light which suits one portion of the picture is reflected, mirror-like, from another portion. The fault of fresco-painting, on the other hand, is that, applied on mortar, it does not suit a damp climate like that of Belgium. Besides this, however, there is the equal objection, to an artist so insatiable as Wiertz, that while it demands rapid execution it does not permit of retouching. He aimed to be able to paint on canvas with the same effect as upon walls; and after long searching Wiertz discovered what he called his *peinture mate*—unpolished painting. Artists differ widely in their estimate of the value of this discovery. In its favor it is urged that all reflection is done away with; that the canvas retains all its flexibility, and can be placed in any light without any shadow being cast over it; that the layer of color is so thin there is no danger of cracking, of peeling off, nor of running—accidents which have compromised the preservation of more than one picture, and which menace modern paintings more than the ancient, as is proved by the example of Leopold Roberts's "Harvesters" and Girodet's "Deluge;" and finally, that while retouching can be done without being perceptible, there is an economy of ninety per cent. on the expense involved in ordinary paintings. On the other hand, it is contended by some that the *peinture mate* is feeble, colorless, and coarse; that it looks from a distance like rude tapestry, and near by like a rough canvas roughly bedaubed with a mixture of paste and oil-color. It is also asserted that Wiertz took his invention to the grave with him, the record of his process which he left behind being insufficient to enable any artist to follow it after him. This, however, is explicitly denied by the admirers of the *peinture mate*, who assert that many painters are now using it with the greatest facility and success, guided by Wiertz's account of his process published after his death. Between these disputing partisans I am unable to decide; but so far as my own observation guides my judgment, I am forced to conclude that the charge of coarseness is a weak one. Coarse or fine, the work Wiertz wrought by this process was grand. It does not so much matter whether genius works with the delicate tool of an Addison or the sledge-hammer of a Carlyle, when we view results.

One of the noblest efforts of Wiertz's maturer genius is entitled "The Last Cannon," and is done in the *peinture mate*. In his "Patroclus" the artist strove to fasten on canvas the Homeric poetry. In "The Last Cannon" it is his own poetic sentiments which he essays to translate in symbolic figures. The thought is unmistakably grand which speaks in this picture. On the earth the terrors of war are depicted; a great battle has just finished; here lies a mass of mutilated corpses, in the arms of one of which a bloody flag is clasped; there a young woman holds the dead



"THE LAST CANNON."

body of her husband on her knees; a father stretches forth to his daughter his mutilated arms. Above this horrible battle-field the genius of Civilization soars, her face glowing with avenging rage; the deity of Progress has seized and broken in two a large cannon; Civilization is triumphant amidst a throng of philosophers, artists, and poets, representing peace, science, and the arts. To the right a genius is setting fire to the frontier posts which separate nations at enmity. A guillotine is burning in the distance. Above, behind Civilization, legions of freemen chant the praises of peace; poets and artists ex-



"THE ORPHANS."

change fraternal kisses; while at the extreme left a group of savages strive still to resist.

Another of the artist's grandest works, in a similar vein, is called "The Man of the Future regarding the Things of the Past." The man of the future is represented by a gigantic head—for the men of the future are to be giants of civilization as compared with the people of our day. With his wife and child looking on, the man of the future has gathered in his colossal palm certain curious toys of the present age, and is regarding them with a face which expresses curiosity, amusement, and a sort of divine contempt. How infinitely small to that majestic gaze seem the cannon, the thrones, the sceptres, the battle-flags, the arches of triumph of our day!

Two years before his death Wiertz painted the extraordinary picture called "The Orphans." It represents a common scene during a cholera season, two rude men bearing away a coarse box in which the body of a husband and father lies, the orphans clinging to it with screams of anguish, the wife in the shadow of the doorway turning aside her head, unable to endure the distressing scene. The picture is most intense. One can almost fancy the screams of the children sounding in his ears. This vivid tableau preached a sermon so instantaneously effective and powerful when it was first exhibited that the incident is worth recording. It was at a charity concert for the benefit of orphans. Between the first and second parts of the programme this picture was suddenly unveiled. The effect was thrilling. No orator could have spoken with tongue so eloquent. A munificent contribution was made on the spot amidst a scene of great excitement.

This bit of sensationalism was like Wiertz. He dearly loved to startle and surprise. Grandly manifested, this spirit put a tremendous vigor and movement into his colossal figures, as in the "Patroclus" and "The Last Cannon." But it was manifested in the most playful and trifling ways too. A child, without love of art, without capacity to appreciate the grand underlying spirit of Wiertz's large works, would yet be enter-

tained by these little surprises—such, for example, as the neglected table, on which appear strewn a number of objects—an easel, some dirty brushes, a dried fish—which on closer observation prove to be merely painted there. There are several rude studies, boxed about with the odd board fences, and visible only through an aperture too high up for any child to mount. But children stand fascinated before the colossal paintings where the giants are, for they are the incarnation of giant wonder-tales. Some critics of Wiertz have deemed that this playful side to his genius—this love of startling and surprising, and devising dramatic effects—degraded his genius. Such people, I fancy, would have genius always riding a high horse. If Wiertz chose to find his recreations in toying with his art, instead of in the ordinary amusements of men, I certainly see no reason to carp at this, since we are the gainers.

I have not dwelt on Wiertz's sculptures, because they are of small account in comparison with the works of his brush. He accomplished nothing grand in this department of art, though he always entertained a purpose of giving the world a great work in marble. In the last year of his life he, indeed, modeled three groups which would have been grand if they had ever been produced, as he intended, in colossal dimensions on a public square in Brussels. These groups were to symbolize the history of humanity.

Another design which Wiertz entertained in his later years was the enlargement of his gallery, for it was now filled. "What would you say," he wrote to a friend, "if suddenly a museum three times as large as mine were to present itself to your imagination?—if the least important work that it is to contain were to bear away the palm from all I have done up to the present time?" In this enlarged studio—or this projected addition to his present studio—he intended to paint a series of grand pictures, which he had already sketched out, and of which he had such an idea that he called all he had hitherto done merely the preface to his work. In the midst of these preparations he suddenly died, absorbed to his latest moment in the one love which had occupied his heart from his earliest childhood. In the delirium which preceded the hour of death he raved but of one thing—his art. "Oh, what beautiful horizons! Oh, what lovely faces! Quick, quick! My palette!—my brushes! What a picture I shall make! Oh, I will surpass Raphael!"

It is seven years since this artist died, and it is little to say that probably no man ever lived who worked for fame with such resolute determination, such indomitable industry, such stoical self-denial, and, aided by such unquestionable genius, to fall so far short of a world-wide renown. In truth, Wiertz is hardly known at all to the world outside Belgium. We are familiar with the names of Verboeckhoven, Leys, Gallait, and other Flemish artists, not one of whom has an equal claim with Wiertz to the meed of fame. That Wiertz's name will outlive these others is certain, but his fame will spread but slowly, and for a simple reason. There have been grave discussions by wise writers in Europe of the reasons why Wiertz failed to make his influence more profoundly felt upon his age. It is pointed out that he was too grotesque; that he did not exalt beauty sufficiently in his works; that he lacked a true sense of the ludicrous; that he thought too highly of his *peinture mate*—and so on. A more practical and sensible reason, it seems to me, is this simple one—that he would not sell his pictures. The very stoic philosophy which made him reject all profit from his work—the very love of his art which made him refuse to let any picture go out into the world, where he could not retouch it if he should wish—interfered with his purpose of achieving wide contemporaneous fame. Brussels is, after all, but of comparatively slight importance as an art centre; and with his every work confined forever to Brussels, it was a moral impossibility that his fame should extend over the whole civilized world in one little half century. For contemporaneous fame a spice of worldly shrewdness is indispensable.

THE PERVERSE.

PERVERSE am I, perverse is he—
Fate or Spirit—I pursue;
I feel I breathe an alien air,
Yet all his shows give me no clew.

When his leafy elms and oaks
Spread deep verdure up above,
And birds and bees stir in the boughs,
Loud in song, and soft in love,

And round the shores of summer seas
White sparkling foam, blue rippling waves,
With crowding voices leaping up
The silver sand and tide-worn caves,

Again I question, and again,
To and fro by Beauty sent,
Tormented, longing, all perverse!
For whom, for what, this pastime meant?

In winter's muffled hours I watch
His snowy crystals weaving fast
A robe to cover naked earth,
As with lilies overcast,

Till breaks above a pearly light,
A sunset flush, and then a star,
Trembling with me that we exist—
And from the answer just as far!

The leaves decay, the birds depart;
The sea complains, the sky is gray:
Tormented, saddened, all perverse!
There is no pastime, might we say?

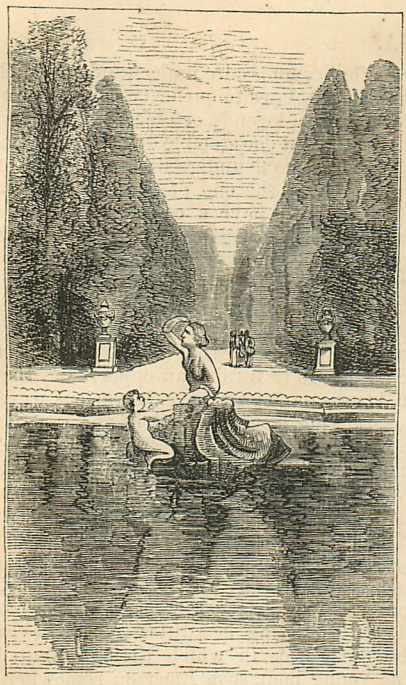
VIENNA.



SCHONBRUNN—THE PALACE GARDENS.

THE year 1873 will witness a tide of travel setting toward Vienna similar to that which made Paris, in 1867, the shore for which all argosies and pleasure barges set sail. And Vienna is just the one city of the world which has any claim to emulate Paris in the getting up of a great exposition. It is cosmopolitan, it is brilliant, it is on the great highway of travel, and it is hospitable. Already a good traveler has given in the pages of this magazine a graphic account of some of the most interesting objects in Vienna; but though to glean after him may seem rather a bold task to set for one's self, I venture it for one or two reasons. In the first place, Vienna is, considering its antiquity, size, and importance, the city that has been least written about of any in the world. The traveler who visits it this year will find one or two hand-books—Fetridge being the best—which will give him a good amount of practical advice and information; but of the wealth of legend and romance abounding in Vienna and its vicinity he will learn nothing, unless he have time to pause for a week in some old library, and have the patience and knowledge to explore old German and French books—the *Taschenbuch*, for example, or the *Voyage en Autriche* of Marcel de Serres. I picture to myself the luckless American tourist in the hands of the commissaire, who professes to understand English, and who sticketh closer than a brother. That commissaire understands so much English as relates to one or two of the most commonplace legends or objects of interest in the city, but one step beyond that customary channel he flounders like a fish out of water, and at the end of the day the said American will have a confused idea of a procession of Francises, Hapsburgs, saints, and bishops careering through his bored brain, without leaving therein any clear traces of the history and character of the region he is in whatever. Another reason I have for writing is that the Exposition of 1873 appears to furnish an opportunity that an American may improve, in various ways, for studying some subjects of the greatest importance. He will be able to decipher and peruse one of the early chapters of his own history. The genesis of many of the institutions under which he lives, the dawn of many familiar fables and customs, the superstitions which he has inherited, are found here growing clearer as they approach their source. Old skeletons here gain flesh and blood. Imposing hereditary beliefs reveal the trivialities in which they originated. The young man, says Emerson somewhere, goes abroad to become an American. He finds liberation in drawing closer to the phantoms that seem so solid and impressive in the distance. But in order that the lessons shall not be wasted, let him who is intending to visit Vienna set himself beforehand to read up the history, the traditions, the ethnical facts of the region through which he is to pass; let him sow the driest old facts and fables in his mind as seed, and be sure that when he reaches the congenial atmosphere and skies they will spring up and bear rare fruits of thought and knowledge.

The sovereign and authorities of Vienna have certainly spared no pains or expense to make the Exposition successful. They have built in the Prater—the very finest park in the world—buildings of surpassing grandeur and convenience. The Prater is always a sort of bazar, a gay fair in which all nations are represented, and the buildings now built in it are as the centre of many wings already prepared through many years, and such as present attractions which it requires generations and many races to supply. The Austrian commissioners began by corresponding with and securing the co-operation of the most influential, energetic, and scientific men in every country. The list of their co-operators amounts to many thousands; but perhaps it may prove of some interest to give here the names of those who stand at the head of each national commission, and who will, with very few exceptions, be personally present in Vienna: America, Thom-

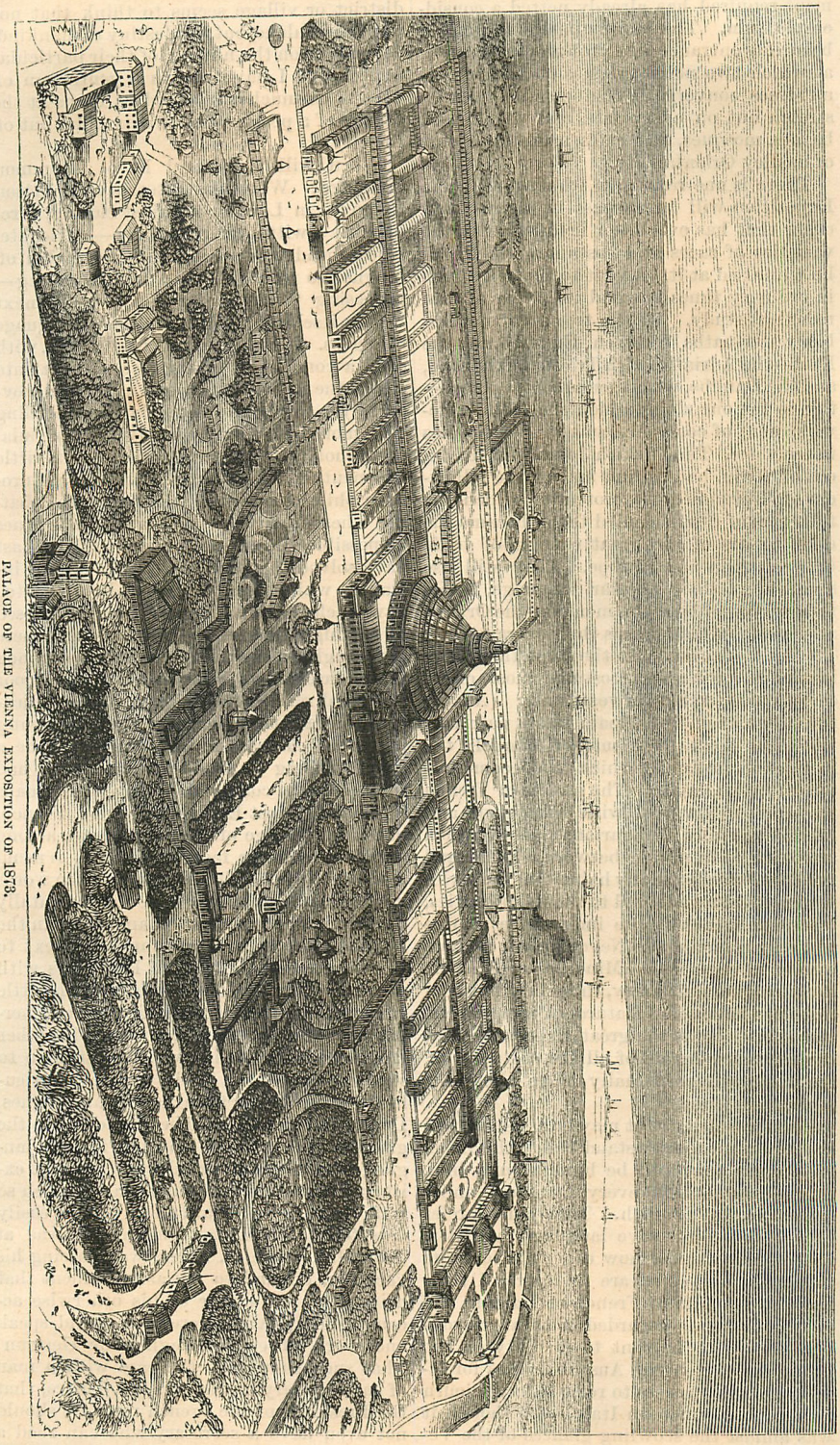


SCHÖNBRUNN—ANOTHER VIEW.

as B. Van Buren; Belgium, Baron t'Kint de Roodenbeke, senator; Brazil, Prince August of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—probably honorary, the duties to fall on Baron Tres Barras, of the Brazilian cabinet, and other eminent officials of the same country; Germany, Ministerial Director Moser (Prussia) is the general superintendent; Baden, Ministerial-rath Carl Turban; Bavaria, Staatsminister Von Pfeufer; Bremen, Heinrich Claussen; Elsass-Lothringen, Von Sybel; Hamburg, Senator Johns; Hesse, Finance-Minister Schleiermacher; Lubeck, Senator Kulenkamp; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Dr. Dippe; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Dr. Kammerherr von Petersdorf; Oldenburg, the Minister of the Interior; Saxony, Baron Weinlig; Saxe-Meiningen, Secretary of Interior; Saxe-Weimar, Dr. Schönburg; Würtemberg, Dr. Von Steinbeis; Egypt, Mohammed Tewfik Pasha; France, Jules Simon and the Minister of Agriculture; Greece, Professor Jean A. Soutzo; Great Britain, Prince of Wales (honorary), Sir Andrew Buchanan, etc.; Italy, the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Wimpffen, etc. (each city of Italy has its own distinct commission); Japan, Okuma, etc.; Netherlands, Van Oordt; Roumania, Gregor Bengescu; Russia, Boutowsky, Minister of Manufactures; Sweden and Norway (Prince Oscar, who had been appointed president, having died, it is believed that his successor will take his place at the Exposition), General Von Dardel, etc.; Switzerland, Dr. Vorsteher; Spain, Manuel de la Concha; Turkey, Edhem Pasha.

I am assured that each of these individuals has been corresponded with, and that each has been active in forming the cabinet of commissioners at the head of which his name appears. These commissioners comprise many of the most distinguished scientific men in every country. In consultation with them the Austrian directors have issued to each country special requests that its specialties of art or production shall be carefully represented; this being carried to the extent of the desire expressed to Mr. Jay that an American free school should be sent over, with the children in it, all at their regular tasks! A question may indeed arise whether Vienna will be able to entertain the enormous number of people flocking thither, and it is probable that hotel prices may run rather high. But Vienna is a larger place than most people think; including its suburbs, it is almost as large as New York, and it is not so crowded. We are told also that the citizens have so much interest in the success of the Exposition that many who do not wish to make money by it are offering moieties of their houses for the use of hotel-keepers, in case their establishments shall overflow.

In order to promote the success of the Exposition the emperor has given up to the chief commissioner, Baron Schwartz, his private gardens, bordering the Prater, so that the area occupied is immense—just five times as large as that occupied by the Paris Exposition of 1867. This domain of the emperor, the Krisan, used to be a deer park, and though the animals have disappeared, there are still about it some of the features of a forest. Though the commissioner has had to cut down some of these to make way for the vast buildings, he has preserved them as much as possible, and he has left a cluster of small green trees in the centre of the rotunda itself. This rotunda is the finest ever put up. It was designed by the English architect Mr. Scott Russell, and executed by an Englishman also, Mr. Harcourt, though in Westphalian works. It is 370 feet in span, 300 feet in height, weighs 40,000 tons, and was raised by 240 workmen to its secure place on thirty-two massive square columns. From this rotunda there run great avenues, with numerous transverse paths, all well lighted from the sides, as well as from the rotunda, it being a bit of experience, gathered from the Paris Exposition, that the lighting from above exclusively is unsatisfactory. The general hues used in the decoration—which is of the Florentine Renaissance style—are blue and gold, which, relieved by dark red pillars, have a very brilliant effect. Since November last the preparations have been sufficiently advanced for visitors to be admitted, and the small pay-



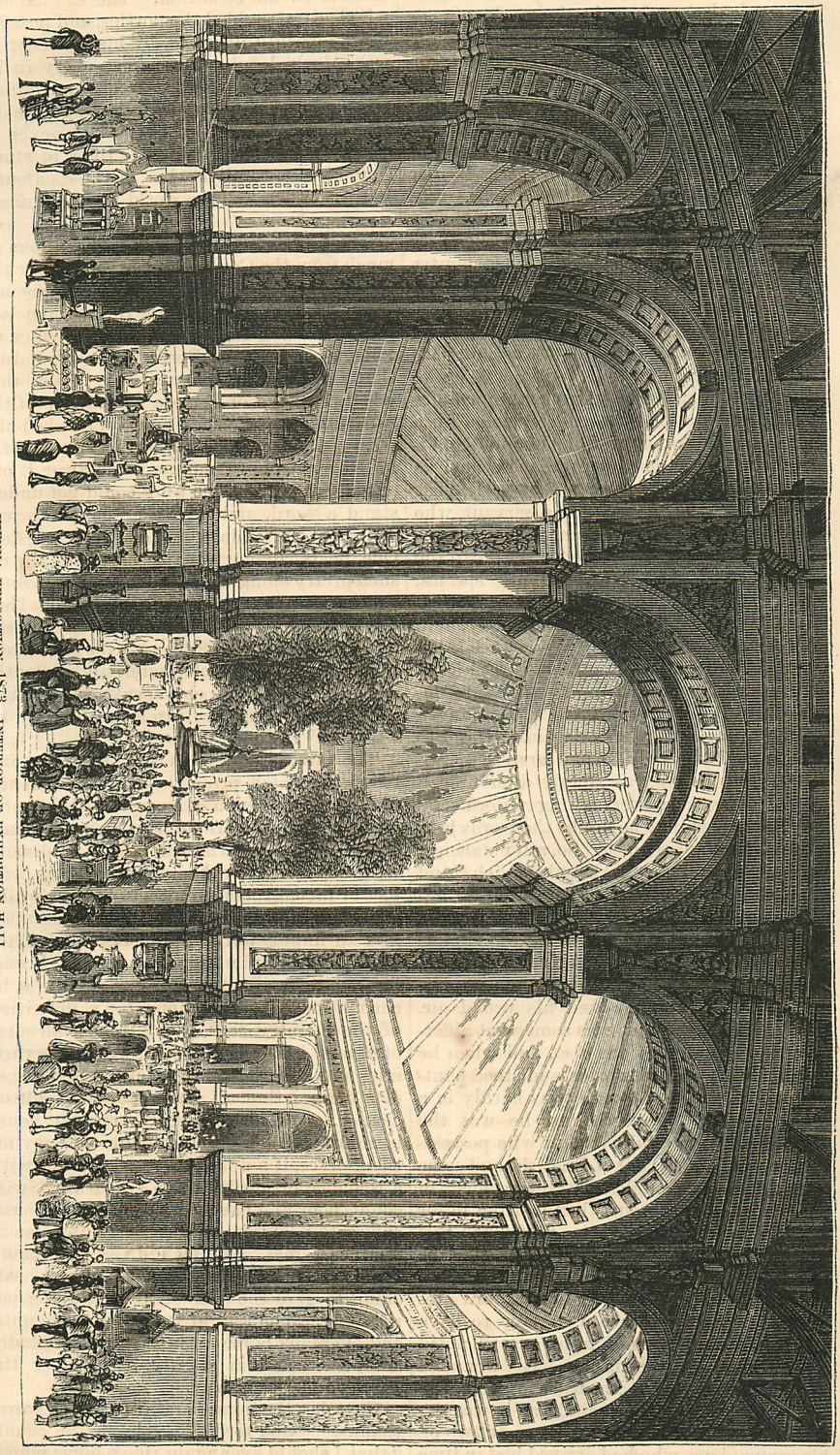
PALACE OF THE VIENNA EXPOSITION OF 1873.

ment required has already netted a considerable sum. The visitor passes through a beautiful entrance in Tyrolean chalet style, at which two noble avenues of horse-chestnut-trees converge. The splendid avenues stretch out on every side, and the kiosks, bazars, mosques, and cafés make up a sort of medley Oriental city.

There is one respect in which the Vienna Exposition will far surpass in interest any other that has ever been held—that is, the varieties of races and costumes which will be witnessed at it. A visit to that city even in ordinary times is equal to a year of ethnological study. Of the two great navigable water-paths between Europe and the East—the Adriatic, with Trieste at its head, and the Danube, with Vienna for its portal—this is the one along which the historic development of commerce and civilization has taken place. The Turkish Jews, who, driven out of Spain, had to find among the followers of Mohammed the protection which the followers of Christ denied them, became the chief agents of the great current of trade between Asia and Europe. They still use Spanish as their regular language, while they wear—at least the men do—the Oriental costume, which makes their entrance into Turkey more easy. At the same time there is blended with this costume most oddly certain antique Syrian vestments. (Among those banished from Spain was a patriarch who then took the name of Disraeli, the founder of the family which has become historical in England.) The streets of Vienna are agreeably varied with Armenians and Russians (really Hungarians), all of whom are engaged in plying between Vienna and the East, but are usually habited in the styles which are more adapted to the Asiatic cities, where dress is of more importance to free and easy intercourse. Nevertheless, as those who have visited Asia Minor, or even Little Russia alone, well know, these international costumes have some features of compromise, and it will be at the great Exposition that the real masquerade of all the costumes of the East will perpetually move along the streets of Vienna.

With less delight, it may be assumed, will the American tourist stand before the Babel of tongues that will be built around him. The Viennese talk every language under heaven except English. They much prefer French to their native language, and it is amusing to witness how eager the servants in hotels and cafés are to interlard their speech with bits of French or Italian. Of old the Romans regarded it as a grievous banishment to be sent to do duty on the Danube, and now the Austrian pines for Italy, and never ceases to refer to any sojourn he may have made in Italy, even though it was amidst the scowling glances of the Venetians. But outside of Vienna every little district or village seems to think that not patriotism alone, but the destiny of mankind, depends upon the nursing of their particular dialect, and I have known a gentleman of Vienna as much nonplused as I was at the brogue of a peasant not twenty miles out of the city.

When will the world have a common language! When the International Prison Congress in London was just closing, I remember a witty American lady—a delegate, whose head was aching with the Babel of tongues to which she had been listening—proposing that the assembly should next resolve itself into an International Language Congress. It really seems curious that, with such a community of interests as that into which the nations of Europe have been woven by the thousand steam-shuttles speeding each moment on land and river, its populations should still put up each with its little fragment of human language. While European philosophers and philologers are debating whether such a combination of tongues be possible, the ancient countries of the East have solved the problem. In India, for instance, while Bengal, Oude, Bootan, etc., have each its own language, generally used by the higher castes and literary men, there is throughout the whole country a common linguistic currency, a language called Oodoor—a word related to our term *hordes*, indicating the fact that the language has sprung up in the camps. It would certainly be a great blessing to Anglo-Saxons if they had some means of communication with Germans especially. Most Englishmen know French, but a knowledge of German is rare among them—a singular fact, when it is remembered that near eighty per cent. of the words in the English dictionary are fundamentally German. There are several anomalies in the linguistic experience of Europe. Next to the Russians, who learn all languages with great facility, and speak them with little alien accent, the Germans are more generally acquainted than other races with other languages than their own, but, strange to say, they speak the Latin tongues, particularly French, better than the cognate tongues, Dutch and English. The French have the greatest difficulty in learning foreign languages, and it is doubtful whether there exists a Frenchman who can speak English so well that his nationality can not be easily detected. When, last summer, I was at Trouville, where M. Thiers was passing his vacation, I found to my astonishment that neither he nor either of his otherwise accomplished private secretaries could speak one word of either English or German! That such should be the case with a man of such literary eminence as M. Thiers, that the President of the French republic should not even have a secretary who can read a letter from England or Germany, seemed



VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.—INTERIOR OF EXHIBITION HALL.

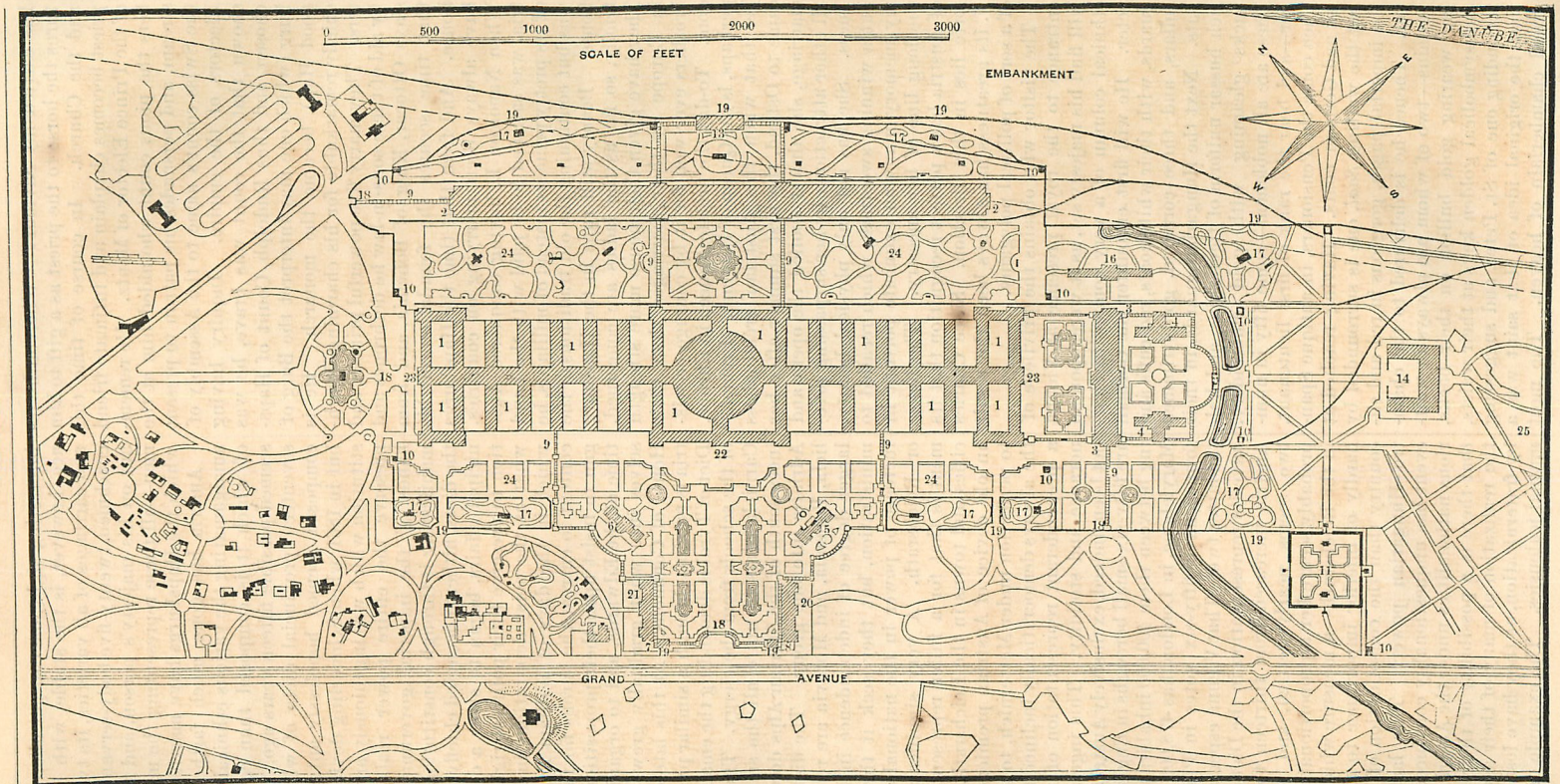
to me an almost sufficient key to the ignorance of what goes on in the world outside of France which led that unhappy nation to hurl itself upon the million thinking bayonets of Germany. There is no member of the English government who can not read German and speak French with ease. Mr. Gladstone can make a speech in French as neatly turned as in English, with a little preparation; and I have known Earl Granville rise in response to a toast offered by a Frenchman, and speak extemporaneously with such French as persons of that country present declared to be undistinguishable from the speech of their best orators in Paris.

When I exclaimed, When will the world have a common language! it was not with the deliberate intention of giving a philological lecture; it was in remembrance of a similar ejaculation prayerfully made by a fellow-traveler of mine from London to Vienna, under circumstances that seemed to distress him. Having been sent to the very top of the hotel, he gave the servant who carried his luggage a rather imposing piece of silver, and the latter at once set down the new-comer as one of the "milord" species, who must be treated with great consideration. My friend looked out at the sky, and, in order to be pleasant, remarked, "Ick hopen es viendra besser weather." A philologist would have not only understood this sentence, but been impressed by it as being a key both to the speaker's nationality and to the course by which he had arrived in Vienna. But Boots was simply dumfounded by it. However, every thing milord said must be important; no doubt the words held some momentous request. So, after staring a moment, he exclaims, "Augenblicklich," and vanished. Soon after he reappeared, bringing with him the "portier." The portier, or janitor, of a grand hotel in Germany is every where an imposing individual; in Vienna he almost resembles a London alderman in his trappings and his proud air. This particular portier was somewhat aldermanic in his proportions also, and when he had toiled up the five stories, and stood panting at my friend's door, he was hardly in a placid humor. Nevertheless, he was the only man in the establishment who possessed the least smattering of English, and come he must, even though exceedingly busy in receiving the guests just then pouring in for the approaching *table d'hôte*. But when this magnificent functionary discovered that he had left his urgent duties and toiled up to the top of the hotel only to hear milord's remark that he hoped we were now to have fair weather, he seemed to be overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation. His wounded look was touching. My friend's sympathy could not soothe it, especially as it was expressed amidst the laughter of one or two of his companions, who had arrived just in time to take in the situation. The Englishman who had so troubled the portier, and possibly got Boots into disgrace, by his innocent remark, looked sad, and made an entry in his diary, which, being subsequently purloined, was found to contain the following sage observations: "June 16.—Resolved never to speak to a German waiter. Item, to study German more diligently. N.B.—Confound Babel. When will the world have a common language!"

The German spoken in Vienna differs so much from the German of the North that the people of the two regions can often not understand each other, while the written language is much the same. The language of Cologne and that of Berlin are much harder than the Viennese tongue. It is related that when the King of Prussia was at one of the Austrian baths, a young man approached him with a petition, explaining the purport of it in the most polite manner as he drew it out of his breast; but the king could not understand a word, and thinking the youth was drawing out a dagger, had him arrested. One hears among the peasants in Austria such pretty mongrels as "delizios," and sometimes poetic expressions of a rare kind. Thus the boatmen on the Danube call a calm "the wind's holiday" (Windfeier). One meets, too, with the politeness characteristic of Southern nations, and if one speaks to children along the road they return a gentle "God be with you" in touching accents.

The great varieties of race, costume, and language which press themselves upon the foreigner in Vienna at every step, the mingling of Greek, German, and Asiatic names on the signs, the various chants of diverse religions which he hears issuing from temples of incongruous architecture as he walks along the streets, will gradually produce upon him an impression of the mongrel character of the Austrian nationality which thenceforth will be illustrated by every thing he encounters. Lord Palmerston's definition of the country as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" is not more expressive of the varieties and anomalies which one observes than of a feeling that all has been the result of chance. The history of the reigning house is a history of happy accidents—happy for themselves, if not for others. It begins with a romance of good luck. A youthful Swiss count, poor and obscure, riding in the chase, comes to a stream, where he finds a monk unable to cross. Having addressed the monk kindly, he learns that the pious man is hastening to give the sacrament to a dying parishioner. The knight instantly dismounts, and offers his horse to the monk, who gladly accepts it, and is swiftly borne over the stream and on his way.

Next day the horse is returned, with warm thanks. "God forbid," exclaims the count, "that I should ever again ride a horse which



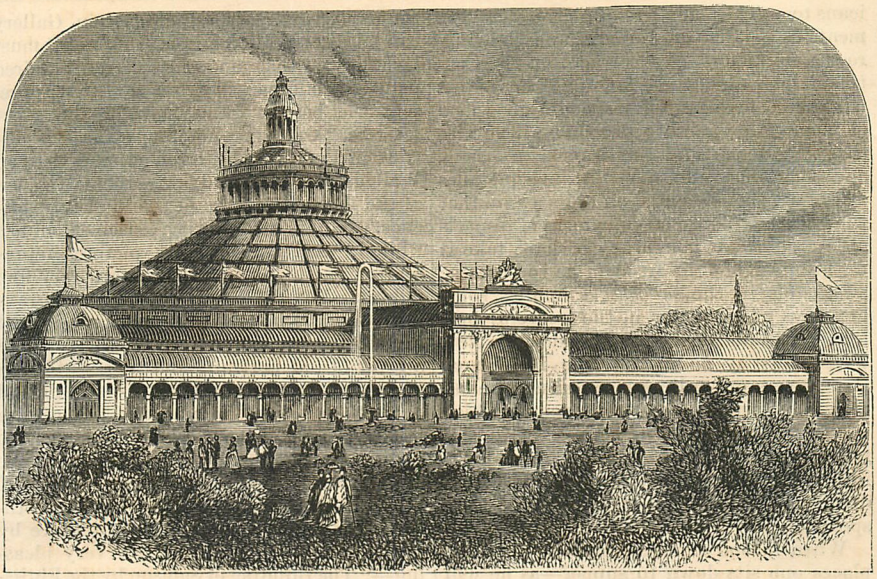
1. Industrial Palace.—2. Machinery Hall.—3. Gallery of Fine Arts.—4. Exposition des Amateurs.—5. Imperial Pavilion.—6. Offices of the Chief Manager.—7. Pavilion of the Jury.—8. Post, Telegraph, and Custom-house Offices.—9. Galleries of Communication.—10. Guard-houses.—11. Barracks for the I. and R. Engineers.—12. Stables and Barracks for the Guard.—13. Exhibition Special Railway Station.—14. Exhibition of Horses.—15. Ground for Hot-houses.—16. Ground for Horticultural Exhibition.—17. Restaurants.—18. Principal Entrances.—19. Lateral Entrances.—20. Road of Approach to the Imperial Pavilion.—21. Road leading to the Pavilion of the Jury.—22. Principal Entrance of the Industrial Palace.—23. Lateral Entrance of the Industrial Palace.—24. Places reserved for Pavilions or Buildings.—25. Park for the Agricultural Exhibition.—Another Department has been added devoted to Education.

DIAGRAM OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT VIENNA.

has carried my Saviour!" Whereon he returns the horse to the priest as a gift to him and the Church. In course of time this priest becomes chaplain and intimate friend of the Prince Elector of Mentz. He remembers the pious count who aided him at the stream, and persuades his patron to present the Swiss count's name to the Assembly of Electors of the empire. Inquiry having shown that the count was brave, he was chosen, and thus Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg (which one may interpret the Burg of good Hap), became the monarch. He is chiefly remarkable for his charming daughters. They marry five powerful princes, and by aid of these sons-in-law he dethrones and slays Ottocar, King of Bohemia, and from that time secures the foundation of his house. And from that time the Hapsburgs have always been marrying on countries. When Napoleon I., having conquered Austria, was satisfied to be paid with the hand of its pretty princess instead of milliards, he was but continuing the old traditions of the house. Beauty still runs in the Hapsburg family, so far as the ladies are concerned. They have given their house more strength in Europe by their marriages than their brothers ever won for it by courage or wisdom. To-day the prettiest queen in Europe, perhaps, is the Queen of Belgium. I remember that when this Austrian archduchess came to Ostend, the first summer after her marriage, she almost spoiled the opera and all other attractions by her surpassing loveliness. She has not only physical beauty, but a winning sweetness, which recalled to my memory many an exquisite portrait in the long line of her ancestry. The house of Austria has a perfect recognition that its forte lies in this direction. Since Charles V. its greatness has always been the result of a sort of political polygamy.

The visitor who obtains the privilege of entrance to the royal presence at Vienna will find his majesty set, as it were, upon an ethnical column of a very composite character. He will first encounter the German guards, with their white coats, red cuffs and collars, and three-cornered, gold-trimmed hats. Next the Hungarian guards, in their rich hussar uniform of tiger-skins, and kalpacks gleaming with gold embroidery. These are all noblemen—some fifty in number—and bear the rank of first lieutenant. Then come the Pensioners, in antique Spanish and German coats. Having reached at last the waiting *Saal*, one is surrounded by the imperial pages, gorgeous in red and silver. Thence he is delivered to the chamberlains—two of whom are always in waiting, wearing gold bullion on their backs, and symbolical golden keys at their waists, reminding one of St. Peter, and suggesting that the original idea of that saint was a grand chamberlain of heaven. The most interesting sight one can get about the palace, however, is the stable, with its horses and carriages of all varieties, its twenty-five coachmen, twenty-five body-servants attendant on his majesty's person, and fifty footmen—all these representing the many races which the Hapsburgs have married on.

Austria has gone much farther toward amalgamating the various ethnical elements of which it is composed than could have seemed possible fifteen years ago. Then the seventeen provincial diets of which it is composed seemed hopelessly antagonistic; but in 1861, when Schmerling devised a constitution which was ingeniously arranged to preserve the entire power really in the hands of the imperial government while manifesting it through constitutional forms, the diets, hitherto occupied chiefly with municipal affairs, began to show a determination to preserve their political rights, somewhat as the noisy deputations in England, which in the days of William Rufus were content to entreat the barons for favors, began to insist upon their propositions in the time of the Edwards, and to organize themselves into what gradually grew into the House of Commons. At this late day Austria is passing through a similar phase. The Diet of Tyrol is demanding the emancipation of the schools from the clergy. The Diet of Carniola aims to unite all the small provinces south of the Styrian Alps down to the Adriatic into one group. The diets of Galicia, Bohemia, and Moravia are requiring a larger degree of independence in local administration, but they seek it through an increase of power in the national congress, or Reichsrath. A very significant movement is that for a fuller representation of cities and towns in the Reichsrath, it being an old device of Austrian premiers, carried to perfection under Metternich, to outweigh the always democratically inclined towns by a preponderant representation of rural ignorance and stolidity. This ingenuity has not been, indeed, exclusively Austrian: there are fifty-six small boroughs in England, having between them 400,000 inhabitants, while Marylebone, in London, has 478,000; yet the former have fifty-six votes in Parliament, the latter two. That Vienna especially shall have its representation in the Diet of Lower Austria increased from thirteen to twenty-two seems nearly settled, and that will probably secure her a proportionate increase in the Reichsrath—a measure which will be hardly of inferior importance to the whole country than the consolidation of the Austro-Hungarian power. This last-named event has unquestionably convinced the various nationalities under the Austrian crown that there is a possibility of their securing the realization of many of their aspirations by fraternization, as they have lost them by mutual jealousies. The example of Prussia



EXHIBITION BUILDING, VIENNA.

has not been lost either upon the Austrian rulers or the many tribes under them. Solidarity has become the order of the day; and though the evolution of the heterogeneous races referred to in a United States of Austria will involve a severer struggle than that which united Germany has had with Junkerism, there can hardly be a doubt that the tide is every where setting toward such a freedom as shall swallow up petty principalities. Liberty is the root, equality the blossom, but both must reach their fruit in the fraternity of peoples.

There can be no doubt that there has been a disposition among liberal thinkers in Europe to estimate Austria more favorably as a political force since it has withdrawn from Italy. The retention of Venetia especially imbittered the most eminent friends of liberty against that country, and kept alive the ugliest traditions of the Hapsburg house, whose crimes have been so carefully remembered. But the repeated instances in which the present emperor has made concessions to the popular movements of the times, and the fact that a hard aristocracy stands ready in each of the countries subjected to Austria to oppress the lower classes, if made over to them, more heavily than the emperor has ever done, has induced a suspension of those anathemas which reformers like Mazzini and poets like Swinburne have hurled so terribly against that country. It is further now recognized that Austria is necessarily a peaceful element in the European situation. There is no neighboring country she can wish to invade; and though one may trace in the tone of popular feeling some remnant of antagonism to Prussia, the German elements of the country are too strong to suffer such sentiments to survive very long. There is every reason to believe that Austria is contented, and has honestly set herself to develop her resources and to harmonize her government with the age.

The people of Vienna rejoice in their cosmopolitan character. In their finest gardens of amusement—Mödling's—the grounds are laid out ethnologically, the buildings and sections being marked Asia, Europe, Africa, America, and so on. A masquerade there—and they are given not only in the season, but whenever any fête is going on—presents a medley of characters such as can not be witnessed elsewhere in Europe. I remember taking my stand there on one such occasion, and the whole world seemed to pass by in costume. One may feel that he is in an utterly foreign world, with continents, oceans, and ages stretching between him and people of kindred blood. But let him not be too certain of that. Here pass two unmistakable cockneys. There walks before them in the procession a small figure, enveloped in close domino covering the head and sweeping the ground. Cockney Number One says to Number Two, "Say, Bill, what sex does that hanimal belong to?" "Middlesex," retorts the small domino, turning sharply around—"Middlesex. I was born in the Strand, in hearing of Bow-bells. Do you know the place?" The cockney, who had counted too much upon the safe obscurity of his mother-tongue, quite wilted under the reply, which was given with a matchless imitation of his accent. Vienna has, indeed, especially since the cloud passed upon Paris, become a favorite play-ground for Londoners, and for Amer-

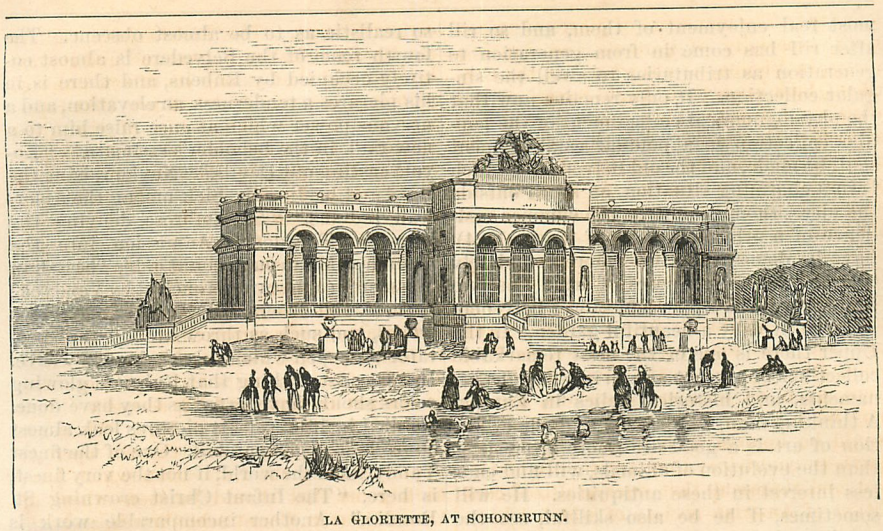
icans too. The managers of places of amusement, especially of gardens and dancing-rooms, in Vienna, as elsewhere on the Continent, look upon their Anglo-Saxon visitors with some dread. They spend a good deal of money, they admit; but they allege also that Americans and Englishmen are rude, and sometimes offensive. At masquerades especially they do not seem to be aware that they are the traditional enjoyment of respectable people. At home they perhaps take it for granted that the freedom as to costume admissible in the *bal masqué* implies some looseness of character in the wearers; but, however that may be in London or New York, it is by no means true in Vienna. Here, even on ordinary occasions, dresses may be worn by respectable people which would be impossible in more western and northern countries; they are simply historical, and represent that uncrystallized condition of Austrian society of which I have spoken.

When in one of these gardens or public places one sits down to supper—as he will generally wish to do, the dinner hour being usually as early as three o'clock—he will find the table loaded with luxuries, which represent, like every thing else, the vast outlying domains of the country. The oysters and crabs, fresh as they are, have come from the Adriatic, packed in ice. The little lobsters have come also from some far-off sea, packed in barrels, and they appear on the table lying on the laurel leaves used in packing them. The delicious eels are all Bohemian; the chamois is Styrian. (When one hears the stories of how the little chamois is hunted, and how its mother shows genius in trying to preserve it—sometimes making herself into a bridge for them to pass chasms—one feels almost as if he were eating a baby.) The little sturgeon is from Hungary. The salmon is from the Rhine or the Elbe. The pheasants are chiefly from Bohemia, and in eating them one can commend the taste of Napoleon I., who had five hundred of them sent to him every year. Vienna itself has but few luxuries not borrowed; the best, perhaps, are the little boneless fish, *Kopen* (so named from its big head), and the *Huchen* trout, which has no scales, on which account the Jews (who will eat no scaly fish) buy it up at any price.

In art Vienna is much richer than any casual traveler is likely to know. The fine arts department in the Exposition is extremely good, for the living artists of Europe have for a long time regarded Austria as a region which has not sufficiently recognized the claims of modern art. They wish to take it by storm, and it is probable that Vienna does need some awakening to the fact that there are other living arts besides music. Of the regular galleries there are two, both of which merit more attention than they commonly get. The Lichtenstein Gallery can hardly be called a great one, and it must be admitted that among its fifteen hundred paintings one can find but few that represent the best workmanship of the great masters. One must note, however, the portrait of Perugino, by Raphael, and that of Wallenstein, by Vandyck—the latter one of the finest paintings of the kind in existence. Guido's "Charity," Domenichino's "Sibyl," and Rubens's six pictures representing the history of Decius, are very fine indeed. But the rooms devoted to engravings are more important than those assigned to paintings, and there are few spots where a lover of old portraits and representations of ancient costume and life scenes will find so much to interest him as here. There are minor private collections thrown open to visitors during the Exposition which have each gems that should be seen—those of Count Czernin, Count Schönbrunn, and others. The latter has a wonderful picture by Rembrandt—wonderful, if not very pleasing—"The Blinding of Samson by the Philistines." In the Esterhazy collection readers of Mrs. Jameson will be glad to see the remarkable picture of the "Conception" (Tavarone, 1590), in which the Virgin is represented as a dark-haired Spanish girl only nine or ten years of age.

But it is in the Belvedere Gallery that the lover of art will find the fullest reward, if he can be patient enough to grope his way through the heterogeneous accumulation of splendors—a task not easy even with an excellent catalogue for his guide.

The Belvedere is one of the most valuable collections of pictures in the world, and it is the very worst arranged—in fact, it is hardly arranged at all, the various schools and different ages of art having to be picked out here and there from most incongruous quarters. In a chaotic Italian room you come dead upon a masterpiece of Poussin (contiguous with Salvator Rosa!), and after that will be spared any shock at finding room after room made up of such medley company as Fra Bartolomeo and Carlo Dolce, Murillo and Andrea del Sarto, to end with a Velasquez gem set amidst Flemish rubies! An artistic Palmerston, were one conceivable, would be very certain to describe this gallery as a fortuitous concourse of pictorial elements—not "atoms," which would have to be interpreted in a very transcendental sense to express the immense value of these noble works. The Belvedere Gallery was not made to order, like those of Dresden, Munich, or London; it grew, as Austria grew, and its treasures bear trace of the ancient history and political constitution of the country, if it can be said to have a constitution. And this fact represents the peculiar value of it as compared with the majority of other European galleries. It may not have so many great



LA GLORIETTE, AT SCHONBRUNN.

masterpieces, but the historical development of art in nearly every country is represented here, making it an invaluable collection for the art scholar or the critic. We are borne back to the fourteenth century, when a German school of art was just bourgeoning out, the main stem of it being in Bohemia. Then it was under the patronage of Carl IV., who, much wiser than many later patrons of artists, preferred to give them good institutions and special advantages to fostering their love for the luxury of his palaces. So here we have the old Bohemian collection, showing strokes well worthy any artist's study for their blended strength and sweetness. Theodorich of Prague, Nicolaus Wurmser, Thomas of Mutina, and others, had founded a school different from the rest, but it perished amidst the convulsions of the age, leaving the *disjecta membra* here. It is to be feared that if every picture in the Belvedere could tell its history, and should do so honestly, the relations would hardly redound to any reputation the Hapsburgs may have for possessing an intuitive perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. We are told, however, by the Teutonic authorities that the gallery is "the result of a profuse liberality, the creation of powerful sovereigns, who enjoyed unlimited access to all those channels which poured forth their rich stream of the most precious treasures of art for the gratification of those who thirsted for them." It is to be hoped, therefore, that the various countries parted with the treasures pleasantly. Be this as it may, the rule among empires in such matters is just that which is said to have originally rendered society possible in California—respect for such maxims as *status quo, uti possidetis*, by-gones be by-gones; above all, a remembrance that all palaces are glass houses, and stone-throwing strictly prohibited.

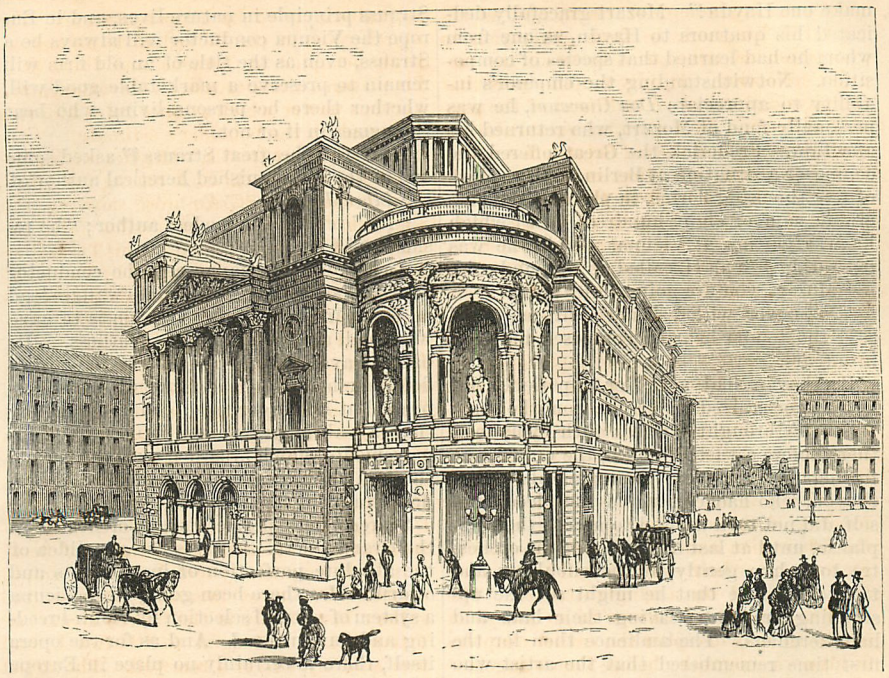
The two points in which to the art student the Belvedere presents the greatest attractions are in the specimens of Albrecht Dürer and a collection of Flemish and Italian art made by Teniers. Maximilian I. was the personal friend of Albrecht Dürer. It was while that emperor resided at Prague that he learned to love literature and art, and, above all, to esteem Dürer. Most of the Dürer pictures at Vienna were brought there by him. Teniers was the friend of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, who was Governor-General of the Netherlands, and whose enthusiasm for the fine arts proved much more beneficial for Vienna than for the Dutch. This archduke employed David Teniers to go about and make a collection, particularly of Flemish pictures, for him. Teniers repaired to Brussels, and it really was the collection there made that forms the basis of the Belvedere Gallery; for it must be remembered that the numerous little collections which Austrian emperors, archdukes, and noblemen have been making for five hundred years or more had no reference whatever to a public gallery. Each was meant to decorate a palace or private mansion. When Teniers brought the collection he had made (1657), there was no room for it in the imperial palace, so the pictures were hung in a neighboring building, called the Stallburg. It seems to have become thus slightly detached from the person of royalty, and though a hundred years ago the pictures were transferred to a palace again, that building has ever since been the palace of the people. The princes for whom the Belvedere was built live, as art enables them, on its walls, there frescoed by Van der Hoeck, Solimene, Auerbach. The emperors and archdukes have discovered long ago that an individual can not monopolize great treasures in this world without losing the

most real enjoyment of them, and so rill after rill has come in from generation to generation as tributaries to swell the singular collection. It only remains now that the physiognomical embodiment of the popular collection in a popular establishment shall be made, and the old Belvedere—which is in a charming situation, on a hill outside the city—though built as the summer residence of a prince (Eugene of Savoy, 1724), have its domestic features more completely sacrificed to the purposes of art. The two buildings called Upper and Lower Belvedere are separated by a beautiful garden. In the Upper there is one of the most remarkable collections of ancient armor, implements, ornaments, and historical relics in Europe. A thinking man, who knows that the evolution of art is a good deal more interesting than the evolution of animals, will find endless interest in these antiquities. He will sometimes, if he be also skillful, see the touches of three or four different races in the fabrication and ornamentation of a single sword, as their symbols will be blended and quartered on a single banner. The chief use, really, of Europe to an American is that he may decipher the earlier chapters of his own biography before Time's angels—Moth and Rust—shall have turned them to dust.

As to the pictures themselves, there must be near two thousand of them; most of them are genuine (not all), and many of them are unique. Some of the very best works of the Venetian school are here; among others, Giorgione's "Eastern Geometers," and P. Veronese's "Holy Family." Raphael's "Madonna of the Garden" has some traits of the utmost elegance, and will repay long contemplation. Far away in the fields the mother sits with her infant, and the infant St. John playing at her knee; there is something very unconventional in her look, which is not that of a peasant (which Mary certainly was not), but of a woman of good position. Caracci's "Jesus and the Samaritan Woman" is also most beautiful—a very fine piece of the earlier realism. But one of the greatest of the pictures is Vandyck's "Christ Expiring." Lonely in the air, the earth—save for one high bleak point of rock—being hid, no human being visible, nor trace of human work save the inhuman cross, the sufferer seems as it were to soar heavenward, with the supernal light already blending with his expression of pain. It is a face whose pain is not agony, and whose grief has above it the sense of the words, "Now is my soul glorified." The pictures by Rubens in this gallery are the most notable of all the works by that artist. They will quite revolutionize the idea one may have formed of him from his works elsewhere, which have gained him the reputation of having covered the walls of Europe with fat naked women, so realistic as to be almost obscene. The fourth room of the Belvedere is almost entirely occupied by Rubens, and there is in his pictures a tenderness, an elevation, and a nervous power which at once raise him to a new rank in the beholder's estimate. "Loyola casting out Devils," "Xavier raising the Dead and healing the Sick among the American Indians," "St. Ambrose denying the Emperor Theodosius Admission into the Church at Milan on Account of his Thessalian Massacre" (a picture retouched by Vandyck)—these, and others, are certainly marvelous works, and such as throw around the spectator that spell which only genius can weave. It seems astonishing that Rubens's glowing colors should have lasted as they have done. He died in 1640, yet his pictures look almost as fresh as if just painted. One of the finest Vandycks in the world, if not the very finest, is here, "The Infant Christ crowning St. Rosalia." Another incomparable work is Correggio's "Io and the Cloud," which exhibits a softness of outline, a delicacy of flesh-tint in the exquisitely rounded limbs, simply perfect. The most famous picture in the gallery historically is the "Ecce Homo" of Titian, which belonged to Charles I., and was sold by Oliver Cromwell. The artist has introduced into it his friend Aretino as Pilate; and Charles V. (in armor), the Sultan Soliman, and himself represent other personages of the group.

None need be informed that Vienna is the metropolis of music. The visitor there finds himself floating about, as it were, in an ethereal musical sea. Even the brass-bands perform good music. The only difficulty on this musical score is, indeed, that the varieties of harmony in Vienna are likely to form in the less sophisticated ear a medley something like the ancient "Quodlibet" (which still may be heard there occasionally), in which the persons of a company sing each a different ballad simultaneously to one theme—a solemn hymn jostling a bacchanalian ditty. The opera is the most perfect in the world, the symphonies are the most perfect, and the sacred music also, and none of them can surpass the majesty with which the military band sends abroad through the air *Gott erhalten Kaiser Franz*. Generations of culture have gone to make the musical taste and the fine ear which have made this city the Mecca of musicians. It is common to ascribe the fact in a large measure to the patronage of the emperors, as it is to ascribe the pictorial arts of Vienna to a similar cause. But in both cases the artists have had to educate the emperors, and sometimes they have had hard enough work to do it.

In the time of Charles VI. the celebrated Porpora lived at Vienna in poverty, finding little employment. "Too many trills," pronounced the emperor. Hasse having been asked by his majesty to write an oratorio,



NEW STADT THEATRE, VIENNA.

proposed that Porpora should be asked to compose the music for it. The emperor reluctantly consented, and Hasse gave Porpora a hint about trills, so that not one was introduced into the piece. The emperor, as he listened, said, "'Tis quite a different thing; there are no trills here." But when at the conclusion there came a fugue by which the theme passed to another part, there were four necessary notes which had a light operatic effect, the emperor burst into a laugh, it is said for the only time in his life, and from that hour Porpora's fortune was made.

Mozart found it up-hill work too at Vienna. The people looked upon his thin pale face and his light boyish hair with a kind of incredulity. They could hardly imagine that the little man was more than an ambitious youth. It was just eighty-five years ago that he was trying to accomplish something there, but had almost more reputation for his good game of billiards than for music. At the time the two great librettists of Vienna were Metastasio and Abbé da Ponte —a man who passed twenty weary years as an Italian teacher in New York, where he died in utter destitution. This Abbé da Ponte wrote the drama of *Don Giovanni*, after consultation with Mozart—who believed that the traditions of the wild nobleman formed a good theme for an opera—and wrote it in less time than any opera was ever written in before or since. He worked on it all day and all night, his wife keeping his wits awake by bringing in punch, his favorite drink, and so got it ready for some grand occasion in Prague. The opera-goers of Prague were delighted. *Don Giovanni*, after being thrice performed, was wafted to Vienna on Bohemian raptures.

At Vienna it fell dead. The Emperor Joseph sent for Mozart after the curtain had fallen, and said, "Mozart, your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it."

"There are just as many as there ought to be," replied Mozart, deeply offended.

This fine piece of imperial criticism may have got wind, for after this first rendering of *Don Giovanni* every body was in the habit of saying there was certainly great merit in the piece, "but," etc. Every body had something to blame. Haydn, who lived in Vienna at the time, had great difficulty in persuading the critics that they were fools. Being in a company one day when, in the absence of Mozart, the new opera was the subject of dispute, Haydn, in reply to a demand for his opinion, said, "I am not capable of judging in this dispute: all that I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence." Haydn himself suffered considerably from the cavils of the critics, but his genius met with a reciprocal recognition from Mozart. On one occasion a composer of some merit, but of a jealous disposition, was expatiating on the defects of Haydn, when Mozart broke out with the abrupt reply, "Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we could not

make one Haydn!" Mozart gracefully dedicated his quatuors to Haydn, as one from whom he had learned that species of composition. Notwithstanding the emperor's inability to appreciate *Don Giovanni*, he was personally fond of Mozart, who returned his affection. Frederick the Great offered the composer a situation at Berlin, with a salary of five thousand florins, in place of the miserable sum of eight hundred ($400) which he was getting at Vienna. While he was hesitating Joseph II. called on him and said,

"Mozart, you are going to leave me."

"No, never will I leave your majesty," said the tender-hearted composer, bursting into tears.

Beethoven had a better experience, for Vienna recognized his genius from the start. When he brought out his fifth symphony there before a vast audience, the crowd rose to their feet shouting their plaudits. Beethoven, who had conducted the piece himself, did not turn around to accept their applause, until at last a member of the orchestra took him gently by the shoulders and turned his face that he might see the upstanding audience waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The audience then for the first time remembered that the artist who had been so charming their ears was himself stone-deaf. Beethoven, when he beheld the scene, sat down on a chair and wept like a child. And many were they that wept with him.

It is curious to remark how all the musical ability of that generation gravitated to Vienna. Each man went there to receive his stamp: success at Vienna made him current in every part of Europe. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Moscheles, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Albrechtberger, Salieri, Thalberg—nay, it is impossible to give the catalogue of the great composers whom Vienna has had the chief hand in moulding. It is not fair to look upon musical Vienna to-day from the high stand-point thus furnished. The great musical age of Germany has passed away, leaving for the moment an interregnum upon which Wagner is pedestaled with his eyes fixed upon the music of the future. But it is no small thing, while one is waiting for that vision to become realized, or in the intervals (too frequent) when one can not hear the great strain of its prophet, to have one's time slip pleasantly on to the matchless movements of Strauss. Let no one imagine that he has enjoyed every musical sensation until, fresh from a bright day's voyage on the noblest river in Europe, he has listened to *The beautiful blue Danube*, as rendered by the orchestra of Strauss. But is not Strauss dead? Is this the same Strauss? Do not ask such questions at Vienna. Strauss never dies. Various conductors of that name have passed away, and others will no doubt follow them; but the Strauss principle in nature lives, and in Europe the Vienna conductor will always be a Strauss, even as the title of an old firm will remain to preserve a marketable good-will, whether there be persons living who bear the names in it or not.

"Are you the great Strauss?" asked some one of the distinguished heretical author of the *Leben Jesu*.

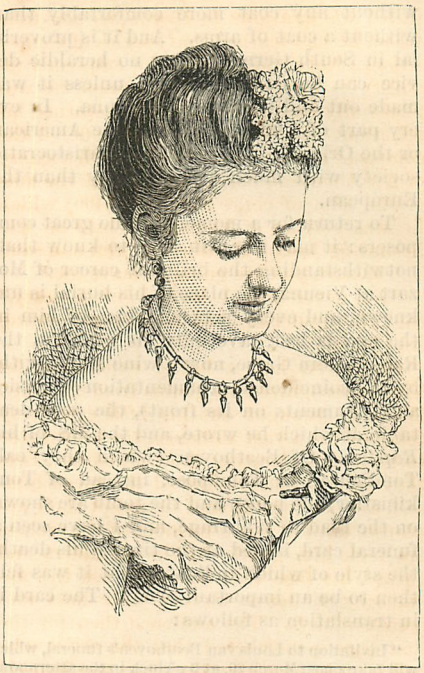
"No," replied the modest author; "he resides at Vienna."

And, indeed, to have seen the conductor who composed the great Strauss waltzes lead an orchestra on a grand occasion is to have witnessed a certain kind of greatness. His baton waves like that of one of Napoleon's field-marshals; each instrument seems suspended at his finger tips; or one might say that a subtle galvanism issued from his movements, which breathed over strings and through the pipes, making them yield æolian strains in response to a single mind.

Scarcely less perfect is the orchestra at the Grand Opera. It gives the same idea of the absolute perfection of instruments and of drill. Has there been going on in Vienna a system of natural selection by violin-breeding and fluticulture? And as for the opera itself, there is certainly no place in Europe where it is so fine in every respect. I had the good fortune to be present there on the evening when the hitherto proscribed *Die Judin* of Halévy was rendered. So long as the law prevented intermarriage between Jews and Christians the authorities did not think it wise to allow the performance of an opera whose very exciting plot turns upon the betrothal of a beautiful Jewess (as is supposed) and a Christian nobleman. A cardinal hunts the young Jewess to death, and as she sinks into the flames to which she has been condemned—a fate she prefers to the renunciation of her religion—the old Israelite who is her reputed father informs the cardinal that it is his (the cardinal's) own daughter, the secret of whose whereabouts the prelate has long been trying to discover. It will be seen that there were double reasons for suppressing a play which involved both a legal and an ecclesiastical scandal. But now, the memorable struggle about the Concordat having resulted favorably to the Jews, the prohibition of an opera which had already gained fame at Paris was withdrawn, and it was immediately announced. The audience was the most remarkable I ever saw. Every seat had been purchased at a heavy price for weeks beforehand, chiefly by Jews, and the stalls, dress circle, and private boxes were filled with beautiful Jewesses dressed in the most radiant costumes. As I think of the scene there comes before me a vision of lustrous diamonds and more lustrous eyes, rich Oriental complexions set off with Byzantine colors and costumes, wavy masses of black hair,

and faces kindled with proud enthusiasm. The late emperor was present, and the pretty Jewesses looked up to the man who had confessed himself unfit to reign with a defiant air, while he looked down on the semi-political scene with a kind of stupefaction which well represented the horror of the old conservative families, the head of one of which is said to have received a paralytic stroke when he heard of this Concordat business. Prince Lichtenstein, who is said to be the miniature monarch with an army of two and a half soldiers, was also present with an aid-de-camp of Maximilian of Mexico. The opera is certainly a magnificent one. The scenic display was surpassingly gorgeous, and, in the ballet introduced, the famous and beautiful danseuse Stadelmeyer seemed to float through the movements like a winged spirit. Halévy is greatest in his Jewish subjects. His music in the *Prodigal Son* is thrilling, and that in the *Wandering Jew* is sometimes really great, but in the *Jewess* he has poured the full flame of his soul. If the unfolding of the horrors of hell in the *Wandering Jew* has called from him some of the most weird descriptive chords ever heard, the earthly hell which priesthoods have kindled for the whole race of wanderers has elicited a depth of tragical passion which almost curdles the blood. The red-masked burners of the Jewess were anticipations of devils. Under some of the sympathetic storms of his violins the audience moved and bent as trees under a strong wind. The character of the old Jew was represented by Sontheim, himself a Jew, with a vividness and realistic strength that inspired awe and terror even among the spell-bound auditors.

Though the opera and the dance have, in the absence of any very great composer, become the chief forms in which one hears music in public at Vienna, there is no city in which there are more clubs and circles for the cultivation of the art in its more classic resources. Nay, even among the common people, Beethoven is still the most romantic hero, and on All-Souls Day, when it is the custom of the Viennese to lay wreaths of immortelles on tombs, that of Beethoven is pretty sure to receive the largest number of tributes, and next to his the graves of Mozart (doubtful), Schubert, and the poet Grillparzer. The story of his relation with the Countess Guicciardi, and how she deserted him for an aristocratic alliance, is still the legend of many a drawing-room; while the radicals will still remember over their beer with what grand rage the old man tore up a score of the heroic symphony composed at Bernadotte's request in honor of Napoleon, when he learned that the First Consul had assumed the imperial crown. Dear to the Viennese also is the memory of Schubert, born among



FRAULEIN STADELMEYER, THE PRINCIPAL DANSEUSE AT THE OPERA IN VIENNA.

them in humble life, living among them as boy chorister, as court singer, as composer, until death snatched him away in early life. It is the custom of various personages of high rank to have musical assemblies at their houses, in which the finest classical music may be heard. During the years in which Mr. A. W. Thayer, the well-known diarist of *Dwight's Journal*, remained there, while making his researches concerning Beethoven, he was the lion of these companies, and few Americans are so well known in Vienna as he. On one occasion the graceful and accomplished Baroness de S—— was anxiously looking out for him to come to her musical soirée in company with the American minister. Mr. Motley came, but without Mr. Thayer. The disappointed baroness pressed Mr. Motley to know why the biographer of Beethoven had not come, until he whispered that the want of a dress-coat had somewhat to do with the matter. "Why did he not come without any coat?" cried out the baroness, who almost shed tears to think of what social usage had cost her. These assemblies are very charming, and those who are musical have very little difficulty in obtaining introductions to them, as art dissolves to a considerable extent the barriers which otherwise rigidly separate persons who have unequal numbers of quarters or other mysterious marks on their coats of arms. Usually a gentleman may enter an aristocratic company in Austria

without any coat more comfortably than without a coat of arms. And it is proverbial in South Germany that no heraldic device can be depended upon unless it was made out and engraved in Vienna. In every part of Europe, however, the American or the Oriental man enters into aristocratic society with much more facility than the European.

To return for a moment to the great composers: it may interest some to know that, notwithstanding the brilliant career of Mozart at Vienna, the place of his burial is unknown, and every personal trace of him in the city is lost, save only his house in the Rauhenstein Gasse, now a wine shop (with, by odd coincidence, ornamentation of musical instruments on its front), the poor deal table at which he wrote, and the MS. of his *Requiem*. Of Beethoven (whom they call Tondichter, or Tone-poet, instead of Tonkünstler) the house and the tomb are shown on the road to Währinge, and I have seen a funeral card, issued at the time of his death, the style of which indicates that it was felt then to be an important event. The card is in translation as follows:

"Invitation to Louis van Beethoven's funeral, which will take place March 29, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"The company will assemble in the house of the deceased, in the Schwarz Panier House, No. 200, on the Glacis, before the Scotch Gate. The procession will go from thence to the Trinity Church, at the P. P. Minorites, in the Alser Street.

"The musical world experienced the irreparable loss of this celebrated composer on the 26th of March, 1827, at 6 o'clock in the evening. Beethoven died of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after having received the holy sacraments.

"The day of the exequies will be made known hereafter by L. van Beethoven's admirers and friends."

Beethoven's funeral was very imposing. The coffin was borne by the most eminent composers of the city—Hummel, Seyfried, and others. It was attended by the leading authors, poets, and actors—Grillparzer, Czerny, etc.—to the number of thirty-six, all bearing torches, and wearing roses and lilies on their arms. At the grave poems by Grillparzer, Castelli, and Baron von Schlecta were read, and Hummel laid on the coffin as it descended three wreaths of laurel. Then for the first time the *Miserere* was performed. Beethoven had composed it thirteen years before, and the MS. had fallen into the hands of Herr Haslinger, who now brought it forth, and the great composer was accompanied to his rest by one of the sweetest themes that ever came from his own great soul. While the composer was dying his friend Seyfried was sitting through the night arranging the words of the *Miserere* to this *equale*, and at the funeral the vast multitude assembled were indescribably thrilled and moved by what seemed the last farewell of the spirit of Beethoven.

With all the social conservatism in Vienna, and the hardness of the aristocracy—the noblemen being more like kings than even the Junkers of Prussia before Bismarck compelled these to commit hari-kari—one can not help being struck by the degree of freedom allowed in that city. It is said, indeed, not to be found in other cities under Austrian rule, poor Prague, especially, being under such surveillance that many of the best plays are prohibited to its theatres. In Vienna Herr Etienne, an old revolutionist of 1848, who edits the *Free Press*, informed me that he was able to write as much radicalism as he pleased in his paper without interference from the police. I remember on one occasion, while visiting the celebrated crypt in which the remains of the emperors are preserved in fine coffins loaded with wreaths, our party paused for some time at that of the late Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico. It was inscribed by the emperor, "To our dear brother, who was shot by Mexican barbarians." Two Germans present commented upon the inscription in their own language, and very audibly to the company present—one declaring that the Mexicans had served "our dear brother" just right, the other expressing the belief that the emperor had helped to send his brother away through jealousy of his greater attainments and popularity, and fear of his tendency to radicalism, and that he (the emperor) was by no means sorry when he heard of the prince's tragical end. Such free talk as this one continually hears in the cafés. The freedom accorded to religious heresy is equally great. One hears continually loud theological discussions going on in public rooms, where Greeks, Arminians, and Catholics assemble. There is very apt to be present, also, a Unitarian, whose arguments sometimes make one fancy himself in the atmosphere of Boston. In Transylvania there are near two hundred Unitarian congregations, with a very systematic organization, and some allege that this form of belief is spreading to Vienna and other parts of Austria. In the public libraries one sees shelves high up inscribed "Verbotene Bücher," and on them heretical theology is curiously mingled with works of immoral tendency, such as *Rousseau's Confessions*, Ovid's *Art of Love*, etc.; but these shelves have become so little prohibited, and so popular, that it is doubtful whether the warning does not act rather as a guide to the heretically or pruriently disposed.

The most quiet and aristocratic quarter of Vienna is the "Tein," where are the stately palaces of the Lichtensteins, the Stahrembergs, the Esterhazys, etc. These noble families are looked upon with much awe, as is natural, the Austrian monarchy being limited by the nobility. In Russia the Czar can deprive a nobleman of his hereditary dominions, but it is not so in Austria. The present emperor is the first who ever set

aside the will of the nobility. There are three hundred of these families, ten ducal, the chief of these being the Lichtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Lobskowitzes, and Esterhazys. They are entitled Regents, and have body-guards. They are by birthright Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the fleece symbol may be seen on the cornices of their houses. Their fortunes are immense. Though the Esterhazy fortune has been diminished by one or two young spendthrifts, it is larger than the revenues of the kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony put together. How formidable is the power of these families was shown by an incident that occurred in 1805. During the war with Napoleon Prince Appony was intrusted with the Austrian forces on the Danube. After the capture of the Austrian army at Ulm this prince was ordered to destroy a wooden bridge near Vienna; he disobeyed the order, and Napoleon's pursuit, facilitated by this bridge, resulted in the disaster at Austerlitz. All Europe expected that Prince Appony would be shot; but he was only temporarily banished, not from Austria, but from the imperial headquarters! His descendant is now Austrian embassador in France, where his memory is blessed. As for the age of these great families, who can estimate it? In the Esterhazy there is a chart of the family tree which represents it coming out of the stomach of Adam!

In these houses there is not only a great deal of refinement and culture, but also of mirth and entertainment. The children are well taught, the tutor being ordinarily a lawyer or a divine. Their little brains are said to be terribly overtasked, as it is thought they must learn all languages in such a polyglot empire. In many of the palaces there are rooms fitted for private theatricals, and there is no end to the masquerades, *tableaux vivants*, and balls. The favorite dance is still the old "chain dance," upon which more modern Terpsichorean gems have been threaded; in it the company winds like a serpent from room to room, through corridor and hall, until at last the sinuous form breaks up into waltzes, which pass from one species to another, ending in the giddy whirl of the German.

Considering that Vienna successfully claims the honor of having established the first university in Europe (1333, says Bouterwek), one is surprised to find so few literary characters in high society in Vienna, or indeed in any other. The possession of a fine university did not prevent Hartmann Schopper, the most scholarly editor of the *Reineke Fuchs*, from having to sleep, Diogenes fashion, in a barrel in the streets of Vienna, just three hundred years ago, until Josias Hafnagel gave him shelter; and the flourishing condition of the same institution there now does not avail to render the city the great literary centre that it ought to be. It is to be feared that few things thrive in Austria in which the court is not interested, and as its earlier despotism has acted as an extinguisher on the fine genius of Bohemia, its indifference has prevented the intellect of Austria from lighting up at all. It is probable that such a poet as Grillparzer would have found a welcome at court in any other capital, but at Vienna he was, and is, hardly known except by the lower classes. He held some petty office, bringing him an amount equal to $250; and when some of his friends petitioned the emperor (1828) for his promotion to a place that would bring $600, the monarch exclaimed, "Let me alone with your Grillparzers: he would make verses instead of reports." After his journey to Italy, and when he had grown out of the phase of his genius which produced *Schicksalstück* (an imitation of Werner) to that which could thrill audiences with the subtle passion of *Medea*, he was taken up by the Imperial Burg Theatre as its poet at a salary of $1000. But that sort of occupation which quickened the genius of Schiller depressed that of Grillparzer, and I suppose there have been few men of equal power who have left so little monument of it. Hartmann, too, had a good deal of genius, which came to little. Somehow but few men of genius are born among the aristocracy, or no doubt they would make much of them, as they did of Von Hammer, the Orientalist. The Germans have their own theory of this matter, and say that when the Austrian government by its despotism and espionage stopped the German immigration that was coming to it along the Danube, it committed intellectual suicide. It was an ancient impolicy, and it enabled the imported Faber, of Suabia, to earn at Vienna the title of "Mallet of Heretics" by stamping the first germs of Protestantism in Luther's time. Since then the only genius in Austria—*i. e.*, the German—has dwelt in poor attics, industriously pursuing useless knowledge. In this house Mælzel devoted royal powers to the fashioning of an automaton trumpeter, and in that other Faber worked twenty-five years to produce his talking machine. However, we will not forget that Michaelis is proving almost as terrible a "Mallet" to bishops as Johann Faber, Bishop of Vienna, was to the Lutherans in the dawn of the Reformation. Were the Old Catholic scholar to make an appeal straight to the reason and conscience of the people, there would be, I am persuaded, far more hope for the new movement in Vienna than at Munich; but the effort to convince the priests is hopeless. The ignorance of the rural Austrian priest is quite unfathomable. Berthold Auerbach relates that he once walked a little with one of these priests during the revolutionary excitements in '48. "We walked some dis-

tance," says Auerbach, "and the conversation turning on religious subjects, the priest said, 'Ay, the liberty-men would lord it over the great God, but the great God is far too great for them. All the mischief comes from philosophical religion.' I asked what he meant, and he replied, 'Philosophical religion comes from Rousseau, in France. His friends once said to him, "We have no drums nowadays." To which he answered, "Skin men, and make drums of their hides." Now that's philosophical religion, and it all comes from Rousseau, who died *anno* 5.' All the objections I made were vain; the priest resolutely maintained that he had himself read in a book in the convent that this was called philosophical religion."

In what I have just written I have not meant to disparage the literary gifts which Austria has given to the world. Nay, I am persuaded that it is much more through the ignorance of the world generally that the fine specimens of Austrian genius are not more widely known than through any lack of such specimens. Thus in the English Beeton's *Biographical Dictionary* one finds mention of Grynæus, an old and dull editor of Greek books in Vienna, who has attained the honor because he once visited England; but Anastasius Grün, who might well occupy this particular place, is not mentioned, nor in any English authorities will one find any trace of the existence of him, or of Ladislaus Pyrker, Nicolaus Lenau, or even Von Hammer-Purgstall. If Americans are not familiar with what Grün has done, I advise them to forthwith look into the charming translations of various verses of his by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport. Grün was not, indeed, born in Vienna, but in the Austrian duchy of Carniola, but he won his fame by his *Spaziergange eines Wiener Poeten.* It is significant, however, that this work was published at Hamburg, and his *Gedichte* at Leipsic. Lenau, too, is full of mystical depth and purity, and Mr. Brooks has, if I remember rightly, rendered some of his verses also into his sympathetic English. One must not, indeed, forget that one of the leading contributions to the philosophical science of this age has just come from Vienna—namely, Roskoff's *History of the Devil.* But at the same time it is impossible not to see that it stands like a solitary column in an arid theological desert. Baron von Prokesch-Osten (a Styrian) is certainly a man who has shown fine powers as a numismatist and a thinker, and if a mathematical professorship in Austria had been able to compete with the temptation of a position of private secretary to Prince Schwarzenberg, he might have built up a nobler fame than that of a reactionary diplomatist, and adhered to the studies which he abandoned, and to which he returned to bring the homage of his gray hairs.

Although, as I have already intimated, Vienna does not hold a very high position in Europe as a patron of fine art, nor has contributed much in that line, that city is to be credited with having given to the world Eugene von Guérard. This vigorous painter, who has won a good name in America especially, was the son of the court painter in Vienna at the beginning of this century, but his genius was developed in Italy, and his individuality was found only amidst the wild grandeurs of Australia, where he went, never to return, though often solicited, I am told, by the court in which his father (Bernard) flourished.

But if we turn from literature and fine art to see what Vienna has done and is doing, we shall find that she has cultivated a power of beautiful workmanship unequaled in any other city of Europe. Vienna alone among highly civilized and manufacturing cities has the blood to sympathize with the Byzantine love of having *every thing* beautiful, whatever be the coarse utility to which it is devoted. The kitchen skewer must have an ornamental head, like a golden hair-pin. And Vienna is the only European city which is in a position to know completely the wants and tastes of the East. Hence a stranger roams among the shops endlessly, as under woven spells. The clocks kill time by their beauty while they record it; the shawls are of the magic-carpet kind, that transport one to far-off realms of beauty; and there is a touch of transcendentalism in their meerschaum pipes. What stearine works are these! Who can ever burn a candle irreverently after seeing here a huge grotto, with stalactites and a noble white bear, all artistically done in stearine! Beautiful bronzes, heraldic engravings, theatrical decorations, cabinets, glass—all these things in Vienna show where its genius is at work. They have a way, too, of calling their shops by pretty names—"Laurel Wreath," "L'Amour," etc.

One may find much that is curious, if less beautiful, in the markets—the parrot market, the monkey market, and the Hofmarkt, where the old women, called Fratschelweiber, chatter quite as unintelligibly as the animals just named. One need not follow the plan of the Emperor Joseph, who is said to have gone to the market incognito and kicked over a basket of eggs in order to hear the Fratschelweiber's vocabulary of expletives; he will hear enough of it without that. And then, too, he will see the wretched Croats, who seem to be under a doom to forever sell strings of onions like that which binds poor Jews in so many cities to the merchandise of old clothes. The Croats are, indeed, a much more despised race in Vienna than the Jews, the Germans especially having never forgotten the part they bore in the butcheries of 1848.

"They have yet to pay for the blood of

Robert Blum," said an aged German to me, as a party of Croats passed by. "I saw them looking on with laughter—so many hyenas—when the great man was executed. He said ere he fell, 'From every drop of my blood a martyr of freedom will arise.' It doesn't look like it now, but it will come—it will come."

In the year 1583 Elise Plainacherin, seventy years of age, was, after torture, condemned to be bound to a horse's tail at the so-called "Gänseweide," near Vienna, and there dragged, after which she was burned alive. The Bishop of Vienna, Kaspar Neudeck, saying mass over her granddaughter, whom she had bewitched, announced that "this maiden had, on the 14th of August, 1583, been happily freed from all her devils —12,652 in number—and would now enter the cloister of St. Laurentia." The multitude of the demons which were said to have possessed this girl is the reflection of the vast number of ancient pagan deities which from time to time were believed in at this spot, where so many religions were alternately triumphant and overwhelmed. Christianity demonized all these deities, but for ages they were supposed to haunt every tree and fountain, and to waylay every traveler for good or ill, according to the treatment—as the offering of a bit of bread and meat, or the withholding of the same—they received. One old tree survives from the ancient Wienwald, which we may suppose to have been originally regarded as haunted by exceptionally potent deities. It is close to the cathedral, and some antiquarians believe that the cathedral was built where it is in order to inherit or borrow some of the sanctity with which the tree was invested in the popular mind. Those who are interested in such subjects will find mention of this curious object in Mr. Ferguson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*. It is called the "Stock am Eisen," the trunk and few branches that remain (fastened to a wall) being literally changed to iron by the nails which have been driven into it for good luck. We must look to Thibet to find the general use of the nail as a charm. (So carefully does cunning history drop the grains that we may track her in every by-way to her hiding-place!) There is another curious bit of plant lore in Vienna also—namely, an old picture in the library of the goddess of invention presenting a mandrake to Dioscorides. Near to the two figures is a dog in convulsions, showing how universal was the legend that the shriek of the mandrake when torn from the earth being fatal to any being hearing it, a dog had to be tied to it and whistled to, when in rushing to his master he would pull up the root, expire, and leave the magic charm to be detached at will. The goddess of invention was perhaps the last goddess ever invented, which adds interest to this queer picture. It is, however, mainly as they have been merged into Roman Catholic legends that the old mythology is preserved. Many persons are astounded at the utter childishness of many of the Church legends and marvels in Catholic countries, simply because they do not observe the relation they bear to the original mythology of the place. A North German philosopher has quoted a Vienna legend of which much is made as an instance of the paltriness and childishness to which I have referred. At Klosterneuburg, a quiet village eight miles out, this worthy Protestant was shown the stump of a tree and a veil, from which the famous monastery of the place grew, as it were, and about which the piety and offerings of the district cluster. On listening to hear the romance of the stump and the veil, it proved to be as follows: Leopold was a margrave in the eleventh and twelfth centuries who two centuries after his death was canonized by Pope Innocent VIII.—the pope that issued the great bull against witches under which so many thousands were burned, because the Innocents were too pious to "shed blood." However, Margrave Leopold may have been a canonizable man for aught the world knows. One day, says the legend, he, with his spouse, the Margravine Agnes, was standing on the summit of Leopoldsberg scanning the landscape with a view to fix upon a suitable spot for the location of a monastery, whereupon a gust of wind carried away the lady's veil. Many persons searched for the veil, but in vain. Nine years after, when Leopold was hunting, he found the veil, as good as new, hanging on an elder-tree on the spot where the Klosterneuburg now stands, the margrave regarding the locality for the monastery as having been thus miraculously pointed out. The disgust with which a man of common-sense listens to a sacristan relating this feeble story over the log and rag which are the cloister's most sacred relics is only heightened as he learns that the Emperor Maximilian considered this spot so sacred that he intrusted to the place the archducal coronet of Austria, which remains on the head of Leopold's statue, a huge copy of it in iron being raised over one of the towers. But examined in the light of mythological science, the story is valuable for preserving three elements of pre-Christian and pagan lore—the sanctity of the number nine, the sanctity of the veil (type of ascetic chastity in the East, inherited by all brides, and devoutly associated with Mary), and, above all, the sanctity of the elder-tree, which in nearly every part of Germany and of Scandinavia was anciently believed to be the home of the goddess Huldah (whose name probably came from elder), and the abode of the elves who were her servants.

One other trace of tree-worship survives in various parts of the country, in a custom

known as the "Church-wake." On a certain day of the year the young men of a village are accustomed to cut a tree out of the wood, and having stripped it of bark and planed it neatly, to raise it in the centre of a pavilion, which is consecrated to the "Church-wake." They adorn this pole with garlands and ribbons, and various emblems of rural life and work—an apple, a small sheaf of wheat, etc. Then they raise to the top of it a small fir-tree. Having done this, they repair each to some house in the village wherein resides a maiden, and each of these is escorted to the pavilion, none being neglected. There they dance around the pole and the fir-tree all night. It used to be a general understanding, and it survives in the more remote districts, that a youth might kiss every maid he met on Church-wake Day, whether he had ever seen her before or not. A superstition so agreeably surrounded is apt to live a long time.

The impression I have received in Vienna, however, is that the people in that immediate vicinity are by no means so superstitious as those of Germany. The many fauna and flora of superstition, in a country where many religions must be tolerated, each with its own stock of legends, has, on the whole, had a tendency to liberate the minds of the people; for each Church is able to detect and deride all superstitions save its own, and so each variety suffers exposure. Moreover, there is a tremendous law in Austria which prohibits any one from getting married who can not read and write, the result of which is that every child born in wedlock inherits some degree of education. There are, however, many customs which I think owe their origin to old superstitions, even though these may not be any longer associated with them in the popular mind. The little invocation which any one finds uttered over him by all who happen to hear him sneeze is probably to be referred to the age when all involuntary agitations of the body, from St. Vitus's dance down to sneezing, were supposed to be the work of tricky little demons, which had to be exorcised. And I think it must have been to some such primitive explanation of the whooping-cough that there has grown up in Austria the unique custom of treating that disease by administering the rod. When the child is seized with one of the coughing fits the rod is vigorously applied. The physicians declare that this strange custom has been preserved because it is effectual. The whooping-cough, they allege, is rather a nervous affection than any thing else, and the flogging, besides being a good counter-irritant, rouses the child to an exercise of the will, which often suppresses a cough.

Whether it be or be not that the great St. Stephen's Cathedral was founded on a place previously hallowed by a sacred pagan grove, of which only the "Stock am Eisen" remains, that building and its superb steeple have always seemed to me to form one of the best emblems in Europe of how the Christian faith, ascending above all others, was nevertheless compelled to bear on it many of the earlier religions amidst which it grew. On its roof, in its cornices, inside of it, are found a fauna and flora of its own; mosses and lichens and curious grasses grow on it; crows, jackdaws, hawks, and bats find it a comfortable domicile. And similarly the myths and superstitions which haunted the uncultured imagination of man have climbed into the creed, and nestle in the ceremonial inside of it. It is the darkest church in Europe. In its crypt are hundreds of the unburied, uncoffined dead, whose mummied forms, thrown there in the time of some great plague, remain to suggest the thousands who perished ere this proud monument of religious victory could be raised. It is marked all over, too, with the strange, wild history of Austria. The bells were cast from Turkish cannon captured during the famous siege. The crescent still stands which was raised to induce the Turkish bombs to spare the tower. And on the roof is spread out the double-headed eagle, wrought in the tiles of the roof, each eye four gilt tiles, each beak thirty tiles, and a distance of 180 feet lying between tip and tip of the outstretched wings. This one sees from the top of the steeple, reached by 700 steps, the greatest artificial height in the world.

Early in the spring the Viennese betake themselves to the various retreats in the neighborhood, where most of the social enjoyments take place during the warm weather. There are no people who better understand the luxuries of the *dolce far niente*, and one may see it in perfection at Vöslau and at Baden. If one of the explanations of the ancient Roman name of Vienna, Vindobona, which makes it mean good wine, be correct, it was probably given because of the prolific vintages of Vöslau, though I fear there may be two opinions as to the excellence of the wine they produce. One vine-grower, however, gave me an excellent glass of red wine, which he declared was too good to sell. The final cause for the existence of a town amidst these vintages seems to be the admirable swimming-bath around which it has grown. This bath is really beautiful. It is a large marble basin, oval, some thirty yards in greatest length, and about twenty yards in width, filled with fresh-water, clear as crystal. The smooth bottom is plainly seen, even where the water is twenty feet in depth. This basin is fringed with little alcoves, and the handsome youths standing in front of them, preparing for a plunge, look like so many Apollos. A dozen or more of them were English, and they were the most shapely and statuesque fellows there.

Charles Kingsley has lately been preaching to the English people in a dolorous way about their physical degeneracy; but I can well believe what is told of him, that his muscular Christianity is a phase of his later life, and that in his university days he pored over books during play-hours. He read and re-read, no doubt, about the superb statues of ancient Greece, which he now holds up before the English youth to show them how inferior they are to such forms—forms, one may be pretty sure, which were ideals combined from many models. Kingsley did indeed study his books to good advantage, and no one could wish one of them unread; but he might have not learned poetry less, perhaps, while he would have estimated the physical character of his young contemporaries better, had he oftener gone on such long-vacation expeditions as that which Arthur Clough has made into one of the finest poems in our language. Clough could see the Greek god in his Oxonian comrade:

"Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo, down-gazing,
Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself into it;
Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinting floor underneath them;
Eying the head on the surface, the head, like a cloud, rising to it;
Drinking in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the clearness—
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers."

"Halloo, fellows, jump in! It's awfully jolly!" I recognize the Oxonian glory of headers at once, as, having made his curve in the air, and darted like some huge silvery salmon beneath the clear water, he rises on the other side and shouts out his hearty English amidst a group of Greeks. Their small olive bodies are almost dwarfed by the Anglo-Saxon, whose blonde and rounded form represents half a dozen ethnical bloods mingled by cunning nature, as the Apollo Belvidere represents the sum of selected shapes in the past prophesying the perfect man of the future.

The floor of the bath is graded so as to give a depth suited to every age and every degree attained in the art of swimming. On the sides goes on the work of teaching little boys to swim. They are attached to the end of a rod and line, and the teachers have the droll appearance of having just caught each a curious species of human-like frog. As I passed one of these merry fellows, his plump little body suggested a spank so irresistibly that, simply for the eternal fitness of things, I administered a gentle one. The liveried servant who held the fishing-rod in his case made a little ejaculation of mingled surprise and amusement, and my Viennese friends laughingly informed me that I had spanked the future Emperor of Austria! One of them found in the performance an illustration of the strength of republican instincts. I had the pleasure of chatting with the object of my unconscious political malice afterward, and found him remarkably clever. He could hardly have been over nine years of age, yet he was already well advanced in his knowledge of English and French, and I have not been surprised at hearing lately that his health has almost broken down from an overtasked brain.

The ladies have preceded us in the bath, and when we emerge we find them gathered about the gardens and porticoes of a pretty, fairy-like chalet on a small hill, where, as we begin to ascend, they look like parterres of flowers. They are dressed in the richest and most becoming costumes, presenting varied and brilliant colors. When the ladies of London dress in rich colors—just such colors as these—at the fêtes of South Kensington or the Botanical Gardens, critics sneer at the costumes, and call them "loud" or "vulgar." And they really do so appear under the English sky. But here they seem appropriate and refined. The ladies themselves are so lovely that I was almost shocked to hear them talking in German, for I think the most enthusiastic friend of the Germans, however much he may appreciate the simplicity and the sparkling intelligence of Gretchen, will generally concede that she is rarely beautiful outside the pages of poets.

When the gentlemen swarmed up the hill these ladies began to beam, and their faces blossomed into smiles, showing them more flower-like than ever; and then ensued an amount of naïve and elaborate flirtation which I had never known equaled elsewhere. The whole company paired off, two and two, on the solid old principle that it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and if any of the fair creatures were left without a gentleman she sat aside in gloomy silence, almost pouting, like a disappointed child. This transparency of feeling in a company consisting mainly of the aristocracy was charming. They all seemed like a bevy of grown-up children. After strolling about the grounds for a time they sat—still by twos—at the little marble tables, and sipped coffee, or enjoyed ices, or sipped the sourish red wine of the vines which covered the hills around them as if they liked it. "This," remarked my handsome Greek friend from Vienna, "is the finest wife bazar in this part of Europe. It would be safe to pronounce these ladies bold hussies in London" (he had once resided there), "but custom makes a great difference. These ladies are strolling here, flirting more or less seriously, and forming engagements for life, exactly as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. Our society furnishes nothing so innocent. It is an invention of common-sense and social neces-

sities to build up a little civilization within the rigid walls which have lasted from ages that ran from the extreme of barbaric license to that of ascetic hypocrisy, and there hardened. Go a little way east of this, say to Roumania, and you will find the wife bazar completely undisguised: the ladies seated in a line in their carriages, the youths filing by, and pausing before this or that beauty to bargain with papa about her dower under her very nose."

The most celebrated place of resort near Vienna is Baden, about fifteen English miles from the city, about half-way to Vöslau. Many thousands go out to this place during the summer, especially on Sunday afternoons, the religious associations of that day ending at noon, and making way for a somewhat more noisy and sportive afternoon than is known to any other day of the week. Baden is noted for its bread—Rothschild in Paris will have no other baker in his house but one bred at Baden—and its wonderful and abundant hot fountains.

The Sclavonic type preponderates in the superstitions of Vienna and the region round about, though happily the horrors of that type are much mitigated in so much of Austria as is represented by the Vienna neighborhood. Thus the terrible vampire legends, the hungry corpses that reappear in pleasing shape and suck the blood of their surviving friends, so firmly believed in in every part of Russia, are here represented by the faith of the peasantry (and even some of higher position) that on All-Souls Eve, at midnight, any one visiting the cemetery will see a procession of the dead drawing after them those who are to die during the coming year. There is a gloomy drama founded on this which is still acted on every All-Souls Eve in the people's theatre. It is called *The Miller and his Child*. The miller has a lovely daughter, the daughter a lover. The miller obstinately opposes the marriage. After some years of despair the youth goes to the church-yard at midnight and sees the spectral train, and following it the cruel miller. The miller, then, will die during the year. The drama might have passed at this point from the grave-yard to marriage-bells; but it would never be allowed in Austria that young people should be so encouraged to look forward to the demise of parents, however cruel; and consequently the youth sees following close to the miller—himself. During the year the poor girl loses both father and lover. During the performance of this drama the audience is generally bathed with tears, some persons sobbing painfully. It is evidently no fiction to them; and it is impossible not to believe that the heaping of their friends' graves with wreaths next day is not in part due to the surviving belief that the dead have some awful power over the living, which is generally exerted for evil. *Quisque suos patimur manes.* Have we not spiritualism in England and America? Nevertheless, looked at from the abyss of Sclavonian superstition, the bright fairies of Western Europe and the communicative familiars of the mediums have a happy sunshine about them, which reminds us that humanity has in its westward march at least got safely past Giant Despair.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS VAVASOUR.

MR. ROGER M'DEVITT, owing to unfortunate circumstances, had come to regard the world as one huge conspiracy to marry him.

He was young, being still under thirty; he was handsome, or so he had been led to believe; he was agreeable, having most engaging manners; he was thought to be upright; and he was known to be wealthy. With these advantages, was it not natural that maidens should smile on him, and chaperons regard him with favor? In truth, the attentions showered upon him were sometimes merely appalling. The confidences from mothers regarding the heavenliness of dear Matilda and the unselfishness of darling Mildred made a cold chill run down his back; the situations in which he would find himself—lost in a wood alone with Maria, and the night falling, or out on the rocks alone with Maud, and the tide coming in—would puzzle him like a conundrum; and the way in which, when he was beside Mabel, her whole party would disappear, as if the earth had swallowed them, would bewilder him so that he feared for his reason. He had, indeed, sometimes felt a warmer sentiment toward Maud, or Mabel, or Maria, but the sentiment had been very suddenly chilled by these odd coincidences; not that he ceased to regard the young women individually as charming girls, but that he could not avoid a distrust concerning goods which it was necessary by wiles and stratagems to force upon the market. And he was now determined that he should never marry unless, clad in rough backwoods dress, he could, by virtue of his own power and that alone, win some innocent country maiden, fresh from the dew and the daisies, who was to be all that Eve was to Adam, with a few of the modern improvements. Still, Mr. M'Devitt enjoyed civilization, with its comforts and appliances, so much that he was in no hurry to put on his backwoods dress; and if he had sifted the question he would have found that the dream of the dew and the daisies and the innocent country maiden was very pleasant recreation when nothing better offered.

Mr. M'Devitt had come to the city of Washington one winter on a matter of business, intending the briefest stay, for he shared the untried contempt which New York and Boston, and perhaps Jersey City,

feel for the great capital of the country. But some things are more easily said than done. Business is not magically completed in Washington, where the distances are vast, the people are engaged, and the great men not always accessible; and the days stretched into weeks, and still Mr. M'Devitt's transactions continued. Moreover, Mr. M'Devitt found Washington laboring under a cloud of misapprehension—and dust. He discovered a magnificent beauty about its great thoroughfares, its open stretches of sky, its immense and noble buildings — beauty like that of some sculpture where the creator's dream has been but half evolved from the rock, and which delighted his imagination. He had long since exhausted the theatre; but here was a new theatre, with perpetually shifting scenes, in the capital. Between the Arlington and Welcker's luxury was not to be lost; and then there was a social life which, as every where else in his experience, received him with open arms. As for the seductions of draw-poker and the like, I do not think Mr. M'Devitt yielded to them at all, for his time was well enough filled with a greater sort of gambling.

He sat one evening in the back part of the long drawing-room at the Arlington, talking to a dowager, with whom he liked to talk because she had not a marriageable daughter in the world. The poor fellow had not yet learned that such dowagers are the most formidable of match-makers. It was a gala night at the Arlington, on which certain lovely ladies had arranged an entertainment, with raffles and other small games, for the benefit of a charity; and every body was in full dress, and every body's friends were there, and every body was very gay, whether with enjoyment of the good deed to be done or with the prospect of that wholesale masculine robbery which delights the feminine heart.

As Mr. M'Devitt talked with Mrs. Belton, and wondered at the net-work of lines round her eyes while her dress was still so youthful, and wished we could go to pieces like the "one-hoss shay," instead of dying by inches, and questioned why a woman must be a grandmother before you could perfectly enjoy yourself beside her—while he listened to Mrs. Belton, and thought this accompaniment, he heard a whisper of "There she is!" "There she is!" passing from one to another, and handed down the room like a game of proverbs.

"There she is?" repeated Mr. M'Devitt. "Well, and who is she?"

"Oh, don't you know?" answered Mrs. Belton. "Why, where have you been? That is the beautiful Miss Vavasour, of Boston." And here every body was making way for a lady floating forward on the arm of her knight, and stopping graciously here and there, like a queen in her progress.

"Of Boston?" said Mr. M'Devitt. "I never heard Boston and beauty connected before."

"Oh, my dear boy, you have much to learn," said Mrs. Belton. "There are people who jest about the spectacles of the Boston girls, and their sachels, and their music-rolls, and their talk of temperament; but let me tell you that the sachels belong to the suburbans, and not to the Bostonese; that temperament is better than scandal, and the girl who can talk about temperament can usually talk about something else, and she won't come to Washington and ask which of the Senate clerks is the Secretary of State."

Mr. M'Devitt laughed.

"Now I will declare to you," cried Mrs. Belton, "that the Boston girl proper is as often a beauty as not. The sea-fogs have given her a bloom that is as bright as a peach and as soft as velvet, and she has great, brilliant, near-sighted eyes—the eye whose luminous iris is heightened by the darkness of the wide pupils, when she does not cover them with glasses. She has been well cared for, well fed, well sheltered, for a couple of centuries, so that she is born with good blood and inherited aptitude for culture. As for the music-roll, she knows more about music than any body out of Leipsic, and hears better music than any body in the country—the Handels and Haydns sang her to sleep in her cradle. If she is reserved, few men complain of that fault in their wives; and then, whether it is the bracing tonic of the east winds, or the cropping out of the long culture, the Boston girl is the brightest girl—why, I was a Boston girl myself, Mr. M'Devitt!"

"Oh! I stand convinced," he cried; "I stand convinced. And now, pray, who is Miss Vavasour?"

"A little Puritan."

"She looks like it, by Jove!" said Mr. M'Devitt, laughing, and yet, for all that, growing a trifle pale as he gazed at her. "The little Puritans have changed rôles with the witches."

"Nevertheless, she is thorough-bred. The Vavasours are tenants in fee of Beacon Hill and Faneuil Hall and the Old South; people who never held office, and who scorn the ballot; but rich and respectable—oh, respectable to the point of curdling your blood!"

"I thought the little Puritan wore plain hair, a muslin handkerchief crossed at her throat, and carried a psalm-book, and kept her eyes down."

"Oh, so she did two hundred years ago. But yesterday's Puritan is to-day's Radical. The 'Index,' you know, is printed on the wrong side of the *Westminster Catechism*."

"Let me see. The hair—well a breeze might have ruffled even the little Puritan's. The muslin handkerchief I miss, I must confess. And the psalm-book—what a metemp-

sychosis it underwent before it became that wonderful talking fan!"

"You are all right," thought Mrs. Belton. "The first step is critical observation; the next step is impression!"

"Yes," said Mr. M'Devitt, as if in answer to her thoughts, "she certainly is the beautiful Miss Vavasour. But how a representative of the *Mayflower* has gotten herself up in that figure—"

"What has she to do with the *Mayflower?* That was a Plymouth blossom; the Boston colony was quite another thing. That is your first mistake."

"Technically it is all the same."

"And your other mistake is in not seeing that this toilet is the rebound of two hundred years of strait-lacing. She wears a thousand dollars' worth of false hair, probably because her grandmother of six generations since was dealt with in meeting for wearing puff-combs. When I look at that girl, and remember her ancestry, I take to her immensely: she is like those high-spirited prancing things that kick against the traces in the beginning, but settle down to a steady two-forty in harness."

"Mrs. Belton, your mistake is in talking after that fashion to a man who drives fast horses."

"You saucy boy!"

"And is this little Puritan a fair sample of all other little Puritans?"

"Oh, by no means! She is *sui generis:* that is why I like her. There is not her match in all Boston!"

"Perhaps there is in Washington, then," said Mr. M'Devitt, with meaning. "Well, shall you introduce me?"

"I don't know. I am told you are a flirt; and if I do, you must promise—"

"Ah! so you will, then."

But a brief word, a bow, and the beautiful Miss Vavasour was away with her chaperon, and Mr. M'Devitt had to content himself with remembrance of the vision. Beautiful, indeed, it was! Pale and starry-eyed, a fluff of tangled golden hair, in which a wax-white lily trembled; clouds of gold-sprigged tulle, strings of black pearl, and the Genoese gold filigree; a cloak of white swan's-down dropping from shoulders that were perfect enough for Aphrodite when first risen from the gold and snow of the sun-smitten sea-foam; and then a single dimple into which the smile disturbed the oval of the cheek. If he had shut his eyes he could have seen it all again, so fresh and strong were the lustres and the shadows of the shining thing!

Mr. M'Devitt's business did not detain him long next day. He hung round the hotel—he whom women had waylaid—on the watch in his own turn. And at last he dressed for a dinner-party with an indifference that surprised himself.

"Have you seen her?" said the lady whom he took out.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. M'Devitt. "Seen whom?"

"Why, the beautiful Miss Vavasour."

"Miss Vavasour! Is she here?" suddenly awaking.

"Oh, certainly. That is she opposite us at the foot of the table."

"That is not Miss Vavasour."

"Indeed it is."

"Oh, I assure you it is a mistake," said Mr. M'Devitt.

"Not in the least," replied the lady, with a smile. "I am perfectly well acquainted with her."

"But I met Miss Vavasour myself last night, and I am positive about it: she is a blonde."

"Notwithstanding, that is the beautiful Miss Vavasour. And is she not beautiful? So faultless that even women accord her the supremacy, and indulge her little freaks as they would those of any other queen."

"I can't imagine of whom you are speaking," said Mr. M'Devitt, so nettled that he burned his mouth with his soup, "nor why Miss Vavasour should be supposed to need more indulgence than others;" and he paused, while cooling his lips with the golden-hued Sauterne, to look more closely at the lady his companion indicated—a stately girl with masses of black hair banded about her head, and a scarlet passion-flower quivering just above the low straight forehead; with dark brows that hindered his seeing whether the eyes were blue or black; a rich and deep carnation in the cheek; a white throat clasped by diamonds; a scarlet bodice, beneath falls of black lace, that came high upon the shoulders and was left low upon the bosom, with another glitter of diamonds there. No, he was quite right; and he turned to the lady by his side and said, "We must not quarrel about a trifle. And that is indeed a magnificent creature—but not Miss Vavasour."

"You shall see," said the lady, laughing. And when they went into the drawing-room she took him where the magnificent creature had paused, and presented him to Miss Vavasour.

"I think I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. M'Devitt last night at the Arlington," said the young lady; and Mr. M'Devitt was dumb with amazement, till all at once he saw the dimple into which a smile broke the oval of the cheek, and his natural hardihood returned to him.

His natural hardihood returned to him; he laughed and talked with Miss Vavasour, turned her music for her, learned she was to be at Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's the next night, engaged the third dance with her, put her into the carriage. But all the time he was occupied trying to discover what manner of young woman this pretty masker

might be; very certain that he disapproved of her, and equally certain that nothing but sudden death should rob him of the promised dance with her.

But the next night, though he purposely went early to Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's, he saw nothing of Miss Vavasour. More than once, as the time drew near that of his engagement with her for the dance, he went through the rooms. And at last, giving up the search, he was on the point of asking introduction to a lovely girl whom he had seen surrounded with suitors, though apparently about to dance with none of them. But as he passed again she made a step forward, as if she were expecting him, the music already sounding, and—could it be Miss Vavasour? —this damask and ivory, these great blue eyes, the round, high brow, the powdered rolls and curls, the patch upon the rosy chin, the gleam of rose-color and silver brocade over the fainter gleam of rain-washed blue, the diamond-set sparkle of pale flesh-tinted cameos resting on a breast of snow; lace, flowers, fan, and the single dimple deepening now as she laughed—this brilliant and beautiful Pompadour picture of blush and azure and snow!

Whether it were Miss Vavasour or another, he was not the man to lose his opportunity; and he bore her off, and left his rivals to bite their gloves, and endure the pangs of their hungry envy as they might.

But certainly it was Miss Vavasour, black hair, or yellow, or gray. She could not disguise the sweet curves of the lips, the music of the voice, the pretty audacity of manner, and the eyes—yes, when he looked into them they were always the same, the large, lustrous, trusting eyes; and he was clasping her, and they were whirling in each other's arms as if the music were a wind that whirled them. But after that she gave him no more dances till she was going away, when she walked through a quadrille with him, just touching the tips of his fingers, with the old-fashioned dignity and distance of a minuet.

But as Mr. M'Devitt came down the staircase next morning he was thinking over the night before; he was thinking whether the brief intoxication of success would have repaid him when all men were eying and discussing the loveliness of his wife as they would discuss the points of a racer—would have repaid for the necessity of seeing her floating through the dance in the embrace of other men; thinking whether a grave and quiet fair-haired maiden, who had been his neighbor the last few mornings at the breakfast-table, would not, after all, be a better anchor for a man's happiness than any reigning beauty. Dangerous thoughts for Mr. M'Devitt: he had, then, imagined such a possibility as that of making the beautiful Miss Vavasour his wife! But what would Miss Vavasour have said?

He went to the table, where Mrs. Belton already awaited her dishes; and after the greeting sat playing with the salt and continuing his line of thought, fortifying himself with glances at the fair neighbor, as she breakfasted on the bread and milk of her usual morning meal. Her face, with its delicate pearl tints, its soft blue eyes, its crown of fair braids; her voice, that had such a strangely familiar and delightful ring in it—these after the glare of the night before, after the dazzling disguises of Miss Vavasour, seemed to him as the clear sky seems to a man issuing from a wax-lighted grotto. He had a pleasant table acquaintance with the fair neighbor; he had discovered that they were interested in many of the same things; that she had read and thought much for her years—thought, indeed, with vivacious originality; they had had conversations over the books and music and pictures that they liked, over the places through which they had traveled, and over the scenes of the various parties and receptions at which it seemed she had been present, though, to his regret, he had not seen her; but, as he said to himself, night light, and the color that excitement gives, and party dress might make her a different person from this slender young maiden in the blue cashmere morning-gown.

He turned now and began talking with her. The more he talked, the more he felt attracted to continue. "She is fresh and sweet as a flower with the dew on it," he thought. "I hope she will stay while I do. She will make a wife for some man who will never realize his bliss. I have half the mind to go in for it myself!" To tell the real truth, Miss Vavasour had allowed another gentleman to put her into her carriage last night.

When the young lady left the table, Mr. M'Devitt looked at Mrs. Belton. "Talk of your beautiful Miss Vavasour!" said he. "There is a girl worth a score of that Delilah."

Mrs. Belton laughed the merriest laugh, to the astonishment of her companion, who, as the laugh continued, began to feel incensed; and then she beckoned to the young lady, who, at the laughter, had paused in the doorway and looked back. She returned obediently enough.

"My dear," said Mrs. Belton, "Mr. M'Devitt feels that he is not warranted in continuing his acquaintance without another introduction. Mr. Roger M'Devitt, Miss Vavasour;" and then she went off in a fresh peal.

But Mr. M'Devitt saw nothing in the world to laugh at; Mrs. Belton seemed to him all at once a senseless cackler, and Miss Vavasour— Mortified and wrathful, he made a low bow and retreated on the instant, with a silver chime still ringing in his ears.

For an hour or two Mr. M'Devitt was re-

solved that he would quit Washington; then he was resolved that he would quit the Arlington; then he was resolved that he would refuse to recognize Miss Vavasour when he saw her again, which, as he had never yet been able to recognize her when he *had* seen her, was a weighty threat; and then he was resolved to send his card up and have the whole thing out with her. He had sent his card before, but had never succeeded in finding Miss Vavasour in. This time he followed the servant, and stood behind him at the parlor door.

It was just after the luncheon hour, and he felt sure she must be in the house, even if preparing to go out. He heard the sweet voice cry, "Come in;" and as the door swung open and the boy stepped in with his salver Mr. M'Devitt saw her—if, indeed, this fresh disguise were she at all—standing in the middle of the room, and chirruping to the canary that she was replacing in his swinging cage: saw a graceful creature in a wrapper of white cambric and lace, whose long Watteau folds made her seem taller than she was, and over whose shoulders and down whose back was streaming a wealth of brilliant hair—the hair that is always long and thick and fine, each thread of which sheds the light like a polished surface—the hair that poets worship and the vulgar scorn. "The secret is out," thought Mr. M'Devitt, with a flash of his eyes. "And this explains the whole. Her hair is red." And then he tapped on the door-sill, and she turned and saw him.

For a second as much dismay was pictured on her face as ever there had been on Mr. M'Devitt's, followed as quickly as clouds chase each other by an angry frown at his intrusion. But the anger vanished from her eyes before the smile in his.

"I have half the mind to tell you I am not in," she cried; "but you see I am in, so you may come in yourself. And here is Mrs. Belton." And then the servant closed the door.

Mr. M'Devitt stood hat in hand. "It is Miss Vavasour whom I have the honor of addressing?" said he.

"It is," said Miss Vavasour; and she had wound her hand in her hair as if to put it out of sight, had thought better of it, swept him a mock courtesy, and then she sank into an arm-chair, motioning him to another.

"I came," said Mr. M'Devitt, meanly forsaking his line of attack, "to request the pleasure of a drive with Miss Vavasour. After last night's fall of snow all the dry-goods boxes that can be put on runners will be chasing one another down the Avenue."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Vavasour. "But I may as well tell you frankly that papa does not allow me to go out in that manner."

"I didn't propose to take a dry-goods box," said Mr. M'Devitt.

"I mean with you."

"With me?"

"Oh, I mean at a gentleman's invitation. If, however, you will take a seat in our carriage with Mrs. Belton, it will be all the same, and I shall be delighted." Mr. M'Devitt looked up in a new surprise. "You lost your faith in human nature, didn't you, this morning?" said she. "Perhaps this will help you to find a little of it."

"Not in human nature," said Mr. M'Devitt, boldly, "but in human hair."

"Why shouldn't I wear a wig?" cried the audacious girl, suddenly. "I have no doubt that your mother, who is old enough to know better, and a member of the Church, moreover, wears one."

But many days after, and when they were better friends, "My mother wears her own gray hair," said Mr. M'Devitt, gravely, as an old lady passed them, furbelowed and flounced and frizzed.

"And not a bit of false with it?"

"False gray hair!"

"Certainly. And paid hundreds of dollars for it. And what is the difference in principle between so much and a great deal more? If I wear one false thread, I have given up the whole point; I may as well wear a full chevelure."

"No," said Mr. M'Devitt. "You wear the small quantity as a matter of toilet—to make yourself inconspicuous. But the full chevelure—"

"As a matter of toilet, yes!" she cried, triumphantly. "Very well, then, as a matter of toilet I am wearing my scarlet with the black lace; why should I not wear black hair to harmonize with it? Why should I not get myself up correspondingly, darken my eyes with antimony, deepen my cheeks with rouge? To-day my dress is to be gauzy and airy; why should I not wear crimped golden hair with it as well as filigree golden beads? It is all a matter of toilet. If papa's barber may powder his face, why mayn't I powder mine? A great deal of blonde powder on my hair makes it *blonde cendrée;* a great deal of gold powder makes it yellow as need be. And you may always observe that I wear my hair to match my dress—because my own hair is this hideous, hateful, horrid red!"

"Your own hair is Titianesque, pardon me. It is hair with vitality in it; the sun shines through it and in it; it is the beaten red gold of the Bible!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you," she cried in merry mockery. "Tell me which of the Misses Vavasour you like the best. The red-headed one?"

"I should like her the best," said Mr. M'Devitt, "if I did not think all her wigs would stand up against her at the last day

in testimony of the slaughter of ten thousand lovers. Ah, what a spectacle, those empty wigs! The skulls of twenty Yoricks would be nothing to them."

"Ten thousand!" said Miss Vavasour, calmly. "Oh, not so many — not half so many. In fact, I doubt if there are ten. But, to tell you the truth," said she, rising and dancing away, "I like to see their heads swim!" For, of course, before they were on such terms as this required, Mr. M'Devitt had taken the seat in the carriage that day and frequent days thereafter; and of course, having made his way to the parlor once, he had not lost any vantage-ground: he had invariably found Mrs. Belton there, but he had never found the red hair there again. Miss Vavasour had no mother, though she had her mother's jewels, and had been left here in Mrs. Belton's charge by her father, who objected to her accepting obligations from gentlemen, but never said a word about different hair for every different day.

A month of this companionship, breakfasting, dining, dancing together; sometimes calling, sometimes driving, spending a morning among the illustrated books of the library, or in the galleries of Congress listening to debate during the pauses of a running debate of their own, and Miss Vavasour and Mr. M'Devitt had become very intimate. Mrs. Belton, indeed, was always with them; but she was one of those persons who are never in the way.

Yet the more Mr. M'Devitt saw of this maddening young lady and her charms, the more he said, "Here is a woman who will never be content with still life, the fuel of whose vital flame is flattery. She would coquet with her own shadow in the glass. She would perish of starvation shut into a quiet home with a husband. What sort of a wife and mother could come of this flirting and dancing, these smiles and blushes, these bare shoulders and false tresses?" But as he asked the question he felt himself trembling: it was time he left off puzzling over anomalies —he was only concerned with the fact, which used to stab him every once in a while like a knife, that, aware of his preferences for a life of domestic seclusion, this girl would no sooner marry him than she would marry a hod-carrier.

But still he hovered round her like a moth round the flame, just as all the other lovers did. Somehow he fancied himself in the inner ring of all; but, again, he knew that he had no right to imagine such a thing. Behind the girl's frank speeches there was yet a reserve that he had never penetrated. Often, when she danced, he lingered and looked at her. How brilliant she was, how gay, how perfect in her place! After all, this was the life for her—women adoring her, men at her feet—this life that was like summer and sunshine to the jewel-winged fly. They had known each other three months now. As the grass grew velvet green on the slopes about the shining Capitol, and then purple with violets, they had taken long saddle-rides down the lovely Rock Creek Road, their horses fording the stream, and up on the Maryland hills, where the city lay far below them like a garden of flowers; they had strolled in the parks and sat under the blooming magnolias; and once they had rowed upon the river under the shadow of the high bank rustling with early leafage. He began to think how he should miss her, her bright intelligence, her sympathy, her arch sweetness—his heart was aching within him. Would the beautiful Miss Vavasour miss him?

For he was going away. He had come to the place with a great design for his fortunes. Rich as he was, he had wished to be richer. Telegraphing in cipher to his partner the information he gathered from day to day in reference to financial matters, their operations on Wall Street had been enormous. One day they realized a million. Flushed with success, another day they lost that million and the million that they had before. He stood as he was—the diamonds in his shirt, the bills in his purse, you might say: for the rest, the vast fortune for which so many mothers had manœuvred and so many maidens made eyes was dust and ashes.

He stood as he was, and looked at her, the light of a splendid scene, given over heart and soul to this voluptuous life. He had engaged a certain dance with her before the catastrophe came. He had put the telegram in his pocket, and dressed and gone mechanically where she was. A splendid scene. Light and color did all they could for the rooms and the open balconies in the spring night beyond; rare toilets glittered there, sumptuous music sounded there—the wild waltz music that if your heart is heavy breaks it — and flowers blossomed everywhere, hung about the chandeliers, dripped from the picture-frames, wreathed the balusters, bedded mantels and marbles: camellias and violets, and pansies and moss, and such roses as only bloom shut in between the hills and bathed in the wet winds of the Potomac. But she was the loveliest flower of all, so blossom soft and fair and sweet in her draperies of snowy net, skirt over skirt, like the folds of a cloud, her great pearls, her— What new freak now! Was it her own hair, coiled in a crown and falling in those long loose curls of red gold?

He had his dance with her, her fragrant hair blowing across his lips, her fragrant breath fanning his bent face; and his heart sank to nothingness as the music gave a crash and slid into another measure. Then he offered her his arm, and took her to find an ice. He felt that in another hour this

girl who loved luxury, this butterfly of fashion, who had breathed no other atmosphere, would be as remote from him as a star.

They went out on a balcony with their ices, the murmur and the glitter behind them, the music sounding far within, the unseen moon shining on the dewy garden underneath. "I am glad," said he, "that my last dance with you was so perfect." She looked up quickly. "My last dance," he said. "I am going away. I came here with a fortune; I am going away without it. I have been gambling—oh, none of the vulgar gambling, but that with the glamour of the gigantesque about it; a nation taking a hand in the game—and I have gotten what I deserved, beggary! It may be I can in some manner retrieve myself; but probably not. In that case my only resource is to go West. So good-by, Miss Vavasour. But before we part I am going to tell you, just as a devotee tells his god, without hope of reward—and now that it can not make any difference to you—that I love you. I love you from my soul, and I always shall. Don't speak; oh, pray, don't answer me: I only want the satisfaction of having told you, the memory of your sweet face as you listened to me. For, come cloud or sunshine, it will always be sunshine to me to think I love you, and that you know I love you!"

He did not touch her; he sat a little apart from her; but his low impassioned voice was shaking—she felt him tremble as he spoke.

She turned and looked at him. She was very white herself. "Do you mean that you would have asked me to be your wife, and do not now because your money is gone?" she said.

"Ah, yes, I meant it," he breathed.

"And you could love me, and yet think—" She did not go on. She took up the neglected ice. "Very well," said she, coolly, "in that case, I suppose, this is the last ice we shall ever eat with gold spoons!"

It was the best thing she could have done. A tender word, a touch, would have jarred on that intense strain of his. He sprang to his feet. But she was standing beside him as instantly. "Come and put me in my carriage," said she, "and find Mrs. Belton, please."

"Am I dreaming? Are you in earnest?" he murmured. "Then, by Heaven, I shall drive to the priest's before we go back to the Arlington!" She stood so white and perfect in the moonlight now, it was all as impossible as if he had plucked down that star that had appeared so remote. He stopped and faced her. "Are you really mine?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"I shall be to-morrow," she said, "if you want me. Papa will never give his consent in all the whole wide world, and so I may as well take it, and ask for it afterward. I always have."

And, upon my word, she did; for at noon of the morrow the radiant Mrs. M'Devitt was writing to her father—and trustee—begging his forgiveness because there was no longer any beautiful Miss Vavasour.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF JAPAN.

IT is impossible to overstate the universal ignorance upon the subject of Japan. The singular political and social constitution of a vigorous and intelligent nation numbering thirty millions of inhabitants is regarded with an indifference which is bestowed upon no other people of ancient or modern times. Scholars vouchsafe a far greater amount of consideration to the study of the vanished empires of antiquity, and to the common mind the existence of this by no means contemptible body of the human race is as remote as that of the lost tribes. Excepting where commerce has somewhat rudely touched its shores, no points of sympathy have been established between the finest land of the East and the civilization of the West. The exceptions to the rule are few. Those who have given more than passing attention have been looked upon rather as amateurs of ethnological *bizarrerie*, connoisseurs of society in quaint and grotesque forms, searchers after rare and curious remains of history, than as serious observers. Undoubtedly the disinclination of others to share their zeal has attached them the more persistently to the object of their attraction, and perhaps their devotion has been its own, though its only, reward. Certainly no amount of general carelessness as to the results of the development which he has watched with keenest interest, no intrusive doubts as to the value of his speculations, have been sufficient to awe the Japanese devotee from the career of his humor. It may be that his fidelity has been assisted by a conviction that the time could not be far distant when the attention of the world, to a certain extent, must of necessity be turned in the same direction as his own investigations. In such a case, he may now enjoy the speedy anticipation of a second recompense.

There is now no mistaking the signs of progress in the revived empire. Japan has already formally claimed admission to the community of nations, and is preparing to support its claim with an earnestness and an energy which show no lack of courage, although they may betray occasional unsteadiness of judgment. It is prepared to offer almost any sacrifice of past prejudices, and ready, perhaps too ready, to engage in almost any pledges for the future. The en-

thusiasm with which it asserts its resolution to fit itself for the freest international intercourse is of a kind which is not likely to be turned aside by ordinary discouragements. At present it is blind to many formidable obstacles, but it admits their possible existence, and professes itself resolved to find a way to overcome them when they arise. Such a spirit, on the part of a government which, although hitherto feeble, is growing stronger every day, and which is gradually acquiring undisputed control over thirty millions of industrious and quick-witted people,* is not likely to be easily checked. From this time forward, and doubtless for a century to come, the relations of Japan with foreign countries, and its processes of internal development, are matters that must occupy the serious attention of the political and commercial world. What the distant result will be—whether it will ultimately take prominent rank, or fade into lifeless obscurity, or utterly decay—it would be useless now to discuss, much more to attempt to determine. Its present vitality at least is certain, and the newly aroused spirit of the people is ample guarantee that it will not soon be suffered to ingloriously decline. Whether their prowess hereafter will be equal to their purpose is one of the interesting problems of the future.

For a long period there was little to wonder at in the general lack of information concerning Japan. Its history was imbedded in a seclusion of centuries, and every thing that was not absolutely hidden of its government and society was, at all events, darkened by mystery. It was no easy matter to get even a glimmer of truth as to its true condition, and few persons cared to search for that which was so scrupulously concealed. But within the last twelve or fifteen years the veil has gradually been lifted. The outlines, if nothing more, of all that was before so strange and impenetrable have been made clear. If the book of Japan has not been thrown freely open, it has at least been unsealed, and its pages offered for the examination of those who would take pains to lift the cover. Yet the popular indifference remains unmoved as ever. The world, of course, chooses its own subjects of interest, and no nation can compel its attention against its will; but it certainly seems remarkable that the events of a land which, within five years, has rushed swiftly, and thus far safely, through almost every progressive form of government, which has reproduced in miniature centuries of European development, which has made but one stride from the twilight of the Middle Ages to a brightness of purpose not very far behind that of modern Western civilization, should have possessed no attraction for the outside public. It is too little to say that during the last half dozen years Japan has made more history for itself than in the preceding two and a half centuries of its own annals. It has exhibited transformations the like of which have required ages to accomplish in every other land. Reforms which elsewhere have only been achieved by the struggles of generations, and at the cost of countless lives, have here been established in a day, and—since the first brief contest in 1868—without disturbance of the national peace. I have no idea of forcing a comparison between the progress of European enlightenment and that of a remote Asiatic empire, for that, I presume, would not be tolerated; but, setting aside all consideration of the thirty millions whose prosperity is involved, and viewing the movement in its most limited aspect, that of a state—even an insignificant state—so suddenly and so boldly carried through successive radical changes to its present secure condition, the reorganization of Japan remains one of the social marvels of modern times.

Five years ago, although certain privileges had been reluctantly granted to strangers, the country was, in temper and purpose, as impenetrable as ever. The principle of isolation had not been willingly abandoned, and the recognition of foreign powers was looked upon by the majority of the ruling aristocracy merely as an inevitable concession to superior force. At that period many influences tending toward the overthrow of the old system were already at work, but to most outside observers the form of administration which had lasted nearly three hundred years continued unshaken. The Siogun (Tycoon) still held despotic supremacy, and under his sway a feudalism more fixed and rigorous than any of medieval Europe prevailed. A sudden combination was formed in 1867 by a few discontented baronial chiefs (daimios) against the oppressive régime of the Siogun. It was successful, and within a few months the descendant of a long line of autocrats was deposed and reduced to the level of the higher peerage. The Mikado, whose nominal sovereignty had never ceased, was called by the victorious faction to assume once more his imperial functions. The change was as startling as it was sudden, and many spectators believed that a revolution thus planned and executed by a body totally inexperienced in affairs of state could not endure—a belief, it may be added, which has only recently been dispelled. For a while, indeed, the new executive officers distinguished themselves chiefly by their confessions of weakness, their errors of statecraft, and the awkwardness with which they handled the delicate bureaucratic organization of their predecessors. Conspiracies for

* The latest census estimates the population at a little over 35,000,000; but as this is not understood to be strictly exact, I speak well within the limit.

the restoration of the broken siogunate were frequent, and sometimes formidable. The government seemed thoroughly inadequate to the task it had undertaken, and fell rapidly from disfavor into contempt. It is needless to capitulate the numerous evidences of discord and dissension which day by day revealed themselves, but it is sufficient to say that the forebodings of those who predicted another national convulsion were in a good measure justified. Finally, the leader of the conspirators who had united to subvert the government of the Siogun, finding that he was not permitted to control affairs entirely according to his own will, quarreled with his associates, and withdrew in sullen wrath to his own dominion, where he held private and antagonistic court of his own.* Then it seemed, indeed, that the whole fabric of the new administration was about to fall in pieces. There was disaffection on every side. There were insurrectionary plots of greater or less magnitude in half the provinces of the empire. Partisans of the dynasty of the sioguns were here and there in open revolt. Political assassinations were committed even in the capital. And to crown the perils of the government, the originator and chief of the combination, the soul of the enterprise, the most powerful as well as the ablest of the ministerial advisers, had withdrawn himself and his forces, and was now maintaining a position which, if not avowedly hostile, was certainly menacing. These were the gloomiest days of the young Mikado's reign. His immediate counselors did not affect to conceal their anxieties, and as among themselves they could agree upon no method of meeting the crisis, they fell back upon the expedient of seeking a reconciliation at whatever cost with their alienated leader. Upon condition of being allowed to assume the undisputed direction of affairs, he consented to be pacified, and early in 1871 his representatives appeared in Jeddo,† once more prepared to undertake or guide the administration of the government according to the views and upon the principles laid down by their master.

Immediately upon their arrival a rumor began to circulate that the ministry was about to be readjusted upon a basis of unprecedented public liberality; and during the summer the series of remarkable events began, each one of which seemed calculated to provoke immediate tumult, while none, to the astonishment of all observers, native as well as foreign, was followed by results of sufficient consequence to cause serious apprehension. The first indications of reform were of a nature which now appear trifling, in the light of the graver measures afterward instituted, but which at the time filled the country with excitement. It was decreed that the several castes which had in all ages been denied the privileges of riding in the public thoroughfares, and of wearing garments similar to those of the gentry (samurai), should be allowed the amplest freedom in these respects; and, on the other hand, that the high classes might divest themselves at pleasure of their distinguishing dress, and even lay aside their swords. This was the initial step toward placing the entire populace upon the same level, and it was considered so bold that many of the warmest supporters of the government doubted its expediency. It was thought almost incredible that any merchant or artisan would have the hardihood to assume rights which had always belonged exclusively to persons of superior rank; and no samurai was expected to degrade himself by appearing in public in such a garb as to render him liable to be mistaken for one of the vulgar. The experiment was nevertheless a success. A great number, perhaps a majority, of the gentry showed themselves as eager to rid themselves of unnecessary incumbrances of attire as the farmers, tradesmen, etc., were to avail themselves of their new liberties, and weapons rapidly disappeared from view as hack-horses and vehicles began to multiply. The second and more extreme leveling measure was not long delayed. Since the earliest recollection of Japanese historians certain classes had rested under the severest social ban—had been permitted no intercourse, much less alliance by marriage, with the community at large. These were the butchers, tanners, leather-workers—in fact, all persons whose avocations brought them in contact with the bodies or skins of dead animals. Their condition was even lower than that of the way-side beggars, but at the will of the sovereign, or his prompters, their disabilities were removed in a day, and they became equal members of society at large. At the same time especial provision was made for the beggars, who ceased to be an organized body under the head of a recognized hereditary chief. In a few provinces the execution of this last movement was riotously resisted, but not to any extent entailing dangerous consequences. Thus the work of elevating the middle and lower classes to a common grade, and equalizing them as nearly as might be with the inferior order of gentry, was satisfactorily accomplished. There remained the more delicate and difficult task (a year ago it would have been pronounced impossible) of forcing down the loftier nobility to an approximate social grade.

The new administration, under the auspices of the master spirit of the revolution and his adherents, was proclaimed during the summer (1871). Its prevailing influ-

* The Daimio of Satsuma.

† After the overthrow of the Siogun dynasty the name of the capital was changed to Tokei, but I retain the familiar title for the sake of convenience.

ences were liberal in an extreme degree. Two officers alone were supposed to retain a good share of the old conservative temper of the Mikado's court. These were the Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, both members of the former proud peerage of Kuge, which, in the days of its existence, looked down from a complacent height of dignified poverty upon the wealthiest and most powerful daimios. But the Prime Minister was, and always has been, an ornamental nullity—an amiable and weak man, with little skill or courage to execute ideas of his own, supposing him to be possessed of any. The Foreign Minister* was of a different stamp, but his extreme conservatism was already greatly modified, and his original retrogressive propensities had given way to a wholesome desire to guide with caution, rather than to obstruct the progressive tendencies of his colleagues. The remainder of the cabinet were all reformers of greater or less intensity. They first set themselves to the labor of reconstructing and liberalizing the various government departments, and having finally cleared the way for the great *coup*, issued, on the 29th of August, an imperial edict reducing the daimios to simple citizenship, assuming control of their domains, and diverting their immense personal revenues to the needs of the nation. The whole fabric of feudalism in Japan was blown away with a single breath.

By the mass of the people, even by the dispossessed noblemen themselves, this overwhelming stroke of policy was totally unexpected. The gradual changes which had preceded it were by no means understood as leading the way to so vast a scheme. The previous interferences of the central government in the administration of the provinces had been looked upon as merely nominal, and it is yet doubtful whether they were originally intended to prepare for the absolute overthrow of the local systems. It is true that the actual title of "daimio" had been dispensed with some time before, and that of "chiji," or governor, substituted, but as the lords of the soil remained unmolested in their possessions, this was regarded as of slight consequence. Had not the lofty "kuges" also been forced to sacrifice their titular rank? And to the kuges thus bereft nothing worth mentioning remained—their name having been their only fortune—while the great daimios continued the undisputed masters of annual millions. As they became "chiji," so their provinces, formerly "koku" or "kuni," became "han;" but this, again, was apparently only a nominal change. There was nothing to break the fall. The first feeling throughout the country was one of stupefaction, followed by a very general consternation. The ministry was new, and its strength had not been tested. The independent force of the daimios, on the other hand, was well known. Would they tranquilly permit their power and their possessions to be thus arbitrarily wrested from them? For a while this seemed a serious question. The decree amounted almost to a degradation. They were to be stripped at once of their rank, their retinue, and the greater part of their revenues. Socially, they were to be no better than the humblest of their former followers. They were to be allowed only a few attendants, at their own cost, instead of the thousands of vassal men-at-arms to whom they had been accustomed. Their wealth was to be turned into the national treasury, and they were to be pensioned by imperial bounty to the extent of only one-tenth of their former respective incomes. Finally, they must forthwith repair to the capital, there to reside indefinitely, under official surveillance. The adroit managers of the government, led by the crafty instigator of the movement, were of course prompt in complying with a summons which, in point of fact, emanated from themselves. The lord of Satsuma found little difficulty in surrendering every thing to an administration which consisted chiefly of his own person. But others were less complaisant. Two at least of the most important daimios showed such signs of contumacy that it was thought expedient to pacify them by assurances of partial immunity from the general confiscation, and, in spite of repeated government assurances to the contrary, there can be little doubt that the majority of the two hundred and fifty feudal rulers acquiesced only because of their conviction that no plan of united resistance was practicable. To suppose that they were animated by any prevailing sense of patriotism, or that they yielded from a conviction of duty to the sovereign, is a delusion. The fact that the Mikado is at present only the instrument of the will of those who overthrew the Siogun in his name, and brought him from the seclusion of Kioto (Miako) to the new capital, is thoroughly understood, and every daimio was well aware that in relinquishing his riches and his rights he simply placed them at the disposition of this dominant faction. Whatever advantages to the country might spring from the forcible establishment of a central authority (and it is undeniable that many have already come and more are sure to follow), its first victims were not the persons to sympathize with it or to appreciate its value. The weak submitted from necessity, the strong compromised, and, in one way or another, the government accomplished its purpose, and the unification of the empire was declared.

* Iwakura, at present the head of the embassy to the United States and Europe.

To the completion of this important work the ministry have since applied their best intelligence and their most earnest efforts. No further progressive step has been attempted, nor is any required at present. It will be labor enough for some time to come to readjust affairs upon the new basis, to compose the many differences which still exist, and to gather together the scattered political energies of the country for a genuine fresh departure. Although the storm is undoubtedly over, there is now and then, even to this day, an upheaval which shows that the agitation has not wholly ceased. But these are becoming fewer and less violent, and can not be regarded as portentous. They in no way retard the fulfillment of the minor measures of reform which naturally follow in the wake of the great achievement. The monarch has laid aside his character of mystery, even among his own people. He appears in public with less ceremony and pomp than many a European sovereign. As premonitory evidence of an intention to dispense with rigorous forms of government, military patrols and armed guard-posts have been abolished every where. In Jeddo especially, although the garrison is large, no special service is required from it. Sentinels no longer obstruct the massive gateways of the castle, the greater part of which is open night and day, for the first time within centuries. Even the Mikado's private grounds are free to the populace on days of particular festivity. Intellectual as well as personal liberty is encouraged. The native press is allowed a latitude of discussion which is almost without limit. Education in every form is fostered, and foreign instructors in nearly every branch of practical science abound. The only repressive regulation which visibly remains in force is that compelling the ex-daimios to reside in the capital, and this is justified on the ground that, if they were permitted to remain in their former provinces, they might, and in many cases would, become the centres of new conspiracies and outbreaks. They are, however, allowed perfect freedom of foreign travel, and, in fact, an imperial proclamation has lately been published recommending them to avail themselves of this privilege, now granted for the first time in the history of the country.

Such is the present state of Japan—a nation suddenly restored to vitality, and starting with headlong and not always discreet energy and enthusiasm upon a bold career of enterprise and activity—a form of government anomalous in the circumstance that no constitutional body, either hereditary or elective, stands between the sovereign and the people—an emperor of nominal autocratic power, whose policy is really directed by a ministry of liberal if not democratic convictions, and this ministry so identified with reform in its broadest signification as to have virtually pledged itself to introduce, at whatever cost and risk, every element of external progress which can in any manner be applied to the institutions of the country, and to prepare the way as rapidly as possible for the opening of the whole nation to foreign visitation and trade. As regards the latter point, the only question in debate is respecting the time when all prohibitions shall be removed. Here, naturally, opinions greatly differ, a few declaring in favor of unrestricted intercommunication immediately after the ratification of the treaties next year, while others whose judgment is cooler advise a delay until such time as Japan shall have established a judiciary system sufficiently in conformity with those of other nations to render superfluous the existence of foreign consular or other courts, which are a constant humiliation to the native authorities. These, however, are considerations of the future; and to the prospects of the future, such as may be speculated upon with probable accuracy, let us turn.

At the first view the outlook is not altogether promising. In spite of the sincerity of its wishes for reform, the government has thus far displayed more rashness than reason in the prosecution of its aims. The best intentions can not of themselves command the best results. The determination seems to have been to make up as hastily as possible for the lost centuries when the country was shut in from foreign contact; but the race against time has been too rapid. With the general plans for constitutional reorganization, internal improvement, and educational development, no fault could fairly be found; but the precipitate manner in which these have altogether been undertaken threatens, for two important reasons, to bring about a serious reaction at no very distant day. In the first place, the nation is utterly exhausting its finances. The total revenue is quite limited—not much greater now than in the time of the earliest sioguns. Nothing worth speaking of is derived from foreign sources, while the outlay is unceasing and enormous. For reasons of its own the government declines to remove the restrictions on exportation of its staples, by which its excessive importations might in some degree be balanced, and is consequently cramped to the last extremity, and compelled to seek relief in repeated issues of paper currency, which long ago reached an almost intolerable excess, and is held in circulation only by the exercise of that peremptory power which may still be employed in case of need. In fact, the government is nearly bankrupt, notwithstanding which it continues its course of munificent expenditure as if its resources were yet unlimited. In every direction new plans for post-routes, railroads, telegraph lines, Western colleges,

and augmentations of army and navy are announced, for the execution of which foreign services and foreign materials are required which must be promptly paid for in solid money. A state of things so ruinous as this can not last forever, and when the end does come, it seems only too likely that it will come not merely with the evil of financial prostration, but with the additional shock of what in itself may constitute a second and quite independent cause of reaction—the culmination of the now growing and in many respects well-founded distrust of the value of this foreign assistance which is obtained at such great pecuniary sacrifice. Whoever may be to blame for it, there is no disputing that the results of the lavish outlay do not justify the expectations of the Japanese. In many cases, undoubtedly, the fault is their own. Partly from vanity, partly from awakening suspicion, they undertake to assume the direct management of enterprises which are beyond their grasp, and find themselves, after protracted experiments, obliged to set aside all they have uselessly accomplished, and recommence from the starting-point. But in other and more important instances they are, and know themselves to be, the victims of unprincipled extortion and fraud. It is probably impossible to find elsewhere, except perhaps in New York city, such examples of monstrous jobbery as the records of the Japanese Board of Works can show. In truth, they do not know how to protect themselves. They continually seek counsel, yet are afraid to act upon it. They feel themselves betrayed by foreigners on every side. The mercantile community is arrayed against them, and its rapacity is tolerated, if not fostered, by the diplomatic authorities whose duty it should be to protect them against unjust dealings. Provisions of treaties which are of vital consequence to them are disregarded without excuse or explanation by the governments in which they have placed the most implicit trust.* And now they are often compelled to doubt the integrity of their own servants. That they should manifest disgust and alarm is not to be wondered at, and when it becomes clear—as there is every prospect that it may—that they have thrown themselves into almost inextricable financial confusion, principally to satisfy the greed of insatiate strangers, their indignation will hardly be assuaged by the reflection that to their own recklessness much of the misfortune must be attributed. At such a time, should the crisis arrive before the internal reconstruction of the country has been settled, the position of the government will be doubly embarrassing. There are plenty among the disaffected who would avail themselves of any opportunity to add to its annoyances, and up to this time, it must be remembered, the administration does not represent the people at large, or even the power of all the various clans. Years may pass before, by ingenious shifting of local officials and redistribution of the several provincial elements, it can bring about a thorough and secure homogeneity.

But the worst that need be apprehended, we may believe, is a period of reaction which within a few years may temporarily paralyze the progressive impulses of the country, and compel the suspension of all these active projects of improvement. During that time there will probably be little cordiality felt toward foreigners. It is not to be expected that there will be any exhibition of positive hostility, but it would be surprising if the extensive business relations which now exist were not to a great extent broken up, and it is a question if the Japanese will ever be disposed to renew them. To a casual view the position of foreigners may not be substantially changed, but it will be found that their share in the material development of the land will be reduced to the narrowest possible limits, and that the great works so eagerly contemplated will be suffered to languish rather than pushed forward by their aid. While this term of necessary rest and retrenchment lasts—supposing it to come, as I confidently anticipate—we shall inevitably hear loud complaints of the ingratitude and fickleness of the Japanese; that they have thrown over their best friends, who were laboring nobly and unselfishly for their advancement; that they are relapsing into barbarism; that they are presenting a new phase of their well-known instability of character and purpose. The rule of action is first to bleed the government and the people to the last attainable drop, and then to abuse them as if they were encumbered with all the vices that can be calculated or conceived. When they refuse to be bled any longer, their veins being, in fact, quite dry, and undertake measures of self-protection and recuperation, the outcries will, of course, be multiplied. But these will not affect them very painfully, and if they can contrive to extract some wisdom from their uncomfortable experience, and fortify their judgment for the future, the momentary check to their aspirations may be a benefit rather than a disaster. They certainly need to be taught that they can not keep up the pace at which they have started, and that, as disinterested counsel is beyond their power to purchase, they must

* Witness the result of the recent appeal to the United States, in the matter of the occupation of Saghalien. Article II. of the treaty of 1858 declares that "The President of the United States, at the request of the Japanese government, will act as a friendly mediator in such matters of difference as may arise between the government of Japan and any European power." A very earnest request was made in this case; but, after a brief semi-official and unsatisfactory correspondence with Russia, the United States government declined to fulfill its obligation.

instruct and discipline themselves more thoroughly before dashing headlong into all imaginable schemes of practical or theoretical reform, and attempting to obtain an equal place among the most advanced nations of the earth by contract. In more than one instance their undue haste has already been its own punishment, and any event, or series of events, however calamitous at first appearance, that can bring them to a proper sense of prudence and moderation should be regarded by their real well-wishers as a sure ultimate advantage.

That they will gain wisdom by reflection, after this feverish excitement shall have come to a necessary termination, there is good reason to believe. The Japanese are vain and self-willed, but, whatever other deficiencies of character may be theirs, lack of shrewdness and persistent blindness to their own mistakes are not among them. On many accounts it is to be hoped that the period of depression which seems impending may not be too brief. They need time to prepare themselves, once and for all, to meet foreigners upon terms that do not place them entirely at a disadvantage. They need a more solid confidence in themselves, in order that they may know when to award it to and when to withhold it from others; and at present they have nothing to guide them but their instincts, which have been irritated to a condition of abnormal dread and suspicion. They need the fruits of the extensive system of education which they have planted with great liberality, though with little regularity or order, and the enlarged perceptions to which the investigations of their numerous messengers abroad will contribute in due season. They especially require an acquaintance with the political and commercial usages of the great nations which are now awkwardly unfamiliar to them. Meanwhile their railways and telegraphs can wait. It is better that they should remain a while unfinished than that they should be finished under conditions that may prevent the undertaking of similar works for years to come. And when they at last extricate themselves from the embarrassments which surround them, and from others which await them, they may set out again from a truer point of departure, and with more wholesome prospects, upon the high-road of reform. Their country, its social reorganization fairly established, and regulated by new and moderate laws, may be ready for the reception of foreigners in all parts. The incongruities of their present incomplete form of government may be remedied. The vast productive resources of the nation, now neglected or misapplied, will certainly be to a considerable extent developed. Reciprocal commerce, which the government has always hesitated to sanction, will be possible without the risk that the gain will all be on the side of speculators from abroad, and the squandered wealth of the empire may be gradually recovered. The greater part of the political disabilities of the entire population will probably be removed, so that all can join without restraint in the work of national progress. And these results are almost certain to be accomplished by the Japanese alone, uncontrolled by the influence and unassisted by the power of any of the foreign states that are struggling to secure the predominant voice in its councils.

These, I am persuaded, are reasonable estimates of the condition of Japan as it now stands, and of the probable contingencies of the next few years. To speak of its present requires only a careful and, in this case, sympathetic observation of events as they pass by. To discuss the future is always hazardous, and I am well enough aware that unforeseen catastrophes — internal or external vicissitudes that can in no way be calculated upon—might at any time turn the course of the nation widely apart from what now appears to be its destiny. But in the ordinary succession of events its career can hardly be other than that which I have indicated: for a time overstrained effort and forced vitality, then a period of prolonged depression and anxiety, and subsequently a laborious but certain rise to a respectable, perhaps a prominent, position among the civilized countries of the world.

THE DAISY.

My heart is like that daisy, she said,
Silver white with a flush of red,
That steadfast stands in the meadow grass,
While the golden summer hours pass:
Soft and slow
The long hours go,
And the brook is murmuring low.

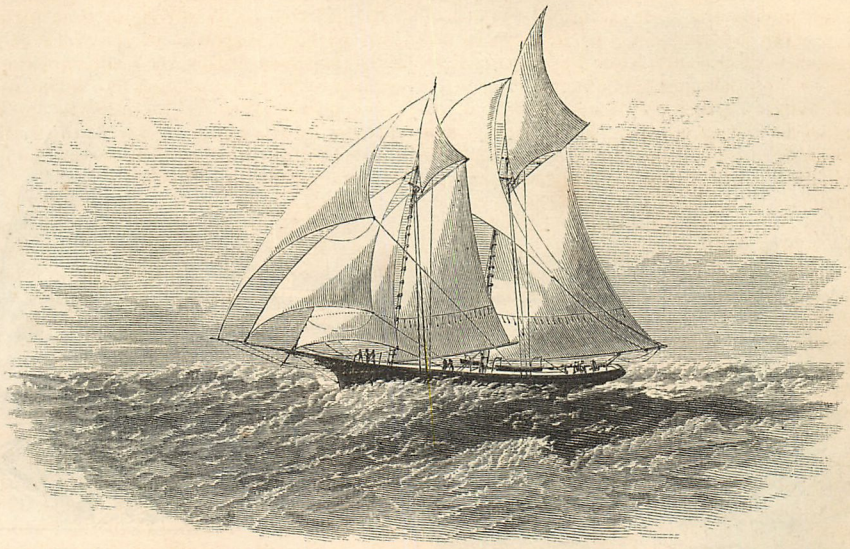
In the tangled hedge of the meadow grows,
Flushed and fragrant, a brier-rose,
Flinging like incense on the air
The wealth of its perfume rich and rare,
Floating sweet
Through sunny heat,
Far afield to the daisy's feet.

Over the daisy's patient head
Flit the butterflies, brown and red,
Bearing the loves of flower and tree—
"Have ye never a love for me?"
Half afraid,
The daisy said,
While the bright wings over her played.

The bright wings flash and are gone again;
Naught have they brought but a little pain,
To throb and ache in the daisy's heart—
Sitting forever alone and apart,
Ah! so far
From the rosy star
That scarce is conscious daisies are!

But courage! little daisy, she said;
Fear not to love though hope be dead:
The heart that loves, though it love alone,
Something better than peace doth own:
Hearts are strong,
Though life be long,
And the blind bird sings the sweetest song!

A SUMMER CRUISE AMONG THE AZORES AND CANARY ISLANDS.



THE "RAMBLER."

IN a small insular sea-port the main interest of life, especially to the idle, transient visitor, is to watch the shipping, and great becomes the excitement on any unusual arrival. A marked day in the calendar of such visitors to the little capital of Fayal was the 11th of May, 1872, made so by the arrival of the American yacht *Rambler*, with a small party on board, including two ladies, perhaps the first who had crossed the Atlantic in a yacht.

The beautiful appearance of the little vessel herself as she came sailing in, looking like a great white bird, combined with the other circumstances of the case to render her an object of special interest; and it was not long after she anchored before numbers of visitors, natives of Fayal as well as foreigners, hastened to have a nearer view of her.

She sailed from Boston on the 28th of April, and although she had easterly winds all the way, ran out in twelve and a half days. On the 4th of May it blew so hard that she had been obliged to heave to under close reefs. Nevertheless the ladies of the party had been able to come on deck, and being good sailors, enjoyed the wild scene. The gale over, she met light southeast winds the rest of the voyage.

After hearing such glowing accounts of her sailing capacities, and seeing for ourselves the comfort of her internal arrangements, it can be imagined with what pleasure we accepted the owner's kind invitation to join his party in a trip to St. Michael's, and afterward to Teneriffe.

The excursions in the former island we had made before, and also those about Fayal, in which we subsequently joined the yacht party.

On the 20th of May we started for St. Michael's with a party of fourteen, all predisposed for enjoyment, from the grave Don John down to the restless school boys and girls, who were a constant source of anxiety to their parents and of hopeful anticipation to the sharks. Where we all bestowed ourselves is one of those mysteries which can only be solved by those country housekeepers who know that where there is a will there is sure to be a way.

To complete our enjoyment Don Samuel brought his inimitable bugle, and one of the ladies her guitar, to help out the young voices that made up our chorus. Who but a painter can properly depict an embarkation from Fayal? The motley crowd of idlers on the quay; the many friends and acquaintances coming to see us off, as is the custom here; the barge, with the Stars and Stripes at her stern, dancing on the swell, as each passenger watched a chance to spring from the slippery stone steps to the well-cushioned seats of the pretty *Briosa;* the reception on board the yacht, whose white wings were spread as she hung by a single line to the moorings; then the parting gun as the schooner swung off before the light breeze, amidst the cheers and wavings of the returning friends.

Twenty-six hours of light but favoring breezes brought us to St. Michael's, where



PONTA DELGADA, ST. MICHAEL'S.

we anchored on one of those bright days when the mountains seem higher and the sea bluer than the painter dares to make them. Here the landing was picturesque, friends coming off to welcome us, but kept at bay for a moment by the health officer, whose laws are more fixed than those of the Medes and Persians. The collector of customs, instead of restrictions, puts us on the footing of a vessel of war, and only overwhelms us with courtesies. A gay Portuguese yacht bears down upon us and boards us, and her owner insists upon taking us all to the shore, where friends escort us through the ancient square and around the town to the wonderful gardens, where the enterprising owner has acclimated nearly all the plants of the tropics, but where the masterpiece is his grotto filled with giant tree ferns.

Five days followed of diligent traveling by carriage, mule, and donkey, helped out by the yacht, which hovered along the rock-bound coast, and dropped us or took us on board without anchoring, storing our memories with rich pictures which it would take a volume to describe.

Then came another embarkation, with warm partings from our host of new and old friends, and two days of zephyr-like sailing among shoals of whales and other sea wonders, and then we once more reached the welcome and familiar shores of Fayal.

It had now been decided that the yacht, instead of going on to England, and there turning over her passengers to the crowded and noisy steam-ship, should visit the Canaries, and then return to America through the region of the trade-winds; and to encounter the heats of this tropical zone some new sky-lights must be made, which could nowhere be done better than by the skillful carpenters of Horta. This delay gave ample time for seeing the magnificent gardens of this fairy island, rich in orange-trees, magnolias, and all semi-tropical plants, including their crowning glory, the camellia japonica, here growing so large that you walk through arbors arching high above your head.

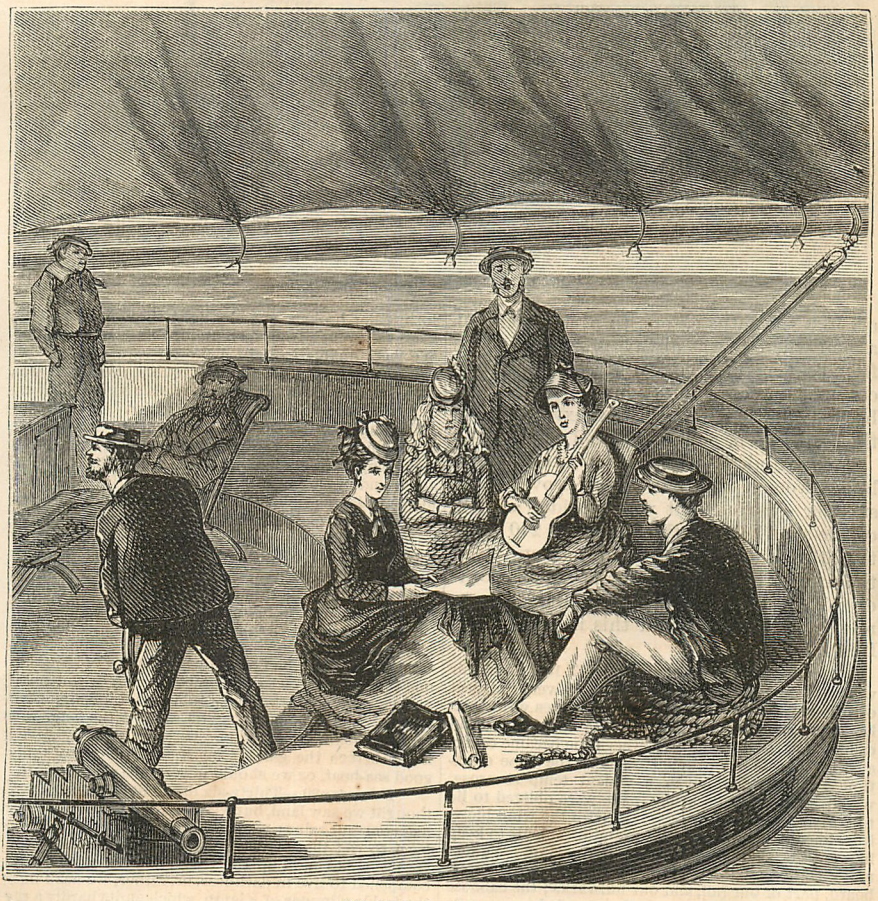
Would that we had time, space, and pencil to delineate the donkey rides to the Caldeira (caldron), the great central crater of the island, to Castello Branco (white castle), a splendid white rock off the southern coast, looking like a fortress, and connected by a narrow neck with the island, where its inhabitants used to intrench themselves against the Barbary corsairs, and where the water cisterns made for their use can still be seen. Best and most wonderful of all, the boat excursions to the caves in the black volcanic rock, where the surf of the Atlantic rolls in unceasing thunder, and which can only be entered at rare intervals.

Finally, on June 9 we left the Azores behind us, and took a southeast course to the Canaries—islands little known this side of the Atlantic, but yet fully repaying any little trouble there may be in visiting them.

Our destination was Teneriffe, which we knew from our geographies to be a mountain peak of some celebrity; beyond that it was a terra incognita to most of us.

We had light winds and fine weather, only once making a good day's run of 264 miles. The temperature was delightful. We had fore and aft awnings to protect us from the sun on deck, and wind-sails to ventilate the cabin below. The neat and finished appearance of the yacht, all the joiner-work of mahogany and black-walnut, simple and in good taste, seemed so different from the usual sea experiences of more or less dirt and discomfort. Below, our accommodations were luxury itself, the novel and most excellent feature being that the saloon and the largest state-rooms are in the centre of the vessel, where the minimum of motion is felt, instead of being nearer the stern. The ladies had ornamented the saloon with English ivy, still growing, and tastefully twining round the mirrors. The large state-rooms, with broad beds instead of the usual narrow berths, the comfortable sofas and chairs, the marble basins, but beyond all the *liberal bath*, into which we let the sea-water without stint, formed exceptions to all our preconceived notions of sea life.

"What a contrast," said one of the party, as we were writing up our journals in the evening—"what a contrast is this old log, written sixty years since, to your rose-leaved albums!" He had in his hand an old-fashioned, weather-beaten copy-book, labeled "Voyage of the Schooner *Midas* in 1811." We had been enjoying the lovely sunset, and now the young moon was shedding a soft, weird light over the water and lighting up the white sails. The ladies had been playing on the guitar and singing. The yacht was gliding gently through a smooth sea, making a pleasant rippling sound most soothing to hear. Altogether it was the poetry of sailing. We might have expect-



THE POETRY OF SAILING.



VIEW OF THE PEAK FROM OROTAVA.

ed, like the lotus-eaters, to arrive next at a land where it was always afternoon. Our friend's remark, indeed, struck in strong contrast upon our luxurious senses, and we begged him to give us a few extracts from the moth-eaten, yellow-papered old log.

"You think," said he, "you are the first brave women who have floated over these summer seas in what you consider a little cockle-shell! Well, the *Rambler* is 240 tons; the little *Midas* was 80, being just one-third the size. The writer of this log was a mother going with her two boys to Marseilles to rejoin her husband, and this in midwinter. Listen!

"'Left Boston Thursday, January 17, 1811; had fair winds and fine weather out of port, and every prospect of a short passage, but our flattering hopes were soon blasted. Shortly after clearing the capes the wind came out directly ahead and every rope became covered with ice. We continued much in the same situation until Monday, when a violent tempest arose, which lasted until Saturday. We were obliged to lie to forty-eight hours in the Gulf, with the wind blowing almost a hurricane. We found it difficult to keep in our beds, there was such a sea running. We lost many things off the deck, among them our quarter-board, part of our rail, and our bulwarks; the caboose and boats were stove, our anchor carried away, sails torn, tiller broken, our sky-light thrown off and its glass shivered, letting torrents of rain into the cabin. We were unable to light a fire for several days. At last one morning, with much trouble, the kettle was boiled and breakfast preparing, when a sea boarded us, and we were at once ingulfed in water. The captain and all hands were on deck in a moment. The man at the helm had been thrown over the side, and it was surprising he escaped. Indeed, from the dreadful crash and apparent alarm, all seemed lost. A few moments later a sailor came below for an axe. I eagerly asked what our situation was. "Bad enough," said he; "but if we ship another such sea it will be worse."

"'I nearly fainted, but with the help of the boys recovered, and soon the whole scene changed, the storm suddenly lulled, the thunder and lightning ceased, and the sun came out in full splendor.

"'*February* 5.—After continued head-winds, the wind changed in our favor, and blew a perfect hurricane, worse than the first gale. The vessel plunged at one time so deep as to carry away her jib-boom, and it was a question whether she would ever rise again. That was a dreadful moment! The man at the helm was up to his chin in water, and we were running eleven knots before the gale. The *Midas* is a remarkably good sea-boat, or we should never have weathered it.

"'*February* 20.—Thirty-six days out! Yesterday we thought we saw land, but were disappointed. We have had constant rains; my state-room and the cabin have been so wet that for days together some one has had constantly to mop up the water. Some days we are compelled to live in darkness, or, rather, we have only the feeble glimmer of a lamp, which emits hardly a ray

of light. My boys behave better than their mother. I have been less seasick than I expected—only three weeks—but fainting, attended with nervous headache, has been my difficulty.

"'*February* 26, 3 A.M.—I have just been awakened by the cheering cry of "Land ahead!" which proves to be Cape Spartel on one side and the Spanish coast on the other. Forty-one days out, inside the straits. The very air we breathe is enough to inspire us with new life and energy. I think I should be willing to come the distance I have, without any object, for the pleasure which I now experience. The water is so serene, the sky so clear, the landscape so enchanting! The shores of the Mediterranean exhibit a mixture of the sublime and picturesque which I had supposed to exist only in the imagination of the poet.

"'*March* 6.—We are now thirty miles from our long-wished-for haven, and shall probably reach there this afternoon.

"'7 A.M.—Off Toulon. Three large frigates are bearing down upon us.

"'8 A.M.—A shot has just whistled across our decks. A boat from the frigate is approaching us.

"'*March* 18.—At sea, on board H.M. frigate *Blossom*. Bound for Marseilles, from Port Mahon, where we had been carried back after our capture. At Marseilles Captain Steward promises to land us under a flag of truce.'"

"Table wanted for supper, ladies, if you please," broke in the smooth-voiced Rodrigo, our Spanish steward. And so we must bid adieu to our illustrious predecessor in yachting sixty years ago. No one could help drawing comparisons between the voyage of the *Midas* in 1811 and that of the *Rambler* in 1872; yet so difficult is it to realize what one does not see that when we "turned in," and drew the clean bedclothes comfortably about us, the sense of security was so great, and the motion so soft and lulling, that none of us kept awake long enough to remember



PEASANT SPINNING.



COSTUME OF PEASANT.

that the sea rippling so musically under our keel was the same that had swept wildly over the deck of the little *Midas*.

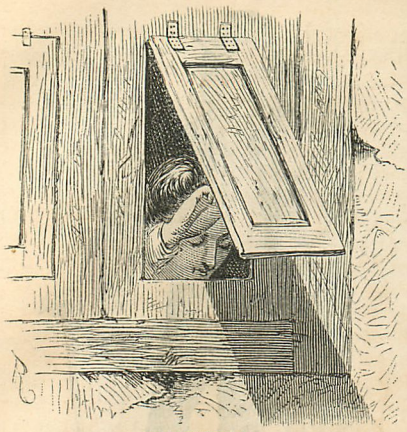
The next day, the seventh out, we sighted our goal. There were plainly two points of land running down into the sea, but their tops were lost in a bank of white clouds, which also obstinately concealed the peak. The wind was so light that we scarcely drifted, and we seemed not to approach the land at all.

Of course the whole party was on deck, eagerly watching the island in hopes of seeing the peak, which has been seen for over a hundred miles in clear weather.

"What is that delightful smell?" said one. "Can this soft land-breeze bring so far the odors of the gardens?"

"Yes, mum," said an ancient mariner who stood at the helm, and supposed the question addressed to him. "Off the coast of Java I've often smelled the flowers for hours before we could see the land, and I've heard tell that the big Chicago fire was smelled clear across the Atlantic."

The nautical professor, shocked at this breach of discipline in talking to the man at the helm, here frowned severely upon us, and punished us with a chapter of statistics upon ocean air currents and other phenomena more interesting to the *Journal of Sciences* than to us, but we managed to pick one or two grains of wheat out of his bushel of chaff. They were these: On the east side of the South Atlantic, nearly over to the coast of Africa, what seems to be sand often falls on the decks of ships; it was supposed to come



THE POSTIGO.

from the African deserts, but the microscope seems to prove that the supposed grains of sand are really minute insects brought on the upper currents of air from the Andes, where alone they have been found on the land. A still more surprising fact is well established. On the third day after the great Chicago fire a strong smell of smoke, accompanied by unusual haziness in the air, was observed by various persons on the Fayal mountains, and a few days later two whalers arrived from the westward, each separately having noted in his log similar phenomena, with the addition of a fall of ashes upon the deck. The distance from Chicago was between 2000 and 3000 miles, and the supposition is that the extreme heat carried up smoke and ashes into the upper currents of air from the west, which were borne along until the gale subsided, and then gradually dropped into the sea. Hurricanes blow a hundred miles an hour; it must have taken about forty miles an hour to bring these ashes from Chicago.

Our lecture might have lasted till midnight, but luckily the wind freshened, and soon brought us in sight of the cliffs of Anaga, the northeast point of Teneriffe, and we came near enough to see their bold, jagged outlines, apparently unrelieved by any vegetation, and looking wild and barren in the extreme.

Though only about twelve miles from the anchorage, it was too late to risk running into a strange port by night, so we stood off to the south till daylight. In the morning, a light breeze favoring us, we ran in, and anchored about half a mile from the coast.

Santa Cruz, the capital, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, lay spread along the shore before us, its whitewashed houses gleaming brightly in the morning sunlight. One or two curious-looking towers rose above the roofs, which are flat, adding to the rather Moorish aspect of the place. To the northeast, and abutting immediately on the town, rise the Anaga Mountains, a wild mass of ragged peaks and deep valleys, or barrancos. They run from a backbone down to the sea in a succession of ridges, ending abruptly in cliffs some thousand feet high. The highest peaks, about ten miles inland, are three or four thousand feet high, and covered with woods. From the harbor they look like mere bushes, but are really luxuriant forests of laurel, giant heath, wild orange, and other tropical or semi-tropical trees. To the west the mountains are higher, but much more distant, and above them a mere speck was pointed out to us as the peak.

"That!" we exclaimed; "then the peak of Teneriffe is a humbug!"

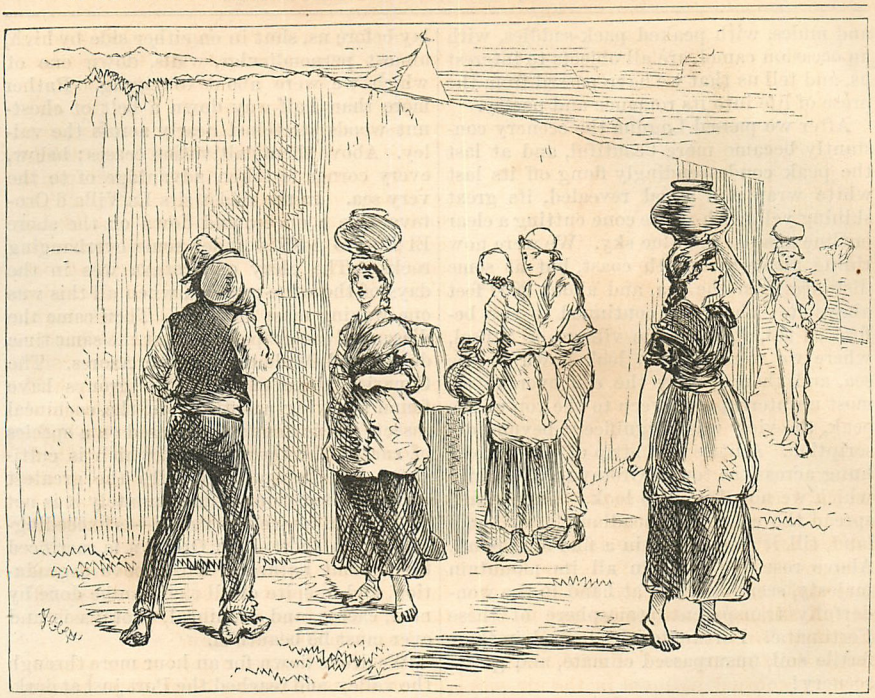
"Ah!" said our informant; "recollect that those pine-covered heights, which cut off the view of it from this side, are themselves not less than 8000 feet high."

The harbor boasted a good many vessels, several steamers among them, these islands enjoying frequent and regular steam communication with various ports of Europe.

Three days take one to Cadiz, and eight to Liverpool. The yacht was attached to a buoy, of which there are three or four belonging to the government, and which are free to the first comer. All the ports of the islands are free ports—a remarkable



MILK VENDORS.



WATER-CARRIERS.

circumstance, considering they belong to Spain.

It was not our intention to make any stay in Santa Cruz, but to go immediately to Orotava, which we had heard of as the place to be visited. Accordingly a couple of vehicles were procured, which we recognized as American born, but which, after many breakdowns and repairs made here, deserve to be considered naturalized Spaniards. The horses and mules, too, harnessed to them, were not in appearance such as to inspire confidence of ever reaching our destination. We found them on trial, however, better than they looked.

We saw just enough of Santa Cruz to make out that the prevailing style of architecture was the Moorish hollow square, with the court-yard in the middle, usually ornamented with plants and shrubs, looking cool and pleasant as we glanced into them in passing. The roofs are generally flat terraces, used as promenades by the inhabitants. There is, however, a goodly sprinkling of the tiled roofs such as we saw in the Azores. The windows, especially those on the ground-floor (many houses here, even of well-circumstanced people, are only one story high), we found closed with wooden shutters, in which are cut little trap-doors, called postigos, from under which the inhabitants peeped at us in great curiosity as we passed.

Our road for the first three miles wound in many turns up the slope to the northwest of the town. The country looked brown and parched as a desert, except where there was water, when the natural fertility of the volcanic soil showed itself. The road is finely graded and well macadamized, being composed wholly of hard volcanic rock, broken into small pieces, and ground smooth by the constant travel. As we rose the country improved in aspect, and after a steady climb of two hours we rattled into the old town of Laguna, a half-deserted-looking place, disfiguring rather than beautifying a broad, well-cultivated valley. It boasts a university and an unfinished cathedral as objects of interest. We, however, did not stop for them, but bounced rapidly through over the ill-paved streets, glad enough to come out on the smooth highway again beyond. This road runs from Santa Cruz to the port of Orotava, a distance of twenty-five miles, and connecting as it does the four larger towns of the island—Santa Cruz, Laguna, Orotava proper, and the Port, besides many smaller ones—it is the grand highway of all the traffic of the island. There is no want of objects of interest at every turn: the costumes of the peasants; the milk-girls with their baskets of shining cans on their heads; others carrying earthen vessels of water, for which they have sometimes to go a long distance; others with boxes composed of a succession of wooden trays, fastened together by a sort of frame, in which the live cochineal insect is carried from one place to another; animals, horses, donkeys,

and mules, with peaked pack-saddles, with an occasion camel, are all objects to interest us, and tell us that we have passed from the prose of life into its romance and poetry.

After we passed Laguna the scenery constantly became more beautiful, and at last the peak condescendingly flung off its last white wrap and stood revealed, its great shining yellowish-white cone cutting a clear outline against the blue sky. We were now riding along the north coast, but at some distance from the sea, and about 2000 feet above it. The peak continued to rise before us till, at the little village of Sansal, where we were able to look down to the sea, and thence carry the eye over an almost uninterrupted sweep to the top of the peak, the view was magnificent beyond description. A little thin strip of white cloud hung across the top of Orotava Valley, into which we now began to look. Underneath spread the coast-line, headland after headland, till it tapered off in a fine blue point. Above rose the peak in all its mountain majesty, seeming close at hand in the wonderfully transparent atmosphere of these Fortunatæ. Fortunate isles indeed, in their fertile soil, unsurpassed climate, and grand scenery!

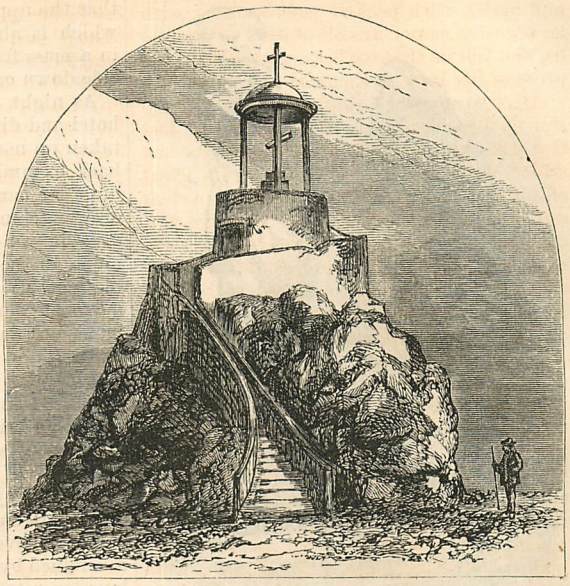
Another splendid sight was in store for us when we finally rounded into the valley. The peak was not so fine as we had come nearer to it, and more under the base of the intervening ridge, but a slope from the top of the island to the sea, fifteen miles wide, lay before us, shut in on either side by high, almost perpendicular, walls, down one of which we were about to zigzag. Rather more than half-way down a belt of chestnut woods stretched nearly across the valley. Above them cultivation ceases; below, every corner is taken advantage of to the very sea. In the midst sits La Villa d'Orotava, like a queen, and down on the shore El Puerto nestles under some overhanging rocks. The glory of Orotava was in the days of the wine-making, when all this was one waving mass of vines. Then came the disease of the grape, which at the same time devastated Madeira and the Azores. The Canaries alone of the three groups have found a paying substitute in the cochineal insect. This creature is raised on a species of cactus, the *Opuntia tuna*, which is cultivated for that purpose with the greatest care and attention. Unfortunately it is not ornamental as well as useful—is exceedingly ugly, in short—and Orotava is sacrificed to it. But nature is here above degradation, and in spite of all that can be done by man, cactus, and cochineal, Orotava is and ever must be beautiful.

We drove down for an hour more through the valley, and reached the Port just at dark. Our party filled the little inn, which, luckily for us, was empty when we arrived. Our quarters were tolerable, and the food better than our previous conception of a Spanish fonda led us to expect. After removing dust, and dining, we went out for a stroll



CAMELS AND COCHINEAL CARRIERS.

by moonlight. Chance led us along the sea-shore to a curious little temple perched on a pile of rock. There are several of these cones about, apparently solid rock outside, but proving on investigation to be hollow, being the chimneys of ancient volcanoes. Unfortunately the inhabitants do not appreciate the interest they excite from a scientific point of view, and are rapidly quarrying them for building purposes.



CONE WITH A TEMPLE ON THE TOP, PUERTO OROTAVA.

On our return to the fonda the existence of an azotea, or flat roof, was mentioned, and upon inquiry we were ushered up a pitch-dark staircase, tripping confusedly over each other, without the slightest idea what was to come of it, when suddenly a door at the top was thrown open, and we stepped out into a flood of brilliant moonlight, the whole valley, surmounted by the peak, lying in glorious panorama about us. Perhaps the most beautiful sight of all was the long line of surf gleaming white in the moonlight, the waves seeming to break almost at our feet.

A night's rest prepared us for our excursion to the Villa or town of Orotava. But first we rambled a little about the Port; its very sleepiness attracted us. Every thing says, in unmistakable language, the Port *was*. In the time of the grapes it was the chief sea-port of the island, driving a brisk trade in wine.

Then mounting our carriages—the same which had brought us from Santa Cruz, and which we kept for a moderate sum till our return—we drove up to the Villa. A town clinging to the side of a mountain, with the foundations of the houses in one street on a level with the roofs of those in the street below, can hardly help being picturesque, and the Villa at every turn discloses some new little odd bit exceedingly charming to an artistic eye. Tourists, almost as a matter of course, visit churches, and we found the one in the Villa the prettiest we had yet seen. After walking round the inside, and having all the saints exhibited and named to us by a zealous troop of boys, they opened a door leading to a flight of steps, and seeming very anxious to have us ascend, most of us complied, and were well rewarded for our trouble in mounting a great many steps by finding ourselves at the top of one of the towers with a succession of fine views all around us.



DRAGON-TREE, AS IT WAS.

We next visited several private gardens, among them that of the Marquis of Sansal, where we saw the remains of the old dragon-tree *(Dracæna draco)*, which was blown down some years since, and was considered by competent judges to be the oldest tree in the world.



GUANCHE MUMMIES AT TACORONTE.

After a lunch at the fonda we started down again, taking the Botanic Garden in our way. This garden was originally instituted with the object of acclimating tropical plants, which were then to be taken to the more rigorous climates of Europe; but, owing to the failure of interest in it, and of funds to carry it on properly, there is little, with the exception of one or two rare plants, to interest the mass of visitors. It is now in charge of a Swiss, who, though competent and interested, can not, of course, work without money.

A little below the garden, on the way to the Port, we visited a private residence, La Paz. In itself it is a very pretty place, but the owner, in spite of the motto over the door, "*Hic est requies mea*," never lives here, and the whole place, as far as the ornamental is concerned, is utterly abandoned. A few yards from the house there is a fine terrace walk on the very edge of the cliff, several hundred feet high, overhanging the sea, and commanding to the west a bird's-eye view of the Port. We sat there a long time, enjoying the fresh breeze and watching the sunset. The island of Palma, sixty miles distant, was clearly visible, and reminded us anew of our regret at not having time to visit it, so much did we hear about it in Teneriffe. There is said to be a crater in it 5000 feet deep, the bottom of which is inaccessible from any side but one, where a deep ravine cuts its way to the sea. The peasantry have an amusing theory that the upper cone of the peak of Teneriffe, which is about 5000 feet high, was blown in a mass from that crater, and planted upside down on this island.

As night closed in we descended to our hotel and dined. Most of the evening was taken up making arrangements for a horseback excursion next day—the roads being unfit for carriages—to the chestnut woods of Agua Mansa, half-way up the valley.

As it was a long ride, and we wished to picnic in the woods, we left early, first taking our carriages as far as Orotava, and then mounting our animals, a motley collection of mules and horses, each one proving a study in itself for its unusual qualities, physical and moral. For an hour or two we mounted steadily, in single file, over one of the most execrable bridle-paths conceivable. It had been our wish to mount to the Cañadas, or plain, out of which rises the peak proper, called El Teyde. The plain is an ancient crater, fifteen miles across, and now presents one vast level of white pumice-stone, only diversified by an occasional boulder of black lava or retama bushes (*Spartocytisus nubigenus*). Near the middle rises El Teyde, above which, from a second crater, rises the last cone or sugar-loaf, with yet a third crater in the top. This last one is still warm, and emits sulphurous vapors, although Teneriffe has long been considered an extinct volcano.

Finding, however, that to mount to the Cañadas would take too long, we decided in favor of Agua Mansa, where we passed a very



SPANISH SEÑORITA.

pleasant day, returning to our head-quarters in the Port in the afternoon.

Several other most tempting excursions were proposed to us. We were told that we ought by all means to visit the towns of Icod and Garachico, further along the coast, the view of the peak from Icod being very fine, and Garachico being remarkable as the scene of the last volcanic eruption, about a hundred and fifty years ago. It was at that time a flourishing sea-port, with a large wine trade, and possessed a fine harbor. The town was built on a strip of level land underlying a high cliff. The lava burst from a cone above the cliff, and out of sight of the town, so that the first notice to the inhabitants must have been a double cataract of fire pouring over the cliff right upon their devoted heads. The port was almost entirely filled up, and Garachico has since lost all its trade, besides suffering from the incursions of the sea. To-day it is of no more importance than a fishing village. We were sorry not to go there, but want of time, added to the difficulties of getting there—as it can not be done in a carriage—decided us, and our return to Santa Cruz was fixed for the next morning.

We started early, as some of our party wished to stop on the way at the village of Tacoronte, and see a private collection of Guanche relics. The Guanches were the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands, and were a very remarkable people in some respects. The custom of embalming the dead prevailed among them, and several Guanche mummies form the objects of most interest in the Tacoronte collection.

We arrived in Santa Cruz early in the afternoon, and after dining took a short stroll through the town. At dark we came upon a very pretty little square, brightly lighted, although it would seem as if more than the gorgeous moonlight could not be needed, where a concourse of ladies and gentlemen were taking the air, and enjoying social intercourse under the trees—the ladies looking very foreign in their black lace mantillas. We sat and walked there till quite late, when we went on board the *Rambler* to sleep, finding her quarters incomparably more comfortable than any of the hotels.

The next day several shopping expeditions were made, as we all wished to carry away some memento of Teneriffe. We bought fans, mantillas, and guitars, among other things. By noon all were on board again, and all was ready for departure. The *Rambler* hoisted one white sail after another, swung off from her buoy, and the homeward voyage was fairly begun. As the shades of evening closed around us we saw the last of the yacht as she disappeared on the distant horizon, leaving only the remembrance of many pleasant hours spent on board of her, and many delightful scenes connected with her flying visit to our shores.

NOTE ON COCHINEAL CULTURE, BY THE PROFESSOR.

The history of the introduction of cochineal into the Canaries is one of the most notable instances of a successful revolution in industry on record.

Thirty or forty years ago the culture of cochineal was a Mexican monopoly, jealously guarded by the government, and the export of the live insect prohibited under the severest penalties.

The value of the product was so concentrated that the captains of foreign ships of war were allowed to transport it as freight in their vessels on the same basis as bullion.

One enterprising man conceived the idea that the dry climate of the Canaries, and the decline of the grape culture, indicated that region as a suitable place for introducing it.

With great courage and perseverance he overcame the watchfulness of the Mexicans and the prejudices of the Canary Islanders, who at first vigorously opposed him, and in less than forty years he has changed the industry of this whole group of islands, inhabited by over 250,000 people, so that to-day the export of cochineal alone exceeds in value the whole exports of the islands at the time it was first introduced, notwithstanding the necessary decline in price caused by its increased production. It now sells for about sixty cents per pound, while in 1830 it was worth over $2 per pound.

JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT!

"*Hélas! vous ne m'aimez pas.*"—PIRON.

I KNOW, Justine, you speak me fair
As often as we meet;
And 'tis a luxury, I swear,
To hear a voice so sweet;
And yet it does not please me quite,
The civil way you've got;
For me you're something too polite—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you never scold
At aught that I may do:
If I am passionate, or cold,
'Tis all the same to you.
"A charming temper," say the men,
"To smooth a husband's lot:"
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then—
Justine, you love me not!

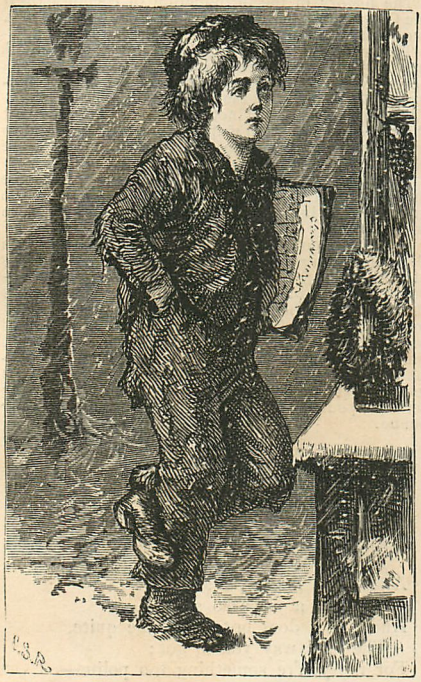
I know, Justine, you wear a smile
As beaming as the sun;
But who supposes all the while
It shines for only one?
Though azure skies are fair to see,
A transient cloudy spot
In yours would promise more to me—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you make my name
Your eulogistic theme,
And say—if any chance to blame—
You hold me in esteem.
Such words, for all their kindly scope,
Delight me not a jot;
Just so you would have praised the Pope—
Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine—for I have heard
What friendly voices tell—
You do not blush to say the word,
"You *like* me passing well;"
And thus the fatal sound I hear
That seals my lonely lot:
There's nothing now to hope or fear—
Justine, you *love* me not!

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.



"HE STOOD AND GAZED WITH WISTFUL FACE."

ONLY last year, at Christmas-time,
While pacing down a city street,
I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—
One of the thousands that we meet—

As ragged as a boy could be,
With half a cap, with one good shoe;
Just patches to keep out the wind—
I know the wind blew keenly too:

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs,
A square Scotch face, an honest brow,
And eyes that liked to smile so well
They had not yet forgotten how:

A newsboy, hawking his last sheets
With loud persistence. Now and then
Stopping to beat his stiffened hands,
And trudging bravely on again.

Dodging about among the crowd,
Shouting his "Extras" o'er and o'er;
Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind
Within some alley, by some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left,
Tucked hopelessly beneath his arm—
To eye a fruiterer's outspread store:
Here products from some country farm,

And there confections, all adorned
With wreathed and clustered leaves and flowers,
While little founts, like frosted spires,
Tossed up and down their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face,
All a child's longing in his eyes;
Then started, as I touched his arm,
And turned in quick, mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cap with purple hands,
Said, "Papers, Sir? *World! Herald! Times!*"
And brushed away a freezing tear
That marked his cheek with frosty rimes.

"How many have you? Never mind—
Don't stop to count—I'll take them all;
And when you pass my office here,
With stock on hand, give me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile,
A look half wondering and half glad.
I fumbled for the proper "change,"
And said, "You seem a little lad

"To rough it in the streets like this."
"I'm ten years old this Christmas-time!"
"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a bill—
I've nothing else, but this one dime—

"Five dollars. When you get it changed
Come to my office—that's the place.
Now wait a bit, there's time enough:
You need not run a headlong race.

"Where do you live?" "'Most any where.
We hired a stable-loft to-day,
Me and two others." "And you thought
The fruiterer's window pretty, hey?

"Or were you hungry?" "Just a bit,"
He answered, bravely as he might.
"I couldn't buy a breakfast, Sir,
And had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit.
I don't mind cold." "Why, that is strange!"
He smiled and pulled his ragged cap,
And darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh,
I sought my office desk again:
An hour or more my busy wits
Found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five
I started with a sudden thought,
For there beside my hat and cloak
Lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change'
He should have brought an hour ago?
Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike!
I was a fool to tempt him so.

"Dishonest! Well, I might have known
And yet his face seemed candid too.
He would have earned the difference
If he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late."
And so I took my homeward way,
Deeming distrust of human kind
The only lesson of the day.

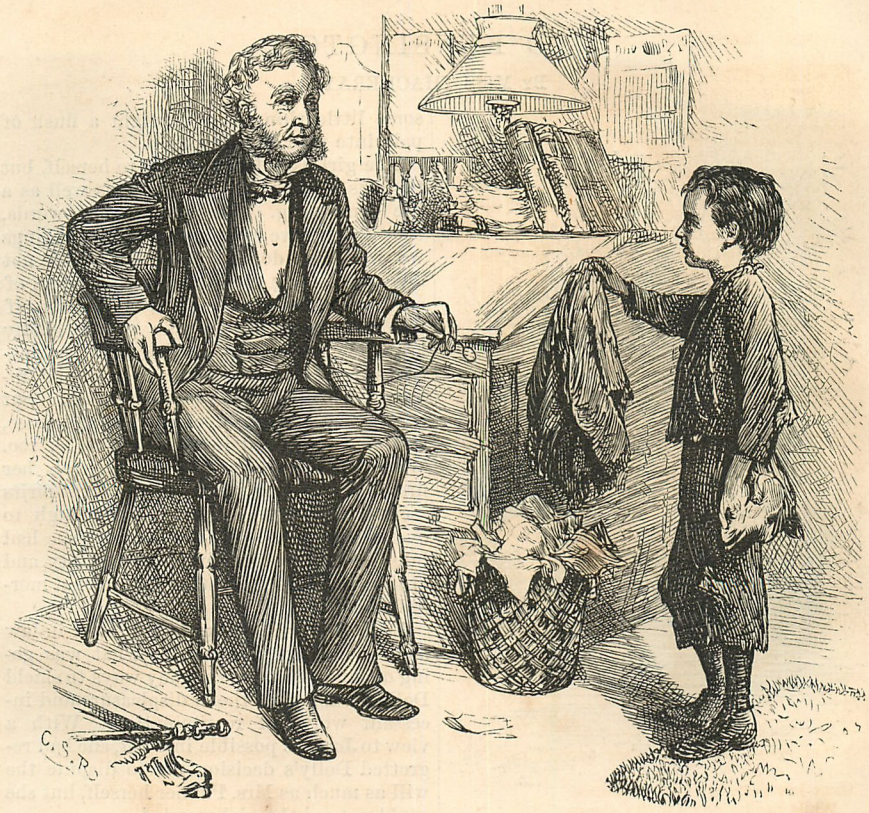
Just two days later, as I sat,
Half dozing, in my office chair,
I heard a timid knock, and called,
In my brusque fashion, "Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—
The same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—
And stood, half doubtful, at the door,
Abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—
The one you give the bill, you know—
He couldn't bring the money, Sir,
Because his back was hurted so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change;'
He got runned over, up the street:
One wheel went right across his back,
And t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet.

"They stopped the horses just in time,
And then they took him up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday
He wasn't rightly in his head.



"HE MADE ME FETCH HIS JACKET HERE."

"They took him to the hospital—
One of the newsboys knew 'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see,
We two are brothers, I and him.

"He had that money in his hand,
And never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal!
He never lost a cent before!

"He was afraid that you might think
He meant to keep it, any way;
This morning, when they brought him to,
He cried because he couldn't pay.

"He made me fetch his jacket here;
It's torn and dirtied pretty bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags,
But then, you know, it's all he had!

"When he gets well—it won't be long—
If you will call the money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off
But what he'll pay you every cent."

And then he cast a rueful glance
At the soiled jacket where it lay.
"No, no, my boy! Take back the coat.
Your brother's badly hurt, you say?

"Where did they take him? Just run out
And hail a cab, then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats,
And pounds, for such a boy as he!"

A half hour after this we stood
Together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps
That fell too loudly on the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep,
And scarce believed her when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair
From brow and cheek, "The boy is dead."

Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked!
One streak of sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven:
No need of "change" and jackets there!

And something rising in my throat
Made it so hard for me to speak,
I turned away, and left a tear
Lying upon his sunburned cheek.



"I THOUGHT HIM SMILING IN HIS SLEEP."

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XLIX.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

LADY HENLEY had always piqued herself upon a certain superiority to emotion of every kind—youth, love, sorrow, had seemed to her ridiculous things for many years. This winter, however, had changed the little wooden woman and brought her grief and anxiety, and revealed secrets to her that she had never guessed before. Often the very commonest facts of life are not facts, only sounds, until they have been lived. One can't listen to happiness, or love, or sorrow—one must have been some things in order to understand others. Lady Henley married somewhat late in life—soberly, without romance. Until then her horse, her dog, her partner at the last ball, had been objects of about equal interest. She had always scouted all expressions of feeling. She had but little experience; and coldness of heart comes more often from ignorance than from want of kindness or will to sympathize.

Sometimes the fire of adversity warms a cold heart, and then the story is not all sorrowful. The saddest story is that of some ice-bound souls, whom the very fires of adversity can not reach. Poor Dolly sometimes felt the chill when Philippa, unconscious of the stab, would say something, do some little thing, that brought a flush of pain into poor Dolly's cheek.

The girl would not own it to herself, but there is a whole life reluctant as well as a life consenting. The involuntary words, the thoughts we would not think, the things we would not do, and those that we do not love, are among the strongest influences of our lives. Dolly at this time found herself thinking many things she would gladly have left unthought, hoping things sometimes that she hated herself for hoping, indifferent to others that all those round about her seemed to imagine of most consequence, and that she tried in vain to care for too. When Philippa began to recover from her first burst of hysteric grief, her spirits seemed to revive. They were enough to overwhelm poor Dolly at times, for she had inherited her mother's impressionability, and at the same time her father's somewhat morbid fidelity.

Lady Henley's dislike to her sister-in-law made her clear-sighted as to what was going on, and she tried in many ways to shield Dolly from her mother's displeasure and incessant worry of recrimination. With a view to Jonah's possible interest, she had regretted Dolly's decision not to dispute the will as much as Mrs. Palmer herself, but she could not see the girl worried.

"Philippa is really too bad," she said one day. "Thomas, can't you do something—send for some one—suggest something?"

Sir Thomas meekly suggested Robert Henley.

"The very last person I should wish to see!" cried Lady Henley, sharply. "Bell, did you ever know your father understand any thing one said to him?"

Lady Henley's concern was relieved without Sir Thomas's assistance. Before the end of the winter Mrs. Palmer had left Henley Court and firmly established herself at Paris. Dolly remained behind. It was Philippa's arrangement, and Dolly had been glad to agree to her cousins' eager proposal that she should stay on at Henley for a time. Nobody quite knew how it had happened, except, indeed, that Philippa had intended it all along; and she now wrote in raptures with the climate, so different from what they had been enduring in Yorkshire. But Joanna did not care for climate—her Palmer constitution was not susceptible to the influence of atmosphere.

All through that sad winter Dolly staid on in Yorkshire. Their kindness was unwearied. Then, when the snow began to melt at last, the heavy clouds of winter to lighten, when the spring began to dawn,

and the summer sun and the sweet tones of natural things to thrill and stir the world to life, Dolly, too, began to breathe again; she could not enjoy all this beauty, but it comforted her, nevertheless.

The silence of the country was very tranquillizing and quieting. She had come like a tired child, sad and overwearied. Mother Nature was hushing her off to sleep at last. She spent long mornings in the meadows down by the river; sometimes her cousins took her for walks across the moors, but to Dolly her cousins seemed more like birds than human beings, and she had not strength for their ten-mile flights.

"You know what our life is," she wrote to her cousin, "and I need not describe it. I try to help my uncle a little of a morning. I go out driving with my aunt, or into the village of an afternoon with Norah; the wind comes cutting through the trees by the lodge-gate—all the roads are heavy with snow. Every thing seems very cold and sad—every thing except their kindness, which I shall never forget. Yesterday Aunt Joanna kissed me, and looked at me so kindly that I found myself crying suddenly. Dear Robert, she showed me the letter you wrote her. I can not help saying one word about that one word in it in which you speak of your doubting that I wish for your return. Why do you say such things or think such unjust thoughts of me? Your return is the one bright spot in my life just now. Did I not tell you so when you went away? If I have ever failed, ever loved you less than you wished, scold me, dear Robert, as I am scolding you now, and I will love you the more for it. You and I can understand, but it is hard to explain, even to my aunt, how things stand between us. I trust you utterly, and I am quite content to leave my fate to you."

She sat writing by the fire, on her knee, as she warmed herself by the embers. She paused once or twice and looked into the flame with her sweet, dreamy eyes. Where do people travel to as they sit quietly dreaming and warming their toes at the fire? What long, aimless journeys into other countries, into other hearts! What strange starts and returns! Dolly finds herself by the little well in Kensington Gardens, and some one is there, who says things in a strange voice that thrills as Robert's never did. Does he call her his Rachel? Is love a chord? It had seemed to her one single note until Frank Raban had spoken. Is this Robert who is saying that she is the one only woman in all the world for him? Dolly blushes a burning blush of shame all alone as she sits in the twilight when she discovers of what she had been thinking.

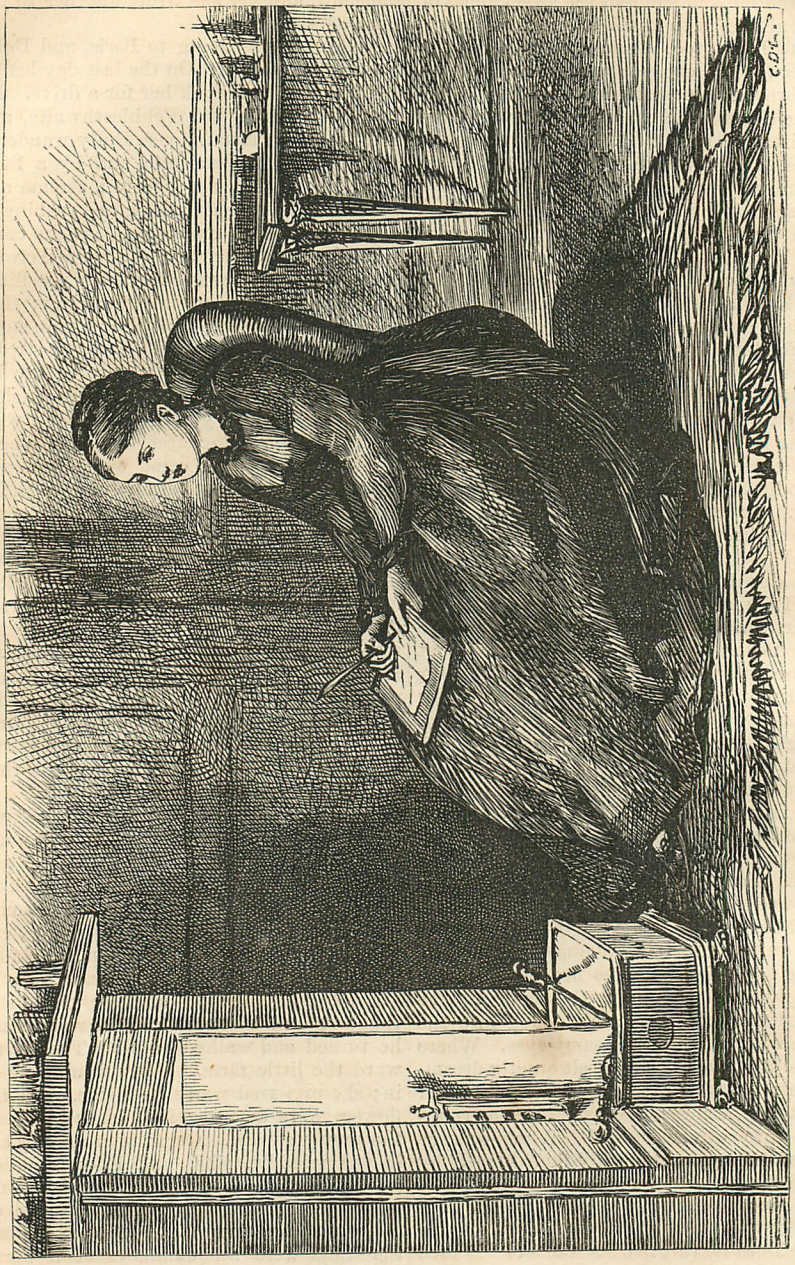
"What are you burning, Dolly?" said her aunt, coming in.

It was her letter that Dolly had thrown into the fire. It had seemed to her false, somehow, and yet she wrote another to the same effect next day.

Mr. Anley was going to Paris, and Dolly was to go with him. On the last day before she left, her uncle took her for a drive. He had business beyond Pebblesthwaite, and while he went into a house Dolly wandered on through an open gate, and by a little path that led across a field to a stream and a great bleating and barking and rushing of waters. It was early spring. As she came round by the bridge she saw a penned crowd of sheep; a stout farmer in gaiters was flinging them one by one into the river; they splashed and struggled in vain; a man stood up to his waist in the midst of the stream dousing the poor gentle creatures one by one as they swam past. The stream dashed along the narrow gully. The dogs were barking in great excitement. The sheep went in black, and came out white and fleecy and flurried, scrambling to land. Young Farmer Rhodes stood watching the process mounted on his beautiful mare; James Brand, with the lurcher in a leash, had also stopped for a moment. He looked up with his kind blue eyes at Dolly as she crossed the bridge, and stood watching the rural scene. The hedges and the river-banks were quivering with coming spring, purple buds and green leaves and life suddenly rising out of silent moors. James Brand came up to where Dolly was standing. He stood silent for an instant, then he spoke in his soft Yorkshire tones.

"T' ship doan't like it," he said. "T' water's cold and deep, poor things. 'Tis not t' ship aloan has to be dipped ofttimes and washed in t' waters of affliction," moralized James, who attended at the chapel sometimes.

Just then Sir Thomas came up. He knew James Brand and Farmer Tanner too; he had come to buy some of these very sheep that were now struggling in the water; and he turned and walked on with Tanner toward the little farm. Dolly would not go in; she preferred waiting outside. All the flowers were bursting into blaze again in the pretty garden. Geraniums coming out in the window, ribës and lilies, dandies, early pansies, forget-me-nots, bachelor's-buttons, petunias, all the homely garland of cottage flowers was flung there. Beyond the walls were the chimneys of a house showing among the trees. Some men were working and chopping wood. The red leaves of last winter's frost still hung to the branches. Brand was coming and going with his dog at his heels, and he stopped again, seeing Dolly standing alone; she had some curious interest for him. She had rallied that day from a long season of silent depression. The spring birds seemed to be singing to her, the grass seemed to spread green and soft for her feet, the incense to be



"DOES HE CALL HER HIS RACHEL?"

scenting the high air; it was a sweet and fresh and voiceful stillness coming after noise and sorrow and confusion of heart. The farmer's garden was half flower, half kitchen garden; against one wall, rainbowed with moss and weather stains, clustered the blossom of a great crop of future autumn fruits; the cabbages stood in rows marshaled and glistening too. The moors were also shining, and the birds whistling in the air.

"Dolly," said Sir Thomas, coming out fussily, "I find Raban is expected immediately. I will go up to the house and leave a note for him."

"I thought you had been here before," said Sir Thomas, as Dolly opened her eyes. This, then, was Ravensrick.

The worthy baronet was not above a condescending gossip with James Brand as they walked up to the house. The number of

men employed, the cottages, the school-master's increase of salary. "Nice old place," Sir Thomas said, looking round.

"'Tis shut up ha-alf the year," said James. "Mr. Frank should stay wi' us longer."

"We must have a lady at Ravensrick some of these days," said Sir Thomas.

"Wa'al," said old Brand, "he were caught in t' net once, Sir Thomas; 'tis well-nigh eno' to make a yong man wary. They laid their toils for others, as ye know, but others were sharper than he—"

"Yes, yes; what a very pretty view!" said Sir Thomas, hastily pointing to a moor upon which a great boulder of rock was lying.

"That is t' crag," said Brand; "there's a watterr-fo' beyond; I ca' that ro-mantic. Mr. Frank were nigh killed as a boy fallin' fra t' side. I have known him boy and man," the old fellow went on, with unusual expansion, striking his gun against a felled tree; "none could be more fair and honorable than my ma-aster. People slandered him and lied to t' squire, but Mr. Fra-ank scorned to take mean adva-antage o' silly women, and they made prey of him....." They had reached the garden by this time, where old Mrs. Raban used to take her daily yards of walking exercise, and where the old squire used to sun himself hour after hour.

The ragged green leaves of the young chestnuts were coming out, and the red blossoms of the sycamore, and the valley was full of light and blending green. But the house looked dark and closed; only one window was open. It was the library window, and Sir Thomas walked in to write his note.

And Dolly followed, looking round and about; she thought to herself that she was glad to have come—glad to have heard the old keeper's kindly praise of his young master. Frank must be her friend always, even though she never saw him again. The manner of his life and the place of it could never be indifferent to her. But she must never see him again, never think of him if she could help it.

The door opened suddenly, and Dolly started from the place where she had been standing: it was only Becky of the beacon-head, who had come in to ask if any thing was wanted.

"We must be off," said Sir Thomas. "My compliments to Mr. Raban and this note. Tell him we hope to see him as soon as he can conveniently come over.—Your poor aunt is very anxious always," he said to Dolly, in an explanatory voice; and then he stepped out through the window again, where Brand was still waiting.

Dolly looked back once as she left the room. "Good-by," she said, in her most secret heart. "Good-by. Forgive me if I have ever wronged you." As she went out her dress caught in the window, and with an impatient hurried movement she stooped and disentangled it.

"There is the new school window," said Sir Thomas; "those works at Medemere don't seem to have answered very well, Brand—too precipitate. I always said so." As they were driving off again, Sir Thomas again repeated that the works at Medemere were certainly a failure. "One would not think so from his manner; but Raban is a most incautious man. We must come again when you come back to us, Dolly. Perhaps a certain traveler will be home by then," he added, good-naturedly.

"I shall be gone before Mr. Raban comes back," said Dolly.

"Robert—Robert. I was speaking of Robert, of course," said Sir Thomas, pulling at the reins.

Dolly blushed crimson as she stooped to look for a glove that she had dropped. That night again she awoke suddenly in a strange agony of shame for her involuntary slip. It seemed to reveal her own secret heart, from which she fain would fly; she had promised to be true, and she was not false; but was this being true?

What is it that belongs to a woman of a right, inalienably, as to a man probity, or a high-minded sense of honor—is it for women, womanliness and the secret rectitude of self-respect? My poor Dolly felt suddenly as if even this last anchor had failed, and for a cruel dark hour she lay sobbing on her pillow. Then in the dawn she fell asleep.

CHAPTER L.

TEMPERED WINDS.

FRANK RABAN arrived that evening. The fires were burning a cheerful greeting; the table was laid in the library; his one plate, his one knife and fork, were ready. After all, it was home, though there was no one to greet him except the two grinning maidens. The dogs were both up at the lodge. As Frank was sitting down to dinner he saw something black lying in one of the windows. He picked it up. It was a glove. Becky roared with laughter when Frank asked her if it was hers; she was setting down a huge dish with her honest red hands. *Her* gloves! "They were made o' cotton," she said; "blue, wi' red stitchens." She suggested that "this might be t' young lady's; t' gentleman and t' young lady had come and had walked about t' house wi' James Brand."

"What gentleman?—what young lady?" asked Raban.

"A pale-faced young lady in bla-ack cloathes," said Becky. "T' gentleman were called Sir Tummas. James Brand, he knawed."

"Sir Thomas! A pale young lady in black!"

Frank stuck the little glove up on the tall chimney. It seemed a welcoming hand put out to greet him on his return. He had guessed to whom the glove belonged even before he saw a little inky D marked in the wrist.

"So she had been there!" While he had been away life in its fiercest phases had met him, and at such times people's own feelings and histories seem to lose in meaning, in vividness, and importance, when whole nations are concerned, and the life of thousands is the stake by which the game is played; then each private story seems lost, for a time, in the great rush of fate. Frank had been twice to the East during that winter. He had seen Jonah; he had disposed of his stores. The little yacht had done her work bravely, and was now cruising in summer seas, and Raban had come home to his sheep and his furrows—to his old furrows of thought. How curiously the sight of that little glove brought it all back once more!

As Frank rode along the lanes it was difficult to believe that all was tranquil as it seemed. That no ambush was lurking behind the hedges; that the rumble of carts traveling along with their load from the quarry was no echo of distant guns; that no secret danger was to be dreaded. This was the second morning after his arrival. The sunshine which Dolly had liked seemed to him also of good omen. The lilacs were coming into flower; the banks were sparkling with flowers, primroses, and early hyacinths; summer green and summer light were brightening along the road. Frank rode quietly along on his way to the Court, sure of a welcome from Lady Henley—for had he not seen Jonah? Bloom, little flowers along the path; sing, little birds from overarching boughs; beat, honest heart along the road that leads to the goal of thy life's journey!

Lady Henley was the first person he saw when he rode into the park. Sunshiny though it was, she was tucked up in some warm furs and sitting on the lawn in front of the house.

"How do you do?" said Lady Henley. "My husband told me you were expected back. I hoped you might come. Well, have you brought me any news?"

When Lady Henley heard that Jonah was looking well, that Frank had seen him ten days before, had dined with him in his hut, she could not make enough of the messenger of good tidings. He must stay to luncheon; he must come to dinner; he must see the girls. The luncheon bell rang double-loud in Frank's honor, and Frank was ushered in; Norah and Bell bounced in almost immediately: an extra plate was set for Frank. The butler appeared, and the page, with some smoking dishes on a tray. That was all. Frank looked up in vain, hoping to see the door open once more.

"I am so sorry Sir Thomas is gone up to town with Mr. Anley," said Lady Henley. "It is some tiresome business of my sister-in-law's. My niece started with them this morning. We have had her all the winter, poor thing. It is really most provoking about the property; and how Philippa can have made it up with that Parnell girl I can not imagine. They are inseparable, I hear. Just like Philippa. Dolly is going on to Paris immediately with the squire to join her mother—quite unnecessary. Have you heard that Robert Henley is expected back? It seems to me every one is going mad," said Lady Henley. "He has only been out six months."

Frank asked how Miss Vanborough was looking.

Bell immediately volunteered a most dismal account.

"I am sure Dolly will go into a decline if some one does not cheer her up. Norah and I have done our best. We wanted to take her to the York ball, and we wanted to take her to Lynn Gill, and across the moor to Keithburn, and we tried to get her to come out huntin' one day. What she wants is stirring up, and so I told papa; and for my part, I'm not at all sorry Robert is to come home," says Bell.

Mamma was evidently very much annoyed.

"What is the use talking nonsense, Bell? Robert would have done much better if he had staid where he was, and Dolly too," said Lady Henley. "Every body seems to have lost their head. Here is a letter from the Admiral. He is in town, on his way to America. He wants to meet Dolly; he will just miss her. As for Hawtrey, I think he is possessed. Not that I am at all surprised, poor fellow," said Lady Henley, expressively. "We know what he finds at home."

Frank went back very much dispirited after his luncheon. It was later in the day, and the flowers and the sunshine seemed to have lost their brightness; but when he got home the little glove was still on the chimney-piece, with limp fingers extended.

The Hôtel Molleville stands in one of the back streets, near the English Embassy, at Paris. One or two silent streets run out of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and cross and recross each other in a sort of minuet, with a certain stately propriety that belongs to tall houses, to closed gates, inclosed court-yards, and high roofs. There is a certain false air of the Faubourg St. Germain about this special quarter. Some of the houses appear to have drifted over by mistake to the wrong side of the Seine. They have seen many a dynasty go by, heard many a shriek of liberty; they stand a little on one side of the

march of events that seem to prefer the main thoroughfares.

The Hôtel Molleville is somewhat less stately than its companions. The gates are not quite so lofty; the windows have seen less of life, and have not been so often broken by eager patriotism. It belongs to a noble family that is somewhat come down in the world. The present marquis, a stout, good-humored man, had been in the navy in his youth, and there made friends with the excellent Admiral Pallmere, at whose suggestion he had consented to let a little apartment on the first floor to his lady, who had elected to reside in Paris during her husband's absence.

Paris comes with a cheerful flash of light, a sudden multitudinous chorus. The paved streets rattle, the voices chatter, the note is not so deep as the hollow London echo that we all know, that slow chord of a great city.

Dolly and the squire come driving along from the station with many jingles and jolts. Little carriages rattle past. It is evening play-time for those in the street. The shops are not yet closed; there is a lady sitting in every little brilliant shrine along the way. They drive on; they see long rivers of lamps twinkling into far vistas; they cross a great confluence of streams of light, of cries of people.

"Here we are at the Madeleine," says Mr. Anley, looking out.

In another ten minutes they have driven on and reached the English Embassy. Then, with a sudden turn that sends old Marker with her parcels tumbling into Dolly's lap, they drive up a side street, and stop at the door of the house where Mrs. Palmer is living.

"I shall call and see how you are in the morning," says Mr. Anley, helping Dolly out. He would have accompanied her up stairs, but she begged him to go on.

The door of the house opens; Dolly and Marker come into a *porte cochère* pervaded with a smell of dinner that issues from an open door that leads into a great lighted kitchen, where brazen covers and dials are shining upon the wall, where a dinner is being prepared, not without some excitement and clanking of saucepans; the cook comes to the door to see Dolly go by. A *concierge* comes forward, and Dolly runs up the polished stairs. It all returns to her with strange vividness.

Dolly rang at the bell, and waited on the first landing, as she had been desired. A man in a striped waistcoat opened the door, and stared in some surprise at the young lady with her parcels and wraps, and at the worthy Marker, also laden with many bags, who stood behind her young mistress.

"Does Mrs. Palmer live here?" Dolly said, speaking English.

The man in stripes, for all answer, turned, drew a curtain that hid an inner hall, and stood back to let them pass. The hall was carpeted, curtained, lighted with hanging lamps. Dolly had not expected any thing so luxurious. Her early recollections did not reach beyond the bare wooden floors and the china stoves in the old house in the Champs Elysées. She looked round wondering, and she was still more surprised when the servant flung open two folding-doors and signed to her to pass.

She entered, silently treading on the heavy carpet. The place was dim, warm with a fragrant perfume of flowers, a soft lamplight was every where, a fragrant warmth. There was a sense of utter comfort and luxury; tall doors fast closed, draperies shining with dim gold gleams, pictures on the walls, couches, lace cushions; some tall glasses in beautiful old frames repeated it all—the dim light, the flowers' golden atmosphere. In the middle of the room a lamp hung over a flower-table, of which the tall pointed leaves were crimsoning in the soft light, the ferns glittering, a white camellia head opening to this alabaster moon.

The practical Dolly stopped short. It must be some mistake. A lady in a white dress was standing by the chimney, leaning against the heavy velvet top; a gentleman also standing there was listening with bent head to something she was saying. The two were absorbed. They did not notice her, they were so taken up with one another. Dolly had expected to find her mother and the Admiral. She had come to some wrong place. For an instant she vaguely thought of strangers. She stopped short. Then her heart gave a warning thump before she had put words to her thoughts. She was standing under the lamp by the great spiked leaves, and she suddenly caught hold of the marble table, for the room seemed to shake.

"Who is it, Casimir?" said the lady, impatiently, as the servant came up to her.

The tall gentleman also looked up.

Dolly's dazzled eyes were gazing at him in bewildered amazement. He had quickly stepped back when the man approached, and he now turned his full face and looked at Dolly, who could not speak. She could only stand silent, holding out her trembling hands, half happy, half incredulous. It was Robert—Robert, whom she had thought miles away—Robert, whose letter had come only the day before—Robert, who had been there with Rhoda, so absorbed that even now he scarcely seemed to recognize Dolly in her travel-worn black clothes, looking like a blot upon all this splendor.

This, then, was the moment for which she had waited, and thought to wait so long. He had come back to her. "Robert!" she cried at last.

Perhaps if they had been alone the course of their whole lives might have been changed

—if their meeting had been unwitnessed, if Casimir had not been there, if Rhoda had not come up with many an exclamation of surprise, if all those looking-glasses and chairs and tables had not been in the way. Robert stood looking down from the length of his six feet. He held a cold hand in his. He did not kiss Dolly, as he had done when he went away. He spoke to her, but with a slight constraint. He seemed to have lost his usual fluency and presence of mind. He was shocked at the change he saw. Those few months had worn her radiant beauty. She was tired by the journey, changed in manner. All her sweet faith and readiness to believe, and all her belief in Henley, had not made this meeting, to which she had looked forward as "her one bright spot," any thing like that which she had expected. Something in Robert's voice, his slight embarrassment, something in the attitude of the two as she had seen them when she first came in and thought them strangers, something indefinite, but very present, made her shy and strange, and the hand that held her cold fingers let go as Rhoda flung her arms affectionately round her. Then with gentle violence Dolly was led to the fire and pushed down into a satin chair.

"I only came last night," said Henley. "I was afraid of missing you, or I should have gone to meet you."

"We expected you to-morrow, Dolly," interrupted Rhoda, in her sweet voice. "We were so surprised to see *him* walk in," and she quietly indicated Henley with a little motion of the head.

"Every body seems to have been running after every body else. I am ashamed of myself for startling you all," said Robert, jerking his watch-chain. "It is a whole series of changes. I will tell you all about it, Dolly, when you are rested. I found I could get leave at the very last instant, and I came off by the steamer. I wrote from Marseilles, but you must have missed my letter. This is altogether a most fortunate, unexpected meeting," he added, turning to Rhoda.

Henley's utter want of tact stood him in good service, and made it possible for him to go on talking. Dolly seemed frozen. Rhoda was very much agitated. There seemed to be a curious understanding and sympathy between Robert and Miss Parnell.

"Have you seen your mother?" said Rhoda, putting her white hand upon Dolly's shoulder. "How cold and tired you must be! Who did you come with, after all?"

"I came with—I forget," said Dolly. "Where is mamma?" and she started up, looking still bewildered.

"Your mother lives next door. I myself made the same mistake last night," said Robert; and he picked up Dolly's bags and shawls from the floor where she had dropped them. Rhoda started up to lead the way.

"You may as well come through my room," she said, opening a door into a great dim room scented with verbena, and all shining with lace frills and satin folds. A middle-aged lady in a very smart cap, who was reading the paper by the light of a small lamp, looked up as they passed. Rhoda carelessly introduced her as Miss Rougemont.

"My companion," she said, in a low voice, as she opened another door. "She is very good-natured, and is never put out by any thing."

Dolly followed straight on over the soft carpets, on through another dark room, and then another, to a door from whence came a gleam of light.

As Rhoda opened the door there came the sudden jingling of music and a sound of voices; a man met them carrying a tray of refreshments; a distant voice was singing to the accompaniment of a piano. Julie stood at a table pouring out coffee; she put down the pot with an exclamation: "Good heavens, Mademoiselle! Who ever would have thought—" Some one came up to ask for coffee, and Julie took up her pot again.

"How stupid of me to forget!" said Rhoda. "It is your mother's day at home, Dolly. I will send her to you. Wait one minute."

Poor Dolly, it was a lesson to her not to come unexpectedly.

"Madame *will* be distressed," said Julie, coming forward, "to receive Mademoiselle in such a confusion! The gentlemen all came; they brought music; they want coffee at every instant, or *thé à l'Anglaise*."

As she spoke a little fat man came up to the table, and Julie darted back to her post.

Meanwhile the music went on.

"Petits, petits, petits oiseaux!"

sang a tenor voice.

"Jolis, jolis, jolis, petits!"

sang a bass.

"Jolis, petits, chéris!"

sang the two together.

But at that instant, with a rush, with a flutter, with her hair dressed in some strange new style, Mrs. Palmer at last appeared and clasped Dolly, with many reproaches.

"You naughty child, who *ever* expected you to-day? And the Admiral started off to meet you! How provoking! A wreck! utterly tired out! Come to your room directly, dearest. It is quite ready, only full of cloaks and hats. Here, Rhoda, can not you take her in?"

"Never mind the cloaks and hats, mamma," said Dolly, with a smile. "I had rather stay here, and Julie will give me and Marker some coffee."

"Marker! Good gracious! I had forgotten all about Marker," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer.

CHAPTER LI.

"SING HOARSE WITH TEARS BETWEEN."

ROBERT had come back from India prepared to fight Dolly's battle. Although expressing much annoyance that this disagreeable task should have been left to him, he remembered Rhoda as an inoffensive little thing, and he had no doubt but that she would hear reason, if things were clearly put before her. She was too much in her right to be expected to give up every thing, but Robert had but little doubt that he should be able to effect a compromise; he had lived long enough to realize how much weight one definite, clearly expressed opinion may have in the balance. It was most fortunate that his official duties should have brought him home at this juncture. Dolly must consent to be guided by him. He was in some sense her natural protector still, although he felt at times that there was not that singleness of purpose about his cousin which he should have wished to find in the woman whom he looked upon as his future wife. At this time he had no intention of breaking with her. He wished to keep her in suspense. She deserved it: she had not once thought of him; she had behaved most childishly—yielded where she should have been firm, sacrificed every thing to a passing whim; she had been greatly tried, of course, but even all this might have been partly avoided if she had done as he recommended. So thought Robert as he was tying his white neckcloth in the glass at his hotel. The gilt frame reflected back a serious young man and a neatly tied cravat, and he was satisfied with both. He came back to a late dinner with Rhoda after Mrs. Palmer's Thursday Afternoon had departed, taking away its cloaks and hats. Signor Pappaforte was the last to go. M. de Molleville took leave. Mrs. Palmer, needless to say, was charmed with the Molleville family—counts, marquises, dukes. They all lived in the house, overhead, underfoot. Madame la Comtesse was a most delightful person. M. le Comte was the only one of the family she did not take to, M. le Comte being a sensible man, and somewhat abruptly cutting short Mrs. Palmer's many questions and confidences.

The table was prettily laid in the big dining-room; the lamp-light twinkled upon the firmament of plates and silver spoons, and the flowers that Rhoda had herself arranged. She was waiting for her guests. Robert having, as in duty bound, first rung at his aunt's door, and learned from Julie that mademoiselle was resting and that madame was dressing still, came across to the other apartment, where all was in order and ready to make him comfortable. Rhoda was sitting in her usual place on the little low chair by the fire. She had taken off her white dress—she had put on a velvet gown; in her dark hair were two diamond stars: they shone in the fire-light as she sat thoughtfully watching the little flame.

"Have you brought them?" she said, without looking round. "Are you alone? Come and sit down here and be warmed while you wait."

Rhoda's voice was like a bell, it rang so clear; when she was excited it seemed to rise and fall and vibrate. At other times she would sit silent; but though she sat silent, she held her own. Some people have this gift of voiceless emotion, of silent expression. Rhoda was never unnoticed; in her corner, crossing a street, or passing a stranger in a crowded room, she would mark her way as she passed along. It was this influence which had haunted poor George all his life, which made itself felt now as it had never done before. Rhoda now seemed suddenly to have bloomed into the sweetness and delicate brightness which belong to some flowers, such as cyclamen and others I could name. She had been transplanted into clear air, into ease of mind and of body; she suddenly seemed to have expanded into her new life, and her nature had kindled to all sorts of new and wonderful things. Many of these were to be bought with silver and gold; it was not for affection, nor for the highest emotions, that little Rhoda had pined: hers was the enthusiasm of commonplace: it was toward bright things of every kind that this little flame spirit turned so eagerly. Sometimes A gets credit for saying what B may have thought and felt, what C has lived for years with courage and self-denial; then comes a Rhoda, who *looks* it all without an effort or a single word; and no wonder that Robert and many others were struck by her strange beauty and touched by her gentle magnetism of expression and of grace.

Henley came up, and without any hesitation established himself in the warm corner she indicated. The stiffness he had undoubtedly felt when they first met had worn off since that "business talk"—so Rhoda called it; and now he did not know whether it was business or pleasure as he listened to Rhoda's low song of explanation, and watched her white fingers opening to the fire. Signor Pappaforte's tenor was not to compare to Rhoda's soft performance. Perhaps I am wrong to use such a word; for, after all, she was as genuine as Dolly herself in her way—as Dolly who had fallen asleep, and was far away in spirit, dreaming a little dream of all that had happened that day.

Rhoda resumed their conversation quite

naturally. "We may be interrupted," she said, earnestly, "and there is one more thing I want to say to you. You know better than I do; you must judge for me. I always hoped that when you came all would be arranged. I know nothing of business," she said, smiling. "I only know that I like my pretty things, and that it makes me happy to live here, and to have my flowers and my pretty dresses and fresh air. Is it wrong? It seems a sort of new life to me;" and a wistful face was gently upraised. "If Dolly wishes it I will give it all back," Rhoda continued: "every thing," said Rhoda, who knew that she was pretty safe in making this generous offer; and she smoothed the soft velvet fold wistfully with her fingers, as if she felt it was no longer her own. "Dolly refused, when I begged her to take it all long ago," she added. "Now I wish she had agreed before I became accustomed to this new life. I confess that I do not like to look back. Serge and smoke and omnibuses all seem more horrid than ever. I think I am not very strong."

Robert scarcely knew how to answer the poor little thing. "Did you offer to give it all up?" he said, starting up, and walking up and down with long strides to hide his embarrassment. "I was never told of it, or I should certainly have ac— Dolly should have told me," he said, quickly, all his embarrassment turning into wrath against Dolly.

"Don't blame her," said Rhoda, in a low voice; "she is so generous, so noble. I can understand her refusing for herself; though I think if I had loved any one as—as Dolly must love—I should have thought of his interest first of all, and not of my own impulse. I know people might say it is very foolish of me and weak-minded," she said, faltering.

"They could only say that *you* were a true woman, and respect you for your generous devotion," said Robert, taking her hand. He dropped it rather awkwardly as Miss Rougemont came into the room, followed almost immediately by Mrs. Palmer.

"That tired child of mine is still asleep," said Mrs. Palmer. "Marker wouldn't let me awaken her."

"Then perhaps we had better not wait," said Rhoda, whose dark eyes were never more wakeful. "Ring the bell, Miss Rougemont."

So Rhoda and her guests sat down with a very good appetite to dinner; she charmed them all by her grace as a hostess. Miss Rougemont, who was not a guest, discreetly retired as soon as the meal was over.

Robert passed a very disturbed night. It was near twelve o'clock next morning when he rang at the door of his aunt's apartment. Dolly had been expecting him for a long time. The baker, the water-carrier with his clanking wooden pails, Mr. Anley's familiar tones, inquiring whether Miss Vanborough was "*engagée*"—every ring, every voice, had made her heart beat. Robert found Mr. Anley still sitting with Dolly. They were by an open window full of spring flowers. The cheerful rattle of the street below, the cries of itinerant vendors, the noisy song of a bird in the sunshine, and the bright morning light itself poured into the room in a great stream of dazzling motes and gold, through which the girl came blushing to meet her kinsman.

"I am afraid your long sleep has not rested you," he said, looking at her hard as she stood in the slanting stream, all illuminated for an instant—her rough hair radiant, her black gown changed to a purple primrose mist; then she came out of the light into every-day, and again he thought how changed she was.

"I have brought you some violets," and he gave her a bunch that he held in his hand. Robert thought Dolly changed. How shall I describe her at this time of her life? The dominant radiance of early youth was gone; a whole lifetime had come into the last few months. But if the brightest radiance was no longer there, a less self-absorbed person than Robert Henley might have been touched by the tender sweetness of that pale face. Its peaceful serenity did not affect him in the same way as Rhoda's appealing glances: it seemed to tell of a whole experience far away, in which he was not, and which in his present frame of mind only seemed to reproach him.

Dorothea had no thought of reproach. She was a generous girl, unselfish, able to forgive, as it is not given to many to forgive. She might remember, but malice was not in her. Malice and uncharitableness as often consist in the vivid remembrance of the pang inflicted as in that of the blow which caused it. Dolly never dwelt long upon the pain she had suffered, and so, when the time came to forgive, she could forgive. She had all along been curiously blind to Robert's short-comings; she had taken it for granted that she was in fault when he asserted the fact with quiet conviction; and now in the morning light she had been telling herself (all the time Squire Anley had been talking of his plans and benevolent schemes for a dinner at a café, presents for half the county, etc., etc.) that perhaps she herself had been surprised and embarrassed the night before, that Rhoda was looking on, that Robert was never very expansive or quick to say all that he really felt, that this would be their real meeting.

The kind squire soon went off, pleased at the idea of a happy lovers' meeting. He knew that there had been some misunderstanding. He looked back as he left the room, but the stream of light was dazzling

between them, and he could not see their faces for it.

He might have staid; his presence would have been a relief, so Dolly thought afterward, to that sad sunshiny half hour through which her heart ached so bitterly. She grasped the poor little bunch of violets tight in her fingers, clinching the bitter disappointment. It was nothing that she had to complain of, only every thing. Had sorrow opened her eyes—had her own remorse opened her eyes?

"I did not think," Robert was saying, "I should see you so soon again, Dora. Poor Lady Sarah, of course, one could not expect. I remember driving away," he added, hastily, as her eyes filled, "and wondering when I should get back; and then—yes, Marker called the cab back. I was afraid of being delayed at first, but I was glad of it afterward. I had just time to come in and say good-by again. Do you remember?" And he tried to get up a little sentiment.

Dolly looked up suddenly. "Why did she call you back, Robert?" she asked, in a curious voice.

"I had forgotten my great-coat," said Robert. "One wants all one's wraps in the sunny Mediterranean. How pleasant this is! Is it possible I have ever been away?" And then he sat down in an affectionate attitude by Dolly on the green velvet sofa. He would not scold her yet; he would try kindness, he thought. He asked her about herself, tried to reproach her playfully for her recklessness in money matters, spoke of his own prospects, and the scheme which had brought him home. Martindale had resumed his old post at the college for six months. It is not necessary here to enter into all Robert's details. He spoke of a growing spirit of disaffection in the East, and suddenly he discovered that Dolly was no longer listening.

"Why do you tell me all this, Robert?" she said, hoarsely, forgetting the rôle of passive acquiescence she had promised to play.

It hurt Dolly somehow, and wearied her to talk to Robert upon indifferent subjects. The hour had come—the great hour that she had dreaded and longed for—and was this all that it had brought? Sometimes in a tone of his voice, in a well-known look, it would seem to her that reconciliation was at hand; but a word more, but a look more, and all separation was over forever—all reproach; but neither look nor word came. The key-note to all these variations of feeling never sounded. Poor Dolly hated and loved alternately during this cruel hour; loved the man she had loved so long, hated this strange perversion of her heart's dream. We love and we hate—not the face, nor the voice, nor the actions of this one or that one, but an intangible essence of all. And there sat Henley, talking very pleasantly, and changed somehow. Was that Robert? Was this herself? Was Robert dead too, or was it her own heart that was so cold?

Rhoda met her leaving the room some few minutes after.

"I have come to fetch you to luncheon," said Miss Parnell. "Is Mr. Henley there? I see you have got your violets, Dolly. Miss Rougemont and I showed him the way to the flower-market. We met at the door. I am afraid she kept him too long. It was very wicked of her."

Mrs. Palmer joined them at luncheon. Miss Rougemont carved and attended to their wants. Dolly was grateful for a Benjamin-like portion that she found heaped upon her plate, but she could not eat it. Every thing tasted bitter somehow. Miss Rougemont was an odd, battered woman, with an inexpressive face; but she was not so insensible as Rhoda imagined. More than once during luncheon Dolly found her black rolling eyes fixed upon her face. Once, watching her opportunity, the companion came close up to Dolly and said, in a low voice, "I wished to say to you that I hope you do not think that it was I who detained Mr. Henley this morning. Miss Parnell, who rarely considers other people's feelings, told me that she had told you that *I*—" Dolly blushed up.

"He came in very fair time," she said, gently. Miss Rougemont did not seem satisfied. "Forgive me," she said. "I am old and you are young. It is well to be upon one's guard. It was not I who detained Mr. Henley." She meant well, poor woman; but Dolly started away impatiently, blushing up with annoyance. How dared Miss Rougemont hint and thrust her impertinent suspicions before her!

Squire Anley, with his loose clothes flying, with a parcel under each arm, with bonbons enough in his pockets for all the children in Pebblesthwaite, a list of names and addresses in his hand, was inquiring his way to a dress-maker, Mademoiselle Hays, whose bill he had promised Mrs. Boswarrick to pay. (Squire Anley often paid Mrs. Boswarrick's bills, and was repaid or not, as the case might be. At all events, he had the satisfaction of seeing the little lady in her pretty Paris dresses.) All day long the sunshine has been twinkling; carriages are rattling cheerfully over the stones; sight-seers are sight-seeing; the shops are full of pretty things.

Lord Cowley has just driven out of the great gates of the British Embassy, and the soldier has presented arms. Flash goes the bayonet in the sunshine. Squire Anley looking about, suddenly sees Dorothea on the other side of the street, and crosses to meet her.

"Alone?" says he. "This is very wrong. What are you doing? Where is every body?"

"I am not alone," said Dolly; "they are

in that shop. Rhoda went in to buy something, and she called Robert to give his advice."

The squire opened his eyes.

"It was very exemplary of Robert Henley to go when he was called," he said, laughing. "And where are you all going to?"

"I have to take some money from Mrs. Fane to a sick man in the English Hospital," Dolly said. "It is a long way off, I'm afraid. Mamma thought it too far, but they are coming with me."

Here Robert came out of the shop to look for Dolly.

"I did not know you had staid outside," he said, in his old affectionately dictatorial way, drawing her hand through his arm. "I should have scolded you, but I see you have done us good service." And he shook hands with the squire.

"I was on my way to try and find you," said the squire. "I have ordered dinner at the 'Trois Frères' at six. Don't be late. I am the most punctual of men, as Miss Dolly knows by sad experience."

"Punctuality always seems to me a struggle between myself and all eternity," said Dolly, smiling.

"I quite agree with the squire," said Robert, looking at his watch, and then back at the shop. "There is nothing more necessary. I promised Rhoda to come for her again in twenty minutes. She is divided between blue and sea-green. I am afraid we shall be almost too late for the hospital to-day. Can't you come back, Dolly, and help her in her choice?"

Dolly's face fell.

"I can't wait; I *must* go," she said. "I promised Mrs. Fane to go at once: the man is expecting his money to get home, and Mrs. Fane is expecting him."

"To-morrow will do just as well, my dear Dolly. You are as impetuous as ever, I see," said Robert. "We can't leave Rhoda alone, now that we have brought her out."

"To-morrow *won't* do," cried Dolly, and she suddenly let go his arm. "*I* will go alone. I am used to it. Mr. Anley will come with me if I ask him," she said. "I must go," she insisted, with a nervous vehemence which surprised Mr. Anley. It was very unlike Dolly to be vexed about small matters.

But here Rhoda, smiling, came in turn from the door of the shop. She was dressed in violet and lilac and bright spring colors; in her hand she held a little bunch of flowers, not unlike that one which Robert had given Dolly at her suggestion.

"What is all this? Now we are going to the hospital?" she said. "I should have had my pony-carriage to-morrow; that was my only reason for wishing to put off the expedition."

A large open carriage with four places was passing by. Robert stopped it, and they all three got in. Mr. Anley watched them as they drove away. He did not quite like the aspect of affairs. He had thought Dolly looking very sad when he met her standing at the shop door. What was Rhoda being so amiable about? He saw the lilac bonnet bending forward, and Dolly's crape veil falling as the carriage drove round the corner.

CHAPTER LII.

AN ANDANTE OF HAYDN'S.

THE carriage drove through the Place de la Concorde. The fountains were tossing and splashing sunlight; the shadow of the Obelisk was traveling across the pavement. The old palace still stood in its place, with its high crowding roofs and shadows and twinkling vanes. The early green was in every tree, lying bright upon avenues and slopes. It was all familiar—every dazzle and echo brought back Dolly's youthful remembrance. The merry-go-rounds were whirling under the trees. "Tirez rirez," cried the ladies of the rouge-et-noir tables. "For a penny the lemonade," sang an Assyrian-looking figure, with a very hoarse voice, and a great tin box on his back. Then came Guignol's distant shriek, the steady roll of the carriages, and a distant sound of music as a regiment came marching across the bridge. The tune that they were playing sounded like a dirge to poor Dolly's heart, and she sank back silently and let down her crape veil.

Meanwhile Rhoda and Robert were talking very happily together. They did not see that Dolly was crying behind her veil.

The hospital is a tranquil little place at the end of long avenues of plane-trees that run their dreary lengths for miles out of the gates of Paris. A blouse, a heap of stones, a market-cart—there is nothing else to break the dreary monotone of straight pavement and shivering plane-tree repeated many hundred times. Sometimes you reach a cross-road: it is the same thing again. They came to the iron gates of the hospital at last, and crossed the front garden, and looked up at the open windows while they waited for admission. A nurse let them in without difficulty, and opened the door of a great airy, tranquil ward, where three or four invalids in cotton night-caps were resting. The windows opened each way into silent gardens. It was all still and hushed and fresh. It must have seemed a strange contrast to some of the inmates. A rough, battered-looking man was lying on his back on his bed, listlessly tracing the lines of the ceiling with his finger. It was to him that the nurse led Dolly. "This is Smith," she

said; "he is very anxious to go home to England."

The man, hearing his name, sat up, and turned a thin and stubbly bearded face toward Dolly, and as he looked at her he half rose to his feet and stared at her hard. While she spoke to him he still stared with an odd, frightened look that was not rude, but which Dolly found embarrassing.

She hastily gave him the money and the message from Mrs. Fane. He was to come back to the home in —— Street. The nurse who had nursed him in the Crimea had procured his admission. He had been badly wounded; he was better, and his one longing was to get to England again. He had a little money, he said. He wanted to see his boy and give him the money. It was prize-money—the nurse had it to take care of; and still he went on staring at Dolly.

Dolly could not shake off the impression of that curious, frightened look. She told the squire about it when they met at the café that evening, as they sat after dinner in the starlight at little tables with coffee and ices before them, and cheerful crowds wandering round and round the arcades—some staring at the glittering shops, others, more sentimentally inclined, gazing at the stars overhead. Mrs. Palmer was absorbed in an ice.

Voices seem to change in the twilight as colors do, and it seemed to Dolly that all their voices had the cadence of the night, as they sat there talking of one thing and another. Every now and then came little bursts of revelry, toned down and softened by the darkness. How clear the night was! What a great peaceful star was pausing over the gable of the old palace!

The squire was giving extracts from his Yorkshire correspondence. "Miss Bell said nothing of a certain report which had got about, to the effect that she was going to be married to Mr. Stock." ("Pray, pray spare us," from Mrs. Palmer.) "But Bell did say something of expecting to have some news for the squire on his return, if Norah did not forestall her with it. Mr. Raban is always coming. He is out riding now with papa and Norah; and we all think it an awfully jolly arrangement, and every body is making remarks already."

"One would really think Joanna had brought up her girls in the stables," said Mrs. Palmer. "I am sure I am very glad that Norah is likely to do so well, though I *must* say I always thought Mr. Raban a poor creature, and so did you, Dolly."

"I think he is one of the best and kindest friends I ever had," said Dolly, abruptly.

"Nonsense, dearest," said her mother.

"And so you really leave us," continued Mrs. Palmer, sipping the pink and green ice, with her head on one side.

"I promised Miss Bell that I would ride with her on Thursday," said the squire.

"It is not every one who has your high sense of honor," said Mrs. Palmer, bitterly. "Some promises—those made before the altar, for instance—seem only made to be broken."

"Those I have never pledged myself to, madam," said the squire, rubbing his hands.

"If some people only had the frankness to promise to neglect, to rob, and to ill-use their wives, one could better understand their present conduct," Mrs. Palmer continued.

"A promise—what is a promise?" Rhoda asked, in her clear soft flute; "surely people change their minds sometimes, and then no one would wish to keep another person bound."

"That is a very strange doctrine, my dear young lady," said Mr. Anley, abruptly. "Forgive me if I say it is a ladies' doctrine. I hope I should not find any price too dear for my honor to pay. I am sure Henley agrees with me."

Robert felt the squire's eyes upon him: he twirled his watch-chain. "I don't think it is a subject for discussion," he said, impatiently. "A gentleman keeps his word, of course, at a—every inconvenience."

"Surely a mosquito!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer. As she spoke a sudden flash of zigzag light from some passage overhead suddenly lighted up the table and the faces of the little party assembled round it; it lit up one face and another, and flickered for an instant upon Rhoda's dark head: it flashed into Robert's face, and vanished.

And in that instant Dolly, looking up, had seen Rhoda, as she had never seen her before, leaning forward breathless, with one hand out, with beautiful gloomy eyes dilating and fixed upon Robert; but the light disappeared, and all was dark again.

They were all silent. Robert was recovering his ruffled temper. Mr. Anley was calling for the bill. Dolly was still following that zigzag ray of light in the darkness. Had it flashed into her dreams? had it revealed their emptiness, and that of my poor Dolly's shrine? She need not have disquieted herself, as far as Raban was concerned. She wanted him to be happy.

A painful incident came to disturb them all as they were still sitting there. The noise in the room overhead had been getting louder and louder. Mr. Anley suggested moving, and went to hurry the bill. Presently this noisy window was flung open wide, with a sudden loud burst of shrieks and laughter, and remonstrance, and streams of light—in the midst of which a pistol-shot went off, followed by a loud scream and a moment's silence. Mrs. Palmer shrieked. Robert started up, exclaiming. Then came quick confusion, rising, as confusion rises, no one knows how nor from whence: people rushed strug-

gling out of the café, hurrying up from the four sides of the quadrangle: a table was overturned. Rhoda flung herself upon Robert's arm, clinging to him for protection. Dolly caught hold of her mother's hand. "Hush, mamma, don't be frightened," she said, and she held her fingers tight. In all the noise and flurry and anxiety of that moment she had again seen Robert turn to Rhoda with undisguised concern. He seemed to have forgotten that there was any one else in all that crowd to think of. The squire, who had been but a few steps away, came hurrying back, and it was he who now drew Dolly and her mother safe into the shelter of an archway.

The silence of the summer night was broken, the placid beam of the stars overhead put out by flaring lights—and anxious, eager voices, that were rung on every side. "He has killed himself," "He wounded her," said some. "Wounded three," said others. "She shot the pistol," cried others. Then came a man pushing through the crowd—a doctor. "Let him pass, let him pass!" said the people, surging back to make way. Squire Anley looked very grave as he stood between the two ladies and the crowd: every minute it grew more dense and more confused. Robert and Rhoda had been swept off in a different direction.

Afterward they learned that some unhappy wretch, tired of life and ashamed of his miserable existence, had drawn out a pistol and attempted to shoot himself that night, as they were sitting under the window. His companions had thought he was in fun, and only laughed, until he had drawn the trigger. They were thankful to escape from the crowd, and to walk home through the cheerful streets, rattling and flaring among these unnumbered tragedies.

The pistol-shot was still in Dolly's ears, and the ray of light still dazzling in her eyes, as she walked home, following her mother and the squire.

As she threaded her way step by step, she seemed to be in a sort of nightmare, struggling alone against the overwhelming rush of circumstance, the remorseless partings and histories of life—threading her way alone through the crowds. The people seemed to her absorbed and hurrying by. Were those people alone in the world? Had that woman passing by been deceived in her trust? Was that man cold and heartless? Dolly was surprised at the throb in her heart, at the curious rush of emotions in her mind. They were unlike those to which she was used. "Let them be. Your part is played," said some voice dinning in her ears. "For him the brand of faithless coldness of heart; for him the discredit; for him the shame of owning to his desertion. You are not to blame. You have kept your word; you have been faithful. He has failed. Explanations can not change the truth of facts. Even strangers remark and see it all. Mr. Anley sees it. Now at last you are convinced."

Dolly followed her mother and Mr. Anley up stairs. Rhoda and Robert were not come in. Mr. Anley, looking very grave, said he would go and look for them. Philippa flung herself wearily upon the drawing-room sofa: the fire was burning, and the little log of wood crumbling in embers. Dolly raked the embers together, and then came and stood by her mother. "Good-night, mamma," she said. "I am tired; I am going to bed," she said, in a sort of fixed, heavy way.

"It is your own fault," answered her mother, bursting out in vague answer to her own thoughts. "Mr. Anley says that Robert is behaving very strangely. If you think he is too attentive to Rhoda, you should tell him so, instead of looking at me in that heavy, disagreeable way. You know as well as I do that he means nothing; and you are really so depressed, dearest, that it is no wonder a young man prefers joking and flirting with an agreeable girl;" and Mrs. Palmer thumped the cushions. "Give me a kiss, Dolly," she said. To do her justice, she was only scolding her daughter out of sympathy, and because she did not know what other tone to take.

Dolly did not answer. She felt hard and fierce; a sort of scorn had come over her. There seemed no one to go to now—no, not one. If George had been there, all would have been so different, she thought; and then his warning words came back to her once more.

Dolly put her hand to her heart and stood silent until her mother had finished. There was pain and love and fire in a heart like poor Dolly's, humble and passionate, faithful and impressionable, and sadly tried just now by one of the bitter trials that come to young lives—blows that seem to jar away the music forever. Later comes the peaceful possession of life, which is as a revelation when the first flare of youth has passed away; but for Dorothea that peaceful time was not yet. Every thing was sad. She was not blind. She could understand what was passing before her eyes. She seemed to read Robert's secret set plainly before her. She had stopped Miss Rougemont more than once when she had begun some mysterious word of warning; but she knew well enough what she would have said.

"A man must keep his word, at every inconvenience," said Robert.

Perhaps if Frank had never spoken, never revealed his story, Dolly might still have been unconscious of the meaning of the signs and words and symbols that express the truth.

Marker asked no questions. She brushed Dolly's long tawny mane, and left her at

last in her white wrapper sitting by the bed.

"Are you well, my dearie?" said the old woman, coming back and stroking her hair with her hand.

Dolly smiled, and answered by holding up her face to be kissed, and Marker went away more happy.

Whatever she felt, whatever her secret determination may have been, Dolly said not one word neither to her mother nor to Rhoda. She avoided Miss Rougemont's advances with a sort of horror. To Robert and Rhoda she scarcely spoke, although she did not avoid them. Robert thought himself justified in remonstrating with her for her changed manner.

"I am waiting until I know what my manner should be, Robert," said Dolly, bitterly.

Robert thought Dolly very much altered indeed. As Dolly shrunk back more and more into herself, Rhoda seemed to bloom and brighten—she thought of every body and every thing, she tried in a hundred ways to please her friend. Dolly, coming home lonely and neglected, would find, perhaps, fresh roses on her toilet. "Miss Rhoda put them there," Marker would say, grimly, and Dolly would laugh a hard sort of laugh. But all this time she said no word, gave no sign. "For *them* should be the shame of confessing their treachery," said this angry sullen demon that seemed to have possessed the poor child. And all the while Robert, serene in his ultimate intentions and honorable sentiments, came and went, and Rhoda put all disagreeable thoughts of the future away. She had never deliberately set herself to supplant her friend, but she had deliberately set herself to win over Henley, and, if possible, to gain his support to her claims. It had seemed an impossible task. Rhoda was surprised, flattered, and bewildered to find how easily she had gained her wish, how soon her dream had come true. There it stood solid and complacent before her, laughing at one of her sallies; there she was, sitting in her silk gown. The soft touch of its folds seemed to give reality to the fairy dream, and Rhoda began to realize that this was, of all dreams, the one she believed in most. It was something for Rhoda to have found a faith of any sort. At all events, there was now one other person besides herself in Rhoda's world. As for Dolly, if she was cross it was her own fault. Miss Rougemont, too, had been disagreeable and prying of late—she must go. And as for Uncle John, if he wrote any more letters like that last one which had come, she should burn them unread.

No one ever knew the struggle that went on in Dolly's mind all through these bright spring days, while Rhoda was dreaming her tranquil little visions, while Robert was agreeably occupied flirting with Rhoda, while they were all coming and going from one pleasant scene to another, and the roses were blooming once more in the garden at All-Saints, while Signor Pappaforte was warbling to Mrs. Palmer's accompaniment, and Frank Raban, riding across the moors, was hard at work upon one scheme and another.

What would he not have given to be sitting in that empty place by Miss Vanborough! Her cousin is next her, but for the last few minutes he has been whispering to Rhoda, and he has almost forgotten Dolly's existence.

It was a crowded hall, a thousand people sitting in silent and breathless circles. An andante of Hadyn's was in the air. It was a sweet and delicate music, both merry and melancholy, tripping to a sunshiny measure that set every body's heart beating in time. There was a childish grace about the music that charmed all the listeners to a tender enthusiasm. It made them cry and laugh at once; and though many sat motionless and stolid, you might see eyes shining and dilating, as mothers' eyes dilate sometimes when they watch their children at play. The childless were no longer childless while that gentle, irresistible music shook from the delicate strings of the instruments; the lonely and silent had found a voice; the hard of heart and indifferent were moved and carried away; pent-up longings were set free. Other strings were sounding with the music; and it was not music, though it was harmony, that struck and shook those mysterious fibres that bind men and women to life. The hopelessness of the lonely, the mad longings of the parted, the storm of life, all seemed appeased. To Dolly it was George's voice that was speaking once again. "Peace, be still," said the music, and a divine serenity was in the great hall where the little tune was thrilling.

In former times men and women assembled in conclave to see wild beasts tearing their prey; to-day it was to listen to a song of Haydn's—a little song, that did not last five minutes.

It had not ended when Rhoda whispered something into Robert's ear.

While the music was lasting Dolly was transported; as it ended her mind seemed clear. She was at peace; she understood it all; all malice and uncharitableness seemed *dissolved*—I know no better word—pangs of wounded pride, bitterness of disappointed trust, shame of unfulfilled promise—such things were; but other things, such as truth, honest intention, were beyond them, and Dolly felt at that moment as if she could rise above her fate, above her own faults, beyond her own failures. She would confess the truth to Robert. She had meant to be faithful to him—she had failed. She would

take what blame there was upon herself, and that should be her punishment. She was too keen-sighted not to understand all that had been passing before her eyes. At first wounded and offended and not unjustly pained, she had determined to wait in silence, to let Henley explain his own intentions, acknowledge his own short-comings.

But something more generous, more truthful, impelled her now to speak. Rhoda and Robert were whispering. "Hush," Dolly said, and she laid her hand upon Robert's arm. He started a little uncomfortably, and then began suddenly to nod his head and to twirl his umbrella in time. Rhoda buttoned her long gloves and leaned back in a pensive attitude. Dolly sat staring at the violins, of which the bows were flowing like the waves of a spring-tide on either side of the circle. Beyond the violins were the wind-instruments and the great violoncellos throbbing their full hearts. Haydn's music ceased. There was instant silence, then a clapping of hands, and a sort of murmur and sigh coming from a hundred breasts. As it all died away Dolly stood up and turned to Robert. An impulse came to her to do now what was in her heart, to wait no longer.

"Robert"—her voice sounded so oddly that he started and half rose, looking down at her upturned face—"Robert, I want you to listen to me," said Dolly. "I must tell you now when I can speak. I see it all. You were right to doubt me. I have not been true to you. You must marry Rhoda," she said, nervously; then stopping short, "I'm not jealous, only I am bewildered. I am going home. Don't come with me. But you forgive me, don't you, Robert?"

There was a sudden burst from some overture—the music was beginning again. Before Robert could stop her or disentangle his legs, Dolly was gone. She had started up, she had left her seat, her gloves were lying on the ground, her veil was lying on the bench; but it was too late to follow or to call her back. The people, thinking she was ill, had made way for her, and closed in round the door.

"What has happened?" said Rhoda. "Is she ill, or angry? Is she gone? Oh, what has happened? Don't leave me here alone—let me come too."

Robert flushed up. "The eyes of the whole place are upon us," he muttered. Then came something like an oath.

"Hush! silence!" said the people behind.

Robert bit his lip and sat staring at the conductor's rod. Every now and then he gave a little impatient jerk of the head.

Rhoda waited her time. He had not followed Dolly, he had remained with her—it was something. The music went on—not one note did she hear—the time seemed interminable. But Robert, hearing a low sigh, turned at last. He did not speak, but he looked at her.

"You are angry?" whispered Rhoda.

"Why should I be angry with you?" he answered, more gently.

LOST.

"Lost! lost! lost!"

HOW beautiful she was in her superb calmness, so graceful, so mild, and yet so majestic! Ah! I was a younger man then, of course, than I am now, and possibly more impressible; but I thought her *then* the most perfect creature I had ever beheld. And even *now*, looking back through the gathering mists of time and the chilling frosts of advancing age, and recalling what she was, I indorse that earlier sentiment—she lives in my memory now, as she lived in my presence then, as the most perfect creature I ever beheld.

But, alas! I say it not in pride, not in exultation, but in very sadness of heart, hers was "the fatal gift of beauty;" and fatal, indeed, in her case it proved. It was a snare to her feet; it was her ruin and her overthrow. I firmly believe it was her beauty which led to her destruction. Had she been less beautiful, less winning, she might still have been— But why do I anticipate? I will tell you the short sad story, and you may judge for yourselves. Poor thing! poor young thing! Perhaps you will think, as I have persuaded myself to do, that she was innocent—the victim and not the criminal—"more sinned against than sinning." But I will tell the sad story as impartially as I can, and you may judge for yourselves; only remember she was but mortal, and so are you, and judge leniently, as you would wish to be judged. I shall never forget the first time I beheld her. I can not tell you just how long ago it was; it does not seem so very long a time to me, for I am an old man now, and to the old time slips rapidly by. Yes, I am an old man now, and I was not a young man then—at least I had begun to look upon myself as a confirmed old bachelor (I believe my young nephews, Frank and Charlie, had been looking in that way for some time; but young folks do not always know as much as they think they do)—when certain business matters compelled me to leave my own quiet, somewhat secluded, but beautiful residence in the country, to reside for six months in the, to me, distasteful bustle of the city.

Old bachelors are said to be particular, and proverbially hard to suit; and I dare say it is true—at least I know I found it very hard to suit myself in a city boarding-house, even though it was to be (thank Heaven for that!) only a very temporary home.

I got a list of all the best boarding-houses

in town, and I took them all in regular course like medical drugs; but (the fault *might* have been in *me*—I do not say it was not) I found objections at every place: some decidedly necessary element of comfort was lamentably wanting, or some unnecessary element of discomfort was lamentably obtrusive, to suit the fastidious taste of a man who, in the luxury of his own home, had been pampered and petted and humored by an idolized only sister: it was not in the nature of things that I *should* be easy to suit.

At last, having nearly reached the close of my list, as well as the measure of my hopefulness, I went to Mrs. Honeywold's, and there, in her small, unpretending establishment, I, General Leslie Auchester, having been subdued, I trust, to a proper and humble state of mind by my past experiences, agreed to take up my abode. The situation was an excellent one, central and easily accessible, but not too public; the house small, but neat, tasteful, and home-like. My landlady, who had, she said, no other boarders, was a quiet, well-meaning, kindly woman. I had been told she was what is termed "a decayed gentlewoman;" but there was certainly no appearance of decay in her bright, intelligent face, quick, light step, and erect figure; so I conclude the term was figurative and financial. My chamber was a pleasant one, and faultlessly neat in all its appointments; the table abundant, and well served; and if it was not home to me, it came nearer to it than my late explorations had left me any hope of.

And it was there I first met *her!* The indulgent reader must bear with me if in this little narrative I forbear to give any other name than the personal pronoun I have used already. When you reach the close of my story you will, I think, understand and appreciate my reticence upon this point. Perhaps she had no legal right to the name we called her by. I question if she had; and even if she had, why should I, at this late date, give pain by a needless disclosure? Why drag forth into light events which the slow ashes of time have drifted over and partially obliterated? Perhaps

> "There are to whom that name was dear
> For love and memory's sake;
> When these the voice of Rumor hear,
> Their inmost hearts shall quake.
> How will they hope, despair, and grieve—
> Believe, and long to disbelieve—
> But never cease to ache;
> Still doomed in sad suspense to bear
> The hope that keeps alive despair!"

She was sitting in the drawing-room when I went in—sitting near the window, but not at it—near enough to see, but not to be seen by the passers-by; and as my eye first rested upon her I was struck with her remarkable beauty and the perfect symmetry of her lithe and graceful figure.

I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of female loveliness (in the abstract), and I was wonderfully struck in the present instance. Possibly my looks expressed more than I was myself aware of, for I remember that as I involuntarily took a chair near the one she occupied she silently drew herself up with quiet grace and dignity, and leaving her seat, walked to the door with slow, gliding, noiseless step, and left the room. Perhaps it was well she did so, for I will frankly own she was distracting my attention from my future landlady. But the preliminaries were easily settled; I became a boarder, and had no cause to regret the chance which led me there.

And thus it was that I became an inmate with that lovely being; and day by day I saw her come gliding into the room, taking her place among us, affable still, but with a calm—I had almost said haughty—reserve which nothing could break through, and which effectually checked all familiarity; for though she did not repel notice, she never courted it, and it seemed to me she grew daily more winning and beautiful.

I have said I was a confirmed old bachelor even then, and this is to be no school-boy's tale of youthful love. I was long past all the enthusiasm of my youth. Certainly I did admire her, possibly I was learning to love her, but it was the calm, unimpassioned love one bears to a beautiful and innocent child, or to some unprotected dumb thing whose very helplessness is a constant appeal to our kindly nature.

But let me describe her as she was when I first saw her. I have said that I was old then—ay, old, no doubt, as her father might have been, or even, it may be, as her grandfather, if she had one. But yet she was not young—I mean she was *not a girl*, not in the first bloom of youth, and her beauty was not of the rosy, pink and white, blushing type that poets sing and lover-like boys rave about. No; hers was the early maturity of loveliness, perfect in repose, with mild, thoughtful eyes, intelligent and tender, a trifle sad at times, but lighting up with quick brilliancy as some new object met her view, or some vivid thought darted its lightning flash through her brain—for she was wonderfully quick of perception—with an exquisite figure, splendidly full and symmetrical, yet swaying and supple as a young willow, and with unstudied grace in every quick, sinewy motion.

She spent little upon dress (I was sure she was not wealthy); but though there was little variety, her dress was always exquisitely neat and in perfect good taste, of some soft glossy fabric, smooth as silk and lustrous as satin, and of the softest shade of silver-gray, that color so beautiful in itself and so becoming to beautiful wearers; simply made, but fitting with a nicety more like the work of nature than of art to every

curve and outline of that full and stately figure, and finished off round her white throat with something scarcely whiter; made to trail slightly, with graceful sweep as she walked, but carried with an easy unconsciousness which gave it dignity. I have always looked upon trains as awkward and most unwomanly appendages, but I must own that as she carried hers it was graceful.

She never wore ornaments of any kind, no chain, no brooch, no ring or pin, not even a wedding-ring, that I ever saw; with nothing upon her well-shaped head but her own thick, glossy hair, always arranged with scrupulous exactness—no meretricious additions, no false braids, no water-falls, no ringlets, no crimpings: she wore her hair *au naturel*, conforming as closely as possible to the shape of her graceful head. Was not that the style in which Grecian beauty was wont to adorn itself in the days when Grecian art gave to mankind the peerless statues destined through future ages to "enchant the world?" But I have spoken of the absence of a wedding-ring, and that reminds me that I have not yet told you that she was a mother. She had twins—two beautiful little rolly-poly blue-eyed things wonderfully like herself—little shy, graceful creatures, always together, always playful. I used to see them trotting through the passages, or climbing up and down the stairs, but they always evaded me, and it was a long time before I could get near them. They would stand peeping out at me from behind a half-open door, with shy, startled glances of furtive curiosity; but if I called to them, or reached out my hand, or took a step toward them, they would dart away, and I would hear their little footsteps scampering down the passages as if fear lent them wings. But at last, by slow degrees, I won their confidence, and then they would come to me uncalled, and climb upon my knees, and rest fondly in my arms, or lay their bright heads upon my shoulder in fearless content. Ay, they liked to have the old man toss them in the air, and rumple their glossy hair, or admire the pliant grace of their young supple limbs; but never from their lips, or from their mother's, did I ever hear any mention of their other parent.

I think she was evidently fond of her beautiful little ones, and proud of them too. She would often lead them out into the garden, where, seated on a bench, in the shade of its one tree, she would watch their untiring frolics with a calm maternal tenderness; and sometimes, sheltered behind my window-blind, I have seen her, when she thought herself wholly unobserved, join in their sports with a graceful abandon, and a zest apparently as unaffected as their own; but if a chance step or sound betrayed an observer, then she was in one moment calm, dignified, and reserved again; and if either of the little ones, led on by the eagerness of play and the exuberance of animal spirits, became in the least rude or boisterous, she knew in a moment how to check and subdue the little offender, and never let them go beyond the bounds of propriety.

Often, as I watched this pretty by-play, or saw her moving about the house in quiet dignity, I had puzzled myself with vague conjectures about her. I had made up my mind that she was *not* a woman of wealth, and it seemed to me that she stood very much alone in the world. No person ever came to see her; no letters were brought to her. I did not think she had a husband; but—*was she a widow?* I did not know that she was, and I could not inquire. She never spoke of her own affairs; and affable as she was, and gentle in manner, there was something about her which repelled intrusion. I had, indeed, no right to inquire, and I think no man living would have had the folly to ask her such a question, expecting to obtain an answer. At least I had not. Sometimes I flattered myself I had almost won her confidence, as if she wanted to make a friend of me. Once in particular, when I had addressed to her some few words of simple kindness, I fancied she was moved. She half turned in her chair, fixed her great lustrous eyes upon my face. I saw her full, white chest heave; her lips half opened, but no words came; she only sighed deeply, and hastily rising, walked out of the room, with that slow-gliding, undulating step, which was in her the very "poetry of motion," and the seeming opportunity was lost.

Oh, if she could but have told me, how gladly would I have been her friend! What was it stopped the flow of her confidence? Why were words denied her? Did she fear me, or herself, or others? Poor thing! she *could* not speak; it was impossible! She could not do it; I realize it now. And when you reach the conclusion of my story, you, too, will understand why it was impossible for her then to have spoken.

But when, after some weeks' residence there, I had gained the good-will of my simple-minded but kindly little landlady, I cautiously ventured to ask her to gratify my not, I think, unnatural curiosity; but I found, to my surprise, she knew but little more than I did myself.

"She came to me," she said, "just at the edge of the evening, one cold rainy night, and I could not refuse to give her shelter, at least for the night, or till she could do better. I did not think of her remaining; but she is so pretty and gentle and innocent-looking, I could not turn her out of my house—could I, now? I know I am silly in such ways; but what could I do?"

"But is it possible," I said, "that she has remained here ever since, and you know nothing more about her?"

"No more than you do yourself, general," said Mrs. Honeywold. "I do not even know where she lived before she came here. I can not question her, and now, indeed, I have become so fond of her I should not be willing to part with her; and I would not turn her and her little ones out of my house for the world!"

Farther conversation elicited the fact that she was not a boarder, but that she and her little ones were the dependents upon Mrs. Honeywold's charity. "*But I don't call it charity,*" said the kind little woman. "I am sure she more than earns her living, poor thing, by what she does about the house. Why, I shouldn't know how to do without her!"

What these important services might be which were accepted as equivalent to the board of three I did not feel justified in asking; but I am sure it was no servile labor she performed, and no menial station she held; for, though I sometimes met her coming out of the chambers, or saw her going down the basement stairs, her dress was always the perfection of neatness, and in perfect order, while my good landlady herself, though always clean and respectable, was apt sometimes, poor woman! to look a little—just a little heated, and tumbled, and *en déshabillé*.

But why do I linger over the trifling details? Only, I believe, because I have a natural shrinking from reaching the tragical *dénouement* of my story. But it must be reached, and it is useless to loiter thus on the way.

One fine summer day I had made an appointment with a friend to drive out to his place in the environs of the city and dine with him, returning in the evening. When I came down in the afternoon, dressed for my excursion, I went into the dining-room to tell Mrs. Honeywold she need not wait tea for me. As I came back through the parlor she was there alone. She was sitting on the sofa. A book lay near her, but I do not think she had been reading. She was sitting perfectly still, as if lost in reverie, and her eyes looked heavy with sleep or thought. But as I passed out of the room I looked back. I saw she had risen to her feet, and standing with her graceful figure drawn up to its full height, she was looking after me, with a look which I flattered myself was a look of interest. Ah, how well I remember that look!

The day had been a beautiful one, though sultry; but in the early evening we had a heavy thunder-shower, the violence of the summer rain delaying my return to the city for an hour or two; and when the rain ceased, the evening was still starless, cloudy, and damp; and as I drove back to town I remember that the night air, although somewhat freshened by the rain, was warm, and heavy with the scent of unseen flowers.

It was late when I reached the quiet street where I had taken up my abode, and as I mounted the steps I involuntarily felt for my night-key, but, to my surprise, I found the hall door not only unfastened, but a little way opened.

"Why, how is this, Mrs. Honeywold?" I said, as my landlady met me in the hall. "Do you know that your street-door was left open?"

"Yes," she said, quietly, "I know it."

"But is it safe?" I said, as I turned to lock the door; "and so late too!"

"I do not think there was any danger," she said. "I was on the watch; I was in the hall myself waiting."

"Not waiting for me, I hope?" said I; "that was surely unnecessary."

"No, not for you," she answered. "I presume you can take care of yourself; but," she added, in a low voice, "she is out, and I was waiting to let her in."

"Out at this time of night! that seems strange! Where has she gone?"

"I do not know."

"And how long has she been gone?" I asked, as I hung up my hat.

"I can not tell just what time she went out," she said; "I know she was in the garden with the little ones, and came in just before tea. After they had had their supper and gone to bed I saw her in the parlor alone, and when I came into the room again she was gone, and she has not returned, and I—"

"Oh, then she went out before the rain, did she?"

"Yes, Sir; some time before the rain."

"Oh, then that explains it; she was probably caught out by the rain, and took shelter at some friend's, and has been persuaded to stay. There is nothing to be alarmed at; you had better not wait up another moment."

"But I don't like to shut her out, general; I should not sleep a wink."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" I said. "Go to bed, you silly woman; you will hear her when she comes, of course, and can come down and let her in." And so saying, I retired to my own room.

The next morning, at breakfast, I noticed that my landlady was looking pale and troubled, and I felt sure she had spent a sleepless night.

"Well, Mrs. Honeywold," I said, with assumed cheerfulness, as she handed my coffee to me, "how long did you have to sit up? What time did she come in?"

"She did not come all night, general," said my landlady, in a troubled voice. "She has not come home yet, and I am very anxious about it."

"No need of that, I trust," I said, reassuringly; "she will come this morning, no doubt."

"I don't know. I wish I was sure of that. I don't know what to make of it. I don't

understand it; she never did so before. How she *could* have staid out, and left those two blessed little things all night—and she always seemed such a tender, loving mother too—I don't understand it."

"Where are they now?" I asked. "Do they seem to miss her much?"

"Bless your heart, no; I can't say they do; they are too young. They are down in the kitchen with Barbara, and just as merry as grigs. Such little things have no feeling."

"I wish you would take it as easily as they do," I said.

"I can't; I do not believe she will *ever* come back."

"Never come back? *never!* Why, what do you mean? Do you think she has run off?"

"No; not of her own accord. But I think she has been spirited away. She was too handsome to be out in the streets alone in the evening. And Barbara has been telling me such shocking things—of murder and every thing. Barbara says she knows there are men in the city who would not hesitate to carry her off and kill her. She says she *knows* there are."

"Good gracious! Barbara must have a choice circle of acquaintance, certainly. It is all nonsense. Barbara is a goose, and you shouldn't listen to her; she has made you fairly nervous. It is absurd. Just think! *kidnaping and murder* in a quiet Christian city like this! Why, the idea is too preposterous!" Yet, as I walked down the street after breakfast, I could not help my thoughts reverting to the sad story of those two young and beautiful married women in New York, who, it was said, left their happy homes, where they were loving and beloved, and in full daylight went out into the streets to shop or pay visits, and never returned; no tidings ever came from them, the most vigilant search failed to discover them, and conjecture itself could form no clew to their fate.

When I returned at dinner-time I found matters still worse. She had not returned. My poor landlady was almost in hysterics, though she tried hard to control herself; and Barbara, who had no self-control, was audible in her grief, and I began to feel myself that the chances of her safe return were growing less and less.

"What is there I can do, Mrs. Honeywold?" I said. "You may command my services, if you will only tell me what you think I had better do."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, General Auchester! I have been all round the neighborhood myself this morning; but if you would be willing to see the policemen, and go to the city-hall and speak to the town-crier (for such folks never mind what a woman says), and if you would not think it too much trouble, just write an advertisement for the papers, and offer a reward, for me."

"Of course I will," I said, and I set off. I did not spare myself; I visited all the purlieus of the city; I posted up notices in various directions; I wrote advertisements to appear in several of the local papers, doubling the reward Mrs. Honeywold had named; I interviewed the city-crier, and was interviewed by the policemen. One of the latter, I fancied, seemed to take more interest than the rest. He followed me down stairs, and indicated a wish for a private interview, without the knowledge of his chief.

"I think, general," he began, confidentially, "you said as how the party was han'some!"

"Yes," I said, "very handsome."

"And young, Sir?—did you say young? No offense, I hope?"

"Yes," I said; "yet no, not *very* young. I do not know her age, but she is the mother of twins."

"*Ah!*" said the policeman, speaking slowly and deliberately; "*I see.* I guess it is an awkward fix, rather. But I'm with you, general; I'll do what I can for you, seeing as how you look like a gentleman as wouldn't hesitate to do the generous thing." Here he paused, but he looked at me so significantly that I involuntarily handed him a small bank-note as a retainer.

"Thank ye, Sir; thank your honor," he said, as the ready hand closed over the bribe. "That's han'some of you, general, that is, and I'll do my best for you; that's so. But still, at the same time, I must say it looks kind of blue."

"Blue! how do you mean?"

"Well, I mean just this. If she is any wheres round about here, and is 'O K,' as we say, in course she'll come back to them young ones of hern; and if she don't (I'll do my very bounden best for you; in course I will)—but I doubt if she ever turns up in this beat again. I've knowed something of such things in my time, and I guess if she turns up at all, you'll find she has gone to a distant market. But I'll do my best."

And so, sad, weary, and discouraged, I returned home at night, only to learn there were no tidings of the missing one.

"I give her up now," said my weeping landlady; "I shall never see her again. She is lost forever; and those two poor pretty little creatures—"

"By-the-way," I said, "I wanted to speak to you about them. If she never does return, what do you purpose to do with them?"

"Keep them," said the generous and impulsive little woman.

"I wanted to say, if she does not return, I will, if you like, relieve you of one of them. My sister, who lives with me, and keeps my house, is a very kind, tender-hearted woman. There are no children in the house, and she would, I am sure, be very kind to the poor little thing. What do you say?"

"No, no!" sobbed the poor woman; "I can not part them. I am a poor woman, it is true, but not too poor to give them a home; and while I have a bit and a sup for myself they shall have one too. Their poor mother left them here, and if she ever does return she shall find them here. And if she *never* returns, then—"

And she never did return, and no tidings of her fate ever reached us. If she was enticed away by artful blandishments, or kidnaped by cruel violence, we knew not. But I honestly believe the latter. Either way, it was her fatal beauty that led to her destruction; for, as I have said before, she was the most perfect creature, the most beautiful *Maltese cat*, that I ever beheld in my life! I am sure she never deserted her two pretty little kittens of her own accord. And if—poor dumb thing—she was stolen and killed for her beautiful fur, still I say, as I said at first, she was "more sinned against than sinning."

"*Requies-cat in pace.*"

A SIMPLETON.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSA fell ill with grief at the hotel, and could not move for some days; but, the moment she was strong enough, she insisted on leaving Plymouth: like all wounded things, she must drag herself home.

But what a home! How empty it struck, and she heart-sick and desolate! Now all the familiar places wore a new aspect: the little yard, where he had so walked and waited, became a temple to her, and she came out and sat in it, and now first felt to the full how much he had suffered there—with what fortitude! She crept about the house, and kissed the chair he had sat in, and every much used place and thing of the departed.

Her shallow nature deepened and deepened under this bereavement, of which, she said to herself, with a shudder, she was the cause. And this is the course of nature: there is nothing like suffering to enlighten the giddy brain, widen the narrow mind, improve the trivial heart.

As her regrets were tender and deep, so her vows of repentance were sincere. Oh, what a wife she would make when he came back! how thoughtful! how prudent! how loyal! and never have a secret. She who had once said, "What is the use of your writing? nobody will publish it," now collected and perused every written scrap. With simple affection she even looked up his very waste-paper basket, full of fragments he had torn, or useless papers he had thrown there, before he went to Plymouth.

In the drawer of his writing-table she found his diary. It was a thick quarto: it began with their marriage, and ended with his leaving home—for then he took another volume. This diary became her Bible; she studied it daily, till her tears hid his lines. The entries were very miscellaneous, very exact. It was a map of their married life. But what she studied most was his observations on her own character, so scientific, yet so kindly; and his scholar-like and wise reflections. The book was an unconscious picture of a great mind she had hitherto but glanced at: now she saw it all plain before her; saw it, understood it, adored it, mourned it. Such women are shallow, not for want of a head upon their shoulders, but of *attention*. They do not really study any thing: they have been taught at their schools the bad art of skimming; but let their hearts compel their brains to think and think, the result is considerable. The deepest philosopher never fathomed a character more thoroughly than this poor child fathomed her husband when she had read his journal ten or eleven times, and bedewed it with a thousand tears.

One passage almost cut her more intelligent heart in twain:

"This dark day I have done a thing incredible. I have spoken with brutal harshness to the innocent creature I have sworn to protect. She had run in debt, through inexperience, and that unhappy timidity which makes women conceal an error till it ramifies, by concealment, into a fault; and I must storm and rave at her till she actually fainted away. Brute! Ruffian! Monster! And she, how did she punish me, poor lamb? By soft and tender words—like a lady, as she is. Oh, my sweet Rosa, I wish you could know how you are avenged! Talk of the scourge—the cat! I would be thankful for two dozen lashes. Ah! there is no need, I think, to punish a man who has been cruel to a woman. Let him alone. He will punish himself more than you can, if he really is a man."

From the date of that entry this self-reproach and self-torture kept cropping up every now and then in the diary; and it appeared to have been not entirely without its influence in sending Staines to sea, though the main reason he gave was that his Rosa

might have the comforts and luxuries she had enjoyed before she married him.

One day, while she was crying over this diary, Uncle Philip called; but not to comfort her, I promise you. He burst on her, irate, to take her to task. He had returned, learned Christopher's departure, and settled the reason in his own mind. That uxorious fool was gone to sea, by a natural reaction; his eyes were open to his wife at last, and he was sick of her folly; so he had fled to distant climes, as who would not that could?

"*So*, ma'am," said he, "my nephew is gone to sea, I find—all in a hurry. Pray, may I ask what he has done that for?"

It was a very simple question, yet it did not elicit a very plain answer. She only stared at this abrupt inquisitor, and then cried, piteously, "Oh, Uncle Philip!" and burst out sobbing.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"You *will* hate me now. He is gone to make money for *me;* and I would rather have lived on a crust. Uncle—don't hate me. I'm a poor, bereaved, heart-broken creature, that repents."

"Repents! heigho! why, what have you been up to now, ma'am? No great harm, I'll be bound. Flirting a little—with some *fool* —eh?"

"Flirting! Me! a married woman!"

"Oh, to be sure; I forgot. Why, surely he has not deserted you."

"My Christopher desert me! He loves me too well; far more than I deserve; but not more than I will. Uncle Philip, I am too confused and wretched to tell you all that has happened; but I know you love him, though you had a tiff. Uncle, he called on you, to shake hands and ask your forgiveness, poor fellow! He was so sorry you were away. Please read his dear diary: it will tell you all, better than his poor foolish wife can. I know it by heart. I'll show you where you and he quarreled about me. There, see." And she showed him the passage with her finger. "He never told me it was that, or I would have come and begged your pardon on my knees. But see how sorry he was. There, see.

"And now I'll show you another place, where my Christopher speaks of your many, many acts of kindness. There, see. And now please let me show you how he longed for reconciliation. There, see. And it is the same through the book. And now I'll show you how grieved he was to go without your blessing. I told him I was sure you would give him that, and him going away. Ah me! will he ever return? Uncle dear, don't hate me. You are his only relative; and what shall I do, now he is gone, if you disown me? Why, you are the only Staines left me to love."

"Disown you, ma'am! that I'll never do. You are a good-hearted young woman, I find. There, run and dry your eyes, and let me read Christopher's diary all through. Then I shall see how the land lies."

Rosa complied with this proposal; and left him alone while she bathed her eyes, and tried to compose herself, for she was all trembling at this sudden irruption.

When she returned to the drawing-room he was walking about, looking grave and thoughtful.

"It is the old story," said he, rather gently: "a *misunderstanding*. How wise our ancestors were that first used that word to mean a quarrel! for look into twenty quarrels, and you shall detect a score of mis-under-standings. Yet our American cousins must go and substitute the unideaed word, 'difficulty;' that is wonderful. I had no quarrel with him: delighted to see either of you. But I had called twice on him; so I thought he ought to get over his temper, and call on a tried friend like me. A misunderstanding! Now, my dear, let us have no more of these misunderstandings. You will always be welcome at my house, and I shall often come here and look after you and your interests. What do you mean to do, I wonder?"

"Sir, I am to go home to my father, if he will be troubled with me. I have written to him."

"And what is to become of the Bijou?"

"My Christie thought I should like to part with it and the furniture—but his own writing-desk and his chair, no, I never will, and his little clock. Oh! oh! oh! But I remember what you said about agents, and I don't know what to do; for I shall be away."

"Then leave it to me. I'll come and live here with one servant; and I'll soon sell it for you."

"You, Uncle Philip!"

"Well, why not?" said he, roughly.

"That will be a great trouble and discomfort to you, I'm afraid."

"If I find it so I'll soon drop it. I'm not the fool to put myself out for any body. When you are ready to go out, send me word, and I'll come in."

Soon after this he bustled off. He gave her a sort of hurried kiss at parting, as if he was ashamed of it, and wanted it over as quickly as possible.

Next day her father came, condoled with her politely, assured her there was nothing to cry about; husbands were a sort of functionaries that always went to sea at some part of their career, and no harm ever came of it. On the contrary, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," said this judicious parent.

This sentiment happened to be just a little too true, and set the daughter crying bitterly. But she fought against it. "Oh no!" said she. "*I mustn't.* I will not be always crying in Kent Villa."

"Lord forbid!"

"I shall get over it in time—a little."

"Why, of course you will. But as to your coming to Kent Villa, I am afraid you would not be very comfortable there. You know I am superannuated. Only got my pension now."

"I know that, papa: and—why, that is one of the reasons. I have a good income now; and I thought if we put our means together."

"Oh, that is a very different thing. You will want a carriage, I suppose. I have put mine down."

"No carriage; no horse; no footman; no luxury of any kind till my Christie comes back. I abhor dress; I abhor expense; I detest every thing I once liked too well; I hate every folly that has parted us; and I hate myself worst of all. Oh! oh! oh! Forgive me for crying so."

"Well, I think you had better come at once. I dare say there are associations about this place that upset you. I shall go and make ready for you, dear; and then you can come as soon as you like."

He bestowed a paternal kiss on her brow, and glided doucely away before she could possibly cry again.

The very next week Rosa was at Kent Villa, with the relics of her husband about her: his chair, his writing-table, his clock, his waste-paper basket, a very deep and large one. She had them all in her bedroom at Kent Villa.

Here the days glided quietly but heavily. She derived some comfort from Uncle Philip. His rough, friendly way was a tonic, and braced her. He called several times about the Bijou: told her he had put up enormous boards all over the house, and puffed it finely. "I have had a hundred agents at me," said he; "and the next thing, I hope, will be one customer; that is about the proportion." At last he wrote her he had hooked a victim, and sold the lease and furniture for nine hundred guineas. Staines had assigned the lease to Rosa, so she had full powers; and Philip invested the money, and two hundred more she gave him, in a little mortgage at six per cent.

Now came the letter from Madeira. It gave her new life. Christopher was well, contented, hopeful. His example should animate her. She would bravely bear the present, and share his hopes of the future: with these brighter views Nature co-operated. The instincts of approaching maternity brightened the future. She fell into gentle reveries, and saw her husband return, and saw herself place their infant in his arms with all a wife's, a mother's pride.

In due course came another long letter from the equator, with a full journal, and more words of hope. Home in less than a year, with reputation increased by this last cure; home, to part no more.

Ah! what a changed wife he should find! how frugal, how candid, how full of appreciation, admiration, and love of the noblest, dearest husband that ever breathed!

Lady Cicely Treherne waited some weeks, to let kinder sentiments return. She then called in Dear Street, but found Mrs. Staines was gone to Gravesend. She wrote to her.

In a few days she received a reply, studiously polite and cold.

This persistent injustice mortified her at last. She said to herself, "Does she think his departure was no loss to *me?* It was to her interests, as well as his, I sacrificed my own selfish wishes. I will write to her no more."

This resolution she steadily maintained. It was shaken for a moment, when she heard, by a side wind, that Mrs. Staines was fast approaching the great pain and peril of women. Then she wavered. But no; she prayed for her by name in the liturgy, but she troubled her no more.

This state of things had lasted some six weeks, when she received a letter from her cousin Tadcaster, close on the heels of his last, to which she had replied as I have indicated. She knew his handwriting, and opened it with a smile.

That smile soon died off her horror-stricken face. The letter ran thus:

"Tristan d'Acunha, *January* 5.

"Dear Cicely,—A terrible thing has just happened. We signaled a raft, with a body on it, and poor Dr. Staines leaned out of the port-hole, and fell overboard. Three boats were let down after him; but it all went wrong somehow, or it was too late. They could never find him; he was drowned; and the funeral service was read for the poor fellow.

"We are all sadly cut up. Every body loved him. It was dreadful next day at dinner, when his chair was empty. The very sailors cried at not finding him.

"First of all, I thought I ought to write to his wife. I know where she lives; it is called Kent Villa, Gravesend. But I was afraid: it might kill her: and you are so good and sensible, I thought I had better write to you, and perhaps you could break it to her by degrees, before it gets in all the papers.

"I send this from the island, by a small vessel, and paid him ten pounds to take it.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"Tadcaster."

Words are powerless to describe a blow like this: the amazement, the stupor, the reluctance to believe—the rising, swelling, surging horror. She sat like a woman of stone, crumpling the letter. "Dead!—dead!"

For a long time this was all her mind

could realize—that Christopher Staines was dead. He who had been so full of life and thought and genius, and worthier to live than all the world, was dead; and a million nobodies were still alive, and he was dead.

It revealed to her, in one withering flash, that she loved him. She loved him, and he was dead.

She lay back on the sofa, and all the power left her limbs. She could not move a hand.

But suddenly she started up; for a noble instinct told her this blow must not fall on the wife as it had on her, and in her time of peril.

She had her bonnet on in a moment, and, for the first time in her life, darted out of the house without her maid. She flew along the streets, scarcely feeling the ground. She got to Dear Street, and obtained Philip Staines's address. She flew to it, and there learned he was down at Kent Villa. Instantly she telegraphed to her maid to come down to her at Gravesend, with things for a short visit, and wait for her at the station; and she went down by train to Gravesend.

Hitherto she had walked on air, driven by one overpowering impulse. Now, as she sat in the train, she thought a little of herself. What was before her? To break to Mrs. Staines that her husband was dead. To tell her all her misgivings were more than justified. To encounter her cold civility, and let her know, inch by inch, it must be exchanged for curses and tearing of hair: her husband was dead. To tell her this, and, in the telling of it, perhaps reveal that it was *her* great bereavement, as well as the wife's, for she had a deeper affection for him than she ought.

Well, she trembled like an aspen leaf—trembled like one in an ague, even as she sat. But she persevered.

A noble woman has her courage; not exactly the same as that which leads forlorn-hopes against bastions bristling with rifles and tongued with flames and thunder-bolts, yet not inferior to it.

Tadcaster, small and dull, but noble by birth and instinct, had seen the right thing for her to do; and she, of the same breed, and nobler far, had seen it too; and the great soul steadily drew the recoiling heart and quivering body to this fiery trial, this act of humanity—to do which was terrible and hard, to shirk it, cowardly and cruel.

She reached Gravesend, and drove in a fly to Kent Villa.

The door was opened by a maid.

"Is Mrs. Staines at home?"

"Yes, ma'am, she is *at home;* but—"

"Can I see her?"

"Why, no, ma'am: not at present."

"But I must see her. I am an old friend. Please take her my card. Lady Cicely Treherne."

The maid hesitated, and looked confused. "Perhaps you don't know, ma'am. Mrs. Staines, she is—the doctor have been in the house all day."

"Ah, the doctor! I believe Dr. Philip Staines is here."

"Why, that *is* the doctor, ma'am. Yes, he is here."

"Then, pray, let me see him—or no; I had better see Mr. Lusignan."

"Master have gone out for the day, ma'am; but if you'll step in the drawing-room, I'll tell the doctor."

Lady Cicely waited in the drawing-room some time, heart-sick and trembling.

At last Doctor Philip came in, with her card in his hand, looking evidently a little cross at the interruption. "Now, madam, please tell me, as briefly as you can, what I can do for you."

"Are you Dr. Philip Staines?"

"I am, madam, at your service—for five minutes. Can't quit my patient long, just now."

"Oh, Sir, thank God I have found you! Be prepared for ill news—sad news—a terrible calamity—I can't speak. Read that, Sir." And she handed him Tadcaster's note.

He took it and read it.

He buried his face in his hands. "Christopher! my poor, poor boy!" he groaned. But suddenly a terrible anxiety seized him. "Who knows of this?" he asked.

"Only myself, Sir. I came here to break it to her."

"You are a good, kind lady, for being so thoughtful. Madam, if this gets to my niece's ears it will kill her, as sure as we stand here."

"Then let us keep it from her. Command me, Sir. I will do any thing. I will live here—take the letters in—the journals—any thing."

"No, no; you have done your part, and God bless you for it. I must stay here. Your ladyship's very presence, and your agitation, would set the servants talking, and some idiot-fiend among them babbling—there is nothing so terrible as a fool."

"May I stay at the inn, Sir, just one night?"

"Oh yes, I wish you would; and I will run over, if all is well with her—well with her? poor unfortunate girl!"

Lady Cicely saw he wished her gone, and she went directly.

At nine o'clock that same evening, as she lay on a sofa in the best room of the inn, attended by her maid, Dr. Philip Staines came to her. She dismissed her maid.

Dr. Philip was too old—in other words, had lost too many friends—to be really broken down by a bereavement; but he was strangely subdued. The loud tones were out of him, and the loud laugh, and even the keen sneer. Yet he was the same man, but

with a gentler surface; and this was not without its pathos.

"Well, madam," said he, gravely and quietly, "it is as it always has been. 'As is the race of leaves, so that of man.' When one falls, another comes. Here's a little Christopher come, in place of him that is gone—a brave, beautiful boy, ma'am; the finest but one I ever brought into the world. He is come to take his father's place in our hearts—I see you valued his poor father, ma'am—but he comes too late for me. At your age, ma'am, friendships come naturally; they spring like loves in the soft heart of youth: at seventy, the gate is not so open; the soil is more sterile. I shall never care for another Christopher; never see another grow to man's estate."

"The mother, Sir," sobbed Lady Cicely; "the poor mother?"

"Like them all—poor creature: in heaven, madam; in heaven. New life! new existence! a new character. All the pride, glory, rapture, and amazement of maternity—thanks to her ignorance, which we must prolong, or I would not give one straw for her life, or her son's. I shall never leave the house till she does know it, and, come when it may, I dread the hour. She is not framed by nature to bear so deadly a shock."

"Her father, Sir. Would he not be the best person to break it to her? He was out to-day."

"Her father, ma'am? I shall get no help from him. He is one of those soft, gentle creatures that come into the world with what your canting fools call a mission; and his mission is to take care of number one. Not dishonestly, mind you, nor violently, nor rudely, but doucely and calmly. The care a brute like me takes of his vitals, that care Lusignan takes of his outer cuticle. His number one is a sensitive plant. No scenes, no noise: nothing painful—by-the-bye, the little creature that writes in the papers, and calls calamities *painful*, is of Lusignan's breed. Out to-day! of course he was out, ma'am: he knew from me his daughter would be in peril all day, so he visited a friend. He knew his own tenderness, and evaded paternal sensibilities: a self-defender. I count on no help from that charming man."

"A man! I call such men weptiles!" said Lady Cicely, her ghastly cheek coloring for a moment.

"Then you give them a false importance."

In the course of this interview Lady Cicely accused herself sadly of having interfered between man and wife, and, with the best intentions, brought about this cruel calamity. "Judge, then, Sir," said she, "how grateful I am to you for undertaking this cruel task. I was her school-fellow, Sir, and I love her dearly; but she has turned against me, and now, oh, with what horror she will regard me!"

"Madam," said the doctor, "there is nothing more mean and unjust than to judge others by events that none could foresee. Your conscience is clear. You did your best for my poor nephew: but God willed it otherwise. As for my niece, she has many virtues, but justice is one you must not look for in that quarter. Justice requires brains. It's a virtue the heart does not deal in. You must be content with your own good conscience, and an old man's esteem. You did all for the best; and this very day you have done a good, kind action. God bless you for it!"

Then he left her; and next day she went sadly home, and for many a long day the hollow world saw nothing of Cicely Treherne.

When Mr. Lusignan came home that night Dr. Philip told him the miserable story, and his fears. He received it not as Philip had expected. The bachelor had counted without his dormant paternity. He was terror-stricken—abject—fell into a chair, and wrung his hands, and wept piteously. To keep it from his daughter till she should be stronger seemed to him chimerical, impossible. However, Philip insisted it must be done; and he must make some excuse for keeping out of her way, or his manner would rouse her suspicions. He consented readily to that, and, indeed, left all to Dr. Philip.

Dr. Philip trusted nobody, not even his own confidential servant. He allowed no journal to come into the house without passing through his hands, and he read them all before he would let any other soul in the house see them. He asked Rosa to let him be her secretary and open her letters, giving as a pretext that it would be as well she should have no small worries or trouble just now.

"Why," said she, "I was never so well able to bear them. It must be a great thing to put me out now. I am so happy, and live in the future. Well, dear uncle, you can if you like—what does it matter?—only there must be one exception: my own Christie's letters, you know."

"Of course," said he, wincing inwardly.

The very next day came a letter of condolence from Miss Lucas. Dr. Philip intercepted it, and locked it up, to be shown her at a more fitting time.

But how could he hope to keep so public a thing as this from entering the house in one of a hundred newspapers?

He went into Gravesend, and searched all the newspapers, to see what he had to contend with. To his horror, he found it in several dailies and weeklies, and in two illustrated papers. He sat aghast at the difficulty and the danger.

The best thing he could think of was to buy them all, and cut out the account. He did so, and brought all the papers, thus mutilated, into the house, and sent them into the kitchen. He said to his old servant, "These may amuse Mr. Lusignan's people, and I have extracted all that interests me."

By these means he hoped that none of the servants would go and buy any more of these same papers elsewhere.

Notwithstanding these precautions, he took the nurse apart, and said, "Now you are an experienced woman, and to be trusted about an excitable patient. Mind, I object to any female servant entering Mrs. Staines's room with gossip. Keep them outside the door for the present, please. Oh, and nurse, if any thing should happen likely to grieve or worry her, it must be kept from her entirely: can I trust you?"

"You may, Sir."

"I shall add ten guineas to your fee if she gets through the month without a shock or disturbance of any kind."

She stared at him inquiringly. Then she said,

"You may rely on me, doctor."

"I feel I may. Still, she alarms me. She looks quiet enough, but she is very excitable."

Not all these precautions gave Dr. Philip any real sense of security; still less did they to Mr. Lusignan. He was not a tender father, in small things, but the idea of actual danger to his only child was terrible to him; and he now passed his life in a continual tremble.

This is the less to be wondered at when I tell you that even the stout Philip began to lose his nerve, his appetite, his sleep, under this hourly terror and this hourly torture.

Well did the great imagination of antiquity feign a torment, too great for the mind long to endure, in the sword of Damocles suspended by a single hair over his head. Here the sword hung over an innocent creature, who smiled beneath it, fearless; but these two old men must sit and watch the sword, and ask themselves how long before that subtle salvation shall snap.

"Ill news travels fast," says the proverb; "The birds of the air shall carry the matter," says Holy Writ: and it is so. No bolts nor bars, no promises nor precautions, can long shut out a great calamity from the ears it is to blast, the heart it is to wither. The very air seems full of it, until it falls.

Rosa's child was more than a fortnight old, and she was looking more beautiful than ever, as is often the case with a very young mother, and Dr. Philip complimented her on her looks. "Now," said he, "you reap the advantage of being good and obedient and keeping quiet. In another ten days or so I may take you to the sea-side for a week. I have the honor to inform you that from about the fourth to the tenth of March there is always a week of fine weather, which takes every body by surprise except me. It does not astonish me, because I observe it is invariable. Now what would you say if I gave you a week at Herne Bay, to set you up altogether?"

"As you please, dear uncle," said Mrs. Staines, with a sweet smile. "I shall be very happy to go or to stay. I shall be happy every where with my darling boy and the thought of my husband. Why, I count the days till he shall come back to me. No, to us—to us, my pet. How dare a naughty mammy say 'to me,' as if 'me' was half the 'portance of oo, a precious pets."

Dr. Philip was surprised into a sigh.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Rosa, very quickly.

"The matter?"

"Yes, dear, the matter. You sighed—you, the laughing philosopher."

"Did I?" said he, to gain time. "Perhaps I remembered the uncertainty of human life, and of all mortal hopes. The old will have their thoughts, my dear. They have seen so much trouble."

"But, uncle dear, he is a very healthy child."

"Very."

"And you told me yourself carelessness was the cause so many children die."

"That is true."

She gave him a curious and rather searching look; then, leaning over her boy, said, "Mammy's not afraid. Beautiful Pet was not born to die directly. He will never leave his mam-ma. No, uncle, he never can. For my life is bound in his and his dear father's. It is a triple cord: one go, go all."

She said this with a quiet resolution that chilled Uncle Philip.

At this moment the nurse, who had been bending so pertinaciously over some work that her eyes were invisible, looked quickly up, cast a furtive glance at Mrs. Staines, and, finding she was employed for the moment, made an agitated signal to Dr. Philip. All she did was to clinch her two hands and lift them half-way to her face, and then cast a frightened look toward the door; but Philip's senses were so sharpened by constant alarm and watching that he saw at once something serious was the matter. But as he had asked himself what he should do in case of some sudden alarm, he merely gave a nod of intelligence to the nurse, scarcely perceptible, then rose quietly from his seat, and went to the window. "Snow coming, I think," said he. "For all that we shall have the March summer in ten days. You mark my words." He then went leisurely out of the room. At the door he turned, and, with all the cunning he was master of,

said, "Oh, by-the-bye, come to my room, nurse, when you are at leisure."

"Yes, doctor," said the nurse, but never moved. She was too bent on hiding the agitation she really felt.

"Had you not better go to him, nurse?"

"Perhaps I had, madam."

She rose with feigned indifference, and left the room. She walked leisurely down the passage, then casting a hasty glance behind her, for fear Mrs. Staines should be watching her, burst into the doctor's room. They met at once in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Briscoe burst out, "Sir, it is known all over the house!"

"Heaven forbid! What is known?"

"What you would give the world to keep from her. Why, Sir, the moment you cautioned me, of course I saw there was trouble. But little I thought—Sir, not a servant in the kitchen or the stable but knows that her husband—poor thing! poor thing! Ah! there goes the house-maid—to have a look at her."

"Stop her!"

Mrs. Briscoe had not waited for this; she rushed after the woman, and told her Mrs. Staines was sleeping, and the room must not be entered on any account.

"Oh, very well," said the maid, rather sullenly.

Mrs. Briscoe saw her return to the kitchen, and came back to Dr. Staines: he was pacing the room in torments of anxiety.

"Doctor," said she, "it is the old story; 'Servants' friends, the master's enemies.' An old servant came here to gossip with her friend the cook (she never could abide her while they were together, by all accounts), and told her the whole story of his being drowned at sea."

Dr. Philip groaned. "Cursed chatterbox!" said he. "What is to be done? Must we break it to her now? Oh, if I could only buy a few days more! The heart to be crushed while the body is weak! It is too cruel. Advise me, Mrs. Briscoe. You are an experienced woman, and I think you are a kind-hearted woman."

"Well, Sir," said Mrs. Briscoe, "I had the name of it when I was younger—before Briscoe failed, and I took to nursing; which nursing hardens, Sir, by use, and along of the patients themselves; for sick folk are lumps of selfishness; we see more of them than you do, Sir. But this I *will* say, 'tisn't selfishness that lies now in that room, waiting for the blow that will bring her to death's door, I'm sore afraid; but a sweet, gentle, thoughtful creature as ever supped sorrow: for I don't know how 'tis, doctor, nor why 'tis, but an angel like that has always to sup sorrow."

"But you do not advise me," said the doctor, in agitation, "and something must be done."

"Advise you, Sir: it is not for me to do that. I am sure I'm at my wits' ends, poor thing! Well, Sir, I don't see what you can do but try and break it to her. Better so than let it come to her like a clap of thunder. But I think, Sir, I'd have a wet-nurse ready before I said much: for she is very quick—and ten to one but the first word of such a thing turns her blood to gall. Sir, I once knew a poor woman—she was a carpenter's wife—a-nursing her child, in the afternoon—and in runs a foolish woman, and tells her he was killed dead, off a scaffold. 'Twas the man's sister told her. Well, Sir, she was knocked stupid like, and she sat staring, and nursing of her child, before she could take it in rightly. The child was dead before supper-time, and the woman was not long after. The whole family was swept away, Sir, in a few hours, and I mind the table was not cleared he had dined on when they came to lay them out. Well-a-day, nurses see sorrow!"

"We all see sorrow that live long, Mrs. Briscoe. I am heart-broken myself; I am desperate. You are a good soul, and I'll tell you. When my nephew married this poor girl I was very angry with him, and I soon found she was not fit to be a struggling man's wife, and then I was very angry with her. She had spoiled a first-rate physician, I thought. But since I knew her better it is all changed—she is so lovable. How I shall ever tell her this terrible thing, God knows. All I know is, that I will not throw a chance away. Her body *shall* be stronger before I break her heart. Cursed idiots, that could not save a single man with their boats in a calm sea! Lord forgive me for blaming people when I was not there to see! I say I will give her every chance. She shall not know it till she is stronger—no, not if I live at her door, and sleep there, and all. Good God! inspire me with something. There is always something to be done, if one could but see it."

Mrs. Briscoe sighed and said, "Sir, I think any thing is better than for her to hear it from a servant—and they are sure to blurt it out. Young women are such fools."

"No, no—I see what it is," said Dr. Philip. "I have gone all wrong from the first. I have been acting like a woman, when I should have acted like a man. Why, I only trusted *you* by halves. There was a fool for you. Never trust people by halves."

"That is true, Sir."

"Well, then, now I shall go at it like a man. I have a vile opinion of servants—but no matter. I'll try them: they are human, I suppose. I'll hit them between the eyes like a man. Go to the kitchen, Mrs. Briscoe, and tell them I wish to speak to all the servants, in-doors or out."

"Yes, Sir."

She stopped at the door, and said, "I had

better get back to her as soon as I have told them."

"Certainly."

"And what shall I tell her, Sir? Her first word will be to ask me what you wanted me for. I saw that in her eye. She was curious: that is why she sent me after you so quick."

Doctor Philip groaned. He felt he was walking among pitfalls. He rapidly flavored some distilled water with orange-flower, then tinted it a beautiful pink, and bottled it. "There," said he; "I was mixing a new medicine. Table-spoon four times a day: had to filter it. Any lie you like."

Mrs. Briscoe went to the kitchen and gave her message, then went to Mrs. Staines with the mixture.

Doctor Philip went down to the kitchen, and spoke to the servants very solemnly. He said, "My good friends, I am come to ask your help in a matter of life and death. There is a poor young woman up stairs; she is a widow, and does not know it, and must not know it yet. If the blow fell now, I think it would kill her: indeed, if she hears it all of a sudden at any time, that might destroy her. We are in so sore a strait that a feather may turn the scale. So we must try all we can to gain a little time, and then trust to God's mercy after all. Well, now what do you say? Will you help me keep it from her till the tenth of March, say? and then I will break it to her by degrees. Forget she is your mistress. Master and servant, that is all very well at a proper time; but this is the time to remember nothing but that we are all one flesh and blood. We lie down together in the church-yard, and we hope to rise together where there will be no master and servant. Think of the poor unfortunate creature as your own flesh and blood, and tell me, will you help me try and save her under this terrible blow?"

"Ay, doctor, that we will," said the footman. "Only you give us our orders, and you will see."

"I have no right to give you orders; but I entreat you not to show her, by word or look, that calamity is upon her. Alas! it is only a reprieve you can give to her and to me. The bitter hour *must* come when I must tell her she is a widow, and her boy an orphan. When that day comes, I will ask you all to pray for me that I may find words. But now I ask you to give me that ten days' reprieve. Let the poor creature recover a little strength before the thunder-bolt of affliction falls on her head. Will you promise me?"

They promised heartily; and more than one of the women began to cry.

"A general assent will not satisfy me," said Dr. Philip. "I want every man and every woman to give me a hand upon it; then I shall feel sure of you."

The men gave him their hands at once. The women wiped their hands with their aprons, to make sure they were clean, and gave him their hands too. The cook said, "If any one of us goes from it, this kitchen will be too hot to hold her."

"Nobody will go from it, cook," said the doctor. "I'm not afraid of that: and now, since you have promised me, out of your own good hearts, I'll try and be even with you. If she knows nothing of it by the tenth of March, five guineas to every man and woman in this kitchen. You shall see that, if you can be kind, we can be grateful."

He then hurried away. He found Mr. Lusignan in the drawing-room, and told him all this. Lusignan was fluttered, but grateful. "Ah, my good friend," said he, "this is a hard trial to two old men like you and me."

"It is," said Philip. "It has shown me my age. I declare I am trembling; I, whose nerves were iron. But I have a particular contempt for servants. Mercenary wretches! I think Heaven inspired me to talk to them. After all, who knows? perhaps we might find a way to their hearts, if we did not eternally shock their vanity, and forget that it is, and must be, far greater than our own. The women gave me their tears, and the men were earnest. Not one hand lay cold in mine. As for your kitchen-maid, I'd trust my life to that girl. What a grip she gave me! What strength! What fidelity was in it! My hand was never *grasped* before. I think we are safe for a few days more."

Lusignan sighed. "What does it all come to? We are pulling the trigger gently, that is all."

"No, no; that is not it. Don't let us confound the matter with similes, please. Keep them for children."

Mrs. Staines left her bed, and would have left her room, but Doctor Philip forbade her strictly.

One day, seated in her arm-chair, she said to the nurse, before Doctor Philip, "Nurse, why do the servants look so curiously at me?"

Mrs. Briscoe cast a hasty glance at Doctor Philip, and then said, "I don't know, madam. I never noticed that."

"Uncle, why did nurse look at you before she answered such a simple question?"

"I don't know. What question?"

"About the servants."

"Oh, about the servants," said he, contemptuously.

"You should not turn up your nose at them, for they are all most kind and attentive. Only I catch them looking at me so strangely; really—as if they—"

"Rosa, you are taking me quite out of my depth. The looks of servant-girls! Why, of course a lady in your condition is an object of especial interest to them. I dare say

they are saying to one another, 'I wonder when my turn will come?' A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind—that is a proverb, is it not?"

"To be sure. I forgot that."

She said no more; but seemed thoughtful, and not quite satisfied.

On this Dr. Philip begged the maids to go near her as little as possible. "You are not aware of it," said he, "but your looks and your manner of speaking rouse her attention, and she is quicker than I thought she was, and observes very subtilely."

This was done; and then she complained that nobody came near her. She insisted on coming down stairs: it was so dull.

Dr. Philip consented, if she would be content to receive no visits for a week.

She assented to that; and now passed some hours every day in the drawing-room. In her morning wrappers, so fresh and crisp, she looked lovely, and increased in health and strength every day.

Dr. Philip used to look at her, and his very flesh to creep at the thought that, ere long, he must hurl this fair creature into the dust of affliction; must, with a word, take the ruby from her lips, the rose from her cheeks, the sparkle from her glorious eyes—eyes that beamed on him with sweet affection, and a mouth that never opened but to show some simplicity of the mind or some pretty burst of the sensitive heart.

He put off, and put off, and at last cowardice began to whisper, "Why tell her the whole truth at all? Why not take her through stages of doubt, alarm, and, after all, leave a grain of hope till her child gets so rooted in her heart that—" But conscience and good sense interrupted this temporary thought, and made him see to what a horrible life of suspense he should condemn a human creature, and live a perpetual lie, and be always at the edge of some pitfall or other.

One day, while he sat looking at her, with all these thoughts, and many more, coursing through his mind, she looked up at him, and surprised him. "Ah!" said she, gravely.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing," said she, cunningly.

"Uncle dear," said she, presently, "when do we go to Herne Bay?"

Now Dr. Philip had given that up. He had got the servants at Kent Villa on his side, and he felt safer here than in any strange place: so he said, "I don't know: that all depends. There is plenty of time."

"No, uncle," said Rosa, gravely. "I wish to leave this house. I can hardly breathe in it."

"What! your native air?"

"Mystery is not my native air, and this house is full of mystery. Voices whisper at my door, and the people don't come in. The maids cast strange glances at me, and hurry away. I scolded that pert girl, Jane, and she answered me as mad as Moses. I catch you looking at me, with love, and something else. What is that something?—It is Pity: that is what it is. Do you think, because I am called a simpleton, that I have no eyes, nor ears, nor sense? What is this secret which you are all hiding from one person, and that is me? Ah! Christopher has not written this five weeks. Tell me the truth, for I will know it," and she started up in wild excitement.

Then Dr. Philip saw the hour was come.

He said: "My poor girl, you have read us aright. I am anxious about Christopher, and all the servants know it."

"Anxious, and not tell *me*—his wife—the woman whose life is bound up in his."

"Was it for us to retard your convalescence, and set you fretting, and perhaps destroy your child? Rosa, my darling, think what a treasure Heaven has sent you, to love and care for."

"Yes," said she, trembling, "Heaven has been good to me; I hope Heaven will always be as good to me. I don't deserve it; but I tell God so. I am very grateful, and very penitent. I never forget that if I had been a good wife, my husband—five weeks is a long time. Why do you tremble so? Why are you so pale—a strong man like you? Calamity! calamity!"

Dr. Philip hung his head.

She looked at him, started wildly up, then sank back into her chair. So the stricken deer leaps, then falls. Yet even now she put on a deceitful calm, and said, "Tell me the truth. I have a right to know."

He stammered out, "There is a report of an accident at sea."

She kept silence.

"Of a passenger drowned—out of that ship. This, coupled with his silence, fills our hearts with fear."

"It is worse—you are breaking it to me—you have gone too far to stop. One word, is he alive? Oh, say he is alive!"

Philip rang the bell hard, and said, in a troubled voice, "Rosa, think of your child."

"Not when my husband—is he alive, or dead?"

"It is hard to say, with such a terrible report about, and no letters," faltered the old man, his courage failing him.

"What are you afraid of? Do you think I can't die, and go to him? Alive, or dead?" and she stood before him, raging and quivering in every limb.

The nurse came in.

"Fetch her child," he cried. "God have mercy on her!"

"Ah, then, he is dead," said she, with stony calmness. "I drove him to sea, and he is dead."

The nurse rushed in, and held the child to her.

She would not look at it.

"Dead!"

"Yes, our poor Christie is gone—but his child is here—the image of him. Do not forget the mother. Have pity on his child and yours."

"Take it out of my sight!" she screamed. "Away with it, or I shall murder it, as I have murdered its father. My dear Christie, before all that live! I have killed him. I shall die for him. I shall go to him." She raved and tore her hair. Servants rushed in. Rosa was carried to her bed, screaming and raving, and her black hair all down on both sides, a piteous sight.

Swoon followed swoon, and that very night brain-fever set in with all its sad accompaniments. A poor bereaved creature, tossing and moaning; pale, anxious, but resolute faces of the nurse and the kitchen-maid watching—on one table a pail of ice, and on another, alas! the long, thick raven hair of our poor Simpleton, lying on clean silver paper. Dr. Philip had cut it all off with his own hand, and he was now folding it up, and crying over it; for he thought to himself, "Perhaps in a few days more only this will be left of her on earth."

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE Hon. LOT M. MORRILL, United States Senator from Maine, submitted, February 7, 1873, the following unanimous Report of the joint Committee on the Library, to whom was referred the resolution directing them to inquire into the practicability of securing to authors the benefit of International Copyright:

That, after attentive consideration of the subject-matter, they have found the question of international copyright attended with grave practical difficulties, and of doubtful expediency, not to say of questionable authority.

At the outset of the examination much contrariety of opinion between those who demand the measure as a just recognition of the rights of authors to their works and those representing the manifold interests, occupations, and domestic industries involved in the contemplated legislation became conspicuous; in the prominency and fervor of which the primary motive of any and all contemplated constitutional action, namely, the promotion of the progress of science and the useful arts, seemed—unconsciously, of course—likely to be overcast.

On behalf of authors and artists it is insisted that Congress owes it to universal authorship to grant protection to literary and scientific productions, irrespective of nationality, as a matter of justice and right; that the Constitution in this respect, as in the case of domestic authors, is mandatory in its character; that the mode and manner of such protection are prescribed, in terms, in its provisions; and that none other than the mode prescribed is at all allowable, leaving Congress no discretion in the premises; and that not to legislate in this behalf is to refuse the performance of an obvious duty; and that, having by the law of copyright secured to domestic authors exclusive rights to their works, thereby recognizing the obligation of protection to authorship, Congress stands derelict in the performance of its whole duty in that it has not provided equal protection to universal authorship.

Upon the soundness and cogency of this proposition both American and foreign authors are understood generally to be agreed.

A portion of the American publishers (and they are among the most important) are willing to accede to the demand of the authors, upon the condition of satisfactory stipulations as to the medium of communication with the American public through their publishing houses; while the authors divide on the question of publication, a portion, not illogically, insisting upon the supposed duty of absolute protection without stint, limit, or condition, and a part are disposed to yield to the terms of the publishers; and this adjustment of the matter, it is supposed, would redound to the progress of science and the arts.

A portion, and much the larger number, of domestic publishers are understood to be either hostile to the whole subject of international copyright, or consider all action in regard to it at least of questionable utility to the world of letters, and especially to the progress of science and the arts in this country and among our own people.

The printers, type-founders, binders, paper-makers, and others engaged in the manufacture of books, in large numbers remonstrate against the measure as calculated to diminish the popular sale and circulation of books by raising the price thereof, and thus prejudicial to this branch of industry.

These classes, interests, and industries have been ably represented before the committee, and it may be observed that from these the measure is invested with its special interest, as we are not aware of any popular representation or demand, by memorial or remonstrance, or otherwise, on behalf of either book buyers or readers or the mass of the people.

The protection in his works that the author demands, it will be noticed, is an absolute and exclusive right of property therein. To all such appeals to Congress (without entering into the consideration of such a pretension as an abstract proposition) it is deemed sufficient to reply that the framers of the Constitution did not seem to have apprehended the justice of a claim so extensive on the part of authors, nor to have contemplated the promotion of the progress of science by legislation so partial and engross-

ing as that proposed; but, on the contrary, in the interests of *science*, and altogether subservient to its ends, and as an incentive to authorship to enter into its service, did provide for the enjoyment in their works of an especial privilege for a limited period.

The nature of the prerogative conferred, its use, and limitation are each and all alike inconsistent with the assumed rights; and whatever abstract rights of property the author may be supposed to have in his production, it is clear that his appeal to Congress for protection can be recognized only within the express limitations of the Constitution.

It became important, in the outset, to bring to the examination of the subject a just appreciation of the provision of the Constitution in relation to it. That provision is as follows: Congress shall have power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

All opinions, interests, policies, and economies must be brought to the test of this clause of the Constitution, in which the objects and manner of legislation are clearly expressed, and must constitute the rule of action upon the subject.

It may be proper to remark that the policy of national copyright does not necessarily enter into the discussion. It may be assumed that the Constitution not only contemplated such legislation, but that such action is supposed to be consistent with and in the interest of science, and tends to its progress. Nor is it supposed that a question properly arises as to the abstract rights of the author in his writings; neither is it important to consider whether any such rights had been recognized in England or in the American States anterior to the Constitution, as these rights do not constitute the object nor form the basis of that legislative action contemplated in the Constitution.

The constitutional provision is primarily in the interest of science, to which the rights and interests of authors are subordinated, and with which they are not necessarily, in all respects, identical. The very terms of the instrument are a limitation on the power of Congress against the recognition of such absolute right—thus, "by securing for limited times to authors exclusive right to their writings."

The precise question is, Are the terms of the Constitution equally applicable to international copyright, and would their application "promote the progress of science?"

The language is sufficiently comprehensive, doubtless, to include all authorship. But in construing the Constitution reference should be had to the condition of affairs at the period of its adoption, the obvious intent of the framers, as gathered from contemporaneous history, and must receive such construction as will carry out the object in view.

It was, it should be observed, to constitute, in a qualified sense, a government in the interests of the people of the United States. Its framers would not, *therefore*, be expected to be solicitous for the protection of individual rights of those alien to its jurisdiction, nor were the circumstances of their national position such as were calculated to invite to the consideration of topics so eminently international in their operations and relations.

Besides, it must be borne in mind that the Constitution of the United States antedates all legislation upon international copyright in any country; that no thought of such a law was suggested to the convention that framed that instrument. Nor are there to be found in the history of the times such sentiments and opinions upon the subject as to justify a reasonable supposition that such a proposition could have been present in the minds of those who proposed the particular provision. It may be safe, therefore, to assume that international copyright was not within the contemplation of the Constitution, whatever interpretation the language may be thought to be susceptible of. To the argument as to the mandatory character of the provision in the interests of universal authorship, it may be replied that none but citizens could properly lay claim to protection of individual rights, and that, under the Constitution, these were all subordinated to the interests of science, and that whoever invokes the protection of the one must show that his demand is at least compatible with the other.

Whether the Constitution, in what it provides, is to be regarded as mandatory or permissive, confined to American or domestic authors, or extended to foreign or alien, in spirit and intent, it demands, as a primary, essential, and paramount consideration, that whatever is done in its name shall be in the interest of, and for the promotion of, the progress of science. In the presence of this paramount object, all rights of authors, publishers, booksellers, and book-makers must needs take a secondary place in legislative consideration. Nor is it less certain that herein lies the true interest of all genuine authorship. A demand for copyright, national or international, as a measure of protection to a property right simply, necessarily tends to sink the question of science to the level of a commercial transaction, and subjects it to the odium of an indefensible monopoly. It is only when considered as a tribute to genius, the quality and beneficence of whose productions are of universal recognition in the world of letters, that science and authorship become identical. It can not

be doubted that if, under undue stimulus of national copyright, the quality of literary productions should become inferior, commonplace, and baneful, Congress, in the interest of science, could apply the remedy, by limiting the privilege or denying it altogether.

It has even been said that a tendency in this direction already exists; that authors who write for fame are growing fewer, and that writers who write merely for money are multiplying; that, in short, the relations between writers on one side and publishers and the public on the other are growing more mercenary; but this may be said to arise from the fact that the men of true genius who are really entitled to the honorable name of American authors are confounded with men who have no just claim to such a distinction. A question fairly arises and presents itself at the threshold of any proposition of copyright, whether this commercial spirit is identical with and friendly to the progress of science. Considering the undeniable fact that a larger portion of authors are now writing for gain than formerly, and that publishers have come to estimate their writings by the profits likely to accrue from their publications, can it be inferred that from such a union of literature and commerce the highest interests of science are likely to be promoted? Under the influence of this union, can it be denied that a class of books are put upon the market which, in literary quality, bear slight resemblance to the productions of genius, and others, where the attribute of authorship could not well be discovered? and yet these all seek shelter under the law of copyright, and enjoy that exclusive privilege designed alone for genius and the votaries of science.

While, doubtless, the constitutional provision had its origin in the belief in the identity of the interests of authorship and science, it is true that the law of copyright, as it lies in the Constitution, is not the protection of authors as an object—not as the reward of genius independent of science, but as an incentive to the former in the interests of the latter.

Is the question of authorship, in its relations to science, so simple and of such universal application as to be productive of equally beneficial results when subjected to the method of the Constitution as a rule for the different nations and different conditions of letters therein?

Authorship, standing by itself, although the essential element, still it is not all the world of letters, and can not in any measure having at heart the interests of literature be considered as standing independent and by itself. If it be conceded to be the soul of science, it is essential that its productions should be embodied in books, and these involve the varied skill, industries, and cunning workmanship of many hands, and at last, and not the least important agency, the enterprise, capital, and address of the publisher through whom these books are to be introduced to the reading public.

These interests press upon the legislator at the very threshold of any measure of international copyright, demanding consideration and protection. The right conferred upon the foreign author, a variety of questions of labor, art, skill, and the like, enter into the practical question, and force upon consideration the chances of ruinous monopolies at the world's great book-centres, when competition and a provident share in opportunities would seem to be our necessity.

The question before us is not national copyright, but whether the monopoly of the foreigner in his work, enjoyed in his land, can, in the interests of science, fairly be claimed for him in every land where his work may be printed. The English author has the exclusive privilege secured to him as an incentive to his genius. Does it need the further stimulus of privilege in other lands? And if so, can such privilege be considered as demanded in the interests of literature, or would the fruits of such encouragement compensate for the natural repression of the diffusion of knowledge? Assuming now that the measure can not be commended or rightfully demanded in the interests of authors alone, nor in that of authors and publishers combined, it remains to be seen whether the facts justify the conclusion that the measure can be granted in the interests of science.

It will doubtless be conceded that international copyright would have the effect to enhance the price of books of foreign authorship in the American market, and a tendency and the probable effect to increase the price of the American copyrighted book in our own market.

While it may be conceded that the tendency of the law of copyright is to stimulate the production of literary and scientific works, it is believed to be equally true that one of its effects is to repress the popular circulation of such works. Such, it is apparent, must be its natural tendency, and such is understood to be the fact in this country and in England, especially the latter. As a general proposition, during the existence of copyright, the interests of both publisher and author are best consulted by a small edition and consequent limited circulation, as a larger profit may be realized from a small edition at high rates than the reverse. Notable instances may be given in proof of this general proposition in England and our own country. The average price of seventy-five English books, as given in the table on page 909, is $5 60, and the average price of the American reprints of the same books is only $2 40.

THE LOWEST PRICES OF SOME ENGLISH BOOKS REPRINTED IN AMERICA. (THE AMERICAN PRICES ARE GENERALLY TAKEN FROM BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA, 1820 TO 1866, OR AMERICAN CATALOGUE, KELLY, 1866 TO 1871.)

Name of Author and Title of Work.	English Price.		Price of American Reprint.
	In Sterling.	In Gold.	
	s. d.		
Alison, Life of Marlborough	30 0	$7 50	$1 75
Aytoun, Scottish Cavaliers	7 6	1 87	1 50
Ballads and Fermilian	13 6	3 37	1 50
Browning, Mrs., Poems	30 0	7 50	1 50
Belcher's Mutineers of the Bounty	12 0	3 00	1 50
Burton's Lake Regions of Africa	31 6	8 00	3 50
Bulwer, Athens—its Rise and Fall	31 6	8 00	1 50
Caxtoniana	21 0	5 25	1 75
Novels	2 6	62	50
Lady, Budget, etc.	31 6	8 00	2 50
Braddon, Miss, Girls' Book	4 6	1 25	90
Lovels of Arden	31 6	8 00	75
Conybeare and Howson, Life of St. Paul (complete)	48 0	12 00	3 00
Collins, Poor Miss Finch	31 6	8 00	50c., 1 00
Darwin, Variation of Plants, etc.	28 0	7 00	6 00
Dixon, Free Russia	32 0	8 00	2 00
Fair France	16 0	4 00	1 50
Dickens's Works	132 0	33 00	10 50
Dilke's Greater Britain	28 0	7 00	1 00
Desert of the Exodus	28 0	7 00	3 00
Forster's Life of Landon	28 0	7 00	3 50
Life of Dickens	12 0	3 00	2 00
Guizot's Meditations	10 0	2 50	1 75
Grote's Greece, per volume	8 0	2 00	2 00
Gould's Origin of Religious Belief	15 0	3 75	2 00
Goulbonn's Sermons	6 6	1 62	1 00
Huxley's Lay Sermons	7 6	1 88	1 75
Holland's Recollections	10 6	2 62	2 00
Hemans's Poems	12 6	3 12	75
Hughes, Tom Brown at Oxford	.....	1 75	50
Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby	.....	1 75	75
Haweis, Music and Morals	12 0	3 00	1 75
Jowett's Plato	120 0	30 00	12 00
Kinglake's Crimea	32 0	8 00	2 00
Kingsley's At Last	20 0	5 00	1 50
Ravenshoe	31 6	8 00	1 75
G. Hamlyn	6 0	1 50	1 25
Layard's Nineveh	36 0	9 00	1 75
Lever, Lord Kilgobbin	31 6	8 00	75
Lockhart, Fair to See	31 6	8 00	75
Mulock, Hannah	21 0	5 25	50
Girls' Book	4 6	1 25	90
Morley's Voltaire	14 0	3 50	.....
Macgregor, Rob Roy on the Jordan	12 0	3 00	2 50
Oliphant's China	21 0	5 25	3 50
Pressense, Early Years of Christianity	12 0	3 00	1 75
Russell's American Diary	21 0	5 25	1 00
Robinson's Diary	36 0	9 00	4 00
Reclus, The Earth	24 0	6 50	5 00
Schelleris, Spectrum Analysis	28 0	7 00	6 00
Speke's Africa	21 0	5 25	4 00
Sacristan's Household	6 0	1 50	75
Stanley's Jewish Church	24 0	6 00	5 00
Eastern Church	12 0	3 00	2 50
Sinai and Palestine	14 0	3 50	2 50
Trollope, Harry Hotspur	9 0	2 25	50
Can you Forgive Her?	12 0	3 00	1 50
Orley Farm	12 0	3 00	1 50
Thackeray's Novels	7 0	1 75	50 to 75c.
Tyndall, Heat	10 6	2 62	2 00
Sound	9 0	2 25	2 00
Tennyson's Works, incomplete	9 0	2 25	*75
The Speaker's Commentary	30 0	7 50	5 00
Vámbéry's Asia	21 0	5 25	4 50
White's St. Bartholomew	16 0	4 00	2 50
Wilfred Cumbermede (George Macdonald)	31 6	8 00	1 75
Wood's Homes without Hands	21 0	5 25	4 50
Bible Animals	21 0	5 25	4 50
Whymper's Alaska	16 0	4 00	2 50
Wallace's Malay Archipelago	24 0	6 00	3 00
Warren's Ten Thousand a Year	9 0	2 25	1 50
Spencer's Psychology	18 0	4 50	1 50
Essays	16 0	4 00	2 50
Biology	34 0	8 50	5 50
Total	.....	$409 72	$176 80

The same general fact may be further illustrated by comparing the prices of English books reprinted here with the prices here of American copyrighted books of a similar character. (See table on next page.)

And a similar effect will be observed by comparing the home prices of American copyrighted books with their prices when reprinted in England.

The English prices are generally taken from the English catalogue by Sampson Low, 1835–1862. (See table on next page.)

* Complete.

English Reprinted.	
Dixon's Free Russia	$2 00
Kingsley's At Last	1 50
Kinglake's Crimea	2 00
Macaulay's Histories	1 50
Hallam	2 00
Dilke's Greater Britain	1 00
Dickens's Novels	50–75
George Eliot's Novels	75
Charles Reade's Novels	25–75
Robertson's Sermons	1 50
Tennyson's Poems	75
Grote's Greece	1 50
Hume's England	1 50
Muller's Science of Religion	2 00
Palmer's Desert of the Exodus	3 00
Wallace's Malay Archipelago	3 50
Froude's Short Studies	1 50
Barrow's Arctic Voyage	1 00
Layard's Nineveh	1 75
Burton's Regions of Central Africa	3 50
English Common Law Reports	4 00
Exchequer Reports	4 00
Bulwer's Queen's Bench	6 00
Bulwer's Common Pleas	6 00
Equity Cases, M. Rolls	6 00
Daniel's Chancery Practice, 3 vols.	15 00
De Witt's Surgery	4 00
Total	$78 75

American Copyrighted.	
Bush's Reindeer Dogs, etc	$3 50
Cox's Winter Sunbeams	3 00
Motley's Histories	3 50
Bancroft	3 00
Kirke's Charles the Bold	3 00
Prime's Around the World	3 00
Hawthorne	2 00
Mrs. Stowe	2 00
Bayard Taylor	1 50
Beecher's Sermons	2 50
Longfellow	1 50
Draper's Civil War	3 50
Hildreth's United States	3 00
Hodges's Anthropology	4 50
Thomson's The Land and the Book	5 00
Agassiz's Brazil	5 00
Bancroft's Miscellanies	3 00
Hayes's Arctic Boat Journey	2 50
Stephens's Egypt	3 00
Stephens's Central America	6 00
Wallace's Reports	6 00
Blatchford's Reports	7 50
Abbott's Reports	7 50
Lansing's United States	8 00
Chancery, S. C't, of New York	7 50
Fisher's Patent Cases, 3 vols.	75 00
Ashurst's Surgery	6 50
Total	$182 00

Name of Author and Title of Work.	American Price.	English Price.	
		In Sterling.	In Gold.
		s. d.	
Abbott, Franconia Stories	$0 90	1 0	$0 25
Learning to Read	90	1 6	37
Young Christian	1 75	1 0	25
Child at Home	1 00	1 0	25
Barnes, Four Gospels	3 00	5 0	1 25
Acts	1 50	2 6	62
Beecher, H. W., Eyes and Ears	1 75	3 6	87
Lectures to Young Men	1 50	1 6	37
Royal Truths	1 75	3 6	87
Cooper, Novels, per copy	75	1 0	25
Curtis, G. W., Lotus-Eating	1 50	3 6	87
Nile Notes	1 50	1 0	25
Du Chaillu, Country of the Dwarfs	1 75	1 6	37
Greenwood, Grace, Forest Tragedy	1 25	1 0	25
History of my Pets	1 00	1 0	25
Hawthorne, House of Seven Gables	2 00	1 0	25
Twice-told Tales	4 00	2 0	50
Scarlet Letter	2 00	1 0	25
Holmes, O. W., Autocrat of Breakfast-Table	1 50	2 6	62
Professor at Breakfast-Table	1 75	3 6	87
Elsie Venner	3 00	2 0	50
Irving, W., Life of Goldsmith	1 50	1 0	25
Life of Columbus	1 75	2 6	62
Knickerbocker	1 75	1 0	25
Jarves, J. J., Parisian Sights	1 50	1 0	25
Longfellow, Miles Standish	1 25	1 0	25
Outre Mer	1 50	2 0	50
Hiawatha	1 50	1 0	25
Poems, complete	1 50	2 0	50
Lowell, Bigelow Papers	1 50	2 6	62
Vision of Sir Launfal	75	2 0	50
Melville, Omoo	1 50	1 0	25
Typee	1 50	1 0	25
Parton, Life of Greeley	2 50	7 6	1 87
Phelps, Rev. A., Still Hours	1 00	1 0	25
Prescott, Philip II.	4 50	5 0	1 25
Mexico	6 00	5 0	1 25
Ferdinand and Isabella	6 00	5 0	1 25
Robinson, Greek Lexicon	6 00	8 6	2 12
Stowe, Mrs., Pearl of Orr's Island	2 00	5 0	1 25
Uncle Tom's Cabin	2 00	2 6	62
Minister's Wooing	2 00	2 6	62
Sedgwick, Miss, Hope Leslie	3 00	1 0	25
Linwoods	3 00	2 8	66
Married or Single	3 00	2 0	50
Sigourney, Mrs., Letters to Mothers	1 50	2 0	50
Letters to Young Ladies	1 50	1 6	37
Squier, Waikna	1 50	1 0	25
Thomson, The Land and the Book	5 00	7 6	1 87
Taylor, B., El Dorado	2 25	2 0	50
At Home and Abroad	2 25	3 6	87
Thoreau, Walden	2 00	6 0	1 50
Upham, Professor, Madame Guyon	3 00	7 6	1 87
Interior Life	1 50	3 6	87
Emerson, R. W., Conduct of Life	2 00	1 0	25
Representative Men	2 00	1 0	25
English Traits	2 00	1 0	25
Total	$121 05	.....	$36 06

From the foregoing exhibits it would seem clear that the law of copyright, as existing in England and this country, in its practical operations in the two countries, tends unmistakably to check the popular diffusion of literary production by largely increasing the price. This fact could be further illustrated by recurrence to the vast disproportion in the sale of the cheaper reprints and the copyrighted editions in both countries.

England is the great book making and producing nation with which this country has to do, and consequently our interests would be most affected by the proposed measure; and that such measure would not promote the progress of science and the useful arts among the American people is believed to be obvious and to admit of little doubt.

The policy of the different states of Europe as to the protection of literary property varies as to the period of time for which it is granted. In England and in this country the protection is ample. The prevailing policy among the nations seems to be to grant such protection to literary property as is deemed a proper incentive to production.

It is questionable whether any system of international copyright could be proposed which would be equally beneficial and just, owing to the different languages prevailing among them.

In view of the whole case, your committee are satisfied that no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law; that the adoption of any plan for the purpose which has been laid before us would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, and would be not only an unquestionable and permanent injury to the manufacturing interests concerned in producing books, but a hinderance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education; that no plan for the protection of foreign authors has yet been devised which can unite the support of all or nearly all who profess to be favorable to the general object in view; and that, in the opinion of your committee, any project for an international copyright will be found upon mature deliberation to be inexpedient.

GENEVA AND ITS BISHOP.

AMIDST the loveliest of European scenery, over the placid waters of Lake Leman, arises the solitary castle of Chillon, an emblem of medieval barbarism and crime. It is a mass of stone-work founded upon a rock, and connected by a draw-bridge with the shore. Its irregular towers have neither grace nor beauty; but the most carefully wrought portions of the castle are its dungeons. Deep down below the bosom of the lake, arched with massive stones and sustained by huge pillars, in each of which is an iron ring to which its unhappy inmates were chained, these memorable cells held several of the first martyrs of the Swiss reformation. Bonnivard, the victim of the last Bishop of Geneva, here bore his unmerited captivity, and the towers and dungeons of Chillon may still instruct the people of Geneva and Lausanne to oppose the aggressions of the papacy, and defy their ancient tyrants. It was to a traitorous bishop that Geneva once owed a long succession of calamities.

The recent attempt of the Jesuitical faction of the Papal Church to impose a bishop upon the city of Calvin calls up anew the memory of the heroic courage with which its people drove out the last of their papal prelates and won their religious and civil freedom. In the year 1518 Pierre de la Baume was Bishop of Geneva, the last of an unworthy line. The Roman Catholic clergy of Switzerland were noted even above those of all other countries for their moral and mental degradation, and Pierre de la Baume seems to have surpassed the crimes of his fellows. Geneva was then a small yet prosperous town, seated on the extremity of its beautiful lake, fortified by a wall and ditch, and protected only by the valor of its people. It was nominally free. Its bishop was its chief magistrate, and it had not yet joined itself to the league of the Swiss cantons, of which Bern and Fribourg were its nearest neighbors. But its people were already stirred by the general impulse of reform. The crimes of their bishop and his retainers had already awakened their intense rage. The episcopal palace was a scene of revelry and the refuge of the vicious. History relates that the bishop had snatched a young girl from her parents, who were among the most respectable of the citizens, had concealed her in his house, and only released her when an enraged throng of the people threatened to break in the gates. Without shame or remorse, he still exercised his episcopal office, and at last completed his guilt by endeavoring to betray the city into the power of Charles III., Duke of Savoy.

Such was the last Bishop of Geneva, the predecessor of Mermillod. Yet among the courageous and virtuous portion of the citizens were many who had already resolved to expel the infamous prelate, throw off the papal rule, and unite their city to the national league. The nobles and the Roman Catholics opposed the reformers, and defended Pierre de la Baume. The city was torn by civil dissensions. The Duke of Savoy prepared to aid the bishop with a powerful army, and the hopes of the patriots must have sunk low as they beheld the great resources of their enemies, and saw

their own feeble community divided by factions and warring against itself. The patriots were known as the Covenanters (Eidgenossen), the noble faction as the mamelukes, or slaves; and the most eminent for virtue, learning, courage, eloquence, in the patriotic ranks was Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon. In his youth an ardent student, filled with a passionate admiration for the republics of antiquity, Louis de Bonnivard had succeeded his uncle in the Priory of St. Victor, and sacrificed wealth, station, repose, and almost life itself, to the liberation of his country. His eloquence roused the Genevese to their heroic labors for freedom; his courage inspired them to contend against almost hopeless obstacles. In 1519 he was seized by the agents of the Duke of Savoy, as he was flying to Fribourg, and imprisoned for two years. He escaped; yet as he was again wandering among the mountains he fell into the hands of robbers, who once more delivered him into the power of his enemy. In 1530 he was conveyed to the castle of Chillon, and here for six years was detained a prisoner in its dungeons. Beneath the placid waters of Lake Leman, in the chill stone chambers where so many victims of medieval tyranny had perished in torture and despair, the lonely prisoner survived his long and hopeless captivity. The waters rippled over his head, the wintry storms beat upon his prison walls; on the floor of the dungeon the marks of his footsteps are traced in the solid stone as he paced to and fro. He could scarcely have hoped for deliverance; his enemies, the bishop and the Duke of Savoy, had left him to perish, and his cultivated intellect and ardent genius wasted away in painful solitude, ignorant of the fate of the city he had loved, of the companions of his youth, the friends and fellow-countrymen whom he had inspired with his own love of freedom.

Yet the example and the eloquence of Bonnivard had not been lost. The Genevese had formed an alliance with the cantons of Fribourg and Bern. The Duke of Savoy had filled the city with ten thousand soldiers, who plundered its people and renewed the power of Pierre de la Baume. The Savoyards were at length driven out. The reformation spread among the republicans, and the bishop held an uncertain rule over his enraged subjects. The Catholic nobles fled to their castles in the environs of the city, and began a war of desolation against their countrymen. They ravaged with fire and sword the fertile fields that now, covered with villas and gardens, encircle the shores of Lake Leman. The city was filled with famine, dissension, bloodshed, and civil war. The bishop still held his infamous rule, protected by his retainers and the influence of the Catholic magistrates. Fribourg, which was a Catholic canton, withheld the patriots of Geneva from suppressing the Romish superstitions. And in this saddest period of its history the streets of the city ran with blood, families were divided against each other, relatives and friends were engaged in unrelenting strife, and the small community was filled with all the horrors of a ceaseless religious discord. On the one side Farel, the brave apostle of France, made his way into Geneva, in peril of his life, to preach the pure worship of the Scriptures to the reformers. On the other, the bishop called in a Romish priest, famous for his eloquence, to extol images and celebrate relics. The bishop ordered all the Protestant Bibles to be burned; the magistrates imprisoned the priest. At last the citizens ended forever the discussion. On the 10th of August, 1534, the Council of Geneva forbade the celebration of the mass within its limits; and while Bonnivard was pacing his silent dungeon under Lake Leman, lost to the world, his highest hopes were slowly fulfilled.

But the pains of the unfortunate city (1534–36) now increased to new severity. Fribourg, its Catholic ally, enraged at the decision of its people in favor of the reformers, renounced its friendship, and tore off the seals of the treaty of alliance. The bishop fled to Gex, issued his excommunication against Geneva, and placing himself at the head of the Catholic nobles and the Savoyards, ravaged again the fair environs of the city, and blockaded it with ceaseless vigilance. Cut off from all connection with the outer world, threatened by the overwhelming force of its relentless foes, Geneva saw no refuge from destruction; yet its brave citizens still resolved to maintain their independence and their faith, and to perish in their defense. Famine again preyed upon them; they saw their farms and their country-seats desolated by the Catholic invaders, and their feeble defenses seemed scarcely sufficient to resist a sudden attack. The shores of the beautiful lake were covered with their foes, and Chillon frowned in the distance, garrisoned by the troops of Savoy. One ally, however, Geneva still possessed. The canton of Bern, the most powerful of the Swiss cantons, had embraced the reformed faith with unequaled zeal, and had watched with natural sympathy the struggle between the Genevese and their bishop. For some months the Bernese, fearful of offending their Swiss confederates, avoided the last resort of war. When assured, at length, of their support, they hastened to the aid of Geneva. A Bernese army of seven thousand men, brave and well-disciplined, swept down by the Morat, reached Geneva in eleven days, and drove back, with necessary severity, the troops of Savoy and the Catholic marauders, who were committing inexpiable outrages upon the helpless peasantry. From Geneva the Protestant army extended its conquest

around the shores of Lake Leman, expelled the papal bishop from Lausanne, and gave religious freedom to its people forever. The last resistance of the Catholic forces was made in the grim fortress of Chillon. Seated on its isolated rock, it ventured to defy the victorious Bernese. But only for a moment. A frigate from Geneva, the sole naval force of the confederates, blockaded it from the lake, the Bernese opened a cannonade from the shore, and the Savoyard garrison was compelled to surrender. The victors poured over the draw-bridge, doubtful whether they should find the prisoners in its dungeons safe from their merciless foes. Happily their lives had been spared, and Bonnivard was carried in triumph back to Geneva, amidst the glad congratulations of its citizens. Here he lived for many years, always an ardent student and prolific author. He was rewarded for his sufferings and losses by a considerable pension, and was admitted into the council. He was married twice, collected an extensive library, and at his death bequeathed it to the city. His collections formed the foundation of the public library of Geneva, which has since increased to several hundred thousand volumes, and has served to cultivate that intellectual community into the most liberal and enlightened of all Switzerland.

From 1536 Geneva has ever remained free. It grew rapidly in wealth and industry. It became the refuge of the oppressed. It welcomed with unbounded generosity the persecuted Vaudois and the exiled Huguenots. In 1537 Calvin made it his home and the centre of the rising reformation. From its safe retreat his daring intellect filled all Europe with religious progress. His Bible-sellers made their way into the most distant provinces of France, and in the midst of ceaseless dangers sold or distributed their forbidden wares. The presses of Geneva poured forth a ceaseless tide of Protestant treatises, and in its safe shelter Calvin perfected that system of church government which, with some modifications, has been imitated in all Protestant lands. To Calvin and Geneva came John Knox in his exile, and went back to Scotland animated with new energy to repel the intrigues of France, and oppose the secret arts of the guilty and frivolous Mary. The Huguenot Church in France grew up under the guidance of Calvin and Beza. Impregnable in its apparent weakness, the free city of Geneva became the terror of the papal powers, the chief object of their hatred. The Jesuits overwhelmed it with their maledictions, and every fanatical Catholic prayed for its destruction. "Let us destroy the infamous city, the centre of heresy and sedition!" cried the sanguinary St. Francis de Sales; and while all around it the great Catholic powers of France, Italy, and Germany kept up their ceaseless warfare, it seems scarcely credible that the citadel of the evangelical faith should have escaped an utter ruin. Yet once only it seems to have been in imminent danger. The day is still celebrated in Geneva when by a happy interposition of Providence the city escaped sack and desolation from its Catholic foes. Duke Charles Emanuel of Savoy was the disciple of the Jesuits, and the persecutor of the innocent Vaudois. He had already commanded all his Vaudois subjects, under severe penalties, to attend the Jesuit churches (s' andare alle prediche delli reverendi padri Jesuiti, etc.), and he next resolved, guided by the reverend fathers, to destroy the citadel of Protestantism. With that contempt for honesty and moral law which marks the whole history of Jesuit politics, the duke prepared to seize Geneva by surprise in the midst of profound peace. In 1602, under the pretext of guarding his frontiers from the armies of France, he gathered a large body of troops near the walls of the heretical city. The soldiers were promised the sack and plunder of Geneva, and a frightful doom hung over its prosperous people. On a dark night in December two hundred Savoyards, provided with scaling-ladders, crossed the ditch, climbed the walls, and entered the streets of the city. Their companions awaited outside until they should throw open the gates. A sentry heard the noise in the ditch, and gave the alarm. The citizens rushed from their houses, barricaded the streets, attacked and cut down the invaders. The portcullis of the gate was let down; a cannon, well aimed, swept away the scaling-ladders in the ditch; the Savoyards outside fled in affright; those within were executed without mercy; and the infamous plot of the Jesuits and the duke was baffled by a happy chance and the courage of the Genevese. The citizens celebrated their escape the next morning with thanksgiving and prayers. The venerable Beza, too feeble to preach, chanted aloud a psalm of praise. The night of the *escalade*, as it is called, is still remembered with grateful joy by the people of Geneva as the moment when they were rescued from a frightful fate—from the rule of the Jesuits and the horrors of a Catholic massacre—and the prosperous city, in all its later history, has watched with natural and jealous distrust the hostile arts of the society of Loyola.

With no unreasonable alarm, therefore, must the people of Geneva witness the sudden elevation of their chief foes to the control of the Romish Church, the new and aggressive policy of the papal rulers, and the religious war that is openly threatened by the papal press. The city stands almost on the borders of the least cultivated and most fanatical province of France. Louis Napoleon seized upon Savoy, and deprived Geneva of its natural defense. A Catholic crusade

must involve all Switzerland in its horrors; and it is plainly the aim of the papal leaders to awaken once more the fires of religious hate in the centre of the Swiss confederacy. Often, in its past history, its fairest valleys have been filled with slaughter by the intrigues of the Catholic priesthood, nor has any country suffered more severely from the horrors of religious wars. The Valtelline yet echoes with the cries of dying reformers, and the Catholic and Protestant cantons have often been arrayed against each other. Geneva stands on the frontier of Switzerland, and may well watch with care the plans of its Jesuit foes; for with its sudden return to power the ambitious society has revived the miracles, the pilgrimages, the fierce fanaticism of the barbarous ages, and has lost none of the savage vehemence and unsparing cruelty of its founder.

Yet no people have met the imperious assumptions of the papal see more firmly than the Swiss. The spirit of Calvin and Bonnivard has been awakened in their descendants. Geneva has expelled Bishop Mermillod as resolutely as three centuries ago it drove out the traitor Pierre de la Baume. It will accept no papal prelate; and if Mermillod, like Pierre de la Baume, lays his ban of excommunication upon the city of Calvin, it will produce no more tangible effect than that of his predecessor. It can scarcely be possible that the Jesuits will succeed in arraying the Swiss against each other in a new religious war, revive the fanaticism of the forest cantons, and excite the passions of Lucerne. But this is their plain object. The Swiss Catholic clergy seem to have yielded to the threats of the Pope, and assume the defense of Mermillod. The confederacy is already stirred by the first waves of a tempest of religious discord, and the fair shores of Lake Leman reject indignantly the successor of Pierre de la Baume. To name a bishop for Geneva was the last insult the Jesuits could put upon it.

So fatal to the general peace of mankind has been the elevation of the society of Loyola to the control of the Papal Church. From the Vatican Council of 1870 the spirit of medieval barbarism flung down its gage of battle before the genius of modern civilization. Blind fanaticism once more threatens Europe and America with religious discord and endless wars. The ambitious and sanguinary society that drove Charles V. to the persecution of the Germans, that taught Alva his barbarity and Wallenstein his contempt for human woe, that tortured the Vaudois and massacred the Huguenots, is the master of the counsels of papal Rome.

THE NEW MAGDALEN.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY JANET'S LETTER.

THE narrative leaves Lady Janet and Horace Holmcroft together, and returns to Julian and Mercy in the library.

An interval passed—a long interval, measured by the impatient reckoning of suspense—after the cab which had taken Grace Roseberry away had left the house. The minutes followed each other; and still the warning sound of Horace's footstep was not heard on the marble pavement of the hall. By common (though unexpressed) consent, Julian and Mercy avoided touching upon the one subject on which they were now both interested alike. With their thoughts fixed secretly in vain speculation on the nature of the interview which was then taking place in Lady Janet's room, they tried to speak on topics indifferent to both of them—tried, and failed, and tried again. In a last and longest pause of silence between them, the next event happened. The door from the hall was softly and suddenly opened.

Was it Horace? No—not even yet. The person who had opened the door was only Mercy's maid.

"My lady's love, miss; and will you please to read this directly?"

Giving her message in those terms, the woman produced from the pocket of her apron Lady Janet's second letter to Mercy, with a strip of paper oddly pinned round the envelope. Mercy detached the paper, and found on the inner side some lines in pencil, hurriedly written in Lady Janet's hand. They ran thus:

"Don't lose a moment in reading my letter. And mind this, when H. returns to you—meet him firmly: say nothing."

Enlightened by the warning words which Julian had spoken to her, Mercy was at no loss to place the right interpretation on those strange lines. Instead of immediately opening the letter, she stopped the maid at the library door. Julian's suspicion of the most trifling events that were taking place in the house had found its way from his mind to hers. "Wait!" she said. "I don't understand what is going on up stairs; I want to ask you something."

The woman came back—not very willingly.

"How did you know I was here?" Mercy inquired.

"If you please, miss, her ladyship ordered

me to take the letter to you some little time since. You were not in your room, and I left it on your table—"

"I understand that. But how came you to bring the letter here?"

"My lady rang for me, miss. Before I could knock at her door she came out into the corridor with that morsel of paper in her hand—"

"So as to keep you from entering her room?"

"Yes, miss. Her ladyship wrote on the paper in a great hurry, and told me to pin it round the letter that I had left in your room. I was to take them both together to you, and to let nobody see me. 'You will find Miss Roseberry in the library' (her ladyship says), 'and run, run, run! there isn't a moment to lose!' Those were her own words, miss."

"Did you hear any thing in the room before Lady Janet came out and met you?"

The woman hesitated, and looked at Julian.

"I hardly know whether I ought to tell you, miss."

Julian turned away to leave the library. Mercy stopped him by a motion of her hand.

"You know that I shall not get you into any trouble," she said to the maid. "And you may speak quite safely before Mr. Julian Gray."

Thus reassured, the maid spoke.

"To own the truth, miss, I heard Mr. Holmcroft in my lady's room. His voice sounded as if he was angry. I may say they were both angry—Mr. Holmcroft and my lady." She turned to Julian. "And just before her ladyship come out, Sir, I heard your name, as if it was you they were having words about. I can't say exactly what it was; I hadn't time to hear. And I didn't listen, miss; the door was ajar; and the voices were so loud nobody could help hearing them."

It was useless to detain the woman any longer. Having given her leave to withdraw, Mercy turned to Julian.

"Why were they quarreling about you?" she asked.

Julian pointed to the unopened letter in her hand.

"The answer to your question may be there," he said. "Read the letter while you have the chance. And if I can advise you, say so at once."

With a strange reluctance she opened the envelope. With a sinking heart she read the lines in which Lady Janet, as "mother and friend," commanded her absolutely to suppress the confession which she had pledged herself to make in the sacred interests of justice and truth. A low cry of despair escaped her, as the cruel complication in her position revealed itself in all its unmerited hardship. "Oh, Lady Janet, Lady Janet!" she thought, "there was but one trial more left in my hard lot—and it comes to me from *you!*"

She handed the letter to Julian. He took it from her in silence. His pale complexion turned paler still as he read it. His eyes rested on her compassionately as he handed it back.

"To my mind," he said, "Lady Janet herself sets all further doubt at rest. Her letter tells me what she wanted when she sent for Horace, and why my name was mentioned between them."

"Tell me!" cried Mercy, eagerly.

He did not immediately answer her. He sat down again in the chair by her side, and pointed to the letter.

"Has Lady Janet shaken your resolution?" he asked.

"She has strengthened my resolution," Mercy answered. "She has added a new bitterness to my remorse."

She did not mean it harshly, but the reply sounded harshly in Julian's ears. It stirred the generous impulses, which were the strongest impulses in his nature. He who had once pleaded with Mercy for compassionate consideration for herself now pleaded with her for compassionate consideration for Lady Janet. With persuasive gentleness he drew a little nearer, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't judge her harshly," he said. "She is wrong, miserably wrong. She has recklessly degraded herself; she has recklessly tempted you. Still, is it generous—is it even just—to hold her responsible for deliberate sin? She is at the close of her days; she can feel no new affection; she can never replace you. View her position in that light, and you will see (as I see) that it is no base motive which has led her astray. Think of her wounded heart and her wasted life—and say to yourself forgivingly, She loves me!"

Mercy's eyes filled with tears.

"I do say it!" she answered. "Not forgivingly—it is *I* who have need of forgiveness. I say it gratefully when I think of her—I say it with shame and sorrow when I think of myself."

He took her hand for the first time. He looked, guiltlessly looked, at her downcast face. He spoke as he had spoken at the memorable interview between them which had made a new woman of her.

"I can imagine no crueler trial," he said, "than the trial that is now before you. The benefactress to whom you owe every thing asks nothing from you but your silence. The person whom you have wronged is no longer present to stimulate your resolution to speak. Horace himself (as I am now firmly persuaded) will not hold you to the explanation that you have promised. The temptation to keep your false position in

this house is, I do not scruple to say, all but irresistible. Sister and friend! can you still justify my faith in you? Will you still own the truth, without the base fear of discovery to drive you to it?"

She lifted her head, with the steady light of resolution shining again in her grand gray eyes. Her low, sweet voice answered him, without a faltering note in it,

"I will!"

"You will do justice to the woman whom you have wronged—unworthy as she is; powerless as she is to expose you?"

"I will!"

"You will sacrifice every thing you have gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement? You will suffer any thing—even though you offend the second mother who has loved you and sinned for you—rather than suffer the degradation of yourself?"

Her hand closed firmly on his. Again, and for the last time, she answered,

"I will."

His voice had not trembled yet. It failed him now. His next words were spoken in faint whispering tones—to himself; not to her.

"Thank God for this day!" he said. "I have been of some service to one of the noblest of God's creatures!"

Some subtle influence, as he spoke, passed from his hand to hers. It trembled through her nerves; it entwined itself mysteriously with the finest sensibilities in her nature; it softly opened her heart to a first vague surmising of the devotion that she had inspired in him. A faint glow of color, lovely in its faintness, stole over her face and neck. Her breathing quickened tremblingly. She drew her hand away from him, and sighed when she had released it.

He rose suddenly to his feet and left her, without a word or a look, walking slowly down the length of the room. When he turned and came back to her, his face was composed; he was master of himself again.

Mercy was the first to speak. She turned the conversation from herself by reverting to the proceedings in Lady Janet's room.

"You spoke of Horace just now," she said, "in terms which surprised me. You said, positively, that he would not hold me to my explanation. Is that one of the conclusions which you draw from Lady Janet's letter?"

"Most assuredly," Julian answered. "You will see the conclusion as I see it if we return for a moment to Grace Roseberry's departure from the house."

Mercy interrupted him there. "Can you guess," she asked, "how Lady Janet prevailed upon her to go?"

"I hardly like to own it," said Julian. "There is an expression in the letter which suggests to me that Lady Janet has offered her money, and that she has taken the bribe."

"Oh, I can't think that!"

"Let us return to Horace. Miss Roseberry once out of the house, but one serious obstacle is left in Lady Janet's way. That obstacle is Horace Holmcroft."

"How is Horace an obstacle?"

"He is an obstacle in this way. He is under an engagement to marry you *in a* week's time; and Lady Janet is determined to keep him (as she is determined to keep every one else) in ignorance of the truth. She will do that without scruple. But the inbred sense of honor in her is not utterly silenced yet. She can not, she dare not, let Horace make you his wife under the false impression that you are Colonel Roseberry's daughter. You see the situation? On the one hand, she won't enlighten him. On the other hand, she can not allow him to marry you blindfold. In this emergency what is she to do? There is but one alternative that I can discover. She must persuade Horace (or she must irritate Horace) into acting for himself, and breaking off the engagement on his own responsibility."

Mercy stopped him. "Impossible!" she cried, warmly. "Impossible!"

"Look again at her letter," Julian rejoined. "It tells you plainly that you need fear no embarrassment when you next meet Horace. If words mean any thing, those words mean that when you next meet he will not claim from you the confidence which you have promised to repose in him. On what condition is it possible for him to abstain from doing that? On the one condition that you have ceased to represent the first and foremost interest of his life."

Mercy still held firm. "You are wronging Lady Janet," she said.

Julian smiled sadly.

"Try to look at it," he answered, "from Lady Janet's point of view. Do you suppose *she* sees any thing derogatory to her in attempting to break off the marriage? I will answer for it, she believes she is doing you a kindness. In one sense it *would* be a kindness to spare you the shame of a humiliating confession, and to save you (possibly) from being rejected to your face by the man you love. In my opinion, the thing is done already. I have reasons of my own for believing that my aunt will succeed far more easily than she could anticipate. Horace's temper will help her."

Mercy's mind began to yield to him, in spite of herself.

"What do you mean by Horace's temper?" she inquired.

"Must you ask me that?" he said, drawing back a little from her.

"I must."

"I mean by Horace's temper, Horace's un-

worthy distrust of the interest that I feel in you."

She instantly understood him. And more than that, she secretly admired him for the scrupulous delicacy with which he had expressed himself. Another man would not have thought of sparing her in that way. Another man would have said, plainly, "Horace is jealous of me."

Julian did not wait for her to answer him. He considerately went on.

"For the reason that I have just mentioned," he said, "Horace will be easily irritated into taking a course which, in his calmer moments, nothing would induce him to adopt. Until I heard what your maid said to you I had thought (for your sake) of retiring before he joined you here. Now I know that my name has been introduced, and has made mischief up stairs, I feel the necessity (for your sake again) of meeting Horace and his temper face to face before you see him. Let me, if I can, prepare him to hear you without any angry feeling in his mind toward me. Do you object to retire to the next room for a few minutes in the event of his coming back to the library?"

Mercy's courage instantly rose with the emergency. She positively refused to leave the two men together.

"No!" she said. "If he is to be persuaded, it is I who must try—not you. Whatever he may say, I have fallen too low to resent it; he can hardly insult *me*. Why do you doubt his coming back?"

"His prolonged absence makes me doubt it," Julian replied. "In my belief, the marriage is broken off. He may go as Grace Roseberry has gone. You may never see him again."

As the words passed his lips Horace opened the library door.

CHAPTER XXV.

"MERCY MERRICK."

He stopped just inside the door. His first look was for Mercy; his second look was for Julian.

"I knew it!" he said, with an assumption of sardonic composure. "If I could only have persuaded Lady Janet to bet, I should have won a hundred pounds." He advanced to Julian, with a sudden change from irony to anger. "Would you like to hear what the bet was?" he asked.

"I should prefer seeing you able to control yourself, in the presence of this lady," Julian answered, quietly.

"I offered to lay Lady Janet two hundred pounds to one," Horace proceeded, "that I should find you here, making love to Miss Roseberry behind my back."

Mercy interfered before Julian could reply.

"If you can not speak without insulting one of us," she said, "permit me to request that you will *not* address yourself to Mr. Julian Gray."

Horace bowed to her with a mockery of respect.

"Pray don't alarm yourself—I am pledged to be scrupulously civil to both of you," he said. "Lady Janet only allowed me to leave her on condition of my promising to behave with perfect politeness. What else can I do? I have two privileged people to deal with—a parson and a woman. The parson's profession protects him, and the woman's sex protects her. You have got me at a disadvantage, and you both of you know it. I beg to apologize if I have forgotten the clergyman's profession and the lady's sex."

"You have forgotten more than that," said Julian. "You have forgotten that you were born a gentleman and bred a man of honor. So far as I am concerned, I don't ask you to remember that I am a clergyman—I obtrude my profession on nobody—I only ask you to remember your birth and your breeding. It is quite bad enough to cruelly and unjustly suspect an old friend who has never forgotten what he owes to you and to himself. But it is still more unworthy of you to acknowledge those suspicions in the hearing of a woman whom your own choice has doubly bound you to respect."

He stopped. The two eyed each other for a moment in silence.

It was impossible for Mercy to look at them, as she was looking now, without drawing the inevitable comparison between the manly force and dignity of Julian and the womanish malice and irritability of Horace. A last faithful impulse of loyalty toward the man to whom she had been betrothed impelled her to part them, before Horace had hopelessly degraded himself in her estimation by contrast with Julian.

"You had better wait to speak to me," she said to him, "until we are alone."

"Certainly," Horace answered, with a sneer, "if Mr. Julian Gray will permit it."

Mercy turned to Julian, with a look which said plainly, "Pity us both, and leave us!"

"Do you wish me to go?" he asked.

"Add to all your other kindnesses to me," she answered. "Wait for me in that room."

She pointed to the door that led into the dining-room. Julian hesitated.

"You promise to let me know it if I can be of the smallest service to you?" he said.

"Yes, yes!" She followed him as he withdrew, and added, rapidly, in a whisper, "Leave the door ajar!"

He made no answer. As she returned to Horace he entered the dining-room. The one concession he could make to her he did make. He closed the door so noiselessly that not even her quick hearing could detect that he had shut it.

Mercy spoke to Horace, without waiting to let him speak first.

"I have promised you an explanation of my conduct," she said, in accents that trembled a little in spite of herself. "I am ready to perform my promise."

"I have a question to ask you before you do that," he rejoined. "Can you speak the truth?"

"I am waiting to speak the truth."

"I will give you an opportunity. Are you or are you not in love with Julian Gray?"

"You ought to be ashamed to ask the question!"

"Is that your only answer?"

"I have never been unfaithful to you, Horace, even in thought. If I had *not* been true to you, should I feel my position as you see I feel it now?"

He smiled bitterly. "I have my own opinion of your fidelity and of his honor," he said. "You couldn't even send him into the next room without whispering to him first. Never mind that now. At least you know that Julian Gray is in love with you."

"Mr. Julian Gray has never breathed a word of it to me."

"A man can show a woman that he loves her, without saying it in words."

Mercy's power of endurance began to fail her. Not even Grace Roseberry had spoken more insultingly to her of Julian than Horace was speaking now. "Whoever says that of Mr. Julian Gray, lies!" she answered, warmly.

"Then Lady Janet lies," Horace retorted.

"Lady Janet never said it! Lady Janet is incapable of saying it!"

"She may not have said it in so many words; but she never denied it when *I* said it. I reminded her of the time when Julian Gray first heard from me that I was going to marry you: he was so overwhelmed that he was barely capable of being civil to me. Lady Janet was present, and could not deny it. I asked her if she had observed, since then, signs of a confidential understanding between you two. She could not deny the signs. I asked if she had ever found you two together. She could not deny that she had found you together, this very day, under circumstances which justified suspicion. Yes! yes! Look as angry as you like! you don't know what has been going on up stairs. Lady Janet is bent on breaking off our engagement—and Julian Gray is at the bottom of it."

As to Julian, Horace was utterly wrong. But as to Lady Janet, he echoed the warning words which Julian himself had spoken to Mercy. She was staggered, but she still held to her own opinion. "I don't believe it," she said, firmly.

He advanced a step, and fixed his angry eyes on her searchingly.

"Do you know why Lady Janet sent for me?" he asked.

"No."

"Then I will tell you. Lady Janet is a stanch friend of yours, there is no denying that. She wished to inform me that she had altered her mind about your promised explanation of your conduct. She said, 'Reflection has convinced me that no explanation is required; I have laid my positive commands on my adopted daughter that no explanation shall take place.' Has she done that?"

"Yes."

"Now observe! I waited till she had finished, and then I said, 'What have I to do with this?' Lady Janet has one merit—she speaks out. 'You are to do as I do,' she answered. 'You are to consider that no explanation is required, and you are to consign the whole matter to oblivion from this time forth.' 'Are you serious?' I asked. 'Quite serious.' 'In that case I have to inform your ladyship that you insist on more than you may suppose: you insist on my breaking my engagement to Miss Roseberry. Either I am to have the explanation that she has promised me, or I refuse to marry her.' How do you think Lady Janet took that? She shut up her lips, and she spread out her hands, and she looked at me as much as to say, 'Just as you please! Refuse if you like; it's nothing to me!'"

He paused for a moment. Mercy remained silent, on her side: she foresaw what was coming. Mistaken in supposing that Horace had left the house, Julian had, beyond all doubt, been equally in error in concluding that he had been entrapped into breaking off the engagement up stairs.

"Do you understand me so far?" Horace asked.

"I understand you perfectly."

"I will not trouble you much longer," he resumed. "I said to Lady Janet, 'Be so good as to answer me in plain words. Do you still insist on closing Miss Roseberry's lips?' 'I still insist,' she answered. 'No explanation is required. If you are base enough to suspect your betrothed wife, I am just enough to believe in my adopted daughter.' I replied—and I beg you will give your best attention to what I am now going to say—I replied to that, 'It is not fair to charge me with suspecting her. I don't understand her confidential relations with Julian Gray, and I don't understand her language and conduct in the presence of the police officer. I claim it as my right to be satisfied on both those points—in the character of the man who is to marry her.' There was my answer. I spare you all that followed. I only repeat what I said to Lady Janet. She has commanded you to be silent. If you obey her commands, I owe it to myself and I owe it to my family to release you

from your engagement. Choose between your duty to Lady Janet and your duty to Me."

He had mastered his temper at last: he spoke with dignity, and he spoke to the point. His position was unassailable; he claimed nothing but his right.

"My choice was made," Mercy answered, "when I gave you my promise up stairs."

She waited a little, struggling to control herself on the brink of the terrible revelation that was coming. Her eyes dropped before his; her heart beat faster and faster; but she struggled bravely. With a desperate courage she faced the position. "If you are ready to listen," she went on, "I am ready to tell you why I insisted on having the police officer sent out of the house."

Horace held up his hand warningly.

"Stop!" he said, "that is not all."

His infatuated jealousy of Julian (fatally misinterpreting her agitation) distrusted her at the very outset. She had limited herself to clearing up the one question of her interference with the officer of justice. The other question of her relations with Julian she had deliberately passed over. Horace instantly drew his own ungenerous conclusion.

"Let us not misunderstand one another," he said. "You refuse to join Lady Janet in keeping me in the dark. So far, so good. But the explanation of your conduct in the other room is only one of the explanations which you owe me. You have something else to account for. Let us begin with *that*, if you please."

She looked up at him in unaffected surprise.

"What else have I to account for?" she asked.

He again repeated his reply to Lady Janet:

"I don't understand your confidential relations with Julian Gray."

Mercy's color rose; Mercy's eyes began to brighten.

"Don't return to that!" she said, with an irrepressible outbreak of disgust. "Don't, for God's sake, make me despise you at such a moment as this!"

His obstinacy only gathered fresh encouragement from that appeal to his better sense.

"I insist on returning to it."

She had resolved to bear any thing from him—as her fit punishment for the deception of which she had been guilty. But it was not in womanhood (at the moment when the first words of her confession were trembling on her lips) to endure Horace's unworthy suspicion of her. She rose from her seat and met his eye firmly.

"I refuse to degrade myself, and to degrade Mr. Julian Gray, by answering you," she said.

"Consider what you are doing," he rejoined. "Change your mind, before it is too late!"

"You have had my reply."

Those resolute words, that steady resistance, seem to infuriate him. He caught her roughly by the arm.

"You are as false as hell!" he cried. "It's all over between you and me!"

The loud threatening tone in which he had spoken penetrated through the closed door of the dining-room. The door instantly opened. Julian returned to the library.

He had just set foot in the room, when there was a knock at the other door—the door that opened on the hall. One of the men-servants appeared, with a telegraphic message in hand. Mercy was the first to see it. It was the Matron's answer to the letter which she had sent to the Refuge.

"For Mr. Julian Gray?" she asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Give it to me."

She signed to the man to withdraw, and herself gave the telegram to Julian. "It is addressed to you, at my request," she said. "You will recognize the name of the person who sends it, and you will find a message in it for me."

Horace interfered before Julian could open the telegram.

"Another private understanding between you!" he said. "Give me that telegram."

Julian looked at him with quiet contempt.

"It is directed to Me," he answered—and opened the envelope.

The message inside was expressed in these terms: "I am as deeply interested in her as you are. Say that I have received her letter, and that I welcome her back to the Refuge with all my heart. I have business this evening in the neighborhood. I will call for her myself at Mablethorpe House."

The message explained itself. Of her own free-will she had made the expiation complete! Of her own free-will she was going back to the martyrdom of her old life! Bound as he knew himself to be to let no compromising word or action escape him in the presence of Horace, the irrepressible expression of Julian's admiration glowed in his eyes as they rested on Mercy. Horace detected the look. He sprang forward and tried to snatch the telegram out of Julian's hand.

"Give it to me!" he said. "I will have it!"

Julian silently put him back at arms-length.

Maddened with rage, he lifted his hand threateningly. "Give it to me!" he repeated between his set teeth, "or it will be the worse for you!"

"Give it to *me!*" said Mercy, suddenly placing herself between them.

Julian gave it. She turned, and offered it to Horace, looking at him with a steady eye, holding it out to him with a steady hand.

"Read it," she said.

Julian's generous nature pitied the man

who had insulted him. Julian's great heart only remembered the friend of former times.

"Spare him!" he said to Mercy.

She neither answered nor moved. Nothing stirred the horrible torpor of her resignation to her fate. She knew that the time had come.

Julian appealed to Horace.

"Don't read it!" he cried. "Hear what she has to say to you first!"

Horace's hand answered him with a contemptuous gesture. Horace's eyes devoured, word by word, the Matron's message.

He looked up when he had read it through. There was a ghastly change in his face as he turned it on Mercy.

She stood between the two men like a statue. The life in her seemed to have died out, except in her eyes. They rested on Horace with a steady glittering calmness.

The silence was only broken by the low murmuring of Julian's voice. His face was hidden in his hands—he was praying for them.

Horace spoke, laying his finger on the telegram. His voice had changed with the change in his face. The tone was low and trembling: no one would have recognized it as the tone of Horace's voice.

"What does this mean?" he said to Mercy. "It can't be for you?"

"It *is* for me."

"What have You to do with a Refuge?"

Without a change in her face, without a movement in her limbs, she spoke the fatal words:

"I have come from a Refuge, and I am going back to a Refuge. Mr. Horace Holmcroft, I am Mercy Merrick."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CONFESSION IMPENDING.

THERE was a pause.

The moments passed—and not one of the three moved. The moments passed—and not one of the three spoke. Insensibly the words of supplication died away on Julian's lips. Even his energy failed to sustain him, tried as it now was by the crushing oppression of suspense. The first trifling movement which suggested the idea of change, and which so brought with it the first vague sense of relief, came from Mercy. Incapable of sustaining the prolonged effort of standing, she drew back a little and took a chair. No outward manifestation of emotion escaped her. There she sat—with the death-like torpor of resignation in her face—waiting her sentence in silence from the man at whom she had hurled the whole terrible confession of the truth in one sentence!

Julian lifted his head as she moved. He looked at Horace, and advancing a few steps, looked again. There was fear in his face, as he suddenly turned it toward Mercy.

"Speak to him!" he said in a whisper. "Rouse him, before it's too late!"

She moved mechanically in her chair; she looked mechanically at Julian.

"What more have I to say to him?" she asked, in faint, weary tones. "Did I not tell him every thing when I told him my name?"

The natural sound of her voice might have failed to affect Horace. The *altered* sound of it roused him. He approached Mercy's chair, with a dull surprise in his face, and put his hand in a weak, wavering way on her shoulder. In that position he stood for a while, looking down at her in silence.

The one idea in him that found its way outward to expression was the idea of Julian. Without moving his hand, without looking up from Mercy, he spoke for the first time since the shock had fallen on him.

"Where is Julian?" he asked, very quietly.

"I am here, Horace—close by you."

"Will you do me a service?"

"Certainly. How can I help you?"

He considered a little before he replied. His hand left Mercy's shoulder, and went up to his head—then dropped at his side. His next words were spoken in a sadly helpless bewildered way.

"I have an idea, Julian, that I have been somehow to blame. I said some hard words to you. It was a little while since. I don't clearly remember what it was all about. My temper has been a good deal tried in this house; I have never been used to the sort of thing that goes on here—secrets and mysteries, and hateful low-lived quarrels. We have no secrets and mysteries at home. And as for quarrels—ridiculous! My mother and my sisters are highly bred women (you know them); gentlewomen, in the best sense of the word. When I am with *them* I have no anxieties. I am not harassed at home by doubts of who people are, and confusion about names, and so on. I suspect the contrast weighs a little on my mind, and upsets it. They make me over-suspicious among them here, and it ends in my feeling doubts and fears that I can't get over: doubts about you and fears about myself. I have got a fear about myself now. I want you to help me. Shall I make an apology first?"

"Don't say a word. Tell me what I can do."

He turned his face toward Julian for the first time.

"Just look at me," he said. "Does it strike you that I am at all wrong in my mind? Tell me the truth, old fellow."

"Your nerves are a little shaken, Horace. Nothing more."

He considered again after that reply, his eyes remaining anxiously fixed on Julian's face.

"My nerves are a little shaken," he repeated. "That is true; I feel they are shaken. I should like, if you don't mind, to make sure that it's no worse. Will you help me to try if my memory is all right?"

"I will do any thing you like."

"Ah! you are a good fellow, Julian—and a clear-headed fellow too, which is very important just now. Look here! I say it's about a week since the troubles began in this house. Do you say so too?"

"Yes."

"The troubles came in with the coming of a woman from Germany, a stranger to us, who behaved very violently in the dining-room there. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right."

"The woman carried matters with a high hand. She claimed Colonel Roseberry—no, I wish to be strictly accurate—she claimed *the late* Colonel Roseberry as her father. She told a tiresome story about her having been robbed of her papers and her name by an impostor who had personated her. She said the name of the impostor was Mercy Merrick. And she afterward put the climax to it all: she pointed to the lady who is engaged to be my wife, and declared that *she* was Mercy Merrick. Tell me again, is that right or wrong?"

Julian answered him as before. He went on, speaking more confidently and more excitedly than he had spoken yet.

"Now attend to this, Julian. I am going to pass from my memory of what happened a week ago to my memory of what happened five minutes since. You were present; I want to know if you heard it too." He paused, and, without taking his eyes off Julian, pointed backward to Mercy. "There is the lady who is engaged to marry me," he resumed. "Did I, or did I not, hear her say that she had come out of a Refuge, and that she was going back to a Refuge? Did I, or did I not, hear her own to my face that her name was Mercy Merrick? Answer me, Julian. My good friend, answer me, for the sake of old times."

His voice faltered as he spoke those imploring words. Under the dull blank of his face there appeared the first signs of emotion slowly forcing its way outward. The stunned mind was reviving faintly. Julian saw his opportunity of aiding the recovery, and seized it. He took Horace gently by the arm, and pointed to Mercy.

"There is your answer!" he said. "Look! —and pity her."

She had not once interrupted them while they had been speaking: she had changed her position again, and that was all. There was a writing-table at the side of her chair; her outstretched arms rested on it. Her head had dropped on her arms, and her face was hidden. Julian's judgment had not misled him; the utter self-abandonment of her attitude answered Horace as no human language could have answered him. He looked at her. A quick spasm of pain passed across his face. He turned once more to the faithful friend who had forgiven him. His head fell on Julian's shoulder, and he burst into tears.

Mercy started wildly to her feet, and looked at the two men.

"O God!" she cried, "what have I done!"

Julian quieted her by a motion of his hand.

"You have helped me to save him," he said. "Let his tears have their way. Wait."

He put one arm round Horace to support him. The manly tenderness of the action, the complete and noble pardon of past injuries which it implied, touched Mercy to the heart. She went back to her chair. Again shame and sorrow overpowered her, and again she hid her face from view.

Julian led Horace to a seat, and silently waited by him until he had recovered his self-control. He gratefully took the kind hand that had sustained him: he said, simply, almost boyishly, "Thank you, Julian. I am better now."

"Are you composed enough to listen to what is said to you?" Julian asked.

"Yes. Do *you* wish to speak to me?"

Julian left him without immediately replying, and returned to Mercy.

"The time has come," he said. "Tell him all—truly, unreservedly, as you would tell it to me."

She shuddered as he spoke. "Have I not told him enough?" she asked. "Do you want me to break his heart? Look at him! Look what I have done already!"

Horace shrank from the ordeal as Mercy shrank from it.

"No, no! I can't listen to it! I daren't listen to it!" he cried, and rose to leave the room.

Julian had taken the good work in hand: he never faltered over it for an instant. Horace had loved her—how dearly Julian now knew for the first time. The bare possibility that she might earn her pardon if she was allowed to plead her own cause was a possibility still left. To let her win on Horace to forgive her was death to the love that still filled his heart in secret. But he never hesitated. With a resolution which the weaker man was powerless to resist, he took him by the arm, and led him back to his place.

"For her sake, and for your sake, you shall not condemn her unheard," he said to Horace, firmly. "One temptation to deceive you after another has tried her, and she has resisted them all. With no discovery to fear, with a letter from the bene-

factress who loves her commanding her to be silent, with every thing that a woman values in this world to lose, if she owns what she has done—*this* woman, for the truth's sake, has spoken the truth. Does she deserve nothing at your hands in return for that? Respect her, Horace—and hear her."

Horace yielded. Julian turned to Mercy.

"You have allowed me to guide you so far," he said. "Will you allow me to guide you still?"

Her eyes sank before his; her bosom rose and fell rapidly. His influence over her maintained its sway. She bowed her head in speechless submission.

"Tell him," Julian proceeded, in accents of entreaty, not of command—"tell him what your life has been. Tell him how you were tried and tempted, with no friend near to speak the words which might have saved you. And then," he added, raising her from the chair, "let him judge you—if he can!"

He attempted to lead her across the room to the place which Horace occupied. But her submission had its limits. Half-way to the place she stopped, and refused to go further. Julian offered her a chair. She declined to take it. Standing with one hand on the back of the chair, she waited for the word from Horace which would permit her to speak. She was resigned to the ordeal. Her face was calm; her mind was clear. The hardest of all humiliations to endure—the humiliation of acknowledging her name—she had passed through. Nothing remained but to show her gratitude to Julian by acceding to his wishes, and to ask pardon of Horace before they parted forever. In a little while the Matron would arrive at the house—and then it would be over.

Unwillingly Horace looked at her. Their eyes met. He broke out suddenly with something of his former violence.

"I can't realize it even now!" he cried. "*Is* it true that you are not Grace Roseberry? Don't look at me! Say in one word—Yes or No!"

She answered him, humbly and sadly, "Yes."

"You have done what that woman accused you of doing? Am I to believe that?"

"You are to believe it, Sir."

All the weakness of Horace's character disclosed itself when she made that reply.

"Infamous!" he exclaimed. "What excuse can you make for the cruel deception you have practiced on me? Too bad! too bad! There can be no excuse for you!"

She accepted his reproaches with unshaken resignation. "I have deserved it!" was all she said to herself, "I have deserved it!"

Julian interposed once more in Mercy's defense.

"Wait till you are sure there is no excuse for her, Horace," he said, quietly. "Grant her justice, if you can grant no more. I leave you together."

He advanced toward the door of the dining-room. Horace's weakness disclosed itself once more.

"Don't leave me alone with her!" he burst out. "The misery of it is more than I can bear!"

Julian looked at Mercy. Her face brightened faintly. That momentary expression of relief told him how truly he would be befriending her if he consented to remain in the room. A position of retirement was offered to him by a recess formed by the central bay-window of the library. If he occupied this place, they could see or not see that he was present, as their own inclinations might decide them.

"I will stay with you, Horace, as long as you wish me to be here." Having answered in those terms, he stopped as he passed Mercy on his way to the window. His quick and kindly insight told him that he might still be of some service to her. A hint from him might show her the shortest and the easiest way of making her confession. Delicately and briefly he gave her the hint. "The first time I met you," he said, "I saw that your life had had its troubles. Let us hear how those troubles began."

He withdrew to his place in the recess. For the first time, since the fatal evening when she and Grace Roseberry had met in the French cottage, Mercy Merrick looked back into the purgatory on earth of her past life, and told her sad story simply and truly in these words.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONFESSION MADE.

"Mr. Julian Gray has asked me to tell him, and to tell you, Mr. Holmcroft, how my troubles began. They began before my recollection. They began with my birth.

"My mother (as I have heard her say) ruined her prospects, when she was quite a young girl, by a marriage with one of her father's servants—the groom who rode out with her. She suffered the usual penalty of such conduct as hers. After a short time she and her husband were separated—on the condition of her sacrificing to the man whom she had married the whole of the little fortune that she possessed in her own right.

"Gaining her freedom, my mother had to gain her daily bread next. Her family refused to take her back. She attached herself to a company of strolling players.

"She was earning a bare living in this way, when my father accidentally met with her. He was a man of high rank, proud of his position, and well known in the society of that time for his many accomplishments and

his refined tastes. My mother's beauty fascinated him. He took her from the strolling players, and surrounded her with every luxury that a woman could desire in a house of her own.

"I don't know how long they lived together. I only know that my father, at the time of my first recollections, had abandoned her. She had excited his suspicions of her fidelity—suspicions which cruelly wronged her, as she declared to her dying day. I believed her, because she was my mother. But I can not expect others to do as I did—I can only repeat what she said. My father left her absolutely penniless. He never saw her again; and he refused to go to her when she sent to him in her last moments on earth.

"She was back again among the strolling players when I first remember her. It was not an unhappy time for me. I was the favorite pet and plaything of the poor actors. They taught me to sing and to dance at an age when other children are just beginning to learn to read. At five years old I was in what is called 'the profession,' and had made my poor little reputation in booths at country fairs. As early as that, Mr. Holmcroft, I had begun to live under an assumed name—the prettiest name they could invent for me 'to look well in the bills.' It was sometimes a hard struggle for us, in bad seasons, to keep body and soul together. Learning to sing and dance in public often meant learning to bear hunger and cold in private, when I was apprenticed to the stage. And yet, I have lived to look back on my days with the strolling players as the happiest days of my life!

"I was ten years old when the first serious misfortunes that I can remember fell upon me. My mother died, worn out in the prime of her life. And not long afterward the strolling company, brought to an end of its resources by a succession of bad seasons, was broken up.

"I was left on the world, a nameless, penniless outcast, with one fatal inheritance—God knows, I can speak of it without vanity, after what *I* have gone through!—the inheritance of my mother's beauty.

"My only friends were the poor starved-out players. Two of them (husband and wife) obtained engagements in another company, and I was included in the bargain. The new manager by whom I was employed was a drunkard and a brute. One night I made a trifling mistake in the course of the performances—and I was savagely beaten for it. Perhaps I had inherited some of my father's spirit—without, I hope, also inheriting my father's pitiless nature. However that may be, I resolved (no matter what became of me) never again to serve the man who had beaten me. I unlocked the door of our miserable lodgings at daybreak the next morning; and, at ten years old, with my little bundle in my hand, I faced the world alone.

"My mother had confided to me, in her last moments, my father's name and the address of his house in London. 'He may feel some compassion for you' (she said), 'though he feels none for me: try him.' I had a few shillings, the last pitiful remains of my wages, in my pocket; and I was not far from London. But I never went near my father: child as I was, I would have starved and died rather than go to him. I had loved my mother dearly; and I hated the man who had turned his back on her when she lay on her death-bed. It made no difference to Me that he was my father.

"Does this confession revolt you? You look at me, Mr. Holmcroft, as if it did.

"Think a little, Sir. Does what I have just said condemn me as a heartless creature, even in my earliest years? What is a father to a child—when the child has never sat on his knee, and never had a kiss or a present from him? If we had met in the street, we should not have known each other. Perhaps in after-days, when I was starving in London, I may have begged of my father without knowing it; and he may have thrown his daughter a penny to get rid of her, without knowing it either! What is there sacred in the relations between father and child, when they are such relations as these? Even the flowers of the field can not grow without light and air to help them! How is a child's love to grow with nothing to help it?

"My small savings would have been soon exhausted, even if I had been old enough and strong enough to protect them myself. As things were, my few shillings were taken from me by gypsies. I had no reason to complain. They gave me food and the shelter of their tents, and they made me of use to them in various ways. After a while hard times came to the gypsies, as they had come to the strolling players. Some of them were imprisoned; the rest were dispersed. It was the season for hop-gathering at the time. I got employment among the hop-pickers next; and that done, I went to London with my new friends.

"I have no wish to weary and pain you by dwelling on this part of my childhood in detail. It will be enough if I tell you that I sank lower and lower until I ended in selling matches in the street. My mother's legacy got me many a sixpence which my matches would never have charmed out of the pockets of strangers if I had been an ugly child. My face, which was destined to be my greatest misfortune in after-years, was my best friend in those days.

"Is there any thing, Mr. Holmcroft, in the life I am now trying to describe which reminds you of a day when we were out walking together not long since?

"I surprised and offended you, remember; and it was not possible for me to explain my conduct at the time. Do you recollect the little wandering girl, with the miserable faded nosegay in her hand, who ran after us, and begged for a halfpenny? I shocked you by bursting out crying when the child asked us to buy her a bit of bread. Now you know why I was so sorry for her. Now you know why I offended you the next day by breaking an engagement with your mother and sisters, and going to see that child in her wretched home. After what I have confessed, you will admit that my poor little sister in adversity had the first claim on me.

"Let me go on. I am sorry if I have distressed you. Let me go on.

"The forlorn wanderers of the streets have (as I found) one way always open to them of presenting their sufferings to the notice of their rich and charitable fellow-creatures. They have only to break the law—and they make a public appearance in a court of justice. If the circumstances connected with their offense are of an interesting kind, they gain a second advantage: they are advertised all over England by a report in the newspapers.

"Yes! even *I* have my knowledge of the law. I know that it completely overlooked me as long as I respected it. But on two different occasions it became my best friend when I set it at defiance! My first fortunate offense was committed when I was just twelve years old.

"It was evening time. I was half dead with starvation; the rain was falling; the night was coming on. I begged—openly, loudly, as only a hungry child *can* beg. An old lady in a carriage at a shop door complained of my importunity. The policeman did his duty. The law gave me a supper and shelter at the station-house that night. I appeared at the police court, and, questioned by the magistrate, I told my story truly. It was the every-day story of thousands of children like me; but it had one element of interest in it. I confessed to having had a father (he was then dead) who had been a man of rank; and I owned (just as openly as I owned every thing else) that I had never applied to him for help, in resentment of his treatment of my mother. This incident was new, I suppose; it led to the appearance of my 'case' in the newspapers. The reporters further served my interests by describing me as 'pretty and interesting.' Subscriptions were sent to the court. A benevolent married couple, in a respectable sphere of life, visited the workhouse to see me. I produced a favorable impression on them—especially on the wife. I was literally friendless; I had no unwelcome relatives to follow me and claim me. The wife was childless; the husband was a good-natured man. It ended in their taking me away with them to try me in service.

"I have always felt the aspiration, no matter how low I may have fallen, to struggle upward to a position above me; to rise, in spite of fortune, superior to my lot in life. Perhaps some of my father's pride may be at the root of this restless feeling in me. It seems to be a part of my nature. It brought me into this house—and it will go with me out of this house. Is it my curse, *or my* blessing? I am not able to decide.

"On the first night when I slept in my new home I said to myself, 'They have taken me to be their servant: I will be something more to them than that—they shall end in taking me for their child.' Before I had been a week in the house I was the wife's favorite companion in the absence of her husband at his place of business. She was a highly accomplished woman, greatly her husband's superior in cultivation, and, unfortunately for herself, also his superior in years. The love was all on her side. Excepting certain occasions on which he roused her jealousy, they lived together on sufficiently friendly terms. She was one of the many wives who resign themselves to be disappointed in their husbands—and he was one of the many husbands who never know what their wives really think of them. Her one great happiness was in teaching me. I was eager to learn; I made rapid progress. At my pliant age I soon acquired the refinements of language and manner which characterized my mistress. It is only the truth to say that the cultivation which has made me capable of personating a lady was her work.

"For three happy years I lived under that friendly roof. I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, when the fatal inheritance from my mother cast its first shadow on my life. One miserable day the wife's motherly love for me changed in an instant to the jealous hatred that never forgives. Can you guess the reason? The husband fell in love with me.

"I was innocent; I was blameless. He owned it himself to the clergyman who was with him at his death. By that time years had passed. It was too late to justify me.

"He was at an age (while I was under his care) when men are usually supposed to regard women with tranquillity, if not with indifference. It had been the habit of years with me to look on him as my second father. In my innocent ignorance of the feeling which really inspired him, I permitted him to indulge in little paternal familiarities with me, which inflamed his guilty passion. His wife discovered him—not I. No words can describe my astonishment and my horror when the first outbreak of her indignation forced on me the knowledge of the truth. On my knees I declared myself guilt-

less. On my knees I implored her to do justice to my purity and my youth. At other times the sweetest and the most considerate of women, jealousy had now transformed her to a perfect fury. She accused me of deliberately encouraging him. She declared she would turn me out of the house with her own hands. Like other easy-tempered men, her husband had reserves of anger in him which it was dangerous to provoke. When *his wife* lifted her hand against me, he lost all self-control, on his side. He openly told her that life was worth nothing to him without me. He openly avowed his resolution to go with me when I left the house. The maddened woman seized him by the arm—I saw that, and saw no more. I ran out into the street, panic-stricken. A cab was passing. I got into it before he could open the house door, and drove to the only place of refuge I could think of—a small shop, kept by the widowed sister of one of our servants. Here I obtained shelter for the night. The next day he discovered me. He made his vile proposals; he offered me the whole of his fortune; he declared his resolution, say what I might, to return the next day. That night, by help of the good woman who had taken care of me—under cover of the darkness, as if *I* had been to blame—I was secretly removed to the east end of London, and placed under the charge of a trustworthy person who lived, in a very humble way, by letting lodgings.

"Here, in a little back garret at the top of the house, I was thrown again on the world—at an age when it was doubly perilous for me to be left to my own resources to earn the bread I ate and the roof that covered me.

"I claim no credit to myself—young as I was, placed as I was between the easy life of Vice and the hard life of Virtue—for acting as I did. The man simply horrified me: my natural impulse was to escape from him. Only let it be remembered, before I approach the saddest part of my sad story, that my conduct was the conduct of an innocent girl, and that I was at least not to blame.

"Forgive me for dwelling as I have done on my early years. I shrink from speaking of the events that are still to come.

"In losing the esteem of my first benefactress I had, in my friendless position, lost all hold on an honest life—except the one frail hold of needle-work. The only reference of which I could now dispose was the recommendation of me by my landlady to a place of business which largely employed expert needle-women. It is needless for me to tell you how poorly work of that sort is remunerated: you have read about it in the newspapers. As long as my health lasted I contrived to live and to keep out of debt. Few girls could have resisted as long as I did the slowly poisoning influences of crowded work-rooms, insufficient nourishment, and almost total privation of exercise. My life as a child had been a life in the open air: it had helped to strengthen a constitution naturally hardy, naturally free from all taint of hereditary disease. But my time came at last. Under the cruel stress laid on *it* my health gave way. I was struck down by low fever, and sentence was pronounced on me by my fellow-lodgers: 'Ah, poor thing, *her* troubles will soon be at an end!'

"The prediction might have proved true—I might never have committed the errors and endured the sufferings of after-years—if I had fallen ill in another house.

"But it was my good, or my evil, fortune—I dare not say which—to have interested in myself and my sorrows an actress at a suburban theatre, who occupied the room under mine. Except when her stage duties took her away for two or three hours in the evening, this noble creature never left my bedside. Ill as she could afford it, her purse paid my inevitable expenses while I lay helpless. The landlady, moved by her example, accepted half the weekly rent of my room. The doctor, with the Christian kindness of his profession, would take no fees. All that the tenderest care could accomplish was lavished on me; my youth and my constitution did the rest. I struggled back to life—and then I took up my needle again.

"It may surprise you that I should have failed (having an actress for my dearest friend) to take advantage of the means of introduction thus offered to me to try the stage—especially as my childish training had given me, in some small degree, a familiarity with the Art.

"I had only one motive for shrinking from an appearance at the theatre—but it was strong enough to induce me to submit to any alternative that remained, no matter how hopeless it might be. If I showed myself on the public stage my discovery by the man from whom I had escaped would be only a question of time. I knew him to be habitually a play-goer and a subscriber to a theatrical newspaper. I had even heard him speak of the theatre to which my friend was attached, and compare it advantageously with places of amusement of far higher pretensions. Sooner or later, if I joined the company, he would be certain to go and see 'the new actress.' The bare thought of it reconciled me to returning to my needle. Before I was strong enough to endure the atmosphere of the crowded work-room I obtained permission, as a favor, to resume my occupation at home.

"Surely my motive was a good one? surely my choice was the choice of a virtuous girl? And yet the day when I took up my needle again was the fatal day of my life.

"I had now not only to provide for the wants of the passing hour—I had my debts

to pay. It was only to be done by toiling harder than ever, and by living more poorly than ever. I worked day and night; took nothing but bread and tea. It was not long before I paid the penalty, in my weakened state, of leading such a life as this. One evening—don't notice me; even at this distance of time I can not help shuddering when I think of it—one evening my head turned suddenly giddy; my heart throbbed frightfully one moment, and sank the next. I managed to open the window, and to let the fresh air into the room, and I felt better. But I was not sufficiently recovered to be able to thread my needle. It was a Saturday night—time was of terrible importance to me. I thought to myself, 'If I go out for half an hour, a little exercise may put me right again.' I got down stairs, and left the house, choosing for my walk the quietest by-streets I could find. I had not, as I suppose, been out more than ten minutes when the attack from which I had suffered in my room was renewed. There was no shop near in which I could take refuge. I tried to ring the bell of the nearest house door. Before I could reach it I fainted in the street.

"How long hunger and weakness left me at the mercy of the first stranger who might pass by, it is impossible for me to say.

"When I partially recovered my senses I was conscious of being under shelter somewhere, and of having a wine-glass containing some cordial drink held to my lips by a man. I managed to swallow—I don't know how little, or how much. The stimulant had a very strange effect on me. Reviving me at first, it ended in stupefying me. I lost my senses once more.

"When I next recovered myself, the day was breaking. I was in a bed in a strange room. A nameless terror seized me. I called out. Three or four women came in, whose faces betrayed, even to my inexperienced eyes, the shameless infamy of their lives. I started up in the bed. I implored them to tell me where I was, and what had happened—

"Spare me! I can say no more. Not long since you heard Miss Roseberry call me an outcast from the streets. Now you know—as God is my judge I am speaking the truth!—now you know what made me an outcast, and in what measure I deserved my disgrace."

Her voice faltered, her resolution failed her, for the first time.

"Give me a few minutes," she said, in low, broken tones. "If I try to go on now, I am afraid I shall cry."

She took the chair which Julian had placed for her, turning her face aside so that neither of the men could see it. One of her hands was pressed hard over her bosom, the other hung listlessly at her side.

Julian rose from the place that he had occupied. Horace neither moved nor spoke. His head was on his breast: the traces of tears on his cheeks owned mutely that she had touched his heart. Would he forgive her? Julian passed on, and approached Mercy's chair.

In silence he took the hand which hung at her side. In silence he lifted it to his lips and kissed it, as her brother might have kissed it. She started, but she never looked up. Some strange fear of discovery seemed to possess her. "Horace?" she whispered, timidly. Julian made no reply. He went back to his place, and allowed her to think it was Horace.

The sacrifice was immense enough—feeling toward her as he felt—to be worthy of the man who made it.

A few minutes had been all she asked for. In a few minutes she turned toward them again. Her sweet voice was steady once more; her grand gray eyes rested softly on Horace as she went on.

Editor's Easy Chair.*

THERE is nothing new, absolutely new, under the sun; for since the creation of man there has been much development, but no absolute creation, and all the new life has come from pre-existent factors. Probably the first forms of personal and social art that appeared implied every thing that history has since recorded; and the rude arts of the primitive race indicated the aspirations, powers, and relations that have since been brought out in our beautiful arts. The first play of frolicsome children had in itself the germs of all play with its sing-song, posture, grouping, and action. Ever since society existed there has been also something of social art, or the art of being social; and the household life, the public amusements, the military pageants, the court festivals, and the religious ceremonies of nations and tribes have had much to do with their social susceptibilities and training. Thus, if we take for example the Hebrew race, we may regard their civic and religious system not only in its Divine authority and origin, but also in its practical working upon the people, and value it for its social art as well as its theocratic dignity. The whole year was made to tell artistically upon the domestic and patriotic feelings and habits of the people, and each year was part of an octave of years, and each octave went to swell the grand rhythm of the seventh octave of

* It is proper to say that this month's *Easy Chair*, owing to the illness of the regular occupant of that article of our editorial furniture, is not furnished by him, and that the paper which takes its place is from the pen of Dr. Samuel Osgood.—Ed. Harper.

the fiftieth year of jubilee. The other great race that has joined the Hebrews in making what we call history, the Greeks, had their way of doing something of the same thing; and although they had no official priesthood, they had a religion which made of the artist a priest, and educated the people by temples, statues, oracles, sacrifices, games, poems, and plays, that combined so many arts in the great social art that gave Greece its wonderful place in civilization.

Every Hebrew rite and every Greek masterpiece ought to be considered in this light in order to be truly appreciated. The high-priest of the Jewish temple was standard-bearer as well as priest, and the twelve jewels on his breastplate flashed light and fire into the eyes and souls of the loyal tribes; while the statue of the Parthenon at Athens stood for the Greek intellect, and from its magnificent temple on the Acropolis presided over the arts and culture of the people. As we look at the Elgin marbles in the British Museum we admire their strength and beauty, but we little know their adaptation to public sentiment, and that such works of art did for the people then very much what the press does for our people now.

The old Catholic Church was and is a wonderful piece of social art, and in order to appreciate its worship we must look beyond the catechism and dogma to the life of the people, and remember that this wonderful system took charge of their whole training, and made of the whole year—nay, of each life, and the whole course of time—a great drama, in which the people were to be not spectators only, but actors, each man, woman, and child being called to assist in some way in that round of mingled tragedy and mirth. Our modern Protestantism is trying in its way to do the same thing, sometimes by a reconstructed ritual, and sometimes by a round of sensation sermons, hymns, and celebrations that bring the world into the church, and make of the newspapers a directory of religious observances and meditations. Probably, in its way, your Plymouth Church has its ritual quite as decidedly as Trinity Church or St. Patrick's Cathedral, and a social power goes forth with a certain order from its round of ministrations.

Our modern fine art, with our more spiritual view of worship, generally lacks the power of social interest and enthusiasm which attached to ancient art, and all the sculptors on earth can not now make a religious statue that shall stir the people like the sculptured gods of Greece of old. A rich man might buy the new Minerva or Apollo, or a rich court or city might put the exquisite work in a public gallery for the admiration of visitors, but crowds would not rush to the place with hymns and prayers upon their lips. The statue of a popular hero would kindle more enthusiasm, and our modern art is doing much to put the heroes of war and statesmanship, and also those of science and art, of eloquence and song, before the people, and we Americans are learning of late to connect our memorials of gifted and noble men with the social education of our people. We are sure that these memorials will grow in number and influence as we teach the young to connect them with the true idea and work of life, and build our beautiful arts upon modern ideas of truth and usefulness, instead of trying to restore the old mythology, whether of the Hebrew ritual or the Greek idols. In other words, we must take the fine arts into our plan of education, and adapt them to the wants of society in our own day and generation. Franklin's statue stirs our people in Printing-house Square more than Thorwaldsen's Mercury could do, and if Horace Greeley is put there in bronze, his old coat will win more admiring spectators than Trajan's imperial robe. Other characters will appear in our historic art.

Does any body presume to say that this purpose is wholly visionary, that the age of art as well as the age of chivalry is over, and that men now go for dollars and cents, bread-and-butter, beef and mutton, with little if any love for the beautiful, as such, in their utilitarian prudence? We think that this is not so, and that probably so much money has never been spent for what is thought beautiful as in this nineteenth century. We do not build a few great cathedrals and palaces, but we do build hundreds of thousands of goodly churches and millions of sightly houses. We do not run after a few kings and queens, lords and ladies, to feast our eyes upon their purple and gold and gems, but the great mass of our people wear clothes such as courts of old could never afford, and our women generally carry, not always wisely, indeed, more ornament and wealth upon their backs than was ever dreamed of in the olden time. Our American court of our sovereign people is, on the whole, the most richly dressed court on record, and the aggregate cost of our dress is beyond any thing known in history. This array of costume, especially in our women, is a part of our social system, and is meant to produce a social effect. It surely is a matter of sufficient importance to suggest the question whether all this money might not be better spent, and made to tell with far more effect upon social enjoyment and welfare. Surely we need to study anew the laws and dispositions of our social nature, and ask ourselves how our sympathies can be most effectively moved and our tastes may be most judiciously provided for; and the question of dress, recreation, and amusement must be met in a broad and generous way in its connection with the whole science of society and the art of true living.

If the fine arts may be divided into two classes, according as they appeal more to either of the two master senses, the eye and the ear, and if sculpture, painting, and architecture belong to the eye mainly, and if music, the drama, and poetry belong more to the ear, may we not say that our modern life is adding a new and comprehensive art to each of these classes? Does not landscape gardening bring sculpture, painting, and architecture together on its broad and lovely domain, with genial welcome to music, the drama, and poetry as fitting guests and charmers of the landscape? and does not social art or social æsthetics bring music, the drama, and poetry together, with genial welcome to sculpture, painting, and architecture in its large fellowship? Surely these two beautiful arts, landscape gardening and social æsthetics, are unfolding themselves, and nowhere more hopefully than in our own homes. We are putting the landscape upon the canvas in grand pictures, and upon the broad earth also in great parks, gardens, and cemeteries, as it has never been done before; and have we not been carrying out

a great social art in the organizing and educating our people within the century, which is now waiting to bear its bright consummate flower of beauty after those long years of hardy growth from the rough soil in the stout trunk and brave branches of our national law, industry, and statesmanship? The history of our laws and institutions, our battles and debates, has been pretty thoroughly written into papers and books; but what papers and books can contain the records of our American sociality, and do justice to the worthy men and women who have been refining, humanizing, and spiritualizing our vast population, and who are carrying out the good work still in backwoods villages, as well as in populous towns and cities, and preparing the way for the great and noble national life that is to be? Sometimes the unwritten social impression is more important than the public narrative of opinions and acts; and probably such movements as Methodism have been quite as remarkable for their power in moving the affections and reforming and transforming social dispositions and habits as in shaping theology.

In order to bring out the true social art, and work the elements of life into due form and beauty, we need alike a thorough knowledge of the material to be treated and the due artistic genius for the art. Genius, indeed, is said to know no law; but it never works without law, whether conscious of it or not, and all the masters of the beautiful arts have shown rare skill in handling their material, whether wood or stone, paint or instrument of music. Genius does not despise but gladly uses all knowledge, and whether in war or peace, the commanding mind works into his plans all that is known of the work and the field before him. Are we not to study as never before the social field and work before us, and learn to observe and classify all the moods, sympathies, desires, and affinities of which we are capable? Are we not to have a harmony and melody of men in society—a harmony that shall tell us what dispositions and persons can be wisely brought together—a melody that shall show the law of social continuity, or what states of mind and associations best follow or alternate with each other? Surely horrible discord comes at once by a foolish mixing of persons and dispositions. So, too, there is a shock to all our sensibilities when the just continuity of thought and emotion is broken; and when we are led abruptly from reckless comedy to saddest tragedy, or a thoughtless laugh introduces a funeral sermon, we are as much jarred and offended as if a merry drinking song introduces a grand anthem, or a gay waltz were the prelude to a solemn requiem.

We are to know a great deal more than we do about the mere fact of numbers in society, and understand how many as well as what kind of persons go well together. It takes two only to make love, and a third person may change the whole social tone, and either painfully chill away the love sentiment or else bring calm philosophy in wholesome exchange. Not less than eight nor more than twelve are said to make the right number for a social dinner-party; and philosophers, from Plato to Fourier, have undertaken to estimate in figures the right number of persons for organizing a colony or an industrial community. Certainly the proper choice of numbers is a great point of wisdom, and all plans thrive according as persons enough, not too many or too few, are brought together under the true leader. In our time the arts of war and of peace are studying this matter anew, and great changes are at hand.

But the science of society amounts to little true art unless a certain genius goes with the knowledge; and who will deny that there is a certain natural gift for social influence, as there is for all beautiful arts? Some persons have a rare social witchery who have not any other form of genius, and some women, of very moderate abilities in other respects, have an art of pleasing that amounts to fascination. One woman in famous attire will gather a great crowd of notables in a grand house and give them a great supper, and all shall be flat and dull; while some winsome little body, without any flashy costume or parade, and even without rare beauty, will entertain her circle of guests in a charming way of her own, and make them all at home with her and each other. She plays upon their various tempers and traits and associations as a master hand plays upon the harp or piano. I have sometimes thought that womanly charm, and perhaps even what in the best sense is called flirting, could be made one of the fine arts, and consecrated to charity, and even to religion. That bright girl takes that half dozen striplings in hand, and touches each in turn with playful grace, until they are willing captives to her spell, and ready to buy her pincushions or watch-chains at the fair, or go to her church and worship by her prayer-book. There is a line, indeed, beyond which this flirting ceases to be a fine art, and becomes quite business-like and utilitarian, a practical operation in making a market and bagging a husband—a useful but not always ideal result. Yet, as the world goes, a great deal of true missionary work is done by charming women in managing men in an artistic and legitimate way, and the Virgin Mary has not all the work of such intercession in her hands or in her eyes, although Henry Heine naughtily called her the counter girl of the Catholic Church, who won over the Goths and Vandals.

Eloquence is a part of social art, and a true orator speaks not only to the individual, but to the assembly, and knows not only how to hold them together by his enthusiasm, but how to lead them on wisely from point to point by gradations suited to his subject and purpose, and their nature, views, and habits. The good orator is also a good general, and he is master of strategy as well as tactics, not only marshaling his present forces with effect, but keeping his reserves in due training and distance, that he may bring them up at the decisive moment, and dash upon the front or rear of the enemy at the very nick of time.

The good general, too, must understand the social art, and stir and train the affections and purposes of his men, while he does not neglect their tents and kettles. If armies march upon their bellies, they march well, with heads up, brains steadfast, and hearts warm. Napoleon won his battles in great part by feeding his men on the glory of France, and Wellington gave his soldiers, with English beef, a solid ration of English loyalty and pluck. Our Washington presented to the nation his own calm and persistent

manhood, and our predestined type of citizenship went with him to victory, as the banner of the cross went before Constantine in his career of conquest for Christendom.

We need a class of social leaders who are suited to the wants of our time and country, and who can bring out the rich capacities of the nation in a noble civilization. We once in a while meet with persons in modest positions who show rare powers for this work, and there are teachers in our best public schools who do quite as much by a wise and varied discipline to cheer and organize their scholars as they do by good instruction to give them knowledge. Music and muscular exercises are sometimes so combined as to give the stir and life of the camp to the school-room, and I am sure that all that Plato says in his *Laws* of the worth of music and gymnastics in education will be illustrated anew in the social art of our new generation.

How far labor is capable of being cheered by social sympathy and exalted by the beautiful arts we are not able to say from any satisfactory experience, but it is certain that men are fond of singing at their work, and farmers in the hay field, as well as sailors at the capstan, can be as merry as the larks. Probably there will be some way of bringing our working people under the power of music, the drama, and all the beautiful arts, and their dwellings will be so arranged as to combine a certain measure of refinement as well as comfort, and to connect with gardens and parks, that make the wealth and culture of the whole neighborhood help the recreation and health of the whole people. It will be seen that we can all work better by a certain amount of good companionship, and that sociality has a positive power over the mind and body, and is food and medicine to the constitution. We may find that true sociality under the influence of pure art drives out the evil spirits that infest the world, and that war and intemperance come from perversions of the nerves and spirits that may be set right by a true method of living. Men will not tipple if they can be merry without the bottle, and nations will not be restless, irascible, and spoiling for a fight if they are kept wide awake in good purposes, and bent on getting the most good out of each other and seeing light in each other's countenances, instead of being madly set on ruining each other's prospects and smashing each other's profiles.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER, of Yale College, has rendered a valuable service to the American reading public by his *History of the Reformation* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). Such a work has long been needed, not as a defense of the Reformation, but as an interpretation of it, and never more than now, when the principles of the Reformation are assailed by rationalism on the one side and ecclesiasticism on the other. Professor Fisher's book gives in one good-sized volume a clear and succinct account of the causes which led to the Reformation and the history of its progress throughout Europe, and assigns their proper places to the great leaders in it—Luther in Germany, Zwingli in Switzerland, Calvin at Geneva, and the royal reformer, Henry VIII., who built more wisely than he knew, in England. The entire work is written in a spirit of sincere reverence for, and unmistakable allegiance to, the fundamental doctrine of the Reformation, the acceptance of the Bible as the only and the all-sufficient standard of duty, and of moral and religious truth. But it portrays the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, if not with absolute impartiality, at least without bitterness of feeling, and even the excesses of the Roman Catholic priesthood without vituperation or invective. Professor Fisher recognizes the faults of the reformers more clearly, however, in his preface than in the body of his work, and there are few dispassionate students of the life and character of Luther who will not account him more amenable to the charge of excessive violence, and even virulence, in debate than Professor Fisher appears to do. In the first three chapters the author considers the rise of the papal power, and the social causes which led to the revolution which broke its sceptre. He recognizes, as D'Aubigné does not, at least to the same degree, that it was not the work of any one man or set of men, but the culmination of a long series of social and intellectual forces, which would have crystallized about some other leader if Luther had not organized them into victory. The Reformation produced Luther, not Luther the Reformation. This part of his work is admirable. The value of the remainder of the work consists in the clear and graphic summary which it affords of events with which the student of ecclesiastical history is already familiar. In telling the oft-told tale of the Reformation there is not really much room for the display of originality either of thought or treatment, except at the sacrifice of truth. In the rendering of such a story every thing depends, however, upon the ability and the fidelity with which the portraits of the leading characters are painted, and in this Professor Fisher has shown not only the painstaking of a conscientious student, but the genius of an artist. The moral and mental features of Luther, Zwingli, Melanchthon, Calvin, Erasmus, Cranmer, as well as of subordinate characters, are drawn with wonderful skill, and in a few words. The book is in no sense a condensation, compilation, or abbreviation, as the numerous references to original authorities, as well as the character of the work itself, abundantly demonstrate, but it comprises a wonderful store of information in a very brief compass. Probably the mass of readers will get from a perusal of this one volume a clearer and truer idea of the Reformation than from a study of the larger works, whose very amplitude of detail prevents them from producing on the mind a vivid impression of the movement as a whole.

The "Student's Edition" of *Hallam's Constitutional History of England* (Harper and Brothers), uniform with the other volumes of the stu-

dent's series, will not take the place in the library of the scholar of the larger and more complete edition, and yet a comparison of the two fails to disclose the omission of any matter important to the general reader, or even to the American student of constitutional law. Mr. HALLAM has been criticised for giving "not the history itself, but what is called the philosophy of history," and because he deals "in deductions, and not in details." In truth, however, at least for most readers, it is precisely this fact which gives his work its peculiar value, and though it is possible some allowances are to be made for the author's political views, yet that singular calmness of temperament and peculiar power of appreciating both sides of great questions which constitute the character of a truly judicial mind are more strikingly displayed in his writings than in those of any other of the great English historians, and render his volume the most trustworthy exposition we possess of the legal and political principles developed by the course of English history, and transplanted with modifications to the American republic.

Considering how American vandalism destroys every thing ancient in America, such a work as *Old Landmarks of Boston*, by S. A. DRAKE (J. R. Osgood and Co.), will be welcomed by those who do not desire to see all the monuments of the past obliterated by the progress of the present. If we can not preserve the old monuments, it is something to have even a history of them, especially when, as is the case in this volume, the pencil of the artist combines with the pen of the historian to preserve what the iconoclasm of cupidity so remorselessly destroys. The book contains not only many curious incidents and reminiscences, but also much really valuable historical matter; and though, of course, a history of modern Athens is chiefly interesting to the Athenians, yet Boston is so indissolubly connected in its history with the entire nation that such a work is of interest to all to whom the early history of their country is dear. What Mr. Drake has done so well for Boston might be advantageously done for other historical centres, and thus reminders of the past be preserved at least in our libraries, if nowhere else.

Homes and Hospitals (American Tract Society, of Boston) consists of two biographical sketches, both from the English, one of Amy Dutton, the other of Agnes E. Jones. The second, which has been republished in this country separately, we have already commended to our readers. It gives not only the inspiring story of a noble life devoted to hospital work, but also affords much valuable information respecting the right management of hospitals and the sick, and the training needed to fit women for the work of nurses. The other sketch gives an account of mission work in one of the lower districts of London. Its graphic descriptions, its incidents, none the less interesting, surely, for being true, and the warm sympathy it manifests for not only the poor, but for the outcast, give it a peculiar charm. We commend it cordially, not only as a volume of more than ordinary interest, but also as one the perusal of which can not fail to deepen the sympathies of the reader, and give the Christian worker both instruction and inspiration for Christian work among the ignorant and the vicious.

ESSAYS.

REV. FREDERICK ARNOLD is a good general, and in *Turning-Points in Life* (Harper and Brothers) carries the convictions of his readers by a strategy which few will detect at the outset, and not many when they have finished his book. There is no error more common, and there are few more mischievous in their effect on human character and destiny, than that which attributes the difference between success and failure to luck. "Lucky" and "fortunate" are the terms, perhaps, in most common use as explanations of the elevation to fame, wealth, and power of the successful men; and the term of commiseration for an unsuccessful man—"unfortunate"—implies the same popular idea. If, indeed, life is ruled by a blind and inexorable fate, if it is a lottery at which we each put in our hand and draw a prize or a blank as chance may dictate, then there is nothing to do but to accept with calmness, if not with indifference, whatever may come to us in the turn of the wheel. It is this notion—it can not be dignified with the title of doctrine—so paralyzing to human endeavor, which it appears to be Mr. Arnold's aim to correct. He in the outset, however, wins the confidence of his readers by acknowledging the influence of chance. "After eliminating all that can be explained as the legitimate results of certain practical lines of conduct, it is still remarkable how large a realm in human life is occupied by that which is simply and altogether fortuitous." "Sometimes circumstances purely fortuitous have colored and influenced a whole lifetime." He enforces this theory of chance by some striking illustrations. Justin Martyr was converted by a chance meeting with an aged and benevolent disciple of Christianity. Sir Charles Eastlake owed his first rise in life to a chance, which he seized, of painting a portrait of the first Napoleon. Columbus obtained the introduction which gave him the means for pushing his discoveries by a chance meeting with a Spanish prior. Sympathy having been secured between the author and his readers, the former makes a sudden turn, and by a sort of flank movement carries the position he has apparently admitted. These chances present turning-points, *but one must have before prepared himself to take advantage of them.* "Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous." "A young lady's horse runs away with her. It is in danger of leaping a cliff, or of rushing down the line while the express rushes after it." Such an incident would be obviously thrown away upon a hero who was not used to horses, and who had not acquired a steady eye and hand and habits of coolness and courage. "The lawyer who rises to conduct a difficult case in his leader's absence, the surgeon or doctor that has a sudden chance presented to him, must have had a long preparatory training before he could skillfully avail himself of any sort of emergency." It is true, "there are moments that are worth more than years;" but "what is the use of the chance coming to men who are unequal to the chance?" "A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it." "So, when a man looks forward to

chances in life, his great business is to prepare himself for those chances." The doctrine of chances, the theory of luck, is, after all, not an excuse for laziness, but an incentive to the most indefatigable industry—to industry, too, that has no apparent profit in it. For "this all-important moment, this moment disproportionate to all other moments, who can tell when it will be upon us?" Life, rightly considered, is perpetually teaching us "to have our resources for meeting this all-important moment available and at hand." The rest of the book is taken up with illustrating and enforcing this truth. The reader does not always see what the author is aiming at. He is all the more carried along to the author's conclusion. The book is brimful of illustrations drawn from actual life. If it be true that "illustrations are windows that let in the light," his book is a very Crystal Palace. The style is vivacious—sometimes, perhaps, too colloquial. "Gumption" is hardly elegant English; and "do not" is better, except in conversation, than "don't." The rapidity with which thought succeeds thought and incident follows incident leaves one hardly time to think of their real significance. But too exciting an interest is so rare a fault in ethical essays that one condones it readily. It would be hard to find a book of its sort better reading for a boy or young man, or more sure to be read through if once its perusal be begun.

The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is an allegory, as true as *Ginx's Baby*, and no more so. The very title is allegorical, being equivalent to Jesus, David's son, and the opening sentence of the preface is modeled singularly after the opening portion of the Gospel of Luke. The object of the book appears to be to show, under guise of a story, what the principles and precepts of Jesus Christ would lead to if carried out practically in society and by the Christian Church. Joshua begins his life by asking the vicar at the catechetical class some puzzling questions, which are embodied in the one, "Why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles, and give what you have to the poor?" He of course falls into disrepute with the vicar, and his ineffectual attempt to remove a stone by prayer, and to handle a viper and eat poisonous berries without injury, modifies his belief in the literal application of the New Testament so far as to bring him to the conclusion that "the laws of nature are supreme, and even faith can not change them," and to a recognition of the principle that "we have to carry on the work in His spirit but in our way, and not merely to try and repeat His acts." This very sensible conclusion does not, however, prevent him from going up to London, and there associating himself with a burglar and a common prostitute, because Christ lodged in the house of Simon the leper, and as a large range is allowed here to the author's imagination, of course both his companions are reformed by Joshua's influence. At the end he goes over to Paris to "help, so far as he could, in the cause of humanity." He does not succeed much better with the Commune than with the stone and the viper, and barely escapes with his life, while Mary is captured by the French troops and shot for a *pétroleuse*. He returns to England, where he takes up "the hungry trade of political lecturer to working-men," and goes "about the country explaining the Communistic doctrines, and showing their apostolic origin." In this pursuit he falls a martyr before an English mob. The book is written with great artistic skill, and with rare literary finish in style, though with the careful pretense on the part of the author of a lack of education. It contains much that is worth the study not only of the clergy, but of all who are laboring directly for the elevation of humanity and the cure of social evils, but its fundamental doctrine that "social relations" are the causes of misery, that society is responsible for the sin which undermines it, that a change in social relations is the regeneration which the world waits for, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was one of "brotherhood and communism," is not only not accepted by the majority of those who have studied most deeply the system of truth taught by Jesus Christ, but is in these pages taken for granted without argument. The book can, therefore, have but little effect upon the convictions of the great mass of Christian readers who believe that sin is personal, not chiefly social, that regeneration must be individual, not social, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is one of individual truth and purity and love in all social relations, not one which can be embodied in any mere social change.

The Culture of Pleasure (Robert Carter and Brothers) is the somewhat curious title of a volume of essays. It does, indeed, seem strange at first thought, since the moralists tell us that the pursuit of happiness is the object of existence, that the culture of pleasure should not have been oftener made the distinct theme of a treatise, yet we do not recollect to have met it in so direct a form before. One might possibly conjecture from the title that the book was epicurean in its philosophy; but the conjecture would do it a great injustice. On the contrary, the author avows the hope that he may "not only point some weary wanderer, who has long chased the mirage of life, to the sure fountain of felicity, but, in an age of skeptical tendencies, bring forward a new branch of Christian evidence." It is emphatically a Christian book in spirit and tone.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

THE second volume of the so-called *Speaker's Commentary* lies before us. A more unfortunate title than the one which popular parlance gives to this work could not be well devised, unless it be the real title of the work, which is no title at all. *The Holy Bible, with an explanatory and critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), does very well for an account of the book; but one does not want to quote the whole description of a man from his passport every time one wishes to call him by name. The present volume embraces the books of Joshua, by Rev. T. E. ESPIN; Judges, Ruth, and Samuel, by Right Rev. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY, D.D.; and 1 Kings, by Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON. It is a serious mistake to omit from the American edition the table of contents which belongs to the English edition, and a still greater mistake to omit the names of the editors of the different books, for which we have to refer to an English copy. Otherwise the two editions are exactly alike, the American being printed from dupli-

cates of the English plates. In spirit and tone the work is admirable, and the names of its editors are sufficient guarantee of its scholarship. As compared with Lange, it is more compact and concise, and more in sympathy with American thought. In comparison with Jameson, Faussett, and Brown, it is more liberal—perhaps the theological critics would say more lax—but it is also more scholarly. On disputed questions it gives a brief summary of the views of different interpreters fairly, though always as a preface to the views of the author. The notes of Professor Rawlinson on the construction of the Temple, though very brief, give this portion of the work an exceptional value. On the whole, though both the form and the expense of the book interfere with its serviceableness as a popular commentary in the strict sense of that term, it is one which the Biblical scholar can ill afford to be without.

Estes and Lauriat have rendered the lay students of the Bible a real service by their popular edition of Professor MURPHY'S *Commentary on Genesis*. His admirable treatises on the first three books of the Bible have been long known to the professional scholar, but not to that large number of Bible students who are unacquainted with the Greek and Hebrew text. The new translation on which his notes are based gives the English reader as nearly as may be the advantage of an acquaintance with the ancient Hebrew; and the commentary itself, though deservedly an authority among Biblical scholars, is so clear and simple in style as to be admirably adapted to the wants of non-scholastic students. We hope that the rest of Professor Murphy's commentaries may be given to the public in the same form.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THERE are two aspects in which Mr. CHARLES DARWIN is to be regarded, and in respect to which the value of his contribution to the world of letters must be measured. He is equally remarkable as an observer and as a philosopher. It is his philosophy which has attracted the greatest attention and provoked the greatest criticism, and the conclusions which, from a wide range of observation, he deduces and embodies in his last work, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (D. Appleton and Co.), will probably provoke more. But as an observer Mr. Darwin has rendered a service to the cause of science which the future will not fail to recognize, whether it accepts or rejects his philosophical deductions; and no one of his books shows more strikingly his praiseworthy spirit and his indefatigable research than this his latest treatise. Of his spirit we have a striking illustration in a single sentence on page 66. "Our present subject is very obscure, but, from its importance, must be discussed at some length; and it is always advisable to perceive clearly our ignorance." It is this perfect readiness to confess partial knowledge and even ignorance, and to report (as on page 114) facts which militate against his theory, and this without pretending always to explain them, which has given Mr. Darwin such an influence among candid men. His research and original reports give his works an interest which their scientific hypotheses could not alone impart to them, and which belongs to no author who is content only to philosophize without taking the trouble also to observe. Thus, in the volume before us, we have not only an immense number of facts respecting the expression of emotion in animals and man gathered from other treatises and the author's own observations carried on ever since 1838, but also a record of observations prosecuted by disinterested witnesses all over the world. In 1867 Mr. Darwin circulated printed questions, sixteen in number, relating to emotional expression, which he gives in his introductory chapter, and which were sent to various observers in Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America. From thirty-six persons, several of them missionaries, answers were received, and the information thus gathered certainly throws much light on the problems which Mr. Darwin discusses. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity respecting the philosophical hypotheses of which Mr. Darwin is the most distinguished representative, there can be no question as to the value of such a work simply as a report of facts, whose value is enhanced because it embodies the testimony of many distinct and disinterested witnesses. Indeed, the book is mainly devoted to a report of facts, though they are grouped around three propositions which Mr. Darwin proposes as explanatory of emotional expression. The book appears to have no definite dogmatic purpose; though the author expresses his conviction that the "study of expression confirms to a certain limited extent the conclusion that man is derived from some lower animal form, and supports the belief of the specific or sub-specific unity of the several races." It is a book which will be read with interest, and may be studied with profit even by those who are most skeptical respecting the conclusions which the author thinks may be reasonably deduced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Treaty of Washington: its Negotiation, Execution, and the Discussions relating thereto, by CALEB CUSHING (Harper and Brothers), comprises, in a treatise of 250 pages, a full history of what the author properly designates "one of the most notable and interesting of all the great diplomatic acts of the present age." We were prepared to believe that much of the newspaper discussions on this subject had been blind, and founded on ignorance; but Mr. Cushing's book has surprised us by its disclosures of the extent of that ignorance. It gives an account of the entire proceedings, from the inception of the treaty to the final award, penned by one who was in a condition to know fully the whole course of the interior history of the arbitration. In the light which it throws upon the subject, the negotiation of this treaty, and the course of the United States government respecting it, reflect even greater credit than the public have generally supposed, not only on the present national administration, but on republican government, which is shown to be every way adequate to deal with the most profound and perplexing questions of diplomacy. While Mr. Cushing is severe on some acts and persons (Sir Alexander Cockburn, for example, whose previous history accounts for his singularly unjudicial conduct), and is throughout warmly and enthusiastically American and republican in his sentiments, his book is written with a calmness and candor which befit the theme, and give a certain judicial weight to his

expression of opinion and his statements of fact. —*Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial*, by WALTER SMITH (James R. Osgood and Co.), will be valuable chiefly to those who are attempting to develop taste for art, and to introduce art education into our common-school system. Mr. Smith is unmistakably a practical teacher, and knows whereof he writes. His style is often involved and obscure, but his thoughts are worthy of study. His book includes not merely a general discussion of art education and its importance in a commercial point of view; it not only affords much valuable information derived from experiments in English art schools for the masses, with which he is familiar, but it also discusses the principles of industrial art and the proper methods of art study. The illustrations are sketchy and artistically imperfect, but as studies for the art student they may do as well or even better than finer work.—Mr. CHARLES HALLOCK describes the object of the *Fishing Tourist* (Harper and Brothers) in his preface. It is not a eulogy of fishing sports, nor a rhapsody on nature, nor a marvelous store of fish stories. "My province," says he, "is simply to write an Angler's Guide without embellishment; to tell where fish are to be caught, and when and how; to show the sportsman the shortest route to pleasure, the best means of conveyance, the expense thereof, and the secrets of the commissariat." But in this description of his book the author hardly does himself full justice. There is not a trace of the dullness of a guide-book in his pages. His pictures are drawn with so deft a hand that he carries you into the forests despite yourself. Though while we write the thermometer ranges in the vicinity of zero, the snow lies two feet on the level, and the brooks are all snugly ensconced beneath icy coverlets, we find ourselves standing in imagination, rod in hand and fish in basket, on the green bank, with the music of the gurgling brook singing in our ears. Mr. Hallock writes with an easy *négligé* elegance which gives his book a peculiar charm, and with a quiet assurance of knowledge which gives it peculiar value, and renders him one of the most charming of all spring-time companions since the days of Izaak Walton. His book is divided into two parts, the first giving a general description of the salmon family—"the only fresh-water fish, excepting the black bass, worthy the name of game fish"—and the proper means for successfully cultivating their acquaintance; the second giving an account of the chief localities where they are to be found, and how to get to them.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR summary for the present month is intended to include the more interesting announcements in theoretical and practical science which have been made since the beginning of the year 1873, or which, belonging to 1872, have but recently come to our notice. There is little to record of special importance, although, as the result of the investigations of the vast multitude of persons constantly engaged in the prosecution of scientific labors, every day yields something of more or less moment.

Astronomy. In view of the importance of concentrating the attention of astronomers of both hemispheres upon the special phenomena of the heavens, and particularly to secure the prompt co-operation of all interested in the investigation of newly appearing asteroids, comets, meteoric showers, auroras, etc., Professor Henry, at the suggestion of eminent astronomers in the United States and Germany, applied to the directors of the Atlantic cable for the privilege of passing such notices over its wires free of expense. A similar application was also made to the Western Union Telegraph Company of the United States. Satisfactory responses were made to these requests, and both companies placed the services of their lines at the disposal of proper parties for such announcements. It has therefore been arranged that notices from the United States are to be forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution, by which they will be transmitted to England, France, and Germany; and similar information from Europe will be sent first to that institution and be thence distributed, by means of the telegraph, to parties interested, or published in the columns of the Associated Press. This arrangement, which has been hailed with acclamation by scientists in both Europe and America, was first applied to a practical purpose in communicating to Europe the information of the discovery of two new telescopic planets, both of them detected by Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, New York; the first, No. 129, on the night of February 7, and the second, No. 130, on the 19th of the same month. No. 129 is of magnitude 9½, and the other of 11.

Professor Yarnell announces the completion of the catalogue of stars, upon which he has been engaged for many years at the National Observatory. This, when published, will be of great value, and will supply a want long felt.

The American committee for the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874 still continues its labors, and the superintendent of the National Observatory has lately published Part II. of the instructions connected with the proper mode of conducting the observations and determining the results. Nearly all the leading nations are interesting themselves in this matter, and it is with much pride that we claim for the United States a foremost place in the efforts made to utilize the occasion to the utmost.

In the department of *Meteorology and Terrestrial Physics* we have some important suggestions by foreign specialists; among others, Mr. Meldrum, Mr. Lockyer, and Mr. Symons. In regard to the connection between the sun-spot period and the condition of the atmosphere, the anticipation is expressed that we shall be able before long not simply to predict the changes for a few days in advance, but to determine them for possibly an entire season.

A great advance in the system of weather telegraphy in the United States has lately been

made for the special benefit of the farmer, previous arrangements having been more directly serviceable to the mariner. The whole region of the United States has been divided into about two hundred districts, with a central station established in each, to be provided with an observer. As soon as the forecasts are made from the night observations the result for each particular region is to be telegraphed from Washington to the central station in that district, and there printed (in a daily paper or otherwise), and a copy of this is to be mailed at once to every postmaster within easy reach, who is instructed to hang it up in his office, where it can be inspected by any person curious to ascertain the probabilities for the day. As these dispatches will generally be published in a morning paper at the station, they can reach almost any post-office within the district before the information will be too late.

A further extension of the system of weather telegraphy is contemplated to the light-house and life-saving establishments, and the principal fishery stations on our coast, by means of which, among other points, information can be obtained and transmitted in reference to the movements of the food fishes of the coast.

A remarkable electric storm took place in the Western States during the nights of the 7th and 8th of January, the particulars of which are given in our pages, embracing some points of special interest, especially in reference to the disturbance of the telegraphic wires running east and west, and the comparatively trifling action on those extending north and south.

Preliminary to the establishment of a submarine cable between the coasts of the United States and Asia, legislation has been secured from Congress directing the Secretary of the Navy to cause soundings to be made for the most suitable route. This work will probably be entered upon during the present year, and valuable results bearing upon the question of telegraphic construction may be expected.

Dr. Carpenter announces many interesting facts in reference to the gaseous contents of the water of the Mediterranean, his recent observations verifying a suggestion already made by him, that in this great sea the water below a certain depth shows a large excess of carbonic acid, and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen. This affects very materially the question of animal life in the water, and it has been found that below 150 or 200 fathoms its amount is unusually small. The prime cause of this, in Dr. Carpenter's opinion, is due to the want of circulation of the Mediterranean, since, while there is an immense volume of water continually pouring in through the Straits of Gibraltar, there is no bottom current outward of any moment; this being prevented, first, by the very rapid evaporation of the water; and second, by the presence of a bar at the mouth of the sea, which cuts off the return current.

In *Mineralogy and Geology* we have the very important announcement of the existence of tin ore in Queensland in great mass. Similar discoveries alleged to have been made on the north shore of Lake Superior are unfortunately considered very questionable, it being maintained that the tin-bearing specimens brought thence had previously been transported from Cornwall! In consequence of the value of tin for technological and domestic purposes, and its increasing scarcity, any material addition to the number of mining localities of this metal can not fail to exercise a powerful influence upon the interests of the world.

The announcements of new species and varieties of minerals continue to be made, several having been indicated since the beginning of the year.

It is well known that within a few years past we have become familiar with the idea of recent glaciers in North America, principally through the labors of Mr. Carter, Mr. Clarence King, and others. We are now informed of their occurrence in the Merced group of mountains in California, Mr. Muir, who has been engaged in the investigation, being positive that he has discovered genuine objects of this character.

As usual, *Geography* occupies a large place in our summary, including reports of progress of expeditions already under way, and the notes of preparation for others to come. Nothing has been heard from Dr. Livingstone since the beginning of the year, the latest advices from him being in November last. Several expeditions have started, however, to take up the line of African exploration: one from England, known as the Livingstone Congo Expedition, under the charge of Lieutenant Grandy; another, fitted out in Germany, intended likewise to explore the region of the Upper Congo. The Grandy expedition, at last advices, had reached Sierra Leone, and had started for the interior; the German had not yet commenced its labors.

Sir Bartle Frere, who has been charged with a mission in connection with the slave trade in Eastern Africa, has reached Zanzibar, and entered upon his duties. It is also stated that an Egyptian expedition, under General Purdy, was on its way to enter Africa from the same direction. Mr. Blyden has published an account of his journey to Fallaba from Sierra Leone with a view of making a treaty with some of the interior tribes.

Nothing new has been heard from the polar expeditions since the beginning of the year, although the papers have contained an entirely fictitious account of the discoveries of Octave Pavy in Wrangell's Land, off Northeastern Siberia. This account narrates in most minute detail the encountering by Mr. Pavy of herds of frozen mammoths and other remarkable curiosities, but we can assure our readers that the whole story is a fabrication, Mr. Pavy not having yet left San Francisco (according to the papers of that city) on his projected expedition.

Efforts were made by the British scientists to induce their government to fit out an expedition for arctic research during the coming season. In this they have failed, owing, it is said, to the great expense consequent upon the *Challenger* expedition, which has started upon its three years' circumnavigation, having for its special object the investigation of the physics and natural history of the deep seas both of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The results of several important deep-sea explorations during the past year have been published with more or less detail; among them, those prosecuted by Messrs. Verrill, Smith, Packard, and Cooke in connection with the work of

the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, whose publication of an Assyrian tradition of the Deluge has excited so much interest, has visited Assyria, at the expense of a London journal, for the purpose of prosecuting additional explorations, and thereby increasing the Assyrian ethnological collection of the British Museum.

The United States has not been behindhand in performing its part in connection with the labors of general exploration. The surveys for a feasible route for a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien and through Nicaragua have been resumed during the winter, and are now in active operation. Both of these are under the Navy Department, which has also fitted out two steamers, the *Portsmouth* and the *Narraganset*, for a hydrographical survey of the Pacific Ocean, in connection with which inquiries into the physical and natural history of the sea will be prosecuted.

Dr. Neumayer, of Vienna, is making some progress in his plans toward the exploration of the south pole, and hopes to be able to secure sufficient aid from the government and from other parties to permit him to start during the present year.

The first part of the final report of the German expedition to East Greenland (composed of the *Hansa* and *Germania*) has just been published, and is occupied principally by a history of the measures preliminary to the enterprise, the instructions for the guidance of the voyagers, and a narrative of the disastrous fortunes of the *Hansa*. The succeeding volumes will contain the story of the *Germania*, and a systematic statement of the scientific results.

Professor Orton, who is already known for his explorations in South America, proposes to revisit the region of the Upper Amazon and the Andes, for the purpose of securing additional facts, and also specimens, for Vassar College. He is desirous of receiving contributions toward his object, for which he will furnish duplicates of his collections. Professor C. F. Hart, whose name has long been associated with explorations in Brazil, will again revisit that country, with designs similar to those of Professor Orton.

Numerous reports have been published during the winter of the government explorations in the Western country, these forming either accounts of progress or their final history. Among the expeditions illustrated in this way are those of Lieutenant Wheeler, in Arizona; of Major Powell, on the Colorado; Governor Langford, on the Yellow Stone Fork; Colonel Barlow, on the Yellow Stone River, etc. That of Professor Hayden, detailing the general results of his labors in the Yellow Stone region, it is understood, is in an advanced state of preparation.

Under the head of *Zoology* we may mention first what has been done in the department of anthropology. This embraces the announcement of some interesting discoveries in Europe. Among them is that of a remarkable skull, corresponding in antiquity to those of Enghis and the Neander Valley, found at Nagy-Kāp, in Hungary, and the finding of specimens of the African money or cowry shell in a prehistoric grave in Pomerania. A prehistoric sacrificial mound has also lately been detected in Austria, belonging to the bronze period. Implements of this metal, as well as those of polished stone, were found mixed with the remains of animals and of men supposed to have been sacrificed in connection with religious ceremonies.

The celebrated collection of specimens of ancient Phœnician, Greek, and Roman art from the Isle of Cyprus, made by General Di Cesnola, the United States consul in that island, has been secured, after much competition, for the city of New York, and will form a prominent feature in the new Museum of Art in the metropolis.

Discoveries of interest have also lately been made in the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, consisting of a bronze instrument, a round ball of granite, and pieces of wood, possessing an antiquity of many thousands of years, and probably not seen by any one since the creation of that gigantic monument of history until the present time.

American paleontologists continue their announcements of discoveries of fossil vertebrates in the West, especially Professor Marsh and Professor Cope. In addition to the accounts already briefly indicated by these gentlemen, we have from Professor Marsh a highly important announcement of the existence of a new subclass of birds, which he calls Odontornithes. This is characterized by the possession of biconcave vertebræ, probably of a lengthened tail like the *Archæopteryx*, and of teeth in both jaws, the cranium in some respects resembling that of the pterodactyl, but possessing the quadrate bone of the bird. It remains yet to be seen, however, how far this class, or sub-class, differs from the Saururæ of Huxley, based upon the *Archæopteryx* referred to.

The births at London during the past winter of a young hippopotamus and a young rhinoceros have excited considerable interest among all classes of naturalists, in view of the rarity of such occurrences in menageries. Unfortunately the rhinoceros did not survive many weeks; the hippopotamus, however, at latest advices, was reported to be in good condition.

Some important *Entomological* publications have appeared in the United States since the beginning of the year, among them, one of great value, is the first part of a work by Professor Glover upon American insects. This is devoted to the *Orthoptera*, and embraces excellent figures of nearly all the known species of our country, especially those intimately related to agriculture. This will be followed by the other orders as fast as they can be prepared, the whole work, including about 250 plates, being in an advanced state of completion.

The work of Mr. Edwards on the North American butterflies has also reached the end of the first volume, which is admirably embellished by illustrations that leave nothing to be desired.

The Smithsonian Institution is printing the third volume of the monographs of American *Diptera*, by Professor Loew, and of *Neuroptera*, by Mr. H. De Saussure.

Professor Edwards, of Paris, has concluded, as the result of a careful examination of the genus *Limulus*, of which the common horseshoe crab of our coast is the best known instance, that this can be referred neither to the *Arachnida* nor to the *Crustacea*, but that it constitutes the type of a new class in the animal

kingdom, the *Merostomata*, which, though very scantily illustrated at the present epoch, formerly abounded in genera and species.

The discovery of a new *Entozoon*, found in the human blood in certain cases of disease in India, especially of chyluria, has lately been announced. This occurs in such numbers that a single drop of blood taken from any part of the body has been found to include as many as half a dozen. They are extremely minute—much smaller, indeed, than the *Trichina spiralis*, and present many peculiarities of great interest.

As usual, progress continues to be made in the department of *Agriculture and Rural Economy*, announcements of which are made in the popular and scientific journals of the day. No publication since the beginning of the year appears to be worthy of special mention, and to indicate all those of comparative interest would occupy our pages to the exclusion of every thing else. We may state, however, that the ravages of the *Phylloxera vastatrix*, or grape-vine louse, continue to excite the greatest apprehensions in regard to their effect upon the vineyards throughout Europe, those of France, except in a few favored localities, being threatened with destruction. No practical remedy seems hitherto to have been devised, although flooding the roots of the vine with water during the winter season, whenever practicable, seems to be considered with favor. Applications of preparations of arsenic, of soot, of sulphide of carbon, and other noxious substances are also recommended; but unfortunately, in most cases, they destroy the plant quite as effectually as they do the insect.

The question of the *Fisheries* is one of much moment to the nation, as constituting a very prominent feature of its domestic economy. Under this head we have to record the reports of the Fish Commissioners of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, in which the measures taken for the preservation and propagation of the food fishes are indicated. These relate principally to the salmon and the shad, the efforts made in connection with these being regarded as most important. The Commissioner of Fisheries on the part of the United States has been occupied toward the same end, and his labors during the winter have been principally connected with the salmon. Of these he has distributed from the stock of eggs obtained at the establishment in Bucksport, Maine, under the direction of Mr. Atkins, large numbers to Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin, which, when hatched, will be placed in the waters of these several States.

A large importation of salmon eggs was made by the Commissioner from Germany, which, however, owing to the exceptional warmth of the season in Europe during the present winter, came in an unsatisfactory condition, and only a small percentage was capable of being hatched out.

The importance of the fishery interest has caused the initiation of measures by the Legislatures of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania for the appointment of State Commissioners to co-operate with the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and with those of other States, in efforts toward the common welfare.

An experiment has been made during the winter in the way of transporting eggs of salmon from London to New Zealand. This consists in the arrangement of boxes of eggs and blocks of ice alternately, in a compartment of the vessel, with an external packing of charcoal. By means of this precaution it is hoped that the proper degree of cold can be retained throughout the voyage, which will probably occupy four to six months.

The trade in frozen herring in the Bay of Fundy has been active during the past winter, at least one hundred cargoes having been shipped to western points, representing a value probably of $150,000. Application has been made by the merchants of Eastport, Maine, in view of this trade, for the establishment of a signal station at that point for the purpose of securing early information of impending changes in the weather, which would determine largely the extent to which this business may be prosecuted from time to time throughout the season.

The impending extermination of the seals in the arctic waters has induced persons interested in that trade to urge the establishment of a close time to the business of their capture. The 6th of April has been fixed on as the proper date to begin the fishery, and it is proposed to determine by international treaty that no captures shall be made before that date. The destruction of the very young seals, and of the gravid mothers prior to that time, is considered the great cause of the alarming decrease in the numbers of this useful animal.

Under the head of *Domestic Economy* we have to record the announcement of several comparatively new methods of preserving meats fresh for a considerable period of time. One of these processes is that of Dr. Endermann, which consists in drying the meat in thin slices, at a temperature of about 140° F., and afterward grinding it up into fine powder, which may then be kept, properly secured, for a great length of time, and used in the preparation of soups or other dishes. Boussingault throws out a hint in this connection that may be very important, namely, that if meats and vegetables are hermetically sealed, and exposed to a temperature below zero F., they will keep for a long time. Preparations made by him in 1865 have stood the test to the present day with entire success.

A valuable memoir has been published by the State Department on the cultivation of tea in Japan, giving the indications of the method by which this is accomplished, and presenting suggestions in regard to the article as exported to America. When we consider that this country receives over fifteen millions of pounds annually from that country, while the entire amount sent to other parts of the world is but a few thousand, the importance of such suggestions may be readily understood.

The most notable engineering feat, under the head of *Mechanics and Engineering*, is the perforation of the Hoosic Mountain, the two parties engaged in tunneling having met, near the centre, on the 28th of December, and having made an opening sufficiently wide to pass through. The tunnel itself, of course, will not be finished for some time; but it is hoped that before long trains will run regularly through,

thus greatly facilitating the increase of communication between Eastern New England and the West.

A valuable account of the mining and mineral statistics of the West is furnished by the report of Professor Raymond for 1871. His work, as is known, is prosecuted under government auspices, and the information communicated year by year is considered of great value.

Under the head of *Technology* we have nothing special to indicate, the inventions and announcements being of course numerous, as usual, but none being particularly noteworthy. We may, however, refer briefly to the introduction into the trade of the article known as *ceresine*, obtained by distillation from ozokerite (a fossil wax obtained in Austria), which has the properties of white wax, and makes candles of great illuminating power, and superior to those of any other material.

The process of electroplating tin on metallic objects, with a view of subsequently depositing silver upon them, is also detailed in the journals. This has the advantage of presenting a white surface should the silver coating be worn away. Improved methods of fire-plating, by which a coating of metal is driven into the pores of the subjacent material by the action of fire, are also announced.

Under the department of the *Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene* we may refer to the modern use of koumiss as a remedial agent. This is a preparation of fermented milk, originally prepared in Tartary from mare's milk, but which is now manufactured in Russia, Germany, and elsewhere from the milk of the cow, goat, etc. It is claimed to possess remarkable tonic and invigorating properties, which, if sustained, will doubtless cause its rapidly increasing use throughout the world.

Dr. Declat, of Paris, maintains that a hypodermic injection of carbolic acid in small quantity is an almost infallible remedy for intermittent fever, and presents to the Academy of Sciences details of a series of experiments which, in his opinion, substantiate his assertion. The use of nitrite of amyl, a substance comparatively little known to the *materia medica*, is now becoming more common than heretofore. This, which is a coal-tar derivative, is recommended as almost a specific in cases of angina pectoris, and asthma connected with heart-disease, as well as for epilepsy. The bromide of calcium, in the opinion of Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York, is much the best of the bromides, in consequence of the extreme rapidity of its action, and the readiness with which it yields up its bromine to the system.

The department of *Necrology* is, unfortunately, not without its list for the year, and embraces several illustrious names. Among these may be mentioned Professor M. F. Maury, of Lexington, Virginia; Professor James H. Coffin, of Easton, Pennsylvania; Professor Pouchet and Baron Dupin, of France; and Professor Sedgwick, a well-known geologist, of Cambridge, England.

For fuller information in regard to the subjects here briefly referred to we point to the current pages of the "Scientific Record" of the *Monthly* and the "Scientific Intelligence" of the *Weekly*.

SOLAR SPOTS AND PROTUBERANCES.

Père Secchi has lately presented to the French Academy a paper containing some new generalizations on the relations of the solar spots to the protuberances visible with the spectroscope. He begins by referring to the small number of protuberances during the last four months, especially near the poles of the sun, where they were both few and faint. This diminution in the number of protuberances coincides with a diminution in the number of spots. He is led to the following conclusions respecting the relations between these two phenomena:

1. The regions of faculæ and spots are richest in protuberances.

2. There are two kinds of protuberances: the one thin and feeble, spread out like our thin cirrus clouds in the atmosphere; the others, more dense, compact, and brilliant, having a thready structure, and a peculiar optical character.

3. The spectral analysis of this last class shows that their spectrum is very complicated, and that they contain a number of substances, while the others show only the lines of hydrogen and the line D3.

A careful study during two consecutive years of observation has convinced Père Secchi that it is these brilliant and complicated protuberances with which the spots are connected. Two well-established and very general phenomena have confirmed this conclusion. First, although the hydrogen protuberances are seen all around the solar disk, yet the spots are confined to a determinate region, from which it follows that a hydrogenic eruption can not produce a spot. Second, the brilliant eruptions with numerous metallic rays are confined to the latitudes of the spots. These two facts led him to suspect that the cause of the spots is connected with the spectral constitution of the protuberances. He therefore carefully noted all eruptions having this character, which for brevity he calls metallic, and he found that whenever one of these eruptions is seen on the eastern edge of the sun a spot is sure to appear on the day following. This connection has been so uniform that for several months he has been able to predict the appearance of a spot by simple examination of the spectrum of the eruption. Afterward, by examining his older observations, he has found a hundred similar verifications. In fact, it is hardly necessary to examine the spectrum of the eruption, its peculiar physical character being nearly as good. In the first place the light of the jets exhibits a great brilliancy. The hydrogen ray C assumes a very deep and singular tint. The flames are very dense, terminating in sharp and often straight points; when bent back they are very unstable, changing from one instant to another. The height of the jet is generally but not always considerable; sometimes the jets are low, but very sharply terminated.

From a comparison of these spectra with those of the spots, Secchi concludes that the spectrum of the metallic protuberances is the same with that of the spot, which on the edge of the sun appears by its direct rays, while on the disk the rays are reversed. The spots are produced by masses of metallic vapor bursting out from the interior of the sun. These vapors need not rise to a great elevation; it is sufficient if they rise above the general level of the photosphere. They

then rest suspended and floating in the photosphere itself like islands, but being sunk to its level they look like cavities. These masses are of course coated, and therefore absorb the rays of light and heat, but the surrounding photospheric mass gradually encroaches upon and dissolves them.

Secchi finally remarks that there are still some details to be explained which will require time to work up. He differs completely from Faye, who attributes the spots to revolving storms or solar cyclones, stating that there are not more than five or six cases of spots showing a motion of revolution in the course of a year.

DISCOVERY OF A FRAGMENT OF BIELA'S COMET.

Immediately after the great meteoric shower of November 27, Professor Klinkerfues, of Göttingen, convinced that a fragment of the lost comet must have just passed the earth, telegraphed to Mr. Norman Pogson, director of the East India Company's observatory at Madras, to search near the star *Theta Centauri* for a comet. Pogson did so, and was fortunate enough to find it; but owing to cloudy weather could only observe it on two nights. His observations were at once carefully discussed by Oppolzer, of Vienna, who found that the comet thus strangely observed was really moving in the orbit of the lost comet of Biela, but was more than a month behind where the latter ought to have been. It is therefore, in all probability, a fragment of the lost comet, which has become mysteriously delayed in its revolution.

REPORT ON TEA CULTURE IN JAPAN.

A communication from the Secretary of State has lately been published by Congress, containing an interesting account of the growth, culture, and preparation of tea in Japan and China, being compiled from a series of communications forwarded by the American legations in those countries. The dispatch from Japan was accompanied by a series of drawings, which, however, have not been published.

According to this account, the export of tea from Japan during the year ending May 31, 1872, amounted to over fifteen millions of pounds, of which only 2688 pounds were sent to Europe, all the rest coming to the United States, and showing the importance of a trade which is increasing every year. It is stated that the tea-plant in Japan is propagated from seeds only, and matures for picking in three years. The first picking commences in April, when the leaves are most tender, and continues throughout May and June, but the leaves are then less valuable.

The leaves are dried on furnaces, and subjected to the usual manipulation, after which they are sifted and classified for the market. Each variety of tea is then shaken together to round off the corners, and the dust is separated, when the tea is packed in boxes and carried to market.

For the American market the tea is always refired before shipment, this being done by placing the tea in iron pans over a strong charcoal fire, constantly stirring it, for forty-five to sixty minutes. This process gives the so-called "toasty flavor" and the "greenish color," both of which, with a great increase of dust and broken leaf, are obtained at the expense of that delicate and rich flavor which the tea had after the country manipulation.

In the opinion of Mr. Shepard, the American chargé in Japan, all this refiring is unnecessary for the voyage to America, or, at least, an extra firing at the first preparation would answer the purpose, and he is quite positive that the preparation in question is a serious injury to the quality of the tea as a beverage. The greenish color demanded in the American market is not an essential to the tea, and is only obtained by strong firing and stirring in pans, or by an admixture of indigo, plaster of Paris, and soapstone, such as the Chinese teas are treated with.

The best Japan tea, in its pure state, is a long twisted leaf, with but little dust or broken leaves in it, and of a brownish-green, rather than a yellowish or grayish green. It is further stated that tea has been used in China, Japan, and Corea more than a thousand years, the first foreign export being to Holland early in the seventeenth century, and to England about 1660.

The very finest teas of Japan are wholly grown by the priests. They are cultivated under mats, to secure the desired degree of shade, and bring from $5 to $6 a pound in Japan, none of this quality being exported.

In the article upon the teas of China it is stated that indigo is used for coloring gunpowder tea, and that in the southern districts of China Prussian-blue and gypsum are employed instead of indigo.

BLOOD ENTOZOON.

A blood entozoon has lately been described by Dr. T. R. Lewis as occurring in a patient suffering from a tropical disease called *chyluria*. The worms appear to be present in very large numbers in the blood, and in some of the secretions; indeed, they were first observed in the urine. Nothing, so far, is known of their manner of development, nor how they gain entrance to the body. Their average length is 0.175 of an inch, and they are therefore much smaller than the *Trichina spiralis*.

PYRO-PLATING.

The term pyro-plating has been applied to a method of coating one metal with another by the action of heat, to distinguish it from the electro-plating, close-plating, and amalgamation processes; the peculiarity being that the coating, after deposition, is driven into the surface of the metal by the aid of heat and atmospheric pressure. It is used, therefore, wherever the other processes indicated are unsuited or impracticable, and is applicable not only for coating with silver, but also with gold, platinum, aluminium, copper, aluminium-bronze, etc.

The object to be coated must be rendered chemically clean, this being effected in various ways, according to the metal to be operated upon. Thus articles of iron or steel are first boiled in caustic alkali, and then cleaned, under water, with emery and wire brushes, and finally by generating nascent hydrogen upon the surface, the articles being suspended in a hot alkaline solution, and made the negative pole of a somewhat powerful battery. When perfectly clean they are transferred to the plating bath, and the

proper amount of metal is deposited upon them in the usual way.

The peculiar stage of the process consists in submitting the articles to the operation of firing. For this a bright red heat is commonly employed, at least for articles that do not require tempering. For cutting instruments the heat is more carefully watched, and not allowed to rise above 450° or 500° F. When the articles have attained a proper temperature they are withdrawn, and instantly quenched in cold water.

THE CRUST OF METEORIC STONES.

Simultaneous but entirely independent investigations by Professor Reinsch, of Tübingen, and Meunier, of Paris, led them to the conclusion that the black crust of gray meteoric stones is not the result of fusion during their passage through the atmosphere. The Krähenberg meteorite was examined by Professor Reinsch, and his results communicated at the German Scientific Association during its recent meeting at Leipsic. Microscopic examination of thin sections of the crust showed that it was composed of two entirely distinct portions. The external, highly porous layer, filled with channels and cavities, seldom contains metallic iron, magnetic pyrites, or other minerals; while the interior, highly lustrous, compact layer, decidedly distinct from the gray granular mass of the stone, often incloses metallic iron and magnetic pyrites. In rare cases particles and laminæ of metallic iron penetrate both layers, and are slightly changed by oxidation as far as they extend into the outer layer. The ground mass of the stone consists of particles, more or less spherical, of a light or dark gray material (silicate of magnesia), in which metallic iron, magnetic pyrites, and different silicate minerals (the latter without distinct crystals) are imbedded without any recognizable order. The globules generally are made up of several minerals, but even when they contain only one, they exhibit under the microscope small inclosed masses of magnetic pyrites, either in isolated aggregations or filling vein-like fissures. When simple in structure they are perfectly spherical, but when more complex less spherical, and in the latter case the different substances are not arranged according to their specific gravities. The iron and magnetic pyrites, when both are present, are generally found in the external, seldom in the central, parts. Professor Reinsch therefore concludes that these meteoric stones could not have been at a red heat, even for a short time, in an atmosphere containing oxygen, as the magnetic pyrites would have been converted into ferrosoferric oxide, and, in contact with metallic iron, into a lower sulphide, and that the crust can not consist of the fused mineral ingredients, since, at the temperature of fusion of silicates, the magnetic pyrites in contact with metallic iron would have suffered change. The incomplete crystallization of the mineral ingredients, and the deviation of the globules from the spherical form, in cases of complex composition, indicate that they assumed the solid form suddenly, without time for the arrangement of the substances according to their specific gravities.

Meunier communicated the results of his investigations of the meteoric stone of Pultusk to the Paris Academy in August. Exhaustive qualitative examination of several parts of the crust, differing in appearance, agreed in revealing the presence of olivine, augite, and a black decomposable coloring matter. The specific gravity was precisely the same as of the interior portions. Upon microscopic examination the crust, like the mass it covered, appeared crystalline instead of vitrified. At a few points there were exceedingly delicate glassy fibres, which seemed to form a net-work, sometimes amounting to a continuous layer. These had certainly been fused, but were of uncommon fineness, and, as well as the external layer, were entirely colorless and amorphous. Any term applied to this coating that implies its fusion must, therefore, be a misnomer. At the first glance it presents in some places a blistered and slaggy appearance, but closer observation shows that it is only wrinkled like the surface of fracture of the gray portions, and the enlargements on the surface at certain points, attributed to the accumulation of melted matter, prove to be due to the accidental shape of the stone at those points, for a section perpendicular to their surface shows the dark crust to be no thicker here than elsewhere. The splintery appearance of the surface, which in many cases suggests scorification, results from the sudden cooling which the warm surface experiences on contact with terrestrial bodies. Attempts to imitate the black crust confirm the conclusion that it does not result from fusion. A splinter of the gray material before the blow-pipe gives, in general, nothing similar to the black crust, but by oxidation becomes more or less ochre brown, and fuses with difficulty to a brown glass on its thin edges. A very small splinter in the reducing flame acquires at first a dark color, and then fuses to an almost colorless glass, dotted with dark spots. This experiment shows the phases in the change of the surface of the stone from its normal to a vitrified condition. Heating, as usual in experiments on metamorphism, also indicates that the crust is simply a metamorphosed, not a fused, mass. The thinness and regularity of the crust are explained as doubtless being due to the exceedingly low temperature of the stones at the moment they strike the earth's atmosphere. To this same excessive cold must be ascribed the cohesion of the carbonaceous meteorites which penetrate the earth, or rebound from it at their fall, while, under ordinary circumstances, they fall to pieces under the least blow.

Perhaps a study of the metamorphosis of meteorites will reveal an approximate measure of the temperature of the interplanetary space, in regard to which there are such contradictory estimates, and the thickness of the metamorphosed crust, which is independent of the size of the stone, may possibly, by means of a few readily suggested experiments, give us an indication of the internal temperature of the stones when suddenly exposed to the effects of heat, from which the temperature of the regions whence they came may be derived.

The form of the meteorites, and especially the evident contrast between the front and back parts, are generally construed as arguments in favor of the action of fusion in the formation of the crust, but the facts already given completely contradict the opinion that the matter has been melted away from the blunt edges, as the tem-

perature necessarily implied would have left its impress in the mass of the stone, while many decidedly rounded meteorites have remained perfectly white—for example, that of New Concord, in May, 1860. This rounding of the front face seems due to erosion by the air, as truly as that of rocks to erosion of water. The furrows and folds are the result of sculpturing, and the crust is produced in the bared portions in proportion as the heat penetrates. According to this view many meteorites manifest a striking general resemblance to some Scandinavian islands, scraped out by glaciers on the north, while they have been protected on the south.

EFFECT OF HEAT ON THE TEMPERATURE OF ANIMALS.

An investigation of the effect of a high temperature upon animals has lately been published by Professor Rosenthal, of Erlangen. As the result he found that if rabbits be introduced into inclosures the atmosphere of which is 52° to 90° F., the temperature of the animal under treatment does not vary, excepting for some slight transitory oscillations between 79° and 90°. From 90° to 97° the temperature of the animal rises to 106° or 107°, and then is stationary; the animal becomes prostrated, and pants for breath, with its limbs stretched out and widespread, the pulsations of the heart very frequent, and the cutaneous vessels much dilated. With an external temperature of 97° to 104° the temperature of the animal rises rapidly to 112° or 113°, the phenomena already referred to are more decided, the pupil of the eye is dilated, the muscles are relaxed, and death intervenes in a very short time.

On removing the animal in season, and exposing it to the ordinary heat of the apartment, its temperature falls to 97° or below, and remains low for several days. When it has come back to its average temperature, however, the experiment may be repeated upon the animal, which will be found to resist these agencies much better than before. It is true that it loses much water, but in dry air, as well as in that saturated with moisture, the animal becomes heated much less than when first exposed to the action of a high temperature. At the same time, however, it shows signs of indisposition, loses its appetite, and becomes sluggish, producing less caloric than in a state of health.

THEORY OF "TAKING COLD."

Professor Rosenthal gives the following explanation of the pathogenic action of exposure to cold. Suppose an individual to have been subjected to an elevated temperature, such as that of a ball-room or theatre, or to have engaged in violent muscular exercise: the cutaneous vessels are dilated, and in a state more or less akin to paralysis, and in all cases more slow to contract than usual. If at this moment the same person be exposed abruptly and without any intermediate transition to a low temperature, especially to a current of cold air, a considerable loss of heat will be observed upon the surface of the body. The blood which has been thus cooled externally comes back into the internal organs and cools them suddenly; which circumstance alone may, in an organ predisposed to disease, become the active cause of some severe malady. The cutaneous vessels, on their part, become contracted, driving out the blood which they contained, and thus produce a kind of hyperæmia, which in itself may exercise a morbific action. This cause, however, is usually only an accessory one, at least in cases where the temperature has been much elevated. The vessels have lost their tonicity, and do not contract suddenly. But if the danger from collateral hyperæmia is thus diminished, that from refrigeration is increased.

CINCHONA IN JAMAICA.

It is well known that the various species of cinchona-trees, when transplanted from their native region in South America, although retaining their botanical characteristics, do not always furnish the same quantity and quality of alkaloid, this being influenced by latitude, moisture, and other conditions. A recent examination of cinchona bark from trees growing in Jamaica has, however, proved very satisfactory, the total amount of alkaloid obtained being considered reasonably large, and likely to improve with the age of the trees. The *Cinchona calasaya* is the most promising, exhibiting a percentage of quinine of great economical importance. In this respect it had a decided superiority over the same plants cultivated in India. On the other hand, the *C. officinalis* is less valuable than the Indian product.

REGULATION OF TIME BY OBSERVATORIES.

During the past few years inconveniences arising from the constant changes of local time, and the conflicting errors of local clocks on connecting railroads, have been felt with increasing frequency by the traveling public, and still more by the roads themselves.

The aid of astronomical science has been lately invoked by some of the leading railroads, and several observatories have been requested to furnish exact time by the telegraph; but to how very great an extent abstract science has been thus already utilized few even of those who benefit by it are perhaps aware.

From an article by Professor Langley, in the November number of *Silliman's Journal*, describing the system introduced at the Alleghany (Pittsburg) Observatory, we learn that the exact time is thence daily distributed by electricity over some thousand miles of main and branch roads by a purely automatic process. For technical details the article cited may be referred to; and we briefly state that continuous lines of telegraph, which extend from New York on the east, and Chicago on the west, are carried into the observatory at Pittsburg, where the wires terminate in its principal mean time standard clock, which is made to send an electric impulse through them with every swing of its pendulum. An audible sound is thus made simultaneously at every station on the Southern lines connecting New York with the West, and a clock regulated with astronomical exactness is thus virtually to be *heard ticking* in New York and Chicago, and at hundreds of intermediate points, at the same instant. The means employed are here alluded to, however, less in connection with the abstract interest of the method itself than to that of the practical and economical results which are secured by such uniformity and exactness, hitherto generally

unattained. Among the competing lines for the immense amount of railway freight which passes between the East and West, those which can be run with a regularity most like clock-work will be the favored ones; but this essential benefit, growing out of such a system of time distribution, is still second to its utility as a security against accident, and for the preservation of human life.

The special apparatus of the observatory devoted to these ends is the gift of W. Shaw, Esq., of Pittsburg, but a recognition is due to the intelligent policy which has led the managers of these roads to avail themselves of scientific help so extensively in promoting both the safety of passengers and the rapidity and economy of transportation.

ACTION OF COD-LIVER OIL.

Dr. Decaisne, who has been investigating the therapeutic action of cod-liver oil, reports as the result of nearly one hundred observations that it is in rickety patients, as previously shown by various writers, that cod-liver oil has its most positive and curative action, but that it cures neither scrofula nor consumption. In these three affections, as in all others in which it has been tried, it acts as a restorative and reconstituent, and may be applied to the treatment of all such conditions of the system as exhibit a general cachexia, without being addressed to any particular malady.

Wishing to verify as much as possible the conclusions of Dr. Pollock in reference to the fattening of calves, pigs, and sheep with cod-liver oil, Dr. Decaisne weighed a number of children slightly affected with scrofula and rickets, before, during, and after treatment, and ascertained that whenever the dose exceeded a certain limit, variable with the individual, the growth ceases, and that the cessation of growth is attended with loss of appetite and a reduction of nutriment. He has been enabled to verify the experience of Greenhow, who maintains that the increase of weight always ceases in individuals attacked with consumption whenever by the use of the cod-liver oil they have attained their normal weight.

He furthermore maintains, contrary to the views of other writers, that the oil treatment is only useful in the first stages of consumption, and when there is little or no fever. On the principle, now perfectly admitted, that the digestion and minute subdivision of fatty matter is one of the functions of the pancreas, the functional activity of that organ is always connected with that of gastric digestion, and he therefore always administers the oil with the food, and not in the intervals between meals.

LAUGHTER AS A REMEDIAL OPERATION.

At the recent meeting of the German Scientific Association, at Leipsic, Dr. Hecker made some remarks upon laughter. He stated that tickling, which he styled a variable, intermittent excitement of the nerves of the skin, produced irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of an expansion of the pupil and a contraction of the blood-vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure on the brain, permeated with blood-vessels, is so considerable as not to be without danger. Powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which consists simply in intermittent forced movements of expiration, must be recognized as a decided remedy for the effects of tickling.

Laughter due to a sense of the ludicrous, according to his experiments, is also to be accounted for as the result of an intermittent cheerful excitement, accompanied by similar bodily manifestations, which may be referred to stimulation of the sympathetic nerves. Laughter thus seems to have a remedial office.

PROCESS FOR SILVERING GLASS VESSELS.

Dissolve 61¾ grains of nitrate of silver and 38½ grains of aldehyde-ammonia in separate parts of 1¾ pints of distilled water, mix the solutions, and filter. Cleanse the article to be silvered from every trace of grease by washing with a solution of carbonate of potash, rinse with alcohol and with water in succession, fill it with the silvering solution as high as it is to be silvered, and hang it in a water-bath. The latter must be heated very gradually. When the temperature of the water reaches 122° F., the silver begins to separate, and little time is then required to complete the deposit. At first, while thin, the film appears dark, but increases in brilliancy until a beautiful silvered surface is produced, when the object must be removed, emptied, and washed with distilled water, or its brilliancy may be impaired. The aldehyde-ammonia may be prepared by passing dry ammonia gas through aldehyde.

DOLOMITES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Dr. Feuchtwanger communicates to the *Engineer and Mining Journal* a paper upon the dolomites of the United States, and calls attention to their very great value in the arts. Chemically considered, these rocks are composed of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, and are not to be confounded with magnesite, which consists only of magnesia. The American dolomites are used largely in architecture, the favorite white marble of Vermont being composed of it. The Rosenthal cement is said to owe its powerful hydraulic properties to the mixture of clay with the dolomitic material.

BENEFITS OF VACCINATION.

The small-pox epidemic has been very prevalent for some time past in Vienna, and numerous cases are constantly occurring, taxing the abilities of the medical profession and the capacity of the various hospitals to the utmost. The benefit of vaccination, however, is shown by the unanimous testimony of those who have been most concerned in the treatment of the disease. The general result is summed up as follows: 1. The mortality has been ten times greater in the unvaccinated than in the vaccinated. 2. The intensity of the disease has also, as the general rule, been very much greater in them. 3. Cases of hemorrhagic small-pox occurred much more frequently in the unvaccinated. 4. In the Children's Hospital, where the mortality has been so enormous, and has specially prevailed in the hemorrhagic form, its fatal course has chiefly been among the unvaccinated. These facts will, at a later period, be demonstrated by the publication of the full statistical data, and it is hoped they will teach the opponents of vaccination a much needed lesson.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of March.—The Forty-second Congress expired March 4. Its two years of legislation furnish a very limited record of results, if judged by measures passed in the interests of the people. It enacted the Enforcement bill; it ratified the Treaty of Washington; it passed an Amnesty bill, from the provisions of which only from 200 to 300 persons were excepted; it repealed the duties on tea and coffee; reduced most of the customs duties ten per cent.; reduced the duty on salt fifty per cent., on coal forty per cent., and on lead twenty-five per cent.; admitted hides free, and added largely to the free list of drugs and chemicals used in manufacture; repealed all the internal revenue taxes except those on malt and spirituous liquors, and a few stamp duties; and abolished the offices of assessor and assistant assessor of internal revenue. It passed a new Apportionment bill, increasing the number of members of the House of Representatives to 292; it passed the Soldiers and Sailors' Homestead bill; it established shipping commissions for the protection of our sailors; it abolished the franking privilege; it doubled the President's salary, and increased the salaries of members of Congress to $7500; it passed the necessary measures for carrying out the Treaty of Washington; and it reinforced our navy with eight steam-sloops of war.

Belonging to the unfinished business of the last session are the Agricultural College bill, the Soldiers' Bounty Land bill, and the bill to aid in the execution of the law in Utah. Among the bills which failed to pass are those providing for a postal telegraph and for the resumption of specie payments; the Louisiana Election bill; the bill reorganizing the customs service; the bill refunding the cotton tax; the bills for the admission of Colorado and New Mexico into the Union, and for the creation of the Territorial government of Oklahoma; the joint resolutions for the election of the President and Senators by the people, and for a one-term amendment to the Constitution; the bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals; the Boston Fire Relief bill; and all bills providing subsidies for railroads or steam-ship lines.

The following table gives the total of appropriations made for the year ending June 30, 1874, as compared with the same for the current fiscal year:

	1872-73.	1873-74.
Indian	$6,349,462 04	$5,364,000 00
Pensions	30,480,000 00	30,000,000 00
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial	18,587,915 74	17,063,184 80
Consular and Diplomatic	1,219,659 00	1,052,466 00
Navy	18,296,733 95	22,112,018 50
Fortifications	1,985,000 00	1,899,000 00
Post-office	28,600,291 84	32,476,767 00
Military Academy	326,132 00	346,017 50
Army	28,560,615 32	31,192,953 84
Sundry Civil Expenses	19,528,523 52	31,269,966 66
River and Harbor	5,276,700 10	6,193,400 00
Deficiencies	6,029,759 96	10,766,559 50
Miscellaneous	3,001,899 33	5,000,000 00
Total	$168,242,692 80	$194,736,333 80

In the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill is included $4,000,000 for new public buildings, and $6,000,000 for those in progress.

A bill was hurried through at the close of the session increasing the pay of the officers of the general government, fixing the annual salaries as follows: the President, $50,000; Vice-President, $10,000; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, $10,500; Justices of the Supreme Court, each, $10,000; cabinet officers, each, $10,000; Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State, and Interior, $6000; Speaker of the House, $10,000; members of Congress, including those of the Forty-second Congress, $7500. In the Senate the vote stood 36 yeas, of which 12 were Democrats, to 27 nays, of which 6 were Democrats; in the House 103 yeas, of which 39 were Democrats, to 94 nays, of which 36 were Democrats.

The conference committee on the Geneva Award bill was unable to agree upon any mode of distribution, and reported as a substitute for both the Senate and House bills a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to invest the award in United States five per cent. registered bonds, and hold them subject to future legislation by Congress. The substitute was agreed to.

A joint resolution was passed before the close of the session, congratulating the Spanish people on the establishment of a republic.

The Senate of the Forty-third Congress met in special session, in pursuance of the President's proclamation, March 4. The new Senate consists of forty-two administration and twenty-eight opposition members. There are two vacancies. Mr. Boutwell was sworn in among the new members.

The following nominations sent by the President to the Senate were confirmed: William A. Richardson for Secretary of the Treasury; George H. Williams for Attorney-General; Hamilton Fish for Secretary of State; John A. J. Creswell for Postmaster-General; William W. Belknap for Secretary of War; George M. Robeson for Secretary of the Navy; Columbus Delano for Secretary of the Interior; Frederick A. Sawyer for Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; John Goforth for Assistant Attorney-General; George A. Sharpe for Surveyor of Customs for the port of New York; John A. Burbank for Governor of Dakota Territory; John W. Foster, of Indiana, for minister to Mexico; Cornelius A. Logan for minister to Chili; and Edward P. Smith, of New York, for Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Mr. Cameron was re-elected chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and Mr. Sherman chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. Morrill, of Maine, succeeds Mr. Cole at the head of the Committee on Appropriations; Mr. Logan succeeds Mr. Wilson at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs; Mr. Sprague succeeds Mr. Pomeroy at the head of the Committee on Public Lands; on Indian Affairs Mr. Harlan is succeeded by Mr. Buckingham.

Senator Morton, March 10, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to examine and report at the next session of Congress the best and most practicable method for the election of

the President and Vice-President of the United States, together with a plan for the organization of a tribunal to determine all contested questions connected therewith.—A resolution was adopted, March 11, authorizing the Secretary of War to consider a report as to the expediency of setting apart a portion of the island of Mackinac as a public park.

There is a world of significance in the remark made in the Senate, March 21, by Mr. Sherman, that the last session of Congress had done nothing to promote the great interests of the country beyond the passage of the appropriation bills.

On the 4th of March the reinauguration of General Grant as President of the United States, and the inauguration of Henry Wilson as Vice-President, took place under circumstances of unusual splendor, a grand ball terminating the day's proceedings.

The New York Constitutional Commission reveals the startling fact that the aggregate debt of the several counties, cities, towns, and villages of the State exceeds $214,000,000—more than ten and a half per cent. upon the assessed valuation of all property in the State. Twenty-seven millions of this debt have been incurred for the benefit of railroads.

Alexander H. Stephens has been elected to Congress from the Eighth Georgia District.

The Forty-second Congress was no sooner dissolved than affairs in Louisiana threatened to culminate in a serious crisis. On the night of March 4 the M'Enery militia took possession of the Seventh Precinct station-house in New Orleans. During the afternoon of the following day the Third Precinct station-house was attacked. The assailants were repulsed; but being largely reinforced, they made a second attempt, which was frustrated by General Badger, with about two hundred policemen and a piece of artillery. One of the assailants was killed, and several wounded. During the day General W. H. Emory, commanding the Department of the Gulf, received an order from General Sherman to prevent any violent interference with the State government of Louisiana. On the 6th the Kellogg authorities took possession of the hall occupied by the M'Enery Legislature, and placed the Speaker and a number of the members under arrest.

The annual election in New Hampshire for Governor, Railroad Commissioners, three members of Congress, and members of the Legislature took place March 11. The latest returns seem to indicate the election of Straw, the Republican candidate for Governor, by a small majority. Two of the three Congressional districts were carried by the Republicans.

The Hon. George S. Boutwell was, March 12, elected United States Senator from Massachusetts, to succeed Henry Wilson. Boutwell received 152 votes on the joint ballot. Necessary to a choice, 138. Dawes received 115.

The Commission for the revision of the Constitution of New York adjourned *sine die* March 17, having been in session at Albany since December 4, 1872. The Commission consisted of thirty-two members, four from each judicial district, appointed by the Governor and the Senate, and equally divided between the two parties. Its amendments are submitted to the present Legislature, and if approved by the majority of its members, they will be submitted to the next Legislature, and if approved by the latter, they will be submitted to the people for final acceptance or rejection.

The Commission submit the following amendments:

In regard to elections and the right to vote, the voter is required to have been for four months a resident in the election district where he may offer his vote. The requirement at present is four months' residence in the county. The penalty of bribery is made to involve disfranchisement.

Various changes are proposed in the Legislature. Senators are to be chosen for four instead of for two years, and instead of being chosen from thirty-two Senate districts, they are to be chosen from eight—four from each district, one of the four going out and one coming in each year. The limitation of pay to one hundred days is abolished. Each member of the Legislature is to receive an annual salary of $1000, and ten cents per mile for traveling expenses. No one holding an office from any city government, and no one who within one hundred days of his election as a member has been a civil officer of the United States, is eligible to the Legislature. These disqualifications are in addition to those already imposed on members of Congress and judicial and military officers of the United States.

Important restrictions are imposed upon legislation. Every act is required to contain all its provisions in full, and it is not permitted to embody any other act or part of act by reference to its title. Every bill is required to be read twice in each House, section by section, and to be printed and distributed to members at least one day before the vote is taken on its final passage. No private, special, or local bill is to be introduced in any regular session after sixty days from the commencement without the recorded consent, by yeas and nays, of three-fourths of all the elected members of each House; and no such bill can be passed unless public notice of the intention to apply therefor and of the general objects of the bill shall have been previously given. A long list of subjects, nineteen in number, is recited, touching which the Legislature is forbidden to pass special and required to pass general laws. Among the subjects on which special laws are prohibited are, regulating the internal affairs of counties; incorporating villages; regulating the rate of interest; creating fees or regulating them; granting the right to lay down railroad tracks; granting to any corporation, association, or individual any exclusive privilege or immunity or franchise whatever.

A radical change is proposed in the executive department. At present the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and part of the State officers are elected at one time for two years; still another portion at another time for the same period; still another portion are elected piecemeal for three years, and a fourth portion are chosen by the Legislature for five years. The Commission proposes that the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor be elected for three years; that the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint the Secretary of State, Attorney-General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Superintendent of State-prisons, and Superintendent of Public

Works; that the Controller be elected for three years; that the Treasurer be chosen by joint ballot of both Houses of the Legislature for three years, and that the offices of the Canal Commissioners and State-prison Inspectors be abolished. The Treasurer, the Superintendent of Public Works, and the Superintendent of State-prisons may be removed or suspended by the Governor. The Superintendent of State-prisons has the appointment and removal of the agent, warden, physician, and chaplain at each State-prison.

In addition to this concentration of appointments in his hands, the Governor's veto power is extended, and two-thirds of all the members elected to each House are required to override his veto. This can now be done by two-thirds of the members present at any time. He is also allowed to veto one or more items of any bill appropriating money. His salary is increased to $10,000, and he is to be provided with an official residence.

No change is made in the Judiciary article, except that in cities of not less than 300,000 inhabitants—*i. e.*, at present, in New York and Brooklyn—justices of courts not of record are to be appointed by the Governor and Senate for four years, subject to removal, after due notice, by courts to be designated by law.

A new provision is inserted in regard to savings-banks—that all charters shall be made to conform to a general law to be enacted by the Legislature, and that no such corporation shall have any capital stock, nor shall the trustees thereof have any interest in the profits of such corporation.

The Legislature is forbidden to give or loan the credit or money of the State to any association, corporation, or private undertaking. No county, city, town, or village is permitted to give or loan property to any individual, association, or corporation, or to hold stock in any association or corporation.

The provisions for the government of municipalities are important and comprehensive. The Mayor is to nominate, and with the consent of the Board of Aldermen, appoint, the heads of departments, and have minute supervision of their actions, with power of suspension or removal for cause. The veto power of the Mayor to be the same as that of the Governor. There shall be a Board of Audit of not less than five nor more than eleven members, who shall be chosen by electors paying a tax on property officially assessed for taxation at not less than $250. The assent of this board is made necessary to every resolution or ordinance involving expenditure of money, the contracting of debts, or the levying of taxes. The government of every city shall have within its own boundary exclusive legislative power in all matters relating to taxation and expenditure for local purposes, the care, regulation, and improvement of its streets, avenues, public grounds, and public buildings, of its supply and distribution of water, of its almshouse and its other charitable and benevolent institutions, and may exercise such further powers as shall be conferred by law.

No provision is submitted relative to education, the constitution of juries, the reorganization of the criminal code, minority representation, or to the regulation of liquor dealing.

The commission authorized by the New York Legislature in 1871 for the award of the prize of $100,000 for the most practicable method of the application of steam to canal navigation has decided not to grant the prize to any of the competitors at the present stage, but recommends an extension of the time for the trials.

In the New York Senate, March 12, a bill was passed in relation to the challenges of jurors in criminal cases, giving the decision of the question of the juror's competency to the judge instead of to triers. The bill had already passed the Assembly. It is similar to the bill passed by Congress, and approved June 8, 1872.—A bill was passed by the Assembly, March 21, that whenever upon the trial of any indictment for a capital offense the jury shall acquit the defendant on the ground of insanity, such insanity shall be presumed to continue, and the person so acquitted shall, by order of the Court, be confined in one of the State lunatic asylums for a period of not less than fifteen years. The bill was passed, 74 to 27.—An important bill has been passed to its third reading in the Senate, allowing aliens to acquire, hold, and convey real estate.—A bill has been introduced into the Senate for the protection of factory children. It prohibits absolutely the employment in any shop or factory of any child under ten years of age; and no child under twelve, if such child be unable to read or write; no child under the age of sixteen can be employed more than sixty hours per week, and, with certain specified exceptions, none between the ages of ten and sixteen for more than nine months of the year. Parents are compelled to send their children to school when released from work under the conditions of the act; factories and workshops are to be properly ventilated and cleaned, and dangerous parts of machinery are to be properly protected.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed, unanimously in both Houses, a general railroad law. The bill provides that any number of persons, not less than thirteen, may form a company for the purpose of constructing, maintaining, and operating a railroad for public use in the conveyance of persons and property, or for the purpose of maintaining and of operating any incorporated railroad already constructed for the like public use, the capital stock to be not less than $10,000 for each mile constructed. The articles of association can not be filed with the Secretary of State until at least $2000 of stock for every mile of road proposed is subscribed, and ten per cent. of that amount paid in cash, and an affidavit of at least five directors is made to that effect. Passenger rates are not to exceed three cents a mile for each person, and the charges for the transportation of all descriptions of property are fixed at not more than six cents a ton for each mile, and no sum shall be charged or received for freight between way-stations, a terminal and a way station, greater than is charged and received for the same between the terminal stations of such roads.

In December, 1871, the Board of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners of Illinois filed an information against the Chicago and Alton Railroad, alleging that that company transported lumber from Chicago to Bloomington for $5 per thousand feet over a distance of 126 miles, while from Chicago to Lexington, a distance of 110 miles, $5 65 per thousand feet was charged.

The penalty, of which enforcement was desired, was forfeiture of charter. The action was brought under the "Railroad law," which provided that no railroad company should charge for transportation of freight over its road, for any distance, the same rate of toll or more than was at the same time charged for freight of similar quantities of the same class of freight over a greater distance upon the same road. The railroad pleaded in answer that this legislation was in violation of its chartered rights, and consequently void. Further, that the charge of $5 65 to Lexington was reasonable, but that of $5 to Bloomington was unreasonably low and unremunerative, the road being compelled by competition to carry the freight at that rate or lose the business. The decision of the Circuit Court, rendered by Judge Tipton, was in favor of the Commissioners and against the railroad. Since our last Record this decision has been reversed by the Supreme Court. The substance of the decision is summed up by the Court in few words:

"While the Legislature has an unquestionable power to prohibit unjust discrimination in railway freights, no prosecution can be maintained under the existing act until amended, because it does not prohibit unjust discrimination merely, but discrimination of any character, and because it does not allow the companies to explain the reason of the discrimination, but forfeits their franchise upon an arbitrary and conclusive presumption of guilt to be drawn from the proof of an act that might be shown to be perfectly innocent. In these particulars the existing act violates the spirit of the Constitution. The judgment of the Circuit Court ousting the appellant of its franchises must therefore be reversed."

On the 1st of March Mr. Hildup introduced a bill into the Lower House of the Illinois Legislature designed to cover the point made in the above decision of the Supreme Court. It is entitled "A bill for an act to determine conclusively reasonable maximum rates of freight and passenger tariffs on the different railroads in this State, and to impose fines and penalties for charging, demanding, or receiving unreasonable rates, and making unjust discriminations." The bill provides that the Railroad Commissioners shall fix schedules of rates for freight and passengers, which shall be in force thirty days after publication, which rates shall be deemed *prima facie* just and reasonable, and that all other rates shall be deemed *prima facie* to be unjust discriminations. If a railroad fix other rates than those prescribed, the Commissioners proceed by relation in the name of the people before the Circuit Court of any county through which the road runs, requiring the offender to conform to the established rates, or show cause. If default be made, a jury shall try the case on the part of the people, and a decree may follow their verdict. If the railroad appear and defend, the issues shall in like manner be tried, conforming to proceedings in equity. The decree, if against the railroad, sets aside its schedule of discriminations as unjust, and requires conformity to that fixed by the Commissioners. Upon cause shown by either party, the Court may grant a new trial.

The Upper House of the same Legislature has unanimously passed the Donahue Freight bill, which fixes the penalty for any extortionate rate of compensation, or for any unjust discrimination in the rates—for the first offense, $5000; for the second, $10,000; and for the third, $20,000. The bill makes it *prima facie* evidence of unjust discrimination and extortion in the rates of freight, and of intent to so discriminate and extort, for any railroad company to demand or receive any larger amount for freight than is at the same time charged for the transportation of like quantities of the same class of property over a greater distance upon the same road, or to demand or receive different rates for handling or delivering goods at different points on the same or connecting roads, or to demand or receive a greater amount for such transportation than is charged for like transportation of the same class of goods over an equal distance on the same road, or to demand or receive any other than a fair and reasonable rate. It is made the duty of the Railroad Commissioners, upon complaint of any citizen, or upon notice from any legal officer of the violation of the act, to immediately institute prosecution therefor in the county where such violation took place, and to employ competent counsel to prosecute the same on behalf of the State.

The Canadian Dominion Parliament assembled March 5, and the Hon. James Cockburn was elected Speaker. The importance of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the improvement and extension of the Canadian canals were the principal topics of Governor Dufferin's opening address. The opposition party has a working majority.

On the 13th of February Mr. Gladstone brought before the British House of Commons his bill for Irish university education. The subject presented unusual difficulties. The educational enactments for England and Scotland had been so framed as to conciliate local prejudices. They ignored the denominational element in their scheme, but this element could not be ignored in the practical workings of the system. The sectarian conflict, silenced in Parliament, was turned over to the local boards. In elaborating a scheme for higher education in Ireland the same course had to be pursued. The scheme itself must be secular—the Romanists call it "godless"—but in order to meet the real grievance, and to at least seem to be impartial, it was necessary to concede to the Irish Romanists —three-fourths of the Irish population—the opportunity to co-operate in, and in the course of a generation to almost monopolize, the conduct of the educational system proposed. Mr. Gladstone's bill made Dublin University the nucleus of the new system. This university was to be made independent of Trinity College; and the latter, the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Belfast (established by Sir Robert Peel), the Roman Catholic University, and Magee College (Presbyterian), were to be grouped about it as a common centre. Galway College was to be eliminated, also the Queen's University. The University of Dublin was to be incorporated with a government by a council of twenty-eight members, to be in the first instance appointed by the act, and the vacancies afterward for ten years to be filled alternately by co-optation and the nomination of the crown. The new university was to receive an endowment of £50,000 a year, to be contributed, one-fourth by Trinity College, one-fourth by the absorption of the funds of the Queen's University, one-eighth by fees, and the remaining three-eighths by the funds obtained

from the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The bill also provided for the establishment of one hundred bursaries of £25 a year, tenable for four years, in connection with the new university, each to be competed for by its students; twenty-five scholarships of £50 a year each, also tenable for four years; and ten fellowships of £200 a year each, tenable for five years. The theological faculty was to be detached from Trinity College; all religious tests were to be abolished; the endowments open to all, irrespective of religious belief; degrees to be given to students who, having attended none of the subsidiary colleges, could pass examination; and the semi-religious subjects of moral philosophy and modern history to be excluded from the lectures of the university.

The secularity, or "godlessness," of the scheme arrayed against the bill the whole force of Romanism. The Protestants were offended by the concessions made to the Romanists, and especially by the opportunity afforded to the Romanists, at no very distant period, to acquire a controlling power in the government of the new university. The debate was closed early on the morning of March 12. In his concluding speech Mr. Gladstone clearly insisted upon the bill as a test measure. He said, "It is impossible that the gentlemen who occupy the front bench of the opposition, who form her Majesty's opposition, who bring up their whole force to overthrow the measure of the government, can decline the responsibility of taking office." Upon a division of the House there were 284 votes in favor of the bill, and 287 against it—a majority of three for the opposition. Forty-seven liberals, of whom thirty-six were Irish, voted against the bill. Of the thirty Roman Catholic members present, only three voted for it. Altogether only fifteen Irish members voted for it, of whom twelve were Protestants. The Scotch and Welsh members supported the bill. Of the forty members who took part in the debate, thirteen supported and twenty-seven opposed the bill. Of the opponents, twelve were conservative and thirteen liberals.

Mr. Gladstone, on the defeat of the bill, tendered his resignation to the Queen. Mr. Disraeli was summoned to the Queen's presence, but he refused to accept office. On the 20th Mr. Gladstone resumed the premiership.

M. Thiers, President of the French Republic, has obtained a complete victory over the Assembly. The Committee of Thirty has presented its report, and the report has met with the approval of M. Thiers. This report, carried by an overwhelming majority, decides that "the Assembly shall before separating pass a measure as to the mode and organization of the executive power and the legislative power." There is to be a Second Chamber and an electoral law. The conduct of these matters is submitted to the executive. The government is to submit to the Assembly three bills on these points.

There is in the French treasury half of the sum of money due to Germany, and no loan will be required to complete the payments. A convention was signed, March 15, by President Thiers and Count von Arnim, on the part of their respective governments, for the payment of the fifth milliard of francs of the war indemnity by installments, the final payment to be made September 5, when all of the French territory occupied by the Germans, including Belfort, is to be evacuated. Of the forty departments originally occupied by the Germans, only four now remain to be liberated.

Elections to fill vacancies in the French Assembly have been ordered to be held April 27.

The Spanish Cortes passed unanimously, March 22, the bill for the immediate abolition of slavery in Porto Rico. The emancipated slaves will serve for three years with their present masters, or other residents on the island, and after a lapse of five years will enjoy the political rights of Spanish citizens. Soon after the passage of the bill the dissolution of the Cortes was unanimously voted. The Constituent Cortes will assemble on the 1st of May.

Toward the end of February there was a ministerial crisis, and the following government was elected: Figueras, for President of the Council, received 231 votes; Castelar, Minister of State, 237 votes; N. Salmeron, Minister of Justice, 220 votes; Pi y Margall, Minister of the Interior, 226 votes; Acosta, Minister of War, 149 votes; Oreiro, Minister of Marine, 176 votes; Tetuan, Minister of Finance, 169 votes; Chao, Minister of Public Works, 172 votes; Serna, Minister of the Colonies, 173 votes.

DISASTERS.

February 27.—Fire in Hanover Street, Boston. Several persons killed, and seventeen dangerously wounded.

March 4.—The wreck of the Alaska mail steamer *George S. Wright* reported in Portland, Oregon. All on board—twenty-three persons, it is estimated—were drowned.

March 6.—Governor Austin reports to the Minnesota Legislature that seventy persons lost their lives by the great snow-storm of January 7, 8, and 9.

March 16.—The Boston steamer *Grace Irving*, on her way to New Bedford, went down off Duxbury. Eight men drowned.

March 17.—Great fire at Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, destroying four-fifths of the town.

March 21.—Destruction by fire of the Erie dépôt, Jersey City. Loss $170,000.

OBITUARY.

February 26.—At Concord, Massachusetts, Simon Brewer, editor of the *New England Farmer*, and formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

March 10.—At New York city, Professor John Torney, M.D., LL.D., the distinguished botanist and chemist of Columbia College, in his seventy-fifth year.

March 11.—In Paris, Colonel Charles Temple Dix, youngest son of Governor Dix, of New York.—At Concord, New Hampshire, Henry A. Bellows, Chief Justice of that State, in his seventieth year.

March 15.—In Florence, Italy, the Right Reverend Charles Pettit M'Ilvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio, in his seventy-fifth year.

February 24.—At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, in his seventy-third year.

March 9.—Near London, England, Charles Knight, the well-known publisher, in his eighty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE ARTISTS' QUARTER.



SITUATED on the borders of Bloomsbury, bounded on one side by Oxford Street, and on the other by Euston Road, within easy walking distance of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Royal Academy, lies what was at one time very distinctly the Artists' Quarter in London. It is less distinctly so now. The great men have taken their flight to the suburbs, and set up their easels in the respectable atmosphere of Kensington or St. John's Wood. Their exodus, however, has not effected a change amounting to revolution. Their memory clings round the spot. Flaxman had a house here. Maclise's studio was hired here. And even still some celebrated painters remain within its sacred borders. In Fitzroy Square resides the founder of the pre-Raphaelite school. In Fitzroy Street dwells Mr. Frost, whose nudities have given him universal reputation, and who may be seen, habited in sober black, quietly feeding the sparrows in Regent's Park on any morning in the year. Charlotte Street and Newman Street still shelter a number of followers of the arts. The long windows of good aspect attract inmates, and nearly every first floor is a studio. The locality has a faded look. An air of gentle melancholy pervades it. The tenements have clearly seen very much better days. The immemorial presence of artists has not improved the moral tone of the region. Peter Pindar relates in one of his poems how he wandered hither once, and how his wanderings had no very virtuous result. Models from Hatton Garden flit about—the Italian girl, with dark glittering eyes, wonderful black hair, and picturesque costume; the Swiss peasant in dirty sheep-skin and faded sombrero ornamented with quantities of gay ribbon; the disreputable native model—the old man with shaking hand, faded eye, unwashed face, and a constantly expressed desire for "half a quartern of cool, refreshin' gin." Street musicians, themselves artists of a sort, affect the streets. A German band of some twenty performers will bray under unoffending houses by the hour, and actually send round for contributions at the conclusion of the infliction. Organ-grinders, unmindful of gentle entreaties or rough commands to depart, exhaust their entire répertoire to the delight of the children, who dance on the greasy pavement. An elderly performer on a tin whistle regularly patrols the streets, and manages to maintain himself on bribes given him to "go away."

In this net-work of streets is your true Bohemia. In the dingy first floors of these houses what dreams have been dreamed by young Salvator Rosas coming to town for the first time!



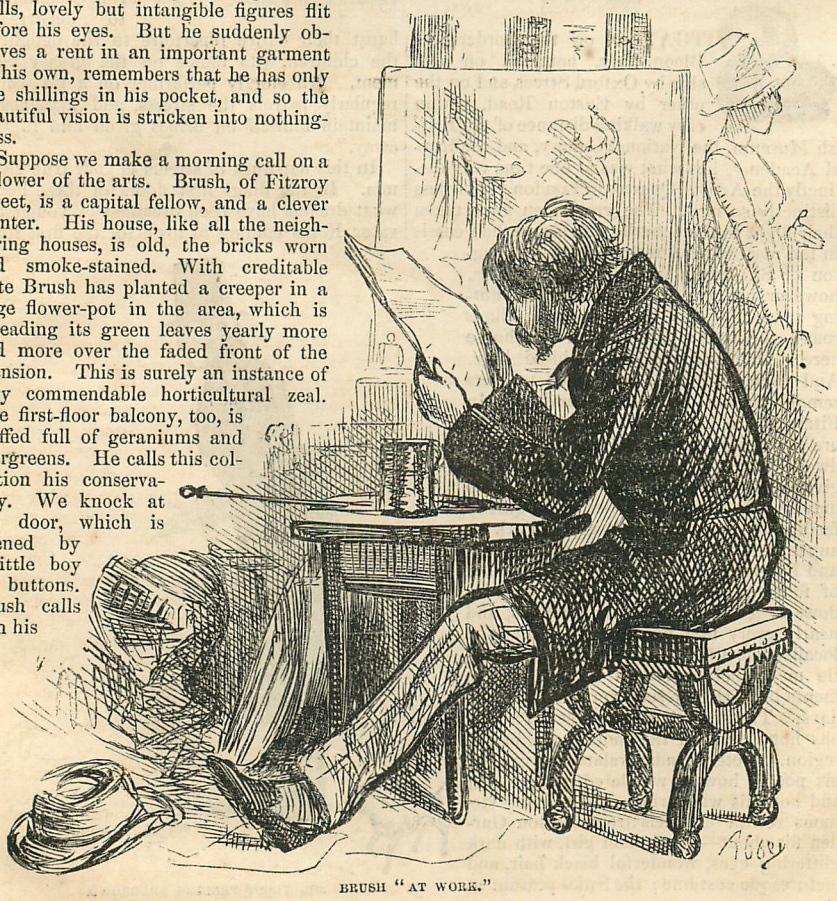
MR. FROST FEEDING SPARROWS.

The British student looks to this metropolis as the Italian to Rome—

> And at night, along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
> Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,
> And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
> Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men.

But the distant view is often superior to the near experience. The light is frequently discovered to be a dull yellow flickering illumination, and the throngs of men cruelly unsympathetic and jostling. However, he has his first floor in Bohemia, and can console himself with dreams. What pictures he will paint! What Academy honors he will win! What lasting fame he will achieve! How sternly he will set about correcting the public taste so notoriously degraded! Aerial architecture is the favorite occupation of your young artist. With a short clay pipe in his mouth he sits by the fire and constructs most elaborate edifices out of the blue smoke. He erects vast and beautiful temples which reach away toward heaven, gloriously fretted and inwrought with imaginary gold. Divine and thrilling sounds of many instruments, inthralling choruses of sweet voices, float upon the air, filling the dim and misty aisles; fair scenes are descried upon the gossamer walls, lovely but intangible figures flit before his eyes. But he suddenly observes a rent in an important garment of his own, remembers that he has only five shillings in his pocket, and so the beautiful vision is stricken into nothingness.

Suppose we make a morning call on a follower of the arts. Brush, of Fitzroy Street, is a capital fellow, and a clever painter. His house, like all the neighboring houses, is old, the bricks worn and smoke-stained. With creditable taste Brush has planted a creeper in a huge flower-pot in the area, which is spreading its green leaves yearly more and more over the faded front of the mansion. This is surely an instance of very commendable horticultural zeal. The first-floor balcony, too, is stuffed full of geraniums and evergreens. He calls this collection his conservatory. We knock at the door, which is opened by a little boy in buttons. Brush calls him his body-servant, and declares that the effect of the young gentleman's livery upon visitors is very great. "Is Mr. Brush in?" "Which he *is* in, Sir. You'll find 'im hup stairs in 'is stewjo." The studio is the front-room with the balcony and the geraniums. It is a very large apartment, having three tall windows facing the street. A scene of unutterable confusion bursts upon us. There is a place for nothing, and therefore every thing is scattered about haphazard. A lay figure, on the extended arm of which hangs the artist's coat, and on the head of which is a Roman helmet, occupies the centre of the floor. A suit of old armor has tumbled down in an adjacent corner, looking like a warrior who had become very drunk indeed, and then suddenly collapsed. A red curtain on a brass rod cuts the room into two parts. The curtain, however, is drawn, and we see a couple of easels beyond with canvases on them. Small tables besmeared with paint, and covered with palettes, brushes, color-tubes, and maul-sticks, impede the way. Brush himself is sitting at the fire, smoking and reading. He is habited in an old dressing-gown much bedaubed with burnt sienna and other pigments. He is reading in the *Athenæum* an account of one of his own pictures. He declares it to be the only interesting reading going nowadays. Brush is about



BRUSH "AT WORK."

twenty-six years of age, so that what the very old days of his inference were like is difficult to say. He greets his morning visitors kindly, and having with some difficulty conveyed chairs to the fire, knocking down several articles of furniture in the effort, he enters gayly into conversation. It is amusing to notice the easy familiarity with which he talks of the great Academicians, for the majority of whom he has nicknames, and concerning all of whom he has an endless variety of anecdotes more or less founded in fact. For men whom the public patronize largely he expresses ineffable contempt, and settles the claims of leading painters by a shake of the head or a skeptical sneer. Even newly discovered specimens of the old masters dissatisfy him. If a new batch of Raphaels were unearthed, he would describe them as one or two things that the distinguished artist had forgotten to burn. But notwithstanding this growling under-tone, Brush is genial, hearty, and hospitable.

He kindly permits us to inspect a nearly finished picture on one of the easels. It represents a fiddler at a fair in the last stage of intoxication. The expression is admirably caught, and the work as a whole full of humor. We ask for the title of the picture. "Well, I had intended calling him 'The Drunken Fiddler,' which describes him literally. However, I'm afraid I'll have to consult the wishes of a chaste public, and call him 'The Inebriated Violinist,' with a line from Tennyson or Browning under him in the catalogue." From which it will be seen that Brush can joke about his own pictures as well as about those of other people. While we are examining the work the door opens, and the original of the inebriated violinist sidles in, keeping close to the wall, and nervously turning his hat round in his hands. He smells horribly of whisky-and-water. "Good-mornin', Mr. Brush, Sir. I 'ope as 'ow I'm not be'ind my time, Sir; but the rheumatiz is wery bad this mornin', an' my heyes isn't wot they was. Doctor says I must 'ave a hoperation, though wot with the price of coals an' butcher's-meat, I dunno 'ow I'm to pay for it, Sir." Brush checks the torrent of his model's garrulity; and knowing that his day's work must now commence, we take our leave.

In the smaller streets a good many French artists of small ability have set up their tents. They dress chiefly in black velveteen coats with very broad braid, allow their locks to grow to an abnormal length, and carefully wax the extremities of their mustaches. Every man among them believes himself to be a second Horace Vernet, regards English art with infinite contempt, and describes English artists as Philistines of the most unperceptive type. They never joke, these men, but their conversation is enlivened by accompanying theatrical gestures, shrugs of the shoulders, elevation of the eyebrows, and strange facial contortions. They paint pictures in the grand style, but it is to be feared that they don't often sell them, and have to make out a subsistence as best they can by copying, by assisting in the studios of distinguished Philistines, or by aiding the undistinguished Philistines in Percy Street to manufacture "old masters" by the yard.

Rathbone Place is the strait by which the voyager from Oxford Street approaches Bohemia. The shops in it bear witness to the neighborhood of artists. Windsor and Newton and Rowney dispense their colors and other studio materials here, the Autotype Company displays its copies of celebrated pictures, and a number of print and photographic establishments invite the attention of the passer-by. The wine-merchant and the tobacconist, too, seem to do a thriving trade, and the fat and sottish publican who stands at the door of the Red Lion appears to be a prosperous man. But now we have reached Oxford Street, near the spot where De Quincey met with Anne, and here our sketch of the Artists' Quarter must end.



When Newman Hall was in Philadelphia in 1870 he lectured the short time he spent there constantly, sometimes on Sundays preaching four or five times. Your correspondent, with a party, started to hear him at an evening service. He was announced at six at a church far up town, and for eight o'clock at St. Thomas's. Though we none of us knew the church by name, its location and the hour were so convenient, we decided upon hearing him there. Arriving an hour before the time, in the hope of thus securing seats, we found St. Thomas's to be a colored people's church, and the services already fully under way—having their own services beforehand, we discovered upon getting in.

We were received at the door by ushers in dress-coats and white ties and gloves, and taken to seats in the galleries, the rest of the church being already packed, aisles and all, with a mixture of white and black folks.

A moment after we were seated, as a prayer was ended, "Brother Newton" was announced—and it is to record some of his pungent utterances this is being written. Among other things he said:

"We are going to beg to-night, while we've got a lot of you of both colors here, for some

kinds of mixtures is good and wholesome. We're a-begging in the int'rests of the church. What int'rests, do you say? Why, the int'rests of keeping of it good and warm and light; goodier than that, comfortable for all of ye to come into and worship the Almighty. We want to raise the money for the fire and the lights. What, do you say we oughtn't, because the Bible says salvation's free? *So* it is, *so* it is! Who's a-going to say it ain't? Salvation's free, thank the Lord!" (Then there was a responsive shout all over the church—"Thank the Lord!" "Yes, yes!" "Amen!") "So's water free, thank the Lord—so's water free; but ye have to pay for the pipes and the buckets what ye get it in, don't ye? Yah! now don't ye? Never circumstanced that, I suppose?"

Constantly through his remarks there would be a surge like a wave, the effect of which was very singular, beginning with the leaders around the pulpit, and spreading as quick as thought over the church—"Amen," "Thank the Lord," "Yes, yes, bress His name."

When he said something comical, as he constantly did—little unrepeatable things—there would a low gurgle of laughter go through the audience, when, quick as a flash, he would turn upon them sternly:

"Laughin', are ye? Better weep, the lot of ye—a-laughin' in the house of the Lord, sins and all! sins and all!"

He gave an account of having the week before attended a convention in New Haven.

"And I went regular, and the fuss they made over me was great. It was Brudder Newton here, and Brudder Newton there, and Brudder Newton every where; and I began to believe I was a great man, you may bet. But when that convention was broke, I met them members in the street, and they cut me dead. So I concluded it was brudder in the meeting and nigger on the street."

Some one behind him pulled his coat, and whispered something; then he announced:

"The brudders tell me I must stop my talk, 'cause they mean to tune up in the 'chor.' All right. I can sing, though; and if ye pay me twenty-five cents a yard for the good cause of a-lightin' and a-warmin' this burdened church, I'll measure ye as many yards as ye choose. But now while ye listen to the 'chor' perform, ye will come for'ard to the altar and deposit yer money. And as the people in the galleries can't get down because of the crowd on the stairs, the bredren will pass the baskets round to the reserved '*corpses*' up there. And you amen-sisters down yer, you've been a-shouting and a-groaning; let's see if you know as well about giving."

Then the "Black Swan," who was in the "chor," sang divinely, and Mr. Hall, having arrived, "spoke his little piece."

Dr. Elijah M—— is a dentist, of Philadelphia. Among his patients is the Rev. Mr. C——, a Presbyterian minister. One Sabbath morning the doctor, forsaking his own church, resorted to the one of which Mr. C—— is pastor, excusing himself for so doing on the plea that he wanted to hear his patient preach. He was a little late, and entering just as the text was announced, felt somewhat startled and abashed by the apparently direct and personal question from the pulpit, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

There are persons now living in Bennington who remember old Billy B——, of whom it might be said, he furnished an example of the "ruling passion strong in death." When very ill, and friends were expecting an early demise, his nephew and a man hired for the occasion had butchered a steer which had been fattened; and when the job was completed the nephew entered the sick-room, where a few friends were assembled, when, to the astonishment of all, the old man opened his eyes, and turning his head slightly, said, in a full voice, drawing out the words,

"What have you been doing?"

"Killing the steer," was the reply.

"What did you do with the hide?"

"Left it in the barn; going to sell it by-and-by."

"Let the boys drag it around the yard a couple of times; it will make it weigh heavier."

And the good old man was gathered unto his fathers.

The obituary column of our daily papers not infrequently contain announcements that combine, in manner exceedingly droll, what Halleck described as "the funny and the fine." Recently the accidental change of a letter rendered a touching obituary utterly ludicrous. A bereaved friend, writing of the death of an estimable lady, said, "She has gone to her eternal *rest*." Imagine his dismay and disgust when the notice was presented to him and he read, "She has gone to her eternal *roast!*"

The facility with which some of our legislators, men of hitherto unsuspected integrity, were inveigled into the Crédit Mobilier matter reminds us of a couple of verses of a famous poet of our day:

I du believe in bein' this
Or that, ez it may happen;
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin'.

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudent course is steadied—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it bald-headed.

An indefatigable foreign interviewer has evolved from the depths of the inner consciousness of Mr. Disraeli an anecdote of Sydney Smith and another of Lord Palmerston that are quite quotable:

"Do you recall one evening at Gore House," said Mr. Disraeli, "when Smith was particularly brilliant? I think I may bring it back to your mind by an anecdote. The subject was about the breath of drunkards taking fire, and Smith's comical pursuit of the idea in every shape kept us in roars of laughter. He described the inconvenience it would be to public speakers, were the thing to become general, should they approach too near the light. 'Sir, your observations are taking fire.' Then he represented a person breaking into a blaze in the pulpit, the engines called to put him out, and no water to be had, because the man at the water-plug was a Unitarian.

"Palmerston," continued Mr. Disraeli, "said

a good thing, by-the-way, when a man by the name of Alsop was being tried at the Old Bailey for being an accessory with Orsini in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III. 'Is it the Alsop's beer man who is on trial?' I asked of the minister, as we were exchanging a few words in the lobby of the House. 'Not unless the Attorney-General succeeds,' he replied, 'and then it will certainly be *Alsop's bier.*'"

An Elizabethan (New Jersey) correspondent writes that some two years ago, while traveling in North Carolina, the train stopped a few minutes at Statesville for refreshments. A dozen or more negroes gathered around the cars. One of the passengers from up country said to them, "Boys, what's the news down here?"

"Oh, nothin'," replied one of the freedmen, "only Galloway is dead." (Galloway was quite a noted man, and member of the State Senate.)

"Galloway dead! What was the matter? Did any one shoot him?"

"No," answered the colored citizen, "nobody done nothin' to him: *he died unanimously!*" Which was his way of conveying the idea that Galloway died a natural death.

There exists among certain reputable members of the Legislature of Texas a laudable desire to extirpate from the State that bane of society—ten-pins. For the information of the North we quote a resolution recently introduced into that body by Mr. Anderson (colored), of Montgomery, which, owing to its wide range and random wording, was referred to the Committee on Boundaries:

Resolution first resolve That we the people of Montgomery County, we do hope and truly desire your hon body as the thirteenth legislatures will take delight in, and some compassion upon us the people of the county. And passed some good laws so as to prehibit any person or persons from useing any ten pin alleys within three miles of any town or villigests in the County of Montgomery. this Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Em Anderson,
Of Montgomery County.

Nothing more touching in the tributary way has come under our notice than the lament of one of our country contemporaries on the death of "one of the best advertisers and subscribers we ever had. He possessed the love, confidence, and esteem of all who knew him, and some who did not, and, save a slight poker debt to Mr. ——, did not owe a cent in the world."

In a new book just over from London, *Captain O'Shaughnessy's Sporting Career*, we find two fresh anecdotes of O'Connell:

When Chief Justice Lefroy had come fresh from attending a meeting for the conversion of the Jews to preside at the Cork Assizes, O'Connell, who then attended the Munster Circuit, was retained to defend a man accused of stealing a collection of ancient coins. Among them were some of the Hebrews and some of the Cæsars. The judge desired to inspect them. O'Connell, who was then agitating Catholic emancipation, archly said, "Hand his lordship the *Jewish* ones, and give me the *Roman!*"

On another occasion, when O'Connell was illustrating the injury which a mill-owner would sustain by the diversion of a water-course, he said, pointing the jury's attention to the rubicund-visaged attorney beside him, "Gentlemen, if the defendant is permitted to injure my client in this way, there won't be water enough left in the stream to make *grog for Fogarty!*"

A gifted son of song named Rice has given to the American people an epic on the *Burning of Boston.* It measures thirty verses, and is to be reckoned among the things that are large. We haven't room for the entire effort, but give four or five verses, from which the touchingness of the rest may be inferred:

A deep-toned dirge inspires the breeze!
A plaintive wail the city showers!
And mournful strains rush o'er the seas
From frigid zones to vales of flowers;
And tell of Boston's frightful wail
When burning fires did there prevail.

Fire is a monster when unbound,
Lays cities low in prior dust,
Takes treasures rich that man has found,
And sweeps away his living trust;
Makes cities poor and serfs to mourn,
While paupers' bleeding hearts are torn.

Scarce were the waves of war allayed
Before the element of fire
In mournful wailings was obeyed,
When sad Chicago felt the ire;
From thence it wafts its dismal tale,
Till men of Boston catch the wail.

Their lofty stores and dry-goods fell,
And mansions fair all felt the flames;
The dwellers lost their homes to dwell—
No places show their prior names:
Gone, bed and board, to feed the dust,
With other fixtures gone to rust.

The rich and noble saw the flames
In curly grandeur reach the sky,
But could not cheer the owners' names,
For all their treasures there did lie:
Torn from their domiciles of grace,
Their tears imbrued each other's face.

These fires and ills of ev'ry kind
Are but the consequence of sin;
The curse is laid on all mankind,
And Adam's race are bound to win!
But Death's the climax of the ban,
And he is felt by ev'ry man.

We are indebted to a distinguished member of the United States Senate for the following:

John A. Collier, when running for Attorney-General of this State in the year 18—, was promised a very large vote in the town of ——; indeed, the whole vote. The principal fugleman of the town, who had succeeded in getting a contribution for Mr. Collier, said, "I have seen all the people of the town, Sir, and you'll get every vote; they've all promised."

When the returns came, Mr. Collier was found to have received *one vote*, and no more.

Meeting the fugleman afterward, Mr. C. remarked to him, quietly, "You seem to have made a little mistake about that vote; you said you had seen every man in the town, and all were going for me. There was just *one man* you didn't see, *and he voted for me!*"

Such is the force of organization!

A tragedy entitled *Edward the Black Prince; or, the Battle of Poictiers*, written by William Shirley, brought out in 1750 at Drury Lane Theatre, London, was received with marked disfavor, and withdrawn. But after an interval of thirty-three years it was reproduced upon the same boards. Among the *dramatis personæ* were Kemble, Barrymore, Fawcet, Farren, Brereton,

etc. The interest of the piece turned largely upon the treason of a court favorite, who attempted to deliver up the army of the Black Prince to the French king. The name of the traitor, strangely enough, was Arnold. When his criminal purpose was discovered, and he was asked whether he had not been "in near attendance on the Prince of Wales," he replied:

Arnold. I was indeed (oh, scandal to confess it!)—
I was his follower, was his humble friend;
He favor'd, cherish'd, loved me!—Heavenly pow'rs!
How shall I give my guilty story utterance!
Level your fiery bolts! Transfix me here!
Or hurl me howling to the hell I merit.

At this moment the attention of the audience was attracted, as Mrs. Inchbald in her preface says, to one of the boxes, in which the American General Arnold—a pensioner on the British government for betraying his own—was seated. Mrs. Inchbald adds that in the following scene between Arnold and the Prince of Wales, in the third act, the incident had been so generally whispered that nearly all eyes were turned upon the supposed hero of a real act of treason:

(*Enter* Arnold *in a disguise, which he throws off.*)
Prince. Your business, Sir, with— Arnold!—Get thee hence!
Arnold. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at your feet;
His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
Tread on it, Sir—it is most fit you should.
I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion—
But could not die till here I'd stream'd my tears
In token of contrition, pain, and shame.
Prince. Up, and this instant from my sight remove,
Ere indignation urges me to pay
Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate.
Arnold. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ventured hither:
Conscious I merit all you can inflict,
Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you,
Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence
Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal Sir,
One little favor let me humbly hope
(And may the blessings of high Heav'n repay it!),
'Tis when you shall report my crime and suffering,
Only to add—He gave himself to death,
The voluntary victim of remorse.

It is "passing strange" that a dramatist thirty years before General Arnold, the cherished and trusted officer to whom General Washington confided the defense of West Point, attempted to surrender the garrison to the British army, should have given the name of Arnold to a court favorite who attempted to play the same treasonable rôle during an early war between England and France. But it is still more extraordinary that Benedict Arnold, the American traitor, should have been in Drury Lane Theatre on that occasion to see and hear a personage answering to his own name dramatically arraigned for a crime which he had actually committed, and a crime which had driven him into exile, and consigned his name to infamy.

In a new and pleasant little volume just issued in London, entitled *Sketches of the Bar and the Press*, are a few new things, one or two of which will be appreciated by our brethren of the press. The following, descriptive of incidents that occurred to two "special correspondents" during the period when the French army was gathering at Metz, are quite characteristic:

Of one "special" it was said that, being debarred from the exercise of his duties through the unceasing vigilance of the French authorities in preventing his seeing what was going on, he calmly resigned himself to fate; and shutting himself up in a garret in Metz, with no company save that afforded by a huge melon and a bottle of brandy, succeeded in evolving a series of war letters out of his inner consciousness. Another had become the temporary tenant of a room the rightful occupant of which—a fellow-correspondent—had been haled away to jail as a spy. The confinement of the latter, Mr. X——, having lasted longer than usual, some of the other English reporters determined to move in his behalf, and they went to enlist the sympathies of Z——, the gentleman who was temporarily occupying X——'s room. "We've come, Z——," said the spokesman, "to ask you to help us to get that poor fellow, X——, out of prison; he's been shut up for a whole week now." "Heavens!" cried Z——. "Do you imagine I can do such a thing? Why, I found in this room, when I took possession of it, an admirable dressing-case and six excellent shirts, of which I have the free use during Mr. X——'s unhappy detention! Gentlemen, I wish you a very good-morning!" And the concourse departed.

From the same source we quote this of Lord Palmerston: On one occasion his lordship was attending an agricultural dinner, and saw a large gathering of reporters, for the times were critical, and a speech of his certain to be valuable. But he had made up his mind not to speak—no man knew better when to hold his tongue—and accordingly he slyly sent down to the "gentlemen of the press" a slip of paper on which, in his bold round hand, were written the words, "This fish won't bite!"

The art of putting things is one of those things that one must bend one's energies to if one would attain to perfection. There is much in the manner of making the simplest announcement, as may be seen by the following, communicated by a New Bedford friend, who cut it from among several religious notices published in a recent number of the New Bedford *Standard:*

In the M. E. Zion Church (colored) on Elm Street preaching in the afternoon and evening by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Small, at the usual hours; afternoon subject—The incontrovertible inexhaustibility of God's providence; evening—The indubitable, angelic acclamation of the ineffable austerity of the approaching "woes."

The following very curious and very ancient prediction, entitled by popular tradition *Mother Shipton's Prophecy*, was published three hundred and thirty years ago:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.